



Petronius

Complete Works

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The Complete Works of
PETRONIUS

(c. 27 – 66 AD)



Contents

The Translations

SATYRICON: 1902 Allinson Translation

SATYRICON: 1913 Heseltine Translation

SATYRICON: 1922 Firebaugh Translation

POEMS

The Latin Text

CONTENTS OF THE LATIN TEXT

The Dual Text

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT

The Biographies

INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS by Michael Heseltine

TACITUS' ACCOUNT OF PETRONIUS



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Complete Works of Petronius

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The Complete Works of
GAIUS PETRONIUS ARBITER



By Delphi Classics, 2015

The Translations



Marseille, France — Petronius' birthplace



The remains of the ancient Roman harbour of Massalia, near today's old port

SATYRICON: 1902 Allinson Translation



Translated by Alfred R. Allinson

The Latin novel *Satyricon* (The Satyrlike Adventures) is believed to have been written by Gaius Petronius, though the manuscript tradition identifies the author as a certain Titus Petronius. Along with Apuleius' *Metamorphoses*, scholars often describe the *Satyricon* as a Roman novel, though not necessarily implying that it has a continuous narrative. The work has been identified as a Menippean satire, containing a mixture of prose and verse (known as *prosimetrum*), featuring serious, comic and erotic subject matter. This genre was made popular by Marcus Terentius Varro (116 BC – 27 BC), an ancient Roman scholar and writer, who imitated the Greek Menippus, giving his satires the character of a medley of prose and verse composition.

Satyricon is regarded as useful evidence for the reconstruction of how lower classes lived during the early Roman Empire. The extant text concerns the misadventures of the narrator, Encolpius, who is a former gladiator, and his lover, a handsome servant boy named Giton. Throughout the novel, Encolpius faces the challenge of maintaining his lover's faithfulness, as Giton is constantly enticed away by other lovers. The surviving sections of the novel begin with Encolpius travelling with a companion and former lover named Asciltos, who has joined Encolpius on numerous escapades. Encolpius' slave Giton is apparently present at Encolpius' lodging when the story begins. He is constantly referred to as "brother" throughout the novel, indicating that they were lovers.

In the first extant passage, Encolpius is in a Greek town in Campania, where he is standing outside a school, railing against the Asiatic style and false taste in literature, which he blames on the prevailing system of declamatory education. His adversary in this debate is Agamemnon, a sophist, who shifts the blame from the teachers to the parents. Encolpius discovers that his companion Asciltos has left and breaks away from Agamemnon when a group of students arrive. Encolpius locates Asciltos and then Giton, who claims that Asciltos made a sexual advance on him. After some conflict, the three go to the market, where

they are involved in a dispute over stolen property. Returning to their lodgings, they are confronted by Quartilla, a devotee of Priapus, who condemns their attempts to pry into the cult's secrets.

Although interrupted by frequent gaps, 141 sections of consecutive narrative have been preserved. Speculation as to the size of the original text has estimated *Satyricon* as large as a work of thousands of pages. A number of fragments are preserved in other authors. Servius cites Petronius as his source for a custom at Massilia of allowing a poor man, during times of plague, to volunteer to serve as a scapegoat, receiving support for a year at public expense and then being expelled. Sidonius Apollinaris refers to "Arbiter", by which he apparently means Petronius' narrator Encolpius, as a worshipper of the "sacred stake" of Priapus in the gardens of Massilia. It has been argued that Encolpius' wanderings in the *Satyricon* began after he offered himself as the scapegoat and was ritually expelled.

The date of the satirical novel was controversial in nineteenth and twentieth century scholarship, with dates proposed as varied as the 1st century BC and 3rd century AD, though a consensus on this issue now exists. A dramatic date under Nero (1st century AD) is indicated by the work's social background and in particular by references to named popular entertainers, recently revealed in research work.

The incomplete form in which the *Satyricon* survives has tantalised many readers and, between 1692 and the present, several writers have attempted to complete the story. In certain cases, following a well-known conceit of historical fiction, these invented supplements have been claimed to derive from newly discovered manuscripts, a claim that may appear all the more plausible since the real fragments actually came from two different medieval sources and were only brought together by sixteenth and seventeenth century editors. The novel is remarkable for being a source of scarce information about the language of Rome's populace. The *Satyricon* provides description, conversation and stories that have become invaluable evidence of colloquial Latin. In the realism of Trimalchio's dinner party, we are provided with informal table talk that abounds in vulgarisms and solecisms, conveying a precious insight of the Roman proletariat.



TITI PETRONII
ARBITRI,
EQUITIS ROMANI
SATYRICON:
CUM
FRAGMENTIS,
Albæ Græcæ recuperatis
anno 1688.



PARISIIS,
Apud JOANNEM BAPTISTAM LANGLOIS;
in aulâ majore Palatii, ad insigne
Angeli Custodis.

M. DC. XCIII.
Cum Privilegio Regis.

A 1688 edition of Petronius' work



A 1694 frontispiece illustration for the novel

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER ONE

CHAPTER TWO

CHAPTER THREE

CHAPTER FOUR

CHAPTER FIVE

CHAPTER SIX

CHAPTER SEVEN

CHAPTER EIGHT

CHAPTER NINE

CHAPTER TEN

CHAPTER ELEVEN

CHAPTER TWELVE

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

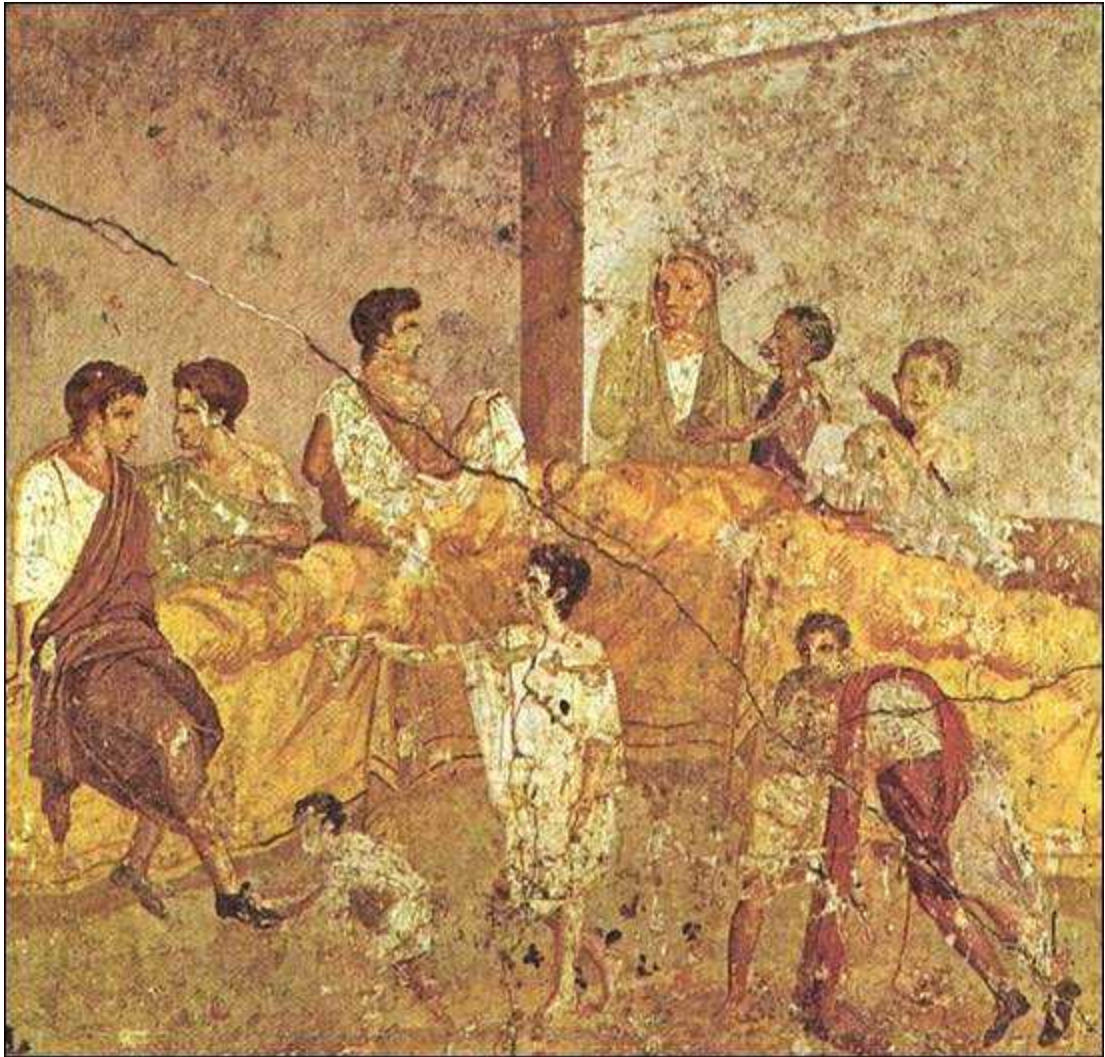
CHAPTER FIFTEEN

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN



Bust of Nero, Capitoline Museum, Rome — Tacitus, Plutarch and Pliny the Elder describe Petronius as the ‘elegantiae arbiter’ (judge of elegance) in the court of the Emperor Nero. He served as consul in 62 AD.



Ancient wall painting believed to be based on Petronius' novel

INTRODUCTION

Tacitus writes (Annals, XVI. Chapters 17 and 18-20, A.D. 66): “Within a few days, indeed, there perished in one and the same batch, Annaeus Mela, Cerialis Anicius, Rufius Crispinus and Petronius. . . . With regard to Caius Petronius, his character and life merit a somewhat more particular attention. He passed his days in sleep, and his nights in business, or in joy and revelry. Indolence was at once his passion and his road to fame. What others did by vigor and industry, he accomplished by his love of pleasure and luxurious ease. Unlike the men who profess to understand social enjoyment, and ruin their fortunes, he led a life of expense, without profusion; an epicure, yet not a prodigal; addicted to his appetites, but with taste and judgment; a refined and elegant voluptuary. Gay and airy in his conversation, he charmed by a certain graceful negligence, the more engaging as it flowed from the natural frankness of his disposition. With all this delicacy and careless ease, he showed, when he was Governor of Bithynia, and afterwards in the year of his Consulship, that vigor of mind and softness of manners may well unite in the same person. With his love of sensuality he possessed talents for business. From his public station he returned to his usual gratifications, fond of vice, or of pleasures that bordered upon it. His gayety recommended him to the notice of the Prince. Being in favor at Court, and cherished as the companion of Nero in all his select parties, he was allowed to be the arbiter of taste and elegance. Without the sanction of Petronius nothing was exquisite, nothing rare or delicious.

“Hence the jealousy of Tigellinus, who dreaded a rival in the good graces of the Emperor almost his equal; in the science of luxury his superior. Tigellinus determined to work his downfall; and accordingly addressed himself to the cruelty of the Prince, — that master passion, to which all other affections and every motive were sure to give way. He charged Petronius with having lived in close intimacy with Scaevinus, the conspirator; and to give color to that assertion, he bribed a slave to turn informer against his master. The rest of the domestics were loaded with irons. Nor was Petronius suffered to make his defense.

“Nero at that time happened to be on one of his excursions into Campania. Petronius had followed him as far as Cumae, but was not allowed to proceed further than that place. He scorned to linger in doubt and fear, and yet was not in a hurry to leave a world which he loved. He opened his veins, and closed them

again, at intervals losing a small quantity of blood, then binding up the orifice, as his own inclination prompted. He conversed during the whole time with his usual gayety, never changing his habitual manner, nor talking sentences to show his contempt of death. He listened to his friends, who endeavored to entertain him, not with grave discourses on the immortality of the soul or the moral wisdom of philosophers, but with strains of poetry and verses of a gay and natural turn. He distributed presents to some of his servants, and ordered others to be chastised. He walked out for his amusement, and even lay down to sleep. In this last scene of his life he acted with such calm tranquillity, that his death, though an act of necessity, seemed no more than the decline of nature. In his will he scorned to follow the example of others, who like himself died under the tyrant's stroke; he neither flattered the Emperor nor Tigellinus nor any of the creatures of the Court. But having written, under the fictitious names of profligate men and women, a narrative of Nero's debauchery and his new modes of vice, he had the spirit to send to the Emperor that satirical romance, sealed with his own seal, — which he took care to break, that after his death it might not be used for the destruction of any person whatever.

“Nero saw with surprise his clandestine passions and the secrets of his midnight revels laid open to the world. To whom the discovery was to be imputed still remained a doubt. Amidst his conjectures, Silia, who by her marriage with a Senator had risen into notice, occurred to his memory. This woman had often acted as procuress for the libidinous pleasures of the Prince, and lived besides in close intimacy with Petronius. Nero concluded that she had betrayed him, and for that offense ordered her into banishment, making her a sacrifice to his private resentment.”

Two questions arise out of this famous passage: 1. Is Petronius (Arbiter), author of the *Satyricon*, the same person as the Caius Petronius here described, and spoken of by the Historian as “*elegantiae arbiter*” at the Court of Nero? 2. Is the existing *Satyricon* the “satirical romance” composed by the Emperor's victim during his dying hours and sent under seal to the tyrant?

Both points have been long and vigorously debated, but may now be taken as fairly well settled by general consent, — the answer to the first query being Yes! To the second, No!

The Introductory Notice to Petronius, in the noble “*Collection des Auteurs Latins*,” edited by M. Nisard, sums up the controversy thus: “Is Petronius, here mentioned by Tacitus, the Author of the *Satyricon*, and are we to regard this work as being the testamentary document addressed to Nero of which the Historian

speaks?" These two questions so long and eagerly disputed, may be looked upon as decided by this time. The Consular, the favorite of Nero, the "arbiter of taste and elegance" at the Imperial Court, is generally acknowledged to be our Petronius Arbiter; whose book, diversified as it is with "strains of poetry and verses of a gay and natural turn," with its tone of good company and its easy-going Epicurean morality, is so much in keeping with the cheerful, uncomplaining death of the pleasure-loving courtier who understood his master's little peculiarities, and had, like Trimalchio, adopted for his motto, "Vivamus, dum licet esse,"—"Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." At any rate in our own opinion, this first point is finally and definitely decided.

"Can this satire (The Satyricon) be the testament of irony and hate which the victim sent to his executioner? To this further question we answer No! — and our personal conviction on the point is shared by the most weighty authorities. We will limit ourselves here to one or two observations. According to Tacitus, Petronius had already caused his veins to be opened, when he started to recapitulate the series of Nero's debaucheries in this deposition. The document therefore must necessarily have been brief; whereas the work we possess, too extensive as it stands to have been composed by a dying man, was originally of much greater length, for it seems proved by the titles affixed to the Manuscripts that nearly nine-tenths of the whole is lost. Besides, Petronius had expressly limited his statement to an account of Nero's secret debaucheries, with no further disguise beyond the use of fictitious names,— 'under the names of profligate men and women.' Lastly the extremely varied character of the Work is diametrically opposed to a view, making it out to have been a personal libel, a piece of abuse that only stops short of giving the actual name of the individual pilloried."

What is known of Petronius himself, the man Petronius? — Granting an affirmative answer may be given to question 1, something; but even then not much.

His name was Caius Petronius; he was a Roman Eques or Knight, born at Massilia (Marseilles). Even these initial points are not quite firmly established; Pliny and Plutarch speak of Titus Petronius, and the facts of his being an Eques and his birth at Marseilles rest on conjectural evidence. He was successively Proconsul of Bithynia, and Consul, in both which high offices he showed integrity, energy and ability.

He was in high favor at the Court of Nero, where he devoted his undoubted talents and genial wit to the amusement of the Prince, the systematic cultivation of an elegant and luxurious idleness and the elaboration of a refined profligacy.

He won the title among his fellow courtiers of “arbiter elegantiae,” a nickname that with time appears to have grown into a sort of surname, posterity knowing him universally as Petronius Arbiter.

Eventually he incurred the jealousy and enmity of Nero’s all-powerful Minister, Tigellinus, who contrived his ruin. Informed against for conspiracy, or at any rate association with conspirators, he voluntarily opened his veins. Displaying much fortitude and a fine indifference, he died calmly and composedly, spending his last hours in merry conversation with his friends, the recitation of light-hearted verses and the composition of a candid and circumstantial account of the Emperor’s debaucheries, which he sent under seal to his Master as his dying bequest.

Pliny (1) and Plutarch (2) add further touch, that previous to his death he broke to pieces a Murrhine vase of priceless value, which was amongst his possessions, to prevent its falling into the tyrant’s hands.

As to his great work, the so-called Satyricon, its characteristics and place in literature, we cannot do better than quote from what Professor Ramsey says of it in the “Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography”: “A very singular production, consisting of a prose narrative interspersed with numerous pieces of poetry, and thus resembling in form the Varronian Satire, has come down to us in a sadly mutilated state. In the oldest MSS. and the earliest editions it bears the title *Petronii Arbitri Saturicon*, and as it now exists, is composed of a series of fragments, the continuity of the piece being frequently interrupted by blanks, and the whole forming but a very small portion of the original, which, when entire, contained at least sixteen books, and probably many more. It is a sort of comic romance, in which the adventures of a certain Encolpius and his companions in the south of Italy, chiefly in Naples or its environs, are made a vehicle for exposing the false taste which prevailed upon all matters connected with literature and the fine arts, and for holding up to ridicule and detestation the folly, luxury and dishonesty of all classes of the community in the age and country in which the scene is laid. A great variety of characters connected for the most part with the lower ranks of life are brought upon the stage, and support their parts with the greatest liveliness and dramatic propriety, while every page overflows with ironical wit and broad humor. Unfortunately the vices of the personages introduced are depicted with such minute fidelity that we are perpetually disgusted by the coarseness and obscenity of the descriptions. Indeed, if we can believe that such a book was ever widely circulated and generally admired, that

fact alone would afford the most convincing proof of the pollution of the epoch to which it belongs. . . .

“The longest and most important section is generally known as the Supper of Trimalchio, presenting us with a detailed and very amusing account of a fantastic banquet, such as the most luxurious and extravagant gourmands of the empire were wont to exhibit on their tables. Next in interest is the well-known tale of the Ephesian Matron, which here appears for the first time among the popular fictions of the Western world, although current from a very early period in the remote regions of the East. . . . The longest of the effusions in verse is a descriptive poem on the Civil Wars, extending to 295 hexameter lines, affording a good example of that declamatory tone of which the Pharsalia is the type. We have also 65 iambic trimeters, depicting the capture of Troy (Troiae Halosis), and besides these several shorter morsels are interspersed replete with grace and beauty.”

Teuffel in his masterly “History of Roman Literature” is brief, but to the point, in what he says of the Satyricon: “To Nero’s time belongs also the character-novel of Petronius Arbiter, no doubt the same Petronius whom Nero (A.D. 66) compelled to kill himself. Originally a large work in at least 20 books, with accounts of various adventures supposed to have taken place during a journey, it now consists of a heap of fragments, the most considerable of which is the *Cena Trimalchionis*, being the description of a feast given by a rich and uneducated upstart. Though steeped in obscenity, this novel is not only highly important for the history of manners and language, especially the plebeian speech, but it is also a work of art in its way, full of spirit, fine insight into human nature, wit of a high order and genial humor. In its form it is a satira Menippea, in which the metrical pieces interspersed contain chiefly parodies of certain fashions of taste.”

“The narrator and hero of the romance,” Nisard writes in his Preliminary Notice to “Petronius,” “is a sort of Guzman d’Alfarache, a young profligate, over head and ears in debt, without either fortune, or family, and reduced, with all his brilliant qualitties, to live from hand to mouth by dint of a series of more or less hazardous expedients. The pictures he draws with such a bold and lifelike touch change and shift without plan or purpose, following each other with the same abrupt inconsequence we observe in real life; and we are strongly tempted to conclude Petronius has largely depicted in them the actual phases of his own, that of a self-made adventurer, appropriating as his own with extraordinary success the tone of persiflage and the ironical outlook on existence of a man of high birth and station. With equal ease he sounds the most contradictory notes. Verse and prose, precepts of rhetoric and of ethics, scenes of profligate indulgence, comic

descriptions of a feast where luxury is carried to ludicrous extremes, anecdotes told in the happiest manner, notably the world-famous tale of the Ephesian Matron, epic poetry even, love letters and love talk breathing a refined, almost chivalric, spirit, — such is the strange fabric of this drama, at once passionate, derisive, fanfaronading, tragic and burlesque, where the grand style and the most graceful narrative tread on the heels of provincial patois and popular saws. . . .

“Petronius’ book belongs essentially to the class of *Satirae Menippeae*, of which Varro had given the first example in the works he composed in imitation of the Greek Menippus, and of which Seneca’s *Apocolocyntosis* is another capital instance.”

All critics agree upon the excellence of the *Satyricon* as a work of art, though many take exception to the grossness of the subject matter. Indeed there can be no two opinions as to the brilliancy and refinement of our Author’s style generally; while the vivid picturesqueness of the narrative on the one hand, and the perfect adaptation of the language to the rank and idiosyncrasy of the interlocutors on the other, are particularly noteworthy. “The very criticisms which have been launched against Petronius are mingled with admiring panegyric which a due regard for truth has forced from his assailants; and in the mouth of an enemy, praise counts for much more than blame. Even the barbarisms and vulgarities of expressions that at times seem to disfigure his style, are in the eyes of Menage the perfection of art and appropriateness; he puts them only in the mouths of servants and debauchees devoid of any touch of refinement. Note on the other hand with what elegance he makes his well-born characters speak. Petronius assigns to each one of his actors the language most suited to him. This is a merit precious in direct ratio to its rarity; the shadows with which a skillful painter darkens his canvas, only serve to bring out in more startling relief the beauties of the picture. Justus Lipsius epigrammatically styles him *auctor purissimae impuritatis*.” (Heguin de Guerle.)

The first thing to strike us is the brilliancy and liveliness of the book — fragmentary as is the condition in which it has come down to us — as a Novel of Adventure. The reader is hurried on, his interest forever on the stretch, from episode to episode of the exciting, and more often than not scandalous, adventures of the disreputable band of light-hearted gentlemen of the road, whose leader is that most audacious and irresponsible of amiable scamps, Encolpius, the narrator of the moving tale. With the exception of the six chapters devoted to describing the glories and absurdities of Trimalchio’s Feast, which form a long episode apart, and a most entertaining one, the action never pauses. From lecture-room to house

of ill fame, from country mansion to country tavern, from the market for stolen goods in a city slum to the Chapel of Priapus, from a harlot's palace to a rich parvenu's table, from Picture Gallery to the public baths, from ship and shipwreck to a luxurious life of imposture in a wealthy provincial town, we are hurried along in breathless haste. The pace is tremendous, but the road bristles with hairbreadth escapes and stirring incidents, and is never for one instant dull or tame. Probably the nearest parallel in other literatures is the so-called picaresque romances of Spain, of which Don Pablo de Segovia; Lazarillo de Tormes; and, if we regard it of Spanish origin, the incomparable Gil Blas de Santillana, may be taken as typical examples.

A mere Novel of Adventure then? Not so! The Satyricon is this; but it is a great deal besides. It abounds in clear-sighted and instructive aperçus on education, literature and art, and contemporary deficiencies in these domains; its prose is interspersed with many brilliant fragments of verse, mostly parodies and burlesques, some ludicrous, some beautiful. Over and above its merits as a tale, it is a copious literary miscellany, over-flowing with wit and wisdom, drollery and sarcasm.

Last but not least, this work of fine, if irregular, genius contains probably the most lifelike and discriminating character painting in the realm of everyday life to be found in all the range of ancient literature. To appreciate this, it is only necessary to name three or four of the principal *dramatis personae*: —

Encolpius, the gay, unprincipled profligate, but never altogether worthless, narrator of the story;

Ascyltos, his comrade and rival, as immoral and good for nothing as the other, but without his redeeming touch of gentlemanliness and “honor among thieves”;

Giton, the minion, changeable and capricious, with his pretty face and wheedling ways;

Tryphaena, the beautiful wanton, who “travels the world for her pleasures”;

Lichas, the overbearing and vindictive merchant and Sea-captain; Quartilla, the lascivious and unscrupulous votary of Priapus; Circe, the lovely “femme incomprise” of Croton; and finally, the never to be forgotten Eumolpus, the mad poet, the disreputable and starving pedant, at once “childlike and bland” with an ineffable naivete of simple conceit, and frankly given up to the pursuit of the most abominable immoralities, now bolting from the shower of stones his ineradicable propensity for reciting his own poetry has provoked, now composing immortal verse, calm amid the horrors of storm and wreck and utterly oblivious of impending death.

Another point, the admirably clever adaptation of the language to the social position and character of the persons speaking, merits a word or two more. While both the general narrative, and the conversation of the educated *dramatis personae*, Eumolpus for instance, are marked by a high degree of correctness of diction and elegance of phrase, the talk of such characters as Trimalchio and his freedmen friends, Habinnas and the rest, and other uneducated or half-educated persons, is full not merely of vulgarisms and popular words, but of positive blunders and downright bad grammar. These mistakes of course are intentional, and it is only another proof of the lack of humor and want of common sense that often marked the industrious and meritorious scholars, particularly German scholars, of the old school, that some commentators have actually gone out of their way to correct these errors in the text of Petronius. There are hundreds of them; two or three examples must suffice here. *Libra rubricata* says Trimalchio (Ch. VII. — xlvi), meaning *libros rubricatos*, “lawbooks,” and *vetuo* “I forbid,” while his guests indulge in such glaring solecisms as *malus fatus*, *exhortavit*, *naufragarunt*. The whole of Chapter VII., where Trimalchio’s guests converse freely with one another in the temporary absence of their host, and afterwards Trimalchio harangues the company on various subjects, is full of these diverting “bulls.”

From the philologist’s point of view the book is particularly valuable as containing almost our only specimens of the Roman popular, country speech, — the *lingua Romana rusticana*, so all important as the link between literary Latin and the Romance languages of modern Europe. Two or three examples again must suffice: *minutus populus*, exactly the modern French “le menu peuple,” *urceatim plovebat*, “it rained in bucketfuls,” *non est miscix*, “he’s no shirker,” *bono filo est*, “he has good stuff in him.” It is also a storehouse of popular saws and sayings, sometimes of a fine, vigorous outspokenness, not to say coarseness of expression, such as: *caldum meire et frigidum potare*, “to piss hot and drink cold”; *sudor per bifurcam volabat*, “the sweat was pouring down between my legs”; *lassus tanquam caballus in clivo*, “as tired as a carthorse at a hill.”

“In addition to the corruptions in the text,” says Professor Ramsay, “which are so numerous and hopeless as to render whole sentences unintelligible, there are doubtless a multitude of strange words and of phrases not elsewhere to be found; but this circumstance need excite no surprise when we remember the various topics which fall under discussion, and the singular personages grouped together on the scene. The most remarkable and startling peculiarities may be considered as the phraseology appropriate to the characters by whom they are uttered, the

language of ordinary conversation, the familiar slang in everyday use among the hybrid population of Campania, closely resembling in all probability the dialect of the Atellan farces. On the other hand, wherever the author may be supposed to be speaking in his own person, we are deeply impressed by the extreme felicity of the style, which, far from bearing marks of decrepitude or decay, is redolent of spirit, elasticity, and vigorous freshness.”

As to the text, the following remarks by Professor Ramsay, give a complete statement which it is impossible to improve upon. “Many attempts,” he writes, “have been made to account for the strangely mutilated condition in which the piece has been transmitted to modern times. It has been suggested by some that the blanks were caused by the scruples of pious transcribers, who omitted those parts which were most licentious; while others have not hesitated to declare their conviction that the worst passages were studiously selected. Without meaning to advocate this last hypothesis — and we can scarcely believe that Burmann was in earnest when he propounded it — it is clear that the first explanation is altogether unsatisfactory, for it appears to be impossible that what was passed over could have been more offensive than much of what was retained. According to another theory, what we now possess must be regarded as striking and favorite extracts, copied out into the common-place book of some scholar in the Middle Ages; a supposition applicable to the Supper of Trimalchio and the longer poetical essays, but which fails for the numerous short and abrupt fragments breaking off in the middle of a sentence. The most simple solution of the difficulty seems to be the true one. The existing MS. proceeded, in all likelihood, from two or three archetypes, which may have been so much damaged by neglect that large portions were rendered illegible, while whole leaves and sections may have been torn out or otherwise destroyed.

“The Editio Princeps of the fragments of Petronius was printed at Venice, by Bernardinus de Vitalibus, 1499; and the second at Leipzig, by Jacobus Thanner, in 1500; but these editions, and those which followed for upwards of a hundred and fifty years, exhibited much less than we now possess. For, about the middle of the seventeenth century, an individual who assumed the designation of Martinus Statilius, although his real name was Petrus Petitus, found a MS. at Traun in Dalmatia, containing nearly entire the Supper of Trimalchio, which was wanting in all former copies. This was published separately at Padua, in a very incorrect state, in 1664, without the knowledge of the discoverer, again by Petitus himself at Paris, in the same year, and immediately gave rise to a fierce controversy, in which the most learned men of that day took a share, one party receiving it

without suspicion as a genuine relic of antiquity, while their opponents, with great vehemence, contended that it was spurious. The strife was not quelled until the year 1669, when the MS. was dispatched from the Library of the proprietor, Nicolaus Cippius, at Traun, to Rome, where, having been narrowly scrutinized by the most competent judges, it was finally pronounced to be at least three hundred years old, and, since no forgery of such a nature could have been executed at that epoch, the skeptics were compelled reluctantly to admit that their doubts were ill founded. The title of the Codex, commonly known as the Codex Traguriensis, was Petronii Arbitri Satyri Fragmenta ex libro quinto decimo et sexto decimo, and then follow the words 'Num alio genere furiarum,' etc.

"Stimulated, it would appear, by the interest excited during the progress of this discussion, and by the favor with which the new acquisition was now universally regarded by scholars, a certain Francis Nodot published at Rotterdam, in 1693, what professed to be the Satyricon of Petronius complete, taken, it was said, from a MS. found at Belgrade, when that city was captured in 1688, a MS. which Nodot declared had been presented to him by a Frenchman high in the Imperial service. The fate of this volume was soon decided. The imposture was so palpable that few could be found to advocate the pretensions put forth on its behalf, and it was soon given up by all. It is sometimes, however, printed along with the genuine text, but in a different type, so as to prevent the possibility of mistake. Besides this, a pretended fragment, said to have been obtained from the monastery of St. Gall, was printed in 1800, with notes and a French translation by Lallemand, but it seems to have deceived nobody."

In the present version the portions of the narrative derived from this alleged Belgrade MS. are not specially distinguished from the genuine text; this is done advisedly, in order not to interrupt the continuity of the story. This does not of course for a moment imply that these interpolations are regarded as other than spurious, but as they are both amusing reading in themselves as well as admirable imitations of our Author's style, and supply obvious lacunae in the plot, making the whole book more interesting and coherent, they have been retained as an integral part of the work.

We append three or four extracts bearing upon Petronius and the Satyricon, and interesting either on account of the source from which they come, the quaintness of their expression, or the weight of their authority.

From the "Age of Petronius," by Charles Beck, 1856: "Among the small number of Latin writers of prose fiction, Petronius, the author of the Satyricon, occupies a prominent place. . . . As to this book, the quality of its language and

style and the nature of its contents constitute it one of the most interesting and important relics of Roman literature, antiquities and history.

“The work, at least the portion which has come down to us, contains the adventures of a dissipated, unprincipled, but clever, cultivated and well-informed young man, Encolpius, the hero himself being the narrator. The book opens with a discussion on the defects of the existing system of education, in which the shortcomings of both teachers and parents are pointed out. Next follows a scene in the Forum, in which the hero and his companion, Ascyltos, are concerned, and which exhibits some of the abuses connected with judicial proceedings. After a brief and passing mention of the vices and hypocrisy of the priests, the highly interesting portion containing an account of the banquet of Trimalchio follows. This is succeeded by the account of the acquaintance which the hero, disappointed and dispirited by the faithless conduct of his companion, forms with a philosopher, Eumolpus, who besides discussing some subjects relating to art, especially painting, and to literature, gives an account of his infamous proceedings in corrupting the son of a family in whose house he had been hospitably received. The hero accepts the invitation of the philosopher to accompany him on an excursion to Tarentum. The account of the voyage, of the discovery made by Encolpius that he is on board a vessel owned by a person whose vengeance he had just ground to apprehend, of his fruitless attempt to escape detection, of the reconciliation of the hostile parties, and of the destruction of the vessel and the greater portion of the passengers by shipwreck, is full of interest. The hero and his immediate companions, being the only persons that escaped death, make their way to Croton, where Eumolpus, by representing himself as the owner of valuable and extensive possessions in Africa, works so upon the avarice and cupidity of the inhabitants, who are described as a set of legacy-hunters by profession, that he meets with the most hospitable reception. An intrigue of the hero with a beautiful lady of the city occupies a large part of this section of the story. The book closes with an account of the measures which Eumolpus takes for the purpose of avoiding the detection of his fraud, by working anew upon the avarice of his hosts. The close is abrupt as the beginning had been; the book is incomplete in both parts; the end, as well as the beginning, is wanting.

“That the author of this work was a man of genius is unquestionable. The narrative of the events of the story is simple, — exciting, without exhausting, the interest of the reader, the description of customs, chiefly those of the middle classes of society, is invaluable to the antiquarian, and the importance of the work in this respect can scarcely be overrated; the personages introduced into the story

are drawn with such a clearness of perception of their characteristics, and such an accuracy of portraiture, extending to the very peculiarities of the language used by each, that they appear to live and breathe and move before our eyes.”

From John Dunlop’s *History of Fiction*: “The most celebrated fable of ancient Rome is the work of Petronius Arbiter, perhaps the most remarkable fiction which has dishonored the literature of any nation. It is the only fable of that period now extant, but is a strong proof of the monstrous corruption of the times in which such a production could be tolerated, though no doubt writings of bad moral tendency might be circulated before the invention of printing, without arguing the depravity they would have evinced, if presented to the world subsequent to that period.

“The work of Petronius is in the form of a satire, and, according to some commentators, is directed against the vices of the court of Nero, who is thought to be delineated under the names of Trimalchio and Agamemnon, — an opinion which has been justly ridiculed by Voltaire. The satire is written in a manner which was first introduced by Varro; verses are intermixed with prose, and jests with serious remark. It has much the air of a romance, both in the incidents and their disposition; but the story is too well known, and too scandalous, to be particularly detailed.

“The scene is laid in Magna Graecia; Encolpius is the chief character in the work, and the narrator of events; — he commences by a lamentation on the decline of eloquence, and while listening to the reply of Agamemnon, a professor of oratory, he loses his companion, Ascyltos. Wandering through the town in search of him, he is finally conducted by an old woman to a retirement where the incidents that occur are analogous to the scene. The subsequent adventures, — the feast of Trimalchio, — the defection and return of Giton, — the amour of Eumolpus in Bithynia, — the voyage in the vessel of Lichas, — the passion and disappointment of Circe, — all these follow each other without much art of arrangement, an apparent defect which may arise from the mutilated form in which the satire has descended to us.

“The style of Petronius has been much applauded for its elegance, — it certainly possesses considerable naivete and grace, and is by much too fine a veil for so deformed a body.”

From Addison’s *Preface to his Translation of Petronius*: “‘Petronius,’ says that judicious critic, Mons. St. Evremond, ‘is to be admired throughout, for the purity of his style and the delicacy of his sentiments; but that which more surprises me, is his great easiness in giving us ingenuously all sorts of Characters. Terence is

perhaps the only author of Antiquity that enters best into the nature of persons. But still this fault I find in him, that he has too little variety; his whole talent being confined in making servants and old men, a covetous father and a debauched son, a slave and an intriguer, to speak properly, according to their several characters. So far, and no farther, the capacity of Terence reaches. You must not expect from him either gallantry or passion, either thoughts or the discourse of a gentleman. Petronius, who had a universal wit, hits upon the genius of all professions, and adapts himself, as he pleases, to a thousand different natures. If he introduces a Declaimer, he assumes his air and his style so well, that one could say he had used to declaim all his life. Nothing expresses more naturally the constant disorders of a debauched life than these everlasting quarrels of Encolpius and Ascyltos about Giton.

“Is not Quartilla an admirable portrait of a prostitute woman? Does not the marriage of young Giton and innocent Pannychis give us the image of a complete wantonness?

“All that a sot ridiculously magnificent in banquets, a vain affecter of niceness, and an impertinent, are able to do, you have at the Feast of Trimalchio.

“Eumolpus shows us Nero’s extravagant folly for the Theater, and his vanity in reciting his own poems; and you may observe, as you run over so many noble verses, of which he makes an ill use, that an excellent poet may be a very ill man. . . . The infirmity he has of making verses out of season, even at death’s door; his fluency in repeating his compositions in all places and at all times, answers his most ridiculous setting out, where he characteristically tells him, “I am a Poet, and I hope, of no ordinary genius.” . . .

“There is nothing so natural as the character of Chrysis, and none of our confidantes come near her. Not to mention her first conversation with Polyænus, — what she tells him of her mistress, upon the affront she received, has an inimitable simplicity. But nobody, besides Petronius, could have described Circe, so beautiful, so voluptuous, and so polite. Enothea, the Priestess of Priapus, ravishes me with the miracles she promises, with her enchantments, her sacrifices, her sorrow for the death of the consecrated goose, and the manner in which she is pacified when Polyænus makes her a present, with which she might purchase a goose and gods too, if she thought fit.

“Philumena, that complaisant lady, is no less entertaining, who after she had cullied several men out of their estates, in the flower of her beauty, now being old and by consequence unfit for pleasures, endeavored to keep up this noble trade by

the means of her children, whom she took every opportunity to introduce with a thousand fine discourses to old men, who had no heirs of their own.

“In a word, there is no part of Nature, no profession, which Petronius doth not admirably paint. He is a Poet, an Orator, a Philosopher, and much more besides, at his pleasure.”

Lastly Teufel, writing of the *Satyricon* in Pauly's *Encyclopedia*, says: “The whole plan of the work is that of a novel; two freedmen, Encolpius and Ascyltos, are enamored of a boy Giton, and the adventures which have their origin in this circumstance, and which they encounter severally, the acquaintances which they make (for instance of Trimalchio and Eumolpus), form the contents at least of that portion of the book which has come down to us. But the book contains in this dress of a narrative, descriptions of manners, partly of single places (for example of Croton), partly of certain classes (for example of Trimalchio, a rich upstart, who apes the manners of a refined man of the world, but exposes himself most ridiculously, of Encolpius, a good-natured, cowardly and licentious Greek, of Eumolpus, a vain and tasteless poet, and at the same time a thoroughly demoralized preacher of virtue), all drawn with masterly truthfulness even to the minutest detail. The tone is humorous throughout; the *dramatis personae* act and speak, even in the most offensive circumstances, with an openness, unconcern and self-satisfaction, as if they had the most undoubted right to be and think as they do; at the same time, a vein of gentle irony pervades the whole, which indicates the author's moral independence and higher standpoint, as well as his sincere gratification at the amusing and filthy scenes which he describes; he accompanies his heroes at every step with a smile on his lips and a low laugh. The work belongs therefore, by its contents as well as its tone, to the department of satire, resembling in tone Horace, in form the *Minippean* satire.

“For not only does the language occasionally pass over from prose to verse (limping iambs and trochees), but entire poems of greater extent are interwoven (*Troiae Halosis* and *Bellum Civile*), which are usually put in the mouth of Eumolpus, and which always have a satirical object, sometimes a double one, as in the case with the *Bellum Civile*, which ridicules Lucan, as well as his opponents personified by Eumolpus, the writer with genuine humor placing himself above both, and dealing against both his blows with impartial justice. The language is always suited to the character of the persons speaking, elegant in Encolpius, bombastic in Trimalchio. The language put in the mouth of the last is for us an invaluable specimen of the *lingua Romana rustica*, as it obtained in that part of Italy where the scene is laid, — in Campania, and especially Naples. In

conformity with the originally Greek character of this region, the language of Trimalchio and his companions is full of Greek words and Grecisms of the boldest kind (such as coupling the neuter plural with the verb in the singular). Characteristic of the local dialect are the many archaisms, compounds not known in the written language, the frequent solecisms, the many proverbial and extravagant expressions, the numerous oaths and curses.”

A brilliant passage from Emile Thomas’ remarkable study of Petronius and contemporary Roman society, entitled, “Petronius: L’Envers de la Société Romaine” (Paris, 1902), may fitly sum up the situation. “This romance,” he writes, “such delightful and at the same time such difficult reading, a work at once exquisite and repulsive, gives us by virtue of its defects no less than of its merits a fairly adequate representation of the under-side of Roman civilization. Would it not be a gain, and a great one, for the systematic history of morals and literature at Rome to restore this work to its proper place? and is not this place pretty well identical, barring of course the difference of field and form, with that reserved in Greek Art for the vases, statuettes and pottery of Tanagra, and of the periods before and after Tanagra; in one word, whatever allows us to comprehend, or at least get a glimpse of, the Ancient world under the aspects of its everyday life? Everybody knows how successful has been the revolution, and how fruitful in results, which has been brought about under our own eyes in these departments of Greek History and Archeology.

“Well! here (in Petronius) we have among the authors of Rome a veritable genre painter, of a sort to take the place for us, at any rate in part, of the graceful vase-paintings of Antiquity, as well as of the grotesques of Greek art.

“From yet another aspect, not a few points of resemblance may be detected between Petronius and the lighter literary productions, novels, tales, burlesque narratives, *vers de société*, and even journals, of the last two Centuries. Our Author is refined, not to say blasé, but none the less inquisitive, full both of sagacity and passion, always exact, and above and beyond all else, a supreme master of style. Laying aside all false delicacy, let us hear what he has to tell us of the daily routine, of the outward aspect, and even of the hidden secrets, of Roman existence. Nowhere else has human life been lived on an ampler scale; no other people, no other society, has ever displayed so much variety, so many contrasts, such heights of grandeur and such depths of degradation.”

ALFRED R. ALLINSON.

CHAPTER ONE

[i] Such a long time has passed since first I promised you the story of my adventures I am resolved to keep my word today, seeing we are happily met together to season those matters with lively conversation and tales of a merry and diverting sort.

Fabricius Veiento was discoursing very wisely to us just now on the follies of superstition, exposing the various forms of priestly charlatanry, the holy men's mania for prophecy, and the effrontery they display in expounding mysteries they very often utterly fail to comprehend themselves. [ii] Is it not much the same type of madness that afflicts our declaimers, who shout: "These wounds I got, defending our common liberties; this eye I lost in your behalf. Give me a helping hand to lead me to my children, for my poor maimed limbs refuse to bear my weight." Even such extravagances might be borne, if they really served to guide beginners in the way of eloquence; but all pupils gain by these high-flown themes, these empty sounding phrases, is this, that on entering the forum they imagine themselves transported into a new and strange world.

This is the reason, in my opinion, why young men grow up such blockheads in the schools, because they neither see nor hear one single thing connected with the usual circumstances of everyday life, nothing but stuff about pirates lurking on the seashore with fetters in their hands, tyrants issuing edicts to compel sons to cut off their own fathers' heads, oracles in times of pestilence commanding three virgins or more to be sacrificed to stay the plague, — honey-sweet, well-rounded sentences, words and facts alike as it were, besprinkled with poppy and sesame.

[iii] Under such a training it is no more possible to acquire good taste than it is not to stink, if you live in a kitchen. Give me leave to tell you that you rhetoricians are chiefly to blame for the ruin of Oratory, for with your silly, idle phrases, meant only to tickle the ears of an audience, you have enervated and deboshed the very substance of true eloquence.

Young men were not bound down to declamations in the days when Sophocles and Euripides found the very words they wanted to best express their meaning. No cloistered professor had as yet darkened men's intellects, when Pindar and the nine Lyric bards shrank from emulating the Homeric note. And not to cite poets exclusively, — I cannot see that either Plato or Demosthenes ever practised this

sort of mental exercise. A noble, and so to say chaste, style is not overloaded with ornament, not turgid; its own natural beauty gives it elevation.

Then after a while this windy, extravagant deluge of words invaded Athens from Asia, and like a malignant star, blasting the minds of young men aiming at lofty ideals, instantly broke up all rules of art and struck eloquence dumb. Since that day who has reached the perfection of Thucydides, the glory of Hyperides? Nay! not a poem has been written of bright and wholesome complexion; but all, as if fed on the same unhealthy diet, have lacked stamina to attain old age. Painting moreover shared the same fate, after Egypt presumptuously invented a compendious method for that noble Art.

[iii] Such and suchlike reflections I was indulging in one day before a numerous audience, when Agamemnon came up, curious to see who it was they were listening to so attentively. Well! he declined to allow me to declaim longer in the Portico than he had himself sweated in the schools but: “Young man,” he cries, “seeing your words are something better than mere popular commonplaces, and — a very rare occurrence — you are an admirer of sound sense, I will confide to you a professional secret. In the choice of these exercises it is not the masters that are to blame. They are forced to be just as mad as all the rest; for if they refuse to teach what pleases their scholars, they will be left, as Cicero says, to lecture to empty benches. Just as false-hearted sycophants, scheming for a seat at a rich man’s table, make it their chief business to discover what will be most agreeable hearing to their host, for indeed their only way to gain their end is by cajolement and flattery; so a professor of Rhetoric, unless like a fisherman he arm his hook with the bait he knows the fish will take, may stand long enough on his rock without a chance of success.

[iv] “Whose fault is it then? It is the parents deserve censure, who will not give their children the advantages of a strict training. In the first place their hopes, like everything else, are centered in ambition, and so being impatient to see their wishes fulfilled, they hurry lads into the forum when still raw and half taught, and indue mere babes with the mantle of eloquence, an art they admit themselves to be equaled by none in difficulty. If only they would let them advance step by step in their tasks, so that serious students might be broken in by solid reading, steady their minds with the precepts of philosophy, chasten their style with unsparing correction, study deep and long what they propose to imitate, and refuse to be dazzled by puerile graces, then and then only would the grand old type of Oratory recover its former authority and stateliness. Nowadays, boys waste their time at school; as youths, they are jeered at in the forum, and what is worse than either,

no one will acknowledge, as an old man, the faultiness of the teaching he received in his younger days.

“But that you may not imagine I disapprove of satirical impromptus in the Lucilian vein, I will myself throw my notions on this matter into verse:

[v] “He that would be an orator, must strive
To follow out the discipline of old,
And heed the laws of stern frugality;
Not his to haunt the Court with fawning brow,
Nor sit a flatterer at great folks’ boards;
Not his with boon companions o’er the wine
To overcloud his brain, nor at the play
To sit and clap, agape at actors’ tricks.
But whether to Tritonia’s famous halls
The Muses lead his steps, or to those walls
That Spartan exiles rear’d or where
The Sirens’ song thrill’d the enraptured air
Of all his tasks let Poesy be first,
And Homer’s verse the fount to quench his thirst.
Soon will be master deep Socratic lore,
And wield the arms Demosthenes erst bore.
Then to new modes must he in turn be led,
And Grecian wit to Roman accents wed.
Nor in the forum only will he find
Meet occupation for his busy mind;
On books he’ll feast, the poet’s words of fire,
Heroic tales of War and Tully’s patriot ire,
Such be thy studies; then, whate’er the theme,
Pour forth thine eloquence in copious stream.”

[vi] Listening attentively to the speaker, I never noticed that Ascylos had given me the slip; and I was still walking up and down in the gardens full of the burning words I had heard, when a great mob of students rushed into the Portico. Apparently these had just come from hearing an impromptu lecture of some critic or other who had been cutting up Agamemnon’s speech. So whilst the lads were making fun of his sentiments and abusing the arrangement of the whole discourse, I seized the opportunity to escape, and started off at a run in pursuit of Ascylos. But I was heedless about the road I followed, and indeed felt by no means sure of

the situation of our inn, the result being that whichever direction I took, I presently found myself back again at my starting point. At last, exhausted with running and dripping with sweat, I came across a little old woman, who was selling herbs.

[vii] “Prithee, good mother,” say I, “can you tell me where I live?” Charmed with the quiet absurdity of my question, “Why certainly!” she replied; and getting up, went on before me. I thought she must be a witch; but presently, when we had arrived at a rather shy neighborhood, the obliging old lady drew back the curtain of a doorway, and said, “Here is where you ought to live.”

I was just protesting I did not know the house, when I catch sight of mysterious figures prowling between rows of name-boards, and naked harlots. Then when too late, I saw I had been brought into a house of ill fame. So cursing the old woman’s falseness, I threw my robe over my head and made a dash right through the brothel to the opposite door, when lo! just on the threshold, whom should I meet but Ascylos, fagged out and half dead like myself? You would have thought the very same old hag had been his conductress. I made him a mocking bow, and asked him what he was doing in such a disreputable place?

[viii] Wiping the sweat from his face with both hands, he replied, “If you only knew what happened to me!”

“Why! what has happened?” said I.

Then in a faint voice he went on, “I was wandering all over the town, without being able to discover where I had left our inn, when a respectable looking man accosted me, and most politely offered to show me the way. Then after traversing some very dark and intricate alleys, he brought me where we are, and producing his affair, began begging me to grant him my favors. In two twos the woman had taken the fee for the room, and the man laid hold of me; and if I had not proved the stronger, I should have fared very ill indeed.”

While Ascylos was thus recounting his adventures, up came his respectable friend again, accompanied by a woman of considerable personal attractions, and addressing himself to Ascylos, besought him to enter, assuring him he had nothing to fear, and that as he would not consent to play the passive, he should do the active part. The woman on her side was very anxious I should go with her. Accordingly we followed the pair, who led us among the name-boards, where we saw in the chambers persons of both sexes behaving in such fashion I concluded they must every one have been drinking satyrion. On seeing us, they endeavored to allure us to sodomy with enticing gestures; and suddenly one fellow with his clothes well tucked up assails Ascylos, and throwing him down on a bed, tries to

get to work a-top of him. I spring to the sufferer's rescue, and uniting our efforts, we make short work of the ruffian. Ascyltos bolts out of the house, and away, leaving me to escape their beastly advances as best I might; but discovering I was too strong for them and in no mood for trifling, they left me alone.

[IX] After running about almost over the city, I caught sight of Giton, as it were a fog, standing at the corner of an alley close to the door of our inn, and hurried to join him. I asked my favorite whether he had got anything ready for our dinner, whereupon the lad sat down on the bed and began wiping away the tears with his thumb. Much disturbed at my favorite's distress, I demanded what had happened. For a long time I could not drag a word out of him, not indeed till I had added threats to prayers. Then he reluctantly told me. "That favorite or comrade of yours came into our lodging just now, and set to work to force me. When I screamed he drew a sword and said, 'If you're a Lucretia, you've found a Tarquin'."

Hearing this, I exclaimed, shaking my two fists in Ascyltos' face. "What have you to say now, you pathic prostitute, you, whose very breath is abominable?" Ascyltos feigned extreme indignation, and immediately repeated my gesture with greater emphasis, crying in still louder tones, "Will you hold your tongue, you filthy gladiator, who after murdering your host, had luck enough to escape from the criminals' cage at the Amphitheater? Will you hold your tongue, you midnight cut-throat, who never, when at your bravest, durst face an honest woman? Didn't I serve you for a minion in an orchard, just as this lad does now in an inn?"

"Did you or did you not," I interrupted, "sneak off from the master's lecture?"

[X] "What was I to do, fool, when I was dying of hunger? Stop and listen to a string of phrases no better than the tinkling of broken glass or the nonsensical interpretations in dream books? By great Hercules, you are dead baser than I; to compass a dinner you have condescended to flatter a Poet!" This ended our unseemly wrangle, and we both burst into a fit of laughter, and proceeded to discuss other matters in a more peaceable tone.

But the recollection of his late violence coming over me afresh, "Ascyltos," I said, "I see we cannot get on together; so let us divide between us our bits of common funds, and each try to make head against poverty on his own bottom. You are a scholar; so am I. I don't wish to spoil your profits, so I'll take up another line. Else shall we find a thousand causes of quarrel every day, and soon make ourselves the talk of the town."

Ascyltos raised no objection, merely saying, "For today, as we have accepted, in our quality of men of letters, an invitation to dine out, don't let us lose our

evening; but tomorrow, since you wish it, I will look out for a new lodging and another bedfellow.”

“Poor work,” said I, “putting off the execution of a good plan.” It was really my naughty passions that urged me to so speedy a parting; indeed I had been long wishing to be rid of his jealous observation, in order to renew my old relations with my sweet Giton. Ascyltos, mortally offended at my remark, rushed out of the room without another word. So sudden a departure boded ill; for I knew his ungovernable temper and the strength of his passions. So I went after him, to keep an eye on his doings and guard against their consequences; but he slipped adroitly out of my sight, and I wasted a long time in a fruitless search for the rascal.

[xii] After looking through the whole city, I came back to my little room, and now at length claiming my full tale of kisses, I clip my darling lad in the tightest of embraces; my utmost hopes of bliss are fulfilled to the envy of all mankind. The rites were not yet complete, when Ascyltos crept up stealthily to the door, and violently bursting in the bolts, caught me at play with his favorite. His laughter and applause filled the room, and tearing off the mantle that covered us, “Why! what are you after,” he cries, “my sainted friend? What! both tucked cozily under one coverlet?” Nor did he stop at words, but detaching the strap from his wallet, he fell to thrashing me with no perfunctory hand, seasoning his blows with insulting remarks. “This is the way you divide stock with a comrade, is it? Not so fast, my friend.” So unexpected was the attack I was obliged to put up with the blows in silence.

Accordingly I took the matter as a joke, and it was well I did so; otherwise I should have had to fight my rival. My counterfeited merriment calmed his anger, and he even smiled faintly. “Look you, Encolpius,” said he, “are you so buried in your pleasures, you never reflect that our money is exhausted, and the trifles we have left are valueless. Town is good for nothing in the summer days; there’ll be better luck in the country. Let’s go visit our friends.”

CHAPTER TWO

Necessity constrained me to approve his advice and restrain the expression of my resentment. So, loading Giton with our scanty baggage, we quitted the city and made our way to the country house of Lycurgus, a Roman knight. Ascylos had been a minion in former days, so he gave us an excellent reception, and the company assembled there rendered our entertainment still more delightful. First and foremost was Tryphaena, a very handsome woman, who had come with Lichas, master of a ship and owner of estates near the seacoast.

Words cannot describe the pleasures we enjoyed in this most delightful spot, though Lycurgus's table was frugal enough. You must know we lost no time in pairing off as lovers. The lovely Tryphaena was my fancy, and readily acceded to my wishes. But scarcely was I in enjoyment of her favors, when Lichas, furious at his lady-love being filched from him, insisted I must indemnify him for the injury done him. She had long been his mistress; so he made the festive proposal that I should make good his loss in person. He pressed me passionately; but Tryphaena possessing my heart, my ears were deaf to his importunities. My refusal made him still more eager and he followed me about like a dog, and actually came into my chamber one night. Finding his entreaties scorned, he tried to force me; but I shouted so loudly I roused the household and by favor of Lycurgus's countenance was saved from the ruffian's attempts.

Eventually thinking Lycurgus's house inconvenient for his purpose, he endeavored to persuade me to be his guest. When I refused his invitation, he got Tryphaena to use her influence. The latter begged me to comply with Lichas's wishes, what made her so ready to do so being the prospect of leading a more independent life there. Accordingly I follow where my love leads the way. But Lycurgus, having renewed his former relations with Ascylos, would not let him go. So we agreed that he should stop with Lycurgus, whilst we accompanied Lichas, resolving at the same time that, as opportunity offered, we should each and all lay hands on anything handy for the common stock.

My consent delighted Lichas beyond measure. He hurried on our departure all he could, and forthwith bidding our friends farewell, we arrived the same day at his house. Lichas had cleverly arranged it in such a way that he sat beside me during the journey, while Tryphaena was next to Giton. This he had contrived because he knew the woman's notorious fickleness, and the result justified his

expectations. In fact she instantly fell in love with the lad, as I saw easily enough. Lichas moreover made a point of drawing my attention to the circumstance, and assured me there was no doubt about it. This made me receive his advances more complacently, at which he was overjoyed. He felt certain the injury my mistress was doing me would turn my love into contempt, and that consequently out of pique against Tryphaena, I should be the more disposed to welcome his proposals.

Such was the state of affairs under Lichas's roof. Tryphaena was desperately enamored of Giton; Giton's whole heart was aflame for Tryphaena; I hated the sight of both; while Lichas, studying to please me, contrived some fresh diversion every day. Doris, his pretty wife, eagerly seconded his efforts, and that so charmingly she soon drove Tryphaena from my heart. A wink informed Doris of the state of my feelings, and she returned the compliment with alluring glances; so that this mute language, anticipating the tongue, furtively expressed the mutual liking we had simultaneously conceived for one another.

I soon saw Lichas was jealous, and this made me cautious; while the quick eyes of love had already revealed to the wife the husband's designs on me. The first opportunity we had of conversing together, she announced her discovery to me. I frankly admitted the fact, and told her how austere I had always treated his advances. But like a wise, discreet woman, she only said, "Well! well! we must act judiciously in the matter." I followed her advice, and found that, to yield to the one was to win the other.

Meanwhile, while Giton was recruiting his exhausted strength, Tryphaena was for returning to me; but on my repulsing her overtures, her love changed into furious hate. Nor was the ardent little wanton long in discovering my dealings both with husband and wife. The former's naughtiness with me she made light of, for she lost nothing by it; but she went savagely for Doris and her secret pleasures. She denounced her to Lichas, whose jealousy proving stronger than his love, he prepared for revenge. However Doris, warned by Tryphaena's maid to look out for storms, refrained from any clandestine meetings for the present.

As soon as I learned the truth, cursing at once Tryphaena's perfidy and Lichas's ingratitude, I made up my mind to be gone. Fortune moreover was in my favor; for the very day before a vessel, dedicated to Isis and laden with rich offerings for the feast of the goddess, had run ashore on the rocks of the neighboring coast.

I talked the matter over with Giton, and he readily enough agreed to my plan, for Tryphaena, after draining him of his strength, was now openly neglecting him. Accordingly we set off betimes next day for the coast, and easily got aboard the wreck as we were known to Lichas's servants, who were in charge. But finding

they insisted on attending us everywhere out of politeness, so stopping any chance of looting, I left Giton with them and seizing an opportunity to get away by myself, crept into the poop, where stood the image of Isis. This I robbed of a rich mantle and a silver sistrum, besides appropriating other valuables from the Captain's cabin. This done, I slipped down a mooring-rope without anybody seeing me except Giton, who likewise eluded the men in charge before very long and sneaked after me.

On his coming up, I showed him my booty, and we resolved to make the best of our way to Ascylos, but we could not reach Lycurgus's house till next day. Arrived there, I gave Ascylos a brief account of the robbery, and of our untoward love adventures. His advice was to get Lycurgus on our side, telling him that fresh persecutions on the part of Lichas had determined our sudden and secret flight. When he heard this Lycurgus took an oath he would never fail us as a bulwark against our enemies.

Our flight was not observed until Tryphaena and Doris awoke and got up; for every morning we made a point of attending these ladies' toilette. Our unwonted absence therefore being noticed, Lichas dispatched messengers to look for us, particularly to the seashore. From them he heard of our having visited the ship, but not a word about the robbery. This was still undiscovered, because the poop lay seawards, and the Master had not as yet returned to his vessel.

Eventually, when no doubt remained as to our flight, which annoyed Lichas extremely, the latter turned furiously upon Doris, considering her to be responsible for it. I will not describe his language nor the violence he indulged in towards her; indeed I do not know the details. Enough to say that Tryphaena, the originator of all the disturbance, prevailed on Lichas to go and look for us at Lycurgus's house, as being our most likely place of refuge, choosing herself to accompany him thither, that she might find opportunity to load us with the abuse and scorn we had so well merited at her hands.

Setting out next day, they arrived at the mansion. We were not at home, Lycurgus having taken us to a feast of Hercules that was being celebrated at a neighboring village. Learning this, they followed us in all haste, and came up with us in the Portico of the Temple. Their appearance disconcerted us not a little. Lichas instantly began to complain bitterly of our running away to Lycurgus; but was met with such an angry brow and haughty air by the latter, that plucking up a spirit, I loudly cried shame on his lecherous attempts on my person both under Lycurgus's roof and his own. Tryphaena interfered, but got the worst of it, too, for I proclaimed her baseness to the crowds of people our altercation had attracted,

and in token of the truth of my allegations, I showed them Giton pale and bloodless and myself brought to death's door by the strumpet's wantonness. The crowd burst into loud shouts of laughter, which so abashed our adversaries that they withdrew, crestfallen and vowing vengeance.

Perceiving we had quite won Lycurgus over, they determined to wait for him at his own house, in order to disabuse his mind of this prepossession in our favor. The solemnities finished too late for us to return to the mansion that night; so Lycurgus took us to a country lodge of his situated halfway thither. Here he left us next morning still asleep, while he went home himself to attend to the dispatch of business. He found Lichas and Tryphaena waiting for him there, who talked him over so cleverly, they actually persuaded him to deliver us up into their hands. Lycurgus, a man naturally cruel and treacherous, meditating how best to betray us, urged Lichas to go for help, while he went himself to the lodge to secure our capture.

Arrived there, he accosted us with as harsh a mien as ever Lichas might have been expected to show; then, wringing his hands, he upbraided us with our falsehood to Lichas, and ordered us to be kept fast prisoners in the chamber where we lay, excluding Ascyrtos and refusing to hear a word from him in our defense. Taking the latter with him to his mansion, he left us behind in custody till his return.

On the journey Ascyrtos tried in vain to modify Lycurgus's determination, but neither prayers, caresses nor tears would move him. Accordingly our comrade conceived the idea of setting us at liberty by other means. Indignant at Lycurgus's harshness, he positively refused to sleep with him, and so found himself in a better position to carry out the plan he had formed.

Waiting till the household were buried in their first sleep, he took our bits of baggage on his shoulders, and slipping through a breach in the wall he had previously marked, he reached the lodge at daybreak. Entering the house unopposed, he sought our room, which the guards had taken care to secure. There was little difficulty in opening the door, for the bolt being of wood, he loosened this by inserting an iron bar. Presently the lock dropped off, and awoke us in falling, for we were snoring away in spite of our unhappy situation. Yet so sound asleep were our guards, being tired out with watching, that the crash roused no one but ourselves.

Then Ascyrtos, entering our prison, briefly told us what he had done for us, nor indeed were many words necessary. While we were busy dressing, it occurred to me to kill the watchmen and loot the house. I confided my notion to Ascyrtos,

who approved of the robbery, but said we could gain our ends better without bloodshed. Accordingly, knowing as he did all the ins and outs of the premises, he led us to the store chamber, the doors of which he undid. Appropriating the more valuable of the contents, we made off while it was still early morning, and avoiding the public roads, never stopped till we deemed ourselves safe from pursuit.

Hereupon Ascyrtos, taking breath, declared emphatically what delight he had felt in pillaging Lycurgus's house. He was an arrant miser, he said, and had given him good reason to complain; while he had never paid him a farthing for his nights' work, he had at the same time kept him on very short commons and the thinnest of drink. So niggardly indeed was the fellow that notwithstanding his boundless wealth, he used to deny himself the barest necessities of life.

Unhappy Tantalus, with plenty curst,
'Mid fruits for hunger faints, 'mid streams for thirst:
The Miser's emblem! who of all possess'd,
Yet fears to taste, in blessings most unblest'd.

Ascyrtos was for returning to Naples that same day. "But surely," said I, "it is acting imprudently to go to the very place of all others where they are most likely to look for us. Let us keep away for a while and ramble about the country. We have the means to do it in comfort." My advice was approved, and we set out for a hamlet embellished with a number of agreeable country residences, where several of our familiars were enjoying the pleasures of the season. But scarcely had we covered half the distance when a storm of rain coming down in bucketfuls compelled us to fly for shelter to the nearest village. Entering the inn, we found a crowd of other travelers who had turned in there to escape the inclemency of the weather.

The throng prevented our attracting notice, which made it all the easier for us to pry about in search of anything we could appropriate. Ascyrtos picked up from the floor, quite unobserved, a little bag containing a number of gold pieces. We were delighted at this lucky beginning; but fearing some one might claim the money, we stole away by the back door. There we found a servant saddling some horses, who at that moment left them to go back to the house for something he had forgotten. Profiting by his absence, I snatched a superb riding-cloak from a saddle, undoing the straps that fastened it. This done, we made off into the nearest wood under cover of some outhouses.

Sitting down in the depths of the wood, where we were in comparative safety, we held a council of war about concealing the gold, not wishing either to be accused of the theft or to be robbed of it ourselves. Finally we decided to sew it up in a hem of an old threadbare tunic, which I threw round my shoulders, and entrusting the cloak to Ascylos, we prepared to start for the city by way of bypaths. But just as we were quitting the forest, we hear a voice pronounce these terrible words: "They shan't escape. They've gone into the wood; and if we spread out and search everywhere, they'll easily be caught."

These words filled us with such consternation that Ascylos and Giton dashed away through the bushes in the direction of the city; while I stepped back so hurriedly that, without my knowing it, the precious tunic slipped from my shoulders. At length, tired out and unable to go a step further, I lay down under a tree, and then for the first time discovered my loss. Vexation gave me new strength, and starting up again to look for the treasure, I wandered up and down for a long time in vain, till worn out with toil and trouble I plunged into the darkest recesses of the forest, where I remained for four weary hours. Sick at last of the horrible solitude, I sought a way out, but as I advanced I caught sight of a peasant. Then indeed I wanted all my assurance, and it did not fail me. Going boldly up to him, I asked my way to the city, complaining I had been lost for ever so long in the wood. He led me very civilly into the high road, where he came upon two of his comrades, who reported they had searched all the paths through the forest, but had found nothing except a tunic which they showed him.

I had not the impudence to claim the garment, as may be supposed. My vexation redoubled, and I uttered many a groan over my lost gold.

Thus it was already late when I reached the city. Entering the inn, I found Ascylos stretched half dead on a bed. Disturbed at not seeing the tunic intrusted to my care, Ascylos eagerly demanded it. After a while my strength came back a little, and I then told him the whole misadventure; but he thought I was joking, and though an appealing flood of tears further confirmed my asseverations, he remained obviously incredulous, thinking I wanted to cheat him out of the money. But after all, what most troubled our minds was the hue and cry after us. I mentioned this to Ascylos, but he made light of it, having managed to extricate himself successfully from the affair. Besides he was convinced we were safe enough, for we were not known, and nobody had set eyes on us. Still we thought it advisable to feign sickness, so as to have a pretext for keeping our room the longer. But our cash running short, we had to go abroad sooner than we had intended, and under the spur of necessity to sell some of our plunder.

CHAPTER THREE

[xii] On the approach of night we took our way to the market-place, where we saw an abundance of goods for sale, not indeed articles of any great value, but rather such as needed the kindly veil of darkness, considering their rather shady origin. Thither we also conveyed our stolen riding-cloak, and seizing the opportunity, displayed a corner of it in a quiet spot, hoping a buyer might be attracted by the beauty of the garment.

It was not long before a countryman, whose face seemed somehow familiar to me, approached in company with a young woman, and began to examine the cloak minutely. On the other part Ascyrtos, casting his eye on the rustic customer's shoulders, was instantly struck dumb with surprise. Nor could I myself avoid some perturbation of mind when I saw him; for he appeared to be the identical peasant who had found our old tunic in the loneliness of the wood. Yes! he was the very man. But Ascyrtos, afraid to trust his eyes and anxious not to do anything rash, first went up to the fellow as a would-be purchaser, drew the tunic from his shoulders and began to scrutinize it carefully.

[xiii] By a wonderful stroke of luck the rustic had not as yet had the curiosity to search the seams, but was offering the thing for sale with an indifferent air as some beggar-man's leavings. When Ascyrtos saw our money was intact and that the vendor was a person of no great account, he drew me a little aside from the throng and said, "Do you observe, comrade, our treasure that I was regretting as lost is come back again? That is our tunic and it seems to have the gold pieces in it still: they haven't been touched. But what can we do about it? How are we to prove ownership?" I was greatly cheered not only at beholding our loot once more, but also because I thus found myself freed from a villainous suspicion, and at once declared against any sort of beating about the bush. I advised we should bring a civil action right out to compel him to give up the property to its rightful owners by law, if he refused to do so otherwise.

[xiv] Not so Ascyrtos, who had a wholesome fear of the law. "Who knows us," he said, "in this place, or will believe what we say? My own strong opinion is we should buy the property, our own though it be, now we see it, and rather pay a small sum to recover our treasure than get mixed up in a lawsuit, the issue of which is uncertain."

What worth our laws, when pelf alone is king,
When to be poor is to be always wrong?
The Cynic sage himself, stern moralist,
Is not averse to sell his words for gold;
Justice is bought, the highest bidder wins,
A partial Judge directs a venal Court.

But alas! except for a brace of copper coins, which we had purposed to spend on lupines and peas, we were penniless just then. So, for fear the prey might escape us meanwhile, we resolved to part with the cloak at a lower price, making the profit on the one transaction balance the loss on the other. Accordingly we spread out our merchandise; but the woman who had hitherto been standing beside the countryman closely muffled, now suddenly, after carefully scanning certain marks on the cloak, laid hold of the hem with both hands, and screamed out "Stop, thieves! Stop, thieves!" at the top of her voice.

At this we were not a little disconcerted, but that we might not seem to acquiesce without a protest, we in our turn seized the tattered, filthy tunic, and declared no less spitefully it was our goods they had in their possession. But our case was far from being on all fours with theirs; and the crowd, that had gathered at the outcry, began to make fun of our impertinent claim, and not unnaturally, when on the one side they asserted their right to a most valuable cloak, but we to this old rag hardly worth mending. However Ascyrtos adroitly stopped their ridicule by crying out, directly he could get a hearing, ^[xv] "Well! look you, every man likes his own property best; let 'em give us up our tunic, and they shall have their cloak."

Both the rustic and the young woman were ready enough to make the exchange; but a couple of attorneys, or to give them their true name, night-prowlers, who wanted to appropriate the cloak themselves, demanded that both the articles in dispute should be deposited with them, and the Judge look into the case in the morning; for not only must the ownership of these be investigated, but quite another question altogether as well, to wit, a suspicion of theft on the part of both parties.

The bystanders were by this time all in favor of sequestration, and an individual in the crowd, a bald man with a very pimply face, who was in the habit of undertaking occasional jobs for the lawyers, impounded the cloak, saying he would produce it on the morrow. But the real object was self-evident, that the knavish crew having once got hold of the article in question, they might smuggle it out of the way, while we should be scared by the fear of a charge of theft from

putting in an appearance at the appointed time. This was very much what we wanted ourselves, and luck seconded the wishes of both parties. For the countryman, indignant at our requiring the surrender of an old rag, threw the tunic in Ascylos's face, and withdrawing his own claim altogether, merely demanded the sequestration of the cloak as the only object of litigation. Having thus recovered our treasure, as we felt, we rush off full speed for our inn, and bolting the room door, start making merry over the astuteness both of our opponents and of the crowd, who had exercised so much ingenuity in giving us back our money!

As we were unstitching the tunic to take out the gold pieces, we overheard some one asking the innkeeper what kind of people they were who had just entered his house. Terrified at the question, I went down after he had gone, to see what was the matter, and found that a Pretor's lictor, whose duty it was to see the names of strangers entered in the public registers, had seen two such enter the inn, whose names he had not yet taken down, and was therefore making inquiries as to their nationality and business. This information the inn-keeper gave in such an offhand manner as made me suspect his house was not altogether a safe place for us; so, to avoid the chance of arrest, we determined to leave the place and not return till after dark. Accordingly we sallied forth, leaving the care of providing our dinner to Giton.

As our wish was to avoid the frequented streets, we went by way of the more lonely districts of the city. Towards nightfall we met in a remote spot two respectably robed and good-looking women, and followed them slowly and softly to a small temple, which they entered, and from which a strange humming was audible, like the sound of voices issuing from the recesses of a cavern. Curiosity impelled us likewise to enter the temple, and there we beheld a number of women, resembling Bacchantes, each brandishing an emblem of Priapus in her right hand. This was all we were permitted to see; for the instant they caught sight of us, they set up such a shouting the vault of the sacred building trembled, and tried to seize hold of us. But we fled as fast as our legs would carry us back to our inn.

[xvi] Scarcely had we eaten our fill of the dinner Giton had provided us, when the door resounded with a most imperative knocking. Turning pale, we demanded, "Who's there?"— "Open the door," was the answer, "and you'll find out." We were still arguing when the bolt tumbled off of itself, the door flew open and admitted our visitor. This was a woman with her head muffled, the very same who a little time before had been standing by the countryman's side in the market. "Ah, ha!" she cried, "did you suppose you had really made a fool of me? I am

Quartilla's maid, Quartilla whose devotions before the grotto you disturbed. She is coming in person to the inn, and begs to speak with you. Do not be afraid; she brings no accusation, and has no wish to punish your fault. She only wonders what god it was brought such genteel young men into her district."

[xvii] We were still dumb, not knowing in the least what kind of response to give, when the mistress herself entered, accompanied only by a young girl, and sitting down on my couch, wept for ever so long. Not even then had we a word to offer, but looked on in amazement at this tearful display of pretended grief. When the enticing shower had exhausted itself, she drew back the hood that concealed her haughty features, and wringing her hands till the finger joints cracked, "What means this recklessness?" she cried; "wherever have you learned these knavish tricks that for audacity outdo the heroes of the story-books. By heaven! I pity you! for be sure no man ever looked with impunity on forbidden sights. Truly our neighborhood is so well stocked with deities to hand, you will easier meet with a god than a man. But don't imagine I've come here vindictively; I'm more moved by your youth than angered by the wrong you have done me. It was in sheer ignorance, I still think, you committed your unpardonable act of sacrilege.

"Last night I was grievously tormented, and shaken with such alarming tremblings, I dreaded an attack of tertian ague. So in my sleep I prayed for a remedy, and was bidden seek you out, that you might assuage the violence of the complaint by means of a cunning contrivance also indicated in my dream. But indeed and indeed it is not so much this cure I am exercised about; what wrings my heart and drives me almost to despair is the dread that in your youthful levity you may reveal what you saw in the shrine of Priapus, and betray the counsels of the gods to the common herd. This is why I stretch forth suppliant hands to your knees, and beg and pray you not to turn into ribaldry and jest our nocturnal rites, nor willingly divulge the secrets of so many years, — secrets known to barely a thousand persons all told."

After this impassioned appeal she again burst into tears, and shaken by mighty sobs, entirely buried her face and bosom in my couch. Meantime, moved at once by pity and apprehension, I bade her keep a good heart, and be quite easy on either head. For, I assured her, not one of us would divulge the mysteries, and moreover, if the god had revealed any extraordinary means of curing her ague, we would second divine providence, even if it involved danger to ourselves.

[xviii] The woman cheered up at this promise, and fell to kissing me thick and fast, and changing from tears to laughter, combed back with her fingers some stray locks that had escaped from behind my ears. "I make truce with you," she

said, “and withdraw my case against you. But if you had not agreed about the remedy I am seeking, I had a posse of men all ready for tomorrow to avenge my wrongs and vindicate my honor.

“Contempt is hateful; what I love is power,
To work my will at my own place and hour.
A wise man’s scorn bends the most stubborn will,
The noblest victor he who spares to kill.”

Next, clapping her hands together, she suddenly burst into such a fit of laughter as quite alarmed us. The maid, who had entered first followed suit, and was followed in turn by the little girl who had come in along with Quartilla.

[XIX] The whole place reechoed with their forced merriment; meantime, seeing no reason for this rapid change of mood, we stand staring now at each other, now at the women. At length says Quartilla, “I have given express orders that no mortal be admitted into this inn today, that you may, without interruption, apply the remedy for my ague.”

“At this declaration Ascyltos stood for a time appalled; for myself, I turned colder than a Gallic winter, and was unable to utter a word. Still our numbers somewhat reassured me against any disaster. After all, they were only three weak women, quite incapable of any serious assault on us, who if we had nothing else manly about us, were at least of the male sex. Anyway we were all ready prepared for the fray; in fact I had already so arranged the couples, that if it came to a fight, I should myself tackle Quartilla, Ascyltos the waiting-maid, Giton the girl.

In the middle of these reflections, up came Quartilla to me to be cured of her ague; but finding herself sadly disappointed, she flung out of the house in a rage. Returning after a little, she had us seized by some unknown bravos and carried off to a magnificent palace.

CHAPTER FOUR

At this crisis amazement and consternation quite broke our spirit, certain death seeming to stare us miserably in the face. ^[xx] “I beseech you, lady,” I cried, “if you have any sinister design, put us out of our misery at once; we have done nothing so heinous as to deserve torturing to death.” The maid, whose name was Psyche, now carefully spread a rug on the marble floor, and endeavored to rouse my member into activity, but it lay cold as a thousand deaths could make it. Ascylos had muffled his head in his mantle, having doubtless learned from experience the peril of meddling with other people’s secrets. Meantime Psyche produced two ribbons from her bosom, and proceeded to tie our hands with one and our feet with the other. Finding myself thus fettered, “This is not the way,” I protested, “for your mistress to get what she wants.” “Granted,” replied the maid; “but I have other remedies to my hand, and surer ones.”

So saying, she brought me a goblet full of satyrion, and with quips and cranks and a host of wonderful tales of its virtues, induced me to drain off nearly the whole of the liquor. Then, because he had slighted her overtures a little before, she poured what was left of the stuff over Ascylos’s back without his noticing. The latter, seeing the stream of her eloquence dried up, exclaimed, “Well! and am I not thought worthy to have a drink too?” Betrayed by my laughter, the girl clapped her hands and cried, “Why! I’ve given it you already, young man; you’ve had the whole draft all to yourself.” “What!” put in Quartilla, “has Encolpius drunk up all our stock of satyrion?” and her sides shook with pretty merriment. Eventually not even Giton could contain his mirth, particularly when the little girl threw her arms round his neck, and gave the boy, who showed no signs of reluctance, a thousand kisses.

^[xxi] We should have cried out for help in our unhappy plight, but there was no one to hear us and besides Psyche pricked my cheeks with her hair pin every time I tried to call upon my fellow countrymen for succor, while at the same time the other girl threatened Ascylos with a brush dipped in satyrion. Finally there entered a catamite, tricked out in a coat of chestnut frieze, and wearing a sash, who would alternately writhe his buttocks and bump against us, and beslaver us with the most evil-smelling kisses, until Quartilla, holding a whalebone wand in her hand and with skirts tucked up, ordered him to give the poor fellows quarter.

Then we all three swore the most solemn oaths the horrid secret should die with us.

Next a company of wrestlers appeared, who rubbed us over with the proper gymnastic oil, which was very refreshing. This gradually removed our fatigue and resuming the dinner clothes that we had taken off, we were then conducted into the adjoining room, where the couches were laid and all preparations made for an elegant feast in the most sumptuous style. We were requested to take our places, and the banquet opened with some wonderful hors d'oeuvres, while the Falernian flowed like water. A number of other courses followed, and we were all but falling asleep, when Quartilla cried, "Come, come! can you think of sleep, when you know this livelong night is owed to the service of Priapus?"

[xxii] Ascyltos was so worn out with all he had gone through he could not keep his eyes open a moment longer, and the waiting-maid, whom he had scorned and slighted, now proceeded to daub his face all over with streaks of soot, and bepaint his lips and shoulders as he lay unconscious.

I too, tired with the persecutions I had endured, was just enjoying forty winks, as they say, while all the household, within doors and without, had copied my example. Some lay sprawling about the diners' feet, others propped against the walls, while others snored head to head right on the threshold. The oil in the lamps had burned low, and they shed a feeble, dying light, when two Syrian slaves came into the banquet-room to crib a flagon of wine.

Whilst they were greedily fighting for it and scuffling amongst the silver, it parted and broke in two. At the same moment the table with the silver plate collapsed, and a goblet falling from perhaps a greater height than the rest, struck the waiting-maid who was lying exhausted on a couch underneath and cut her head open. She screamed out at the blow, at once discovering the thieves and awakening some of the drunkards. The Syrians, thus caught in the act, threw themselves with one accord onto a couch, and started snoring as if they had been asleep ever so long.

By this time the chief butler had wakened up and put fresh oil into the expiring lamps, while the other slaves after rubbing their eyes a bit, had resumed their posts, and presently a cymbal-player came in and roused us all up with a clash of her instruments. [xxiii] So the banquet was resumed, and Quartilla challenged us to start a fresh carouse, the tinkle of cymbals still further stimulating her reckless gaiety.

The next to appear is a catamite, the silliest of mankind and quite worthy of the house, who beat his hands together, gave a groan, and then spouted the following

delightful effusion:

“Who hath a pathic lust,
With Delian vice accurst;
Who loves the pliant thigh,
Quick hand and wanton sigh;
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
Gross beasts as he,
Lechers of every feather!”

Then, his poetry exhausted, he spat a most stinking kiss in my face; before long he mounted on the couch where I lay and exposed me by force in spite of my resistance. He labored hard and long to bring up my member, but in vain. Streams of gummy paint and sweat poured from his heated brow, and such a lot of chalk filled the wrinkles of his cheeks, you might have thought his face was an old dilapidated wall with the plaster crumbling away in the rain.

[xxiv] I could no longer restrain my tears, but driven to the last extremity of disgust, “I ask you, lady,” I cried, “is this the ‘night-cap’ (ambasicoetas) you promised me?” At this she clapped her hands daintily, exclaiming, “Oh you clever boy! what a pretty wit you have! Of course you didn’t know ‘night-cap’ is another name for a catamite?” Then, that my comrade might not miss his share too, I asked her, “Now, on your conscience, is Ascylos to be the only guest in the room to keep holiday!”

“So?” she cried, “why! let Ascylos have his ‘night-cap’ too!” In obedience to her order, the catamite now changed his mount, and transferring his attentions to my friend, set to grinding him under his buttocks and smothering him with lecherous kisses.

All this while Giton had been standing by, laughing as if his sides would split. Now Quartilla, catching sight of him, asked with eager curiosity, whose lad he was. When I told her he was my little favorite, “Why hasn’t he kissed me then?” she cried, and calling him to her glued her lips to his. Next minute she slipped her hand under his clothes, and pulling out his unpractised tool, she observed, “This will be a very pretty whet tomorrow to our naughty appetite. For today,— ‘After such a dainty dish, I will taste no common fish!’”

[xxv] Just as she was saying this, Psyche approached her mistress laughingly and whispered something in her ear. “Yes! yes!” exclaimed Quartilla, “a capital idea! why should not our little Pannychis lose her maidenhood! ’tis an excellent

opportunity, indeed.” Immediately they brought in a pretty enough little girl, and who did not appear to be more than seven years old the same child who had accompanied Quartilla on her first visit to our room at the inn. So amid general applause and indeed at the special request of the company, they began the bridal preparations. I was horrified, and declared that, while on the one hand Giton, who was a very modest boy, was quite unequal to such naughtiness, on the other Pannychis was far too young to endure the treatment a woman must expect. “Why!” said Quartilla, “is the girl any younger than I was when I first submitted to a man? May Juno, my patroness, desert me, if I can mind the time when I was a maid. As a child I was naughty with little boys of my own age, and presently as the years rolled by, with bigger lads, till I reached my present time of life. Hence I suppose the proverb that says: ‘Who carried the calf, may well carry the bull.’”

Fearing my favorite might get into greater troubles if I were not there, I got up to assist at the wedding ceremony.

[xxvi] By this time Psyche had thrown the bridal veil over the child’s head; our pathic friend was marching in front with a torch; a long procession of drunken women followed, clapping their hands, having previously decked the marriage bed with a splendid coverlet. Then Quartilla, fired by the wanton pleasantries, likewise rose from table, and seizing Giton drew him into the chamber. The lad was not at all loath to go, and even the child manifested very little fear or reluctance at the name of matrimony.

In due course when they were in bed and the door shut, we sat down on the threshold of the nuptial chamber, and first of all Quartilla applied an inquisitive eye to a crack in the door contrived for some such naughty purpose, and watched their childish dalliance with lecherous intentness. She drew me gently to her side to enjoy the same spectacle, and our faces being close together as we looked, she would, at every interval in the performance, twist her lips sideways to meet mine, and kept continually pecking at me with a sort of furtive kisses.

Suddenly in the midst of these proceedings a prodigious thumping made itself heard at the entrance door, and whilst everybody was wondering what the unexpected interruption might mean, we saw a soldier come in, one of the nightwatch, with a drawn sword in his hand and surrounded by a crowd of young men. The fellow glared about him with bloodshot eyes and braggadocio airs; presently spying Quartilla, he cried, “What have we here, abandoned woman? How dare you make game of me with your falsehoods and cheat me out of the night you promised me? But you shan’t go unpunished, I can tell you; you and your lover shall find out you have a man to deal with.”

[xxviii] Obeying the soldier's orders, his comrades now bind Quartilla and myself together, mouth to mouth, bosom to bosom, and thigh to thigh, in the midst of shouts of laughter. Then the catamite, still by the soldier's order, began to beslaver me horribly all over with the odious kisses of his stinking lips — a treatment I had no means either of escaping from or avoiding. Before long he debauched me, and worked his full will upon my body. Meantime, the satyrion I had drunk a while before, stirring every fiber to lasciviousness, I began to perform on Quartilla, while she, fired with a like wantonness, showed no repugnance to the game. The young soldiers burst into fits of laughter at the ludicrous performance; for, while myself mounted by a vile catamite, involuntarily and almost without knowing what I was at, I kept moving to him just as fast and furiously as Quartilla was wriggling under me.

At this moment Pannychis, unaccustomed at her age to love's ardors, raised a sudden cry of pain and consternation, which the soldiers heard. The poor child was in the act of being ravished, and the triumphant Giton had won a not bloodless victory. Roused by the sight, the man rushed at them, and clipped now Pannychis, now Giton, and now both of them together, in his sturdy arms. The girl burst into tears and besought him to take pity on her tender years; but her prayers were entirely unavailing, the soldier being only the more excited by her childish charms. All Pannychis could do was to throw a veil over her face and resign herself to endure whatever fate might bring her.

But at this crisis who should come to the unfortunate child's rescue, as if she had dropped from the sky, but the very same old woman who had beguiled me the day I was inquiring my road home? She burst into the house with loud cries, declaring that a band of robbers was prowling about the neighborhood while peaceful citizens were crying in vain for help, the guard being asleep or busy with their victuals, at any rate nowhere to be found. The soldier, much disturbed at what she said, fled precipitately from the house and his companions following his example, freed Pannychis from the impending danger which had threatened her and relieved us all of our terror.

So weary was I by this time of Quartilla's lecherousness that I began to revolve means of escape. I opened my mind to Ascylos, who was only too pleased to hear of my purpose, longing to be rid of Psyche's importunities.

The whole thing would have been plain enough sailing had not Giton been locked up in the chamber; for we wished to take him with us and save him from the viciousness of these strumpets. We were anxiously debating the point when Pannychis fell out of bed, and her weight dragged Giton after her. He was unhurt,

but the child, having given her head a slight knock, raised such an outcry that Quartilla in a fright rushed headlong into the room, and so gave us an opportunity to escape.

Taking advantage of this opening without an instant's delay, we fly with all speed to our inn and throwing ourselves into bed, spent the rest of the night in security.

Going abroad next day, we came upon two of Quartilla's fellows who had kidnapped us to her palace. No sooner did Ascylos clap eyes on the rascals than he vigorously attacked one of them, and after beating and seriously wounding him, came to my help against the other. But this last bore himself so stoutly that he managed to wound us both, though only slightly, escaping himself without a scratch.

CHAPTER FIVE

The third day had now arrived, the date appointed for the free banquet at Trimalchio's; but with so many wounds as we had, we deemed it better policy to fly than to remain where we were. So we made the best of our way to our inn, and our hurts being only skin-deep after all, we lay in bed and dressed them with wine and oil.

Still one of the rascals was lying on the ground disabled, and we were afraid we might yet be discovered. Whilst we were still debating sadly with ourselves how we might best escape the storm, a slave of Agamemnon's broke into our trembling conclave, crying, "What! don't you recollect whose entertainment it is this day? — Trimalchio's, a most elegant personage; he has a time-piece in his dining-room and a trumpeter specially provided for the purpose keeps him constantly informed how much of his lifetime is gone." So, forgetting all our troubles, we proceed to make a careful toilette, and bid Giton, who had always hitherto been very ready to act as servant, to attend us at the bath.

[XXVII] Meantime in our gala dresses, we began to stroll about, or rather to amuse ourselves by approaching the different groups of ball-players. Amongst these we all of a sudden catch sight of a bald-headed old man in a russet tunic, playing ball amid a troupe of long-haired boys. It was not however so much the boys, though these were well worth looking at, that drew us to the spot, as the master himself, who wore sandals and was playing with green balls. He never stooped for a ball that had once touched ground, but an attendant stood by with a sackful, and supplied the players as they required them. We noticed other novelties too. For two eunuchs were stationed at opposite points of the circle, one holding a silver chamber-pot, while the other counted the balls, not those that were in play and flying from hand to hand, but such as fell on the floor.

We were still admiring these refinements of elegance when Menelaus runs up, saying, "See! that's the gentleman you are to dine with; why! this is really nothing else than a prelude to the entertainment." He had not finished speaking when Trimalchio snapped his fingers, and at the signal the eunuch held out the chamber-pot for him, without his ever stopping play. After easing his bladder, he called for water, and having dipped his hands momentarily in the bowl, dried them on one of the lads' hair.

[xxviii] There was no time to notice every detail; so we entered the bath, and after stewing in the sweating-room, passed instantly into the cold chamber. Trimalchio, after being drenched with unguent, was being rubbed down, not however with ordinary towels but with pieces of blanketing of the softest and finest wool. Meanwhile three bagnio doctors were swilling Falernian under his eyes; and seeing how the fellows were brawling over their liquor and spilling most of it, Trimalchio declared it was a libation they were making in his particular honor.

Presently muffled in a wrap-rascal of scarlet frieze, he was placed in a litter, preceded by four running-footmen in tinselled liveries, and a wheeled chair, in which his favorite rode, a little old young man, sore-eyed and uglier even than his master. As the latter was borne along, a musician took up his place at this head with a pair of miniature flutes, and played softly to him, as if he were whispering secrets in his ear. Full of wonder we follow the procession and arrive at the same moment as Agamemnon at the outer door, on one of the pillars of which was suspended a tablet bearing the words:

ANY SLAVE
GOING ABROAD WITHOUT THE MASTER'S
PERMISSION
SHALL RECEIVE ONE HUNDRED LASHES

Just within the vestibule stood the doorkeeper, dressed in green with a cherry-colored sash, busy picking peas in a silver dish. Over the threshold hung a gold cage with a black and white magpie in it, which greeted visitors on their entrance.

[xxix] But as I was staring open-eyed at all these fine sights, I came near tumbling backwards and breaking my legs. For to the left hand as you entered, and not far from the porter's lodge, a huge chained dog was depicted on the wall, and written above in capital letters: 'WARE DOG! 'WARE DOG! My companions made merry at my expense; but soon regaining confidence, I fell to examining the other paintings on the walls. One of these represented a slave-market, the men standing up with labels round their necks, while in another Trimalchio himself, wearing long hair, holding a caduceus in his hand and led by Minerva, was entering Rome. Further on, the ingenious painter had shown him learning accounts, and presently made steward of the estate, each incident being made clear by explanatory inscriptions. Lastly, at the extreme end of the portico, Mercury was lifting the hero by the chin and placing him on the highest seat of a tribunal. Fortune stood by with her cornucopia, and the three Fates, spinning his destiny with a golden thread.

I noticed likewise in the portico a gang of running-footmen exercising under a trainer. Moreover I saw in a corner a vast armory; and in a shrine inside were ranged Lares of silver, and a marble statue of Venus, and a golden casket of ample dimensions, in which they said the great man's first beard was preserved. I now asked the hall-keeper what were the subjects of the frescoes in the atrium itself? "The Iliad and Odyssey," he replied, "and on your left the combat of gladiators given under Laenas."

[xxx] We had no opportunity of examining the numerous paintings more minutely, having by this time reached the banquet-hall, at the outer door of which the house-steward sat receiving accounts. But the thing that surprised me most was to notice on the doorposts of the apartment fasces and axes fixed up, the lower part terminating in an ornament resembling the bronze beak of a ship, on which was inscribed:

TO GAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO
AUGUSTAL SEVIR,
CINNAMUS HIS TREASURER

Underneath this inscription hung a lamp with two lights, depending from the vaulting. Two other tablets were attached to the doorposts. One, if my memory serves me, bore the following inscription:

ON DECEMBER THIRTIETH AND
THIRTY-FIRST
OUR MASTER GAIUS DINES ABROAD

The other showed the phases of the moon and the seven planets, while lucky and unlucky days were marked by distinctive studs.

When, sated with all these fine sights, we were just making for the entrance of the banquet-hall, one of the slaves, stationed there for the purpose, called out, "Right foot first!" Not unnaturally there was a moment's hesitation, for fear one of us should break the rule. But this was not all; for just as we stepped out in line right leg foremost, another slave, stripped of his outer garments, threw himself before our feet, beseeching us to save him from punishment. Not indeed that his fault was a very serious one; in point of fact the Intendant's clothes had been stolen when in his charge at the bath, — a matter of ten sesterces or so at the outside. So facing about, still right foot in front, we approached the Intendant, who was counting gold in the hall, and asked him to forgive the poor man. He looked up haughtily and said, "It's not so much the loss that annoys me as the

rascal's carelessness. He has lost my dinner robes, which a client gave me on my birthday, — genuine Tyrian purple, I assure you, though only once dipped. But there! I will pardon the delinquent at your request."

[xxxii] Deeply grateful for so signal a favor, we now returned to the banquet-hall, where we were met by the same slave for whom we had interceded, who to our astonishment overwhelmed us with a perfect storm of kisses, thanking us again and again for our humanity. "Indeed," he cried, "you shall presently know who it is you have obliged; the master's wine is the cup-bearer's thank-offering."

Well! at last we take our places, Alexandrian slave-boys pouring snow water over our hands, and others succeeding them to wash our feet and cleanse our toenails with extreme dexterity. Not even while engaged in this unpleasant office were they silent, but sang away over their work. I had a mind to try whether all the house servants were singers and accordingly asked for a drink of wine. Instantly an attendant was at my side, pouring out the liquor to the accompaniment of the same sort of shrill recitative. Demand what you would, it was the same; you might have supposed yourself among a troupe of pantomime actors rather than at a respectable citizen's table.

Then the preliminary course was served in very elegant style. For all were now at table except Trimalchio, for whom the first place was reserved, by a reversal of ordinary usage. Among the other hors d'oeuvres stood a little ass of Corinthian bronze with a packsaddle holding olives, white olives on one side, black on the other. The animal was flanked right and left by silver dishes, on the rim of which Trimalchio's name was engraved and the weight. On arches built up in the form of miniature bridges were dormice seasoned with honey and poppy-seed. There were sausages, too, smoking hot on a silver grill, and underneath (to imitate coals) Syrian plums and pomegranate seeds.

[xxxiii] We were in the middle of these elegant trifles when Trimalchio himself was carried in to the sound of music, and was bolstered up among a host of tiny cushions, a sight that set one or two indiscreet guests laughing. And no wonder; his bald head poked up out of a scarlet mantle, his neck was closely muffled, and over all was laid a napkin with a broad purple stripe or laticlave, and long fringes hanging down either side. Moreover he wore on the little finger of his left hand a massive ring of silver gilt, and on the last joint of the next finger a smaller ring, apparently of solid gold, but starred superficially with little ornaments of steel. Nay! to show this was not the whole of his magnificence, his left arm was bare, and displayed a gold bracelet and an ivory circlet with a sparkling clasp to put it on.

[xxxiii] After picking his teeth with a silver toothpick, "My friends," he began, "I was far from desirous of coming to table just yet, but that I might not keep you waiting by my own absence, I have sadly interfered with my own amusement. But will you permit me to finish my game?" A slave followed him, bearing a draughtsboard of terebinth wood and crystal dice. One special bit of refinement I noticed; instead of the ordinary black and white men he had medals of gold and silver respectively.

Meantime, whilst he is exhausting the vocabulary of a tinker over the game, and we are still at the *hors d'oeuvres*, a dish was brought in with a basket on it, in which lay a wooden hen, her wings outspread round her as if she were sitting. Instantly a couple of slaves came up, and to the sound of lively music began to search the straw, and pulling out a lot of peafowl's eggs one after the other, handed them round to the company. Trimalchio turns his head at this, saying, "My friends, it was by my orders the hen set on the peafowl's eggs yonder; but by God! I am very much afraid they are half-hatched. Nevertheless we can try whether they are eatable." For our part, we take our spoons, which weighed at least half a pound each, and break the eggs, which were made of paste. I was on the point of throwing mine away, for I thought I discerned a chick inside. But when I overheard a veteran guest saying, "There should be something good here!" I further investigated the shell, and found a very fine fat *beccafico* swimming in yolk of egg flavored with pepper.

[xxxiv] Trimalchio had by this time stopped his game and been helped to all the dishes before us. He had just announced in a loud voice that any of us who wanted a second supply of honeyed wine had only to ask for it, when suddenly at a signal from the band, the *hors d'oeuvres* are whisked away by a troupe of slaves, all singing too. But in the confusion a silver dish happened to fall and a slave picked it up again from the floor; this Trimalchio noticed, and boxing the fellow's ears, rated him soundly and ordered him to throw it down again. Then a groom came in and began to sweep up the silver along with the other refuse with his besom.

He was succeeded by two long-haired Ethiopians, carrying small leather skins, like the fellows that water the sand in the amphitheater, who poured wine over our hands; for no one thought of offering water.

After being duly complimented on this refinement, our host cried out, "Fair play's a jewel!" and accordingly ordered a separate table to be assigned to each guest. "In this way," he said, "by preventing any crowding, the stinking servants won't make us so hot."

Simultaneously there were brought in a number of wine-jars of glass carefully stoppered with plaster, and having labels attached to their necks reading:

FALERNIAN; OPIMIAN VINTAGE
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Whilst we were reading the labels, Trimalchio ejaculated, striking his palms together, “Alackaday! to think wine is longer lived than poor humanity! Well! bumpers then! There’s life in wine. ’Tis the right Opimian, I give you my word. I didn’t bring out any so good yesterday, and much better men than you were dining with me.”

So we drank our wine and admired all this luxury in good set terms. Then the slave brought in a silver skeleton, so artfully fitted that its articulations and vertebrae were all movable and would turn and twist in any direction. After he had tossed this once or twice on the table, causing the loosely jointed limbs to take various postures, Trimalchio moralized thus:

Alas! how less than naught are we;
Fragile life’s thread, and brief our day!
What this is now, we all shall be;
Drink and make merry while you may.

CHAPTER SIX

[xxxv] Our applause was interrupted by the second course, which did not by any means come up to our expectations. Still the oddity of the thing drew the eyes of all. An immense circular tray bore the twelve signs of the zodiac displayed round the circumference, on each of which the Manoiple or Arranger had placed a dish of suitable and appropriate viands: on the Ram ram's-head peas, on the Bull a piece of beef, on the Twins fried testicles and kidneys, on the Crab simply a crown, on the Lion African figs, on a Virgin a sow's haslet, on Libra a balance with a tart in one scale and a cheesecake in the other, on Scorpio a small sea-fish, on Sagittarius an eye-seeker, on Capricornus a lobster, on Aquarius a wild goose, on Pisces two mullets. In the middle was a sod of green turf, cut to shape and supporting a honey-comb. Meanwhile an Egyptian slave was carrying bread around in a miniature oven of silver, crooning to himself in a horrible voice a song on wine and laserpitium.

Seeing us look rather blank at the idea of attacking such common fare, Trimalchio cried, "I pray you gentlemen, begin; the best of your dinner is before you." [xxxvi] No sooner had he spoken than four fellows ran prancing in, keeping time to the music, and whipped off the top of the tray. This done, we beheld underneath, on a second tray in fact, stuffed capons, a sow's paps, and as a centerpiece a hare fitted with wings to represent Pegasus. We noticed besides four figures of Marsyas, one at each corner of the tray, spouting out peppered fish-sauce over the fishes swimming in the Channel of the dish.

We all join in the applause started by the domestics and laughingly fall to on the choice viands. Trimalchio, as pleased as anybody with a device of the sort, now called out, "Cut!" Instantly the Carver advanced, and posturing in time to the music, sliced up the joint with such antics you might have thought him a jockey struggling to pull off a chariot-race to the thunder of the organ. Yet all the while Trimalchio kept repeating in a wheedling voice, "Cut! Cut!" For my part, suspecting there was some pretty jest connected with this everlasting reiteration of the word, I made no bones about asking the question of the guest who sat immediately above me. He had often witnessed similar scenes and told me at once, "You see the man who is carving; well; his name is Cut. The master is calling and commanding him at one and the same time."

[xxxvii] Unable to eat any more, I now turned towards my neighbor in order to glean what information I could, and after indulging in a string of general remarks, presently asked him, "Who is that lady bustling up and down the room yonder?" "Trimalchio's lady," he replied; "her name is Fortunata, and she counts her coin by the bushelful!" "Before? what was she before?" "Why! my dear Sir! saving your respect, you would have been mighty sorry to take bread from her hand. Now, by hook or by crook, she's got to heaven, and is Trimalchio's factotum. In fact if she told him it was dark night at high noon, he'd believe her. The man's rolling in riches, and really can't tell what he has and what he hasn't got; still his good lady looks keenly after everything, and is on the spot where you least expect to see her. She's temperate, sober and well advised, but she has a sharp tongue of her own and chatters like a magpie between the bed-curtains. When she likes a man, she likes him; and when she doesn't, well! she doesn't.

"As for Trimalchio, his lands reach as far as the kites fly, and his money breeds money. I tell you, he has more coin lying idle in his porter's lodge than would make another man's whole fortune. Slaves! why, heaven and earth! I don't believe one in ten knows his own master by sight. For all that, there's never a one of the fine fellows a word of his wouldn't send scuttling into the nearest rat-hole. [xxxviii] And don't you imagine he ever buys anything; every mortal thing is home grown, — wool, rosin, pepper; call for hen's milk and he'd supply you! As a matter of fact his wool was not first-rate originally; but he purchased rams at Tarentum and so improved the breed. To get home-made Attic honey he had bees imported direct from Athens, hoping at the same time to benefit the native insects a bit by a cross with the Greek fellows. Why! only the other day he wrote to India for mushroom spawn. He has not a single mule but was got by a wild ass. You see all these mattresses; never a one that is not stuffed with the finest wool, purple or scarlet as the case may be. Lucky, lucky dog!

"And look you, don't you turn up your nose at the other freedmen, his fellows. They're very warm men. You see the one lying last on the last couch yonder? He's worth his eight hundred thousand any of these days. A self-made man; once upon a time he carried wood on his own two shoulders. They do say, — I don't know how true it may be, but I've been told so, — he snatched an Incubo's hat, and so discovered a treasure. I grudge no man's good fortune, whatever God has seen good to give him. He'll still take a box o' the ear for all that, and keeps a keen eye on the main chance. Only the other day he placarded his house with this bill:

C. POMPEIUS DIOGENES
IS PREPARED TO LET HIS GARRET
FROM JULY FIRST,
HAVING BOUGHT THE HOUSE HIMSELF.”

“But the other man yonder, occupying a freedman’s place, what of him? Was he originally very well to do?” “I have not a word to say against him. He was master once of a cool million, but he came to sad grief. I don’t suppose he has a hair on his head unmortgaged. Not that it was any fault of his; there never was a better man, but his rascally freedmen swindled him out of everything. Let me tell you, when the hospitable pot stops boiling, and fortune has once taken the turn, friends soon make themselves scarce.” “What was the honorable calling he followed, that you see him brought to this?” “He was an undertaker. He used to dine like a King, — boars in pastry, cakes of every sort and game galore, cooks and pastry-cooks without end. More wine was spilt under his table than another man has in his cellar. A dream — not a life for a mere mortal man! Even when his affairs were getting shaky, for fear his creditors might think he was in difficulties, he posted this notice of sale:

C. JULIUS PROCULUS
WILL PUT UP TO AUCTION
AN ASSORTMENT
OF HIS SUPERFLUOUS FURNITURE.”

[xxxix] This agreeable gossip was here interrupted by Trimalchio; for the second course had now been removed, and the company being merry with wine began to engage in general conversation. Our host then, lying back on his elbow and addressing the company, said, “I hope you will all do justice to this wine; you must make the fish swim again. Come, come, do you suppose I was going to rest content with the dinner you saw boxed up under the cover of the tray just now? ‘Is Ulysses no better known?’ Well, well! even at table we mustn’t forget our scholarship. Peace to my worthy patron’s bones, who was pleased to make me a man amongst men. For truly there is nothing can be set before me that will nonplus me by its novelty. For instance the meaning of that tray just now can be easily enough explained. This heaven in which dwell the twelve gods resolves itself into twelve different configurations, and presently becomes the Ram. So whosoever is born under this sign has many flocks and herds and much wool, a

hard head into the bargain, a shameless brow and a sharp horn. Most of your schoolmen and pettifoggers are born under this sign.”

We recommended the learned expounder’s graceful erudition, and he went on to add: “Next the whole sky becomes Bull; then are born obstinate fellows and neatherds and such as think of nothing but filling their own bellies. Under the Twins are born horses in a pair, oxen in a yoke, men blessed with a sturdy brace of testicles, all who manage to keep in with both sides. I was born under the Crab myself. Wherefore I stand on many feet, and have many possessions both by sea and land; for the Crab is equally adapted to either element. And this is why I never put anything on that sign, so as not to eclipse my horoscope. Under the Lion are born great eaters and wasters, and all who love to domineer; under the Virgin, women and runaways and jailbirds; under the Scales, butchers and perfumers and all retail traders; under the Scorpion, poisoners and cutthroats; under the Archer, squint-eyed folks, who look at the greens and whip off with the bacon; under Capricorn, the ‘horny-handed sons of toil’; under Aquarius or the Waterman, innkeepers and pumpkin-heads; under Pisces, or the Fishes, fine cooks and fine talkers. Thus the world goes round like a mill, and is for ever at some mischief, whether making men or marring them. But about the sod of turf you see in the middle, and the honeycomb a-top of it, I have a good reason to show too. Our mother Earth is in the middle, round-about like an egg, and has all good things in her inside, like a honey-comb!”

[XL] “Clever! clever!” we cry in chorus and with hands uplifted to the ceiling, swear Hipparchus and Aratus were not to be named in the same breath with him. This lasted till fresh servants entered and spread carpets before the couches, embroidered with pictures of fowling nets, pricklers with their hunting spears, and sporting gear of all kinds. We were still at a loss what to expect when a tremendous shout was raised outside the doors, and lo and behold! a pack of Laconian dogs came careering round and round the very table. These were soon succeeded by a huge tray, on which lay a wild boar of the largest size, with a cap on its head, while from the tushes hung two little baskets of woven palm leaves, one full of Syrian dates, the other of Theban. Round it were little piglets of baked sweetmeat, as if at suck, to show it was a sow we had before us; and these were gifts to be taken home with them by the guests.

To carve the dish however, it was not this time our friend Cut who appeared, the same who had dismembered the capons, but a great bearded fellow, wearing leggings and a shaggy jerkin. Drawing his hunting knife, he made a furious lunge and gashed open the boar’s flank, from which there flew out a number of

fieldfares. Fowlers stood ready with their rods and immediately caught the birds as they fluttered about the table. Then Trimalchio directed each guest to be given his bird, and this done, added "Look what elegant acorns this wildwood pig fed on." Instantly slaves ran to the baskets that were suspended from the animal's tushes and divided the two kind of dates in equal proportions among the diners.

[XLI] Meantime, sitting as I did a little apart, I was led into a thousand conjectures to account for the boar's being brought in with a cap on. So after exhausting all sorts of absurd guesses, I resolved to ask my former "philosopher and friend" to explain the difficulty that tormented me so. "Why!" said he, "your own servant could tell you that much. Riddle? it's as plain as daylight. The boar was presented with his freedom at yesterday's dinner; he appeared at the end of the meal and the company gave him his conge. Therefore today he comes back to table as a freedman." I cursed my own stupidity, and asked no more questions, for fear of their thinking I had never dined with good company before.

We were still conversing, when a pretty boy entered, his head wreathed with vine-leaves and ivy, announcing himself now as Bromius, anon as Lyaeus and Evous. He proceeded to hand round grapes in a small basket, and recited in the shrillest of voices some verses of his master's composition. Trimalchio turned round at the sound, and, "Dionysus," said he, "be free (Liber)!" The lad snatched the cap from the boar's head and stuck it on his own. Then Trimalchio went on again, "Well! you'll not deny," he cried, "I have a Father Liber (a freeborn father) of my own." We praised Trimalchio's joke, and heartily kissed the fortunate lad, as he went round to receive our congratulations.

CHAPTER SEVEN

At the end of this course Trimalchio left the table to relieve himself, and so finding ourselves free from the constraint of his overbearing presence, we began to indulge in a little friendly conversation. Accordingly Dama began first, after calling for a cup of wine. “A day! what is a day?” he exclaimed, “before you can turn round, it’s night again! So really you can’t do better than go straight from bed to board. Fine cold weather we’ve been having; why! even my bath has hardly warmed me. But truly hot liquor is a good clothier. I’ve been drinking bumpers, and I’m downright fuddled. The wine has got into my head.”

[XLII] Seleucus then struck into the talk: “I don’t bathe every day,” he said; “your systematic bather’s a mere fuller. Water’s got teeth, and melts the heart away, a little every day; but there! when I’ve fortified my belly with a cup of mulled wine, I say ‘Go hang!’ to the cold. Indeed I couldn’t bathe today, for I’ve been to a funeral. A fine fellow he was too, good old Chrysanthus, but he’s given up the ghost now. He was calling me just this moment, only just this moment; I could fancy myself talking to him now. Alas! alas! what are we but blown bladders on two legs? We’re not worth as much as flies; they are some use, but we’re no better than bubbles. He wasn’t careful enough in his diet, you say? I tell you, for five whole days not one drop of water, or one crumb of bread passed his lips. Nevertheless he has joined the majority. The doctors killed him, — or rather his day was come; the very best of doctors is only a satisfaction to the mind. Anyhow he was handsomely buried, on his own best bed, with good blankets. The wailing was first class, — he did a trifle of manumission before he died; though no doubt his wife’s tears were a bit forced. A pity he always treated her so well. But woman! woman’s of the kite kind. No man ought ever to do ’em a good turn; just as well pitch it in the well at once. Old love’s an eating sore!”

[XLIII] He was getting tiresome, and Phileros broke in: “Let’s talk of living. He’s got his deserts, whatever they were; he lived well and died well, what has he to complain about? He started with next to nothing, and was ready to the last to pick a farthing out of a dunghill with his teeth. So he grew and grew, like a honeycomb. Upon my word I believe he left a round hundred million behind him, and all in ready money. But I’ll tell you the actual facts, for I’m the soul of truth, as they say. He had a rough tongue, and a ready one, and was quarrelsomeness personified. Now his brother was a fine fellow and a true friend, with a free hand

and keeping a liberal table. Just at the beginning he had a bad bird to pluck, but the very first vintage set him on his legs, for he sold his wine at his own price. But the thing that chiefly made him lift up his head in the world was getting an inheritance, out of which he managed to prig a good deal more than was really left him. And that log Chrysanthus, falling out with his brother, has positively left all his property to I don't know what scum of the earth. He goes too far, say I, who goes outside his own kith and kin. But he had a lot of otherwise interfering servants, who proved his ruin. A man will never do well, who believes all he's told too readily, especially a man in business. Yet it's fair to say he did well enough all his life, getting what was never meant for him. Evidently one of Fortune's favorites, in whose hands lead turns to gold. But that's simple enough, when everything runs on wheels exactly as you want it to. How old, think you, was he when he died? Seventy and over. But he was as tough as horn; he carried his age well, and he was still as black as a crow. I knew him when he was a pretty loose fish, and he was lecherous to the last. Upon my soul I don't believe he left a living thing in his house alone, down to the dog. A great lover of lads, indeed a man of universal talents and tastes. Not that I blame him; this was all he got out of life."

[XLIV] So much for Phileros; then Ganymede began: "Yes! you talk away," he said, "about things that concern neither heaven nor earth, but no one ever thinks of the pinch of famine that's upon us. I swear I couldn't come across a mouthful of bread this day. And how the drought holds! Starvation's been the word for a whole twelvemonth now. Bad cess to the Ediles, who are in collusion with the bakers— 'you scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours.' And so poor folks suffer; for your rich fellows' jawbones keep feast-day all the year round. Ah! if only we had those lion-hearted chaps I found here, when first I came from Asia. That was something like living. 'Twas like the midlands of Sicily for plenty, and they used to batter those vampires about so that Jupiter positively hated them.

"Why! I remember Safinius; he used to live at the Old Arch when I was a boy. It was a peppercorn, I tell you, not a man. Wherever he went, he made the ground smoke under him. An upright, downright honest man, and a trusty friend, one you might confidently play mora with in the dark. But in Court, how he pounded 'em down, one and all; he didn't talk in figures of speech, not he, but straight out. Then when he pleaded in the Forum, his voice would swell out like a trumpet, though he never sweated or spat. I believe myself he had a smack of Asiatic blood in him. And how civil he was to return our bows and give each man his name, just as if he'd been one of ourselves. So in those days provisions were dirt cheap. A

halfpenny loaf, — when you'd bought it, you couldn't have finished it, with another man to help you! Now, — I've seen a bullock's eye bigger.

“Alas! alas! Things get worse and worse every day, and this city of ours is growing like a cow's tail, backwards. Why ever have we an Edile not worth three figs, who thinks more of a halfpenny than of all our lives? So he sits at home and rubs his hands, making more coin in a day than another man's whole fortune comes to. I know one transaction brought him in a thousand gold denars. Why! if we weren't geldings, he wouldn't be so pleased with himself long. Nowadays the folks are lions at home, and foxes abroad.

“As for me, I've eaten up my duds, and if the scarcity goes on, I shall sell my bits of houses. What is to become of us, if neither gods nor men take pity on this unhappy city? As I hope for happiness, I think it's all the gods' doing. For nobody any more believes heaven to be heaven, nobody keeps fast, nobody cares one straw for Jupiter, but all men shut their eyes and count up their own belongings. In former days the long-robed matrons went barefoot, with unbound hair and a pure heart, up the hill to pray Jupiter for rain; and instantly it started raining bucketfuls, — then or never, — and they all came back looking like drowned rats. So the gods come stealthy-footed to our destruction, because we have no piety or reverence. The fields lie idle, and—”

[XLV] “I beseech you,” cried Echion, the old-clothes-man, at this point, “I beseech you, better words! Luck's for ever changing, as the chawbacon said, when he lost his brindled hog. If not today, then tomorrow; that's the way the world wags. My word! you couldn't name a better countryside, if only the inhabitants were to match. True, we are in low water for the moment, but we're not the only ones. We must not be so over particular, the same heaven is over us all. If you lived elsewhere, you'd say pigs ran about here ready roasted.

“And I tell you, we're going to have a grand show in three days from now at the festival — none of your common gangs of gladiators, but most of the chaps freedmen. Our good Titus has a heart of gold and a hot head; 'twill be do or die, and no quarter. I'm in his service, he is no shirker! He'll have the best of sharp swords and no backing out; bloody butcher's meat in the middle, for the amphitheater to feast their eyes on. And he's got the wherewithal; he was left thirty million, his father came to a bad end. Suppose he does spend four hundred thousand or so, his property won't feel it, and his name will live for ever. He has already got together a lot of ponies and a female chariot fighter, and Glyco's factor, who was caught diverting his mistress. You'll see what a row the people will have betwixt the jealous husbands and the happy lovers. Anyhow Glyco,

who's not worth twopence, condemned his factor to the beasts, — which was simply betraying his own dishonor. How was the servant to blame, who was forced to do what he did? It was she, the pisspot, deserved tossing by the bull far more than he. But there, if a man can't get at the donkey's back, he must thrash the donkey's pack. And how could Glyco ever suppose Hermogenes' girl should come to any good. He could cut a kite's claws flying; a snake doesn't father a rope. Glyco! Glyco! you've paid your price; as long as you live, you're a marked man, — a brand Hell only can obliterate. A man's mistakes always come home to roost.

“Why! I can nose out now what a feast Mammaea is going to give us, two gold denars each for me and mine. If he does so, I only hope he'll show no favor whatever to Norbanus. You may rest assured he will clap on all sail. And in good sooth what has the other ever done for us? He gave a show of twopenny halfpenny gladiators, such a rickety lot, — blow on them, they'd have fallen flat; and I've seen better bestiaries. He killed his mounted men by torchlight, you might have taken them for dunghill cocks. One was mule-footed, another bandy-legged, while the third, put up to replace a dead man, was a deadhead himself, for he was hamstrung before beginning. The only one to show any spunk was a Thracian, and he only fought when we tarred him on. In the end they all got a sound thrashing; in fact the crowd had cried ‘Trice up!’ for every one of them, they were obviously such arrant runaways. ‘Anyhow I gave you a show,’ said he. ‘And I applauded,’ said I; ‘reckon it up, and I gave you more than I got. One good turn deserves another.’

[XLVI] “You look, Agamemnon, as if you were saying to yourself, ‘Whatever is that bore driving at?’ I talk, because you fellows who can talk, won't talk. You're not of our stuff and so you laugh at poor men's conversation. You're a monument of learning, we all know. But there, let me persuade you one day to come down into the country and see our little place. We'll find something to eat, a pullet and a few eggs; it will be grand, even though the bad weather this year has turned everything upside down. Anyway we shall find enough to fill our bellies.

“And there's a future pupil growing up for you, my little lad at home. He can repeat four pieces already; if he lives, you will have a little servant at your beck and call. If he has a spare moment, he never lifts his head from his slate. He's a bright lad with good stuff in him, though he is so gone on birds. I've killed three linnets of his, and told him a weasel ate 'em. But he has found other hobbies, and he's devoted to painting. Why! he is already showing his heels to the Greek, and beginning to take capitally to his Latin, though his master is too easy-going and

too restless; he knows his work well enough, but won't take proper pains. Then there's another, not a learned man but a very ingenious one, who teaches more than he knows. Accordingly he comes to the house on high days and holidays, and whatever you give him, he looks pleased. So I've just bought the lad some lawbooks, for I want him to have a smack of law for home use. There's bread and butter in that. For as to Literature, he has been tarred enough already with that brush. If he kicks, I've made up my mind to teach him a trade, — a barber, or an auctioneer, or best of all a lawyer, — which nothing but Hell can rob him of. So I impress on him every day. 'Believe me, my first-born, whatever you learn, you learn for your good. Look at Phileros the advocate; if he hadn't studied, he would be starving today. The other day, just the other day, he was carting things round on his shoulders, now he is a match for Norbanus himself. Learning's a treasure, and a trade never starves.'"

[XLVII] Such were the brilliant remarks that were flashing round the board, when Trimalchio re-entered, and after wiping his brow and scenting his hands, "Pardon me, my friends," he said after a brief pause, "but for several days I have been costive. My physicians were nonplused. However, pomegranate rind and an infusion of firwood in vinegar has done me good. And now I trust my belly will be better behaved. At times I have such a rumbling about my stomach, you'd think I had a bull bellowing inside me! So if any of you want to relieve yourselves, there's no necessity to be ashamed about it. None of us is born solid. I don't know any torment so bad as holding it in. It's the one thing Jove himself cannot stop. What are you laughing at, Fortunata, you who so often keep me awake o' nights yourself? I never hinder any man at my table from easing himself, and indeed the doctors forbid our balking nature. Even if something more presses, everything's ready outside, — water, close-stools, and the other little matters needful. Take my word for it, the vapors rise to the brain and may cause a fluxion of the whole constitution. I know many a man that's died of it, because he was too shy to speak out."

We thank our host for his generous indulgence, taking our wine in little sips the while to keep down our laughter. But little we thought we had still another hill to climb, as the saying is, and were only half through the elaborations of the meal. For when the tables had been cleared with a flourish of music, three white hogs were brought in, hung with little bells and muzzled. One, so the nomenclator informed us, was a two-year-old, another three, and the third six. For my part, I thought they were learned pigs, come in to perform some of those marvelous tricks you see in circuses. But Trimalchio put an end to my surmises by saying,

“Which of the three will you have dressed for supper right away? Farmyard cocks and pheasants are for country folks; my cooks are used to serving up calves boiled whole.”

So saying, he immediately ordered the cook to be summoned, and without waiting for our choice, directed the six-year-old to be killed. Then speaking loud and clear, he asked the man, “What decuria do you belong to?”

“To the fortieth,” he replied.

“Bought,” he went on, “or born in my house?”

“Neither;” returned the cook, “I was left you by Pansa’s will.”

“Then mind you serve the dish carefully dressed; else I shall order you to be degraded into the decuria of the outdoor slaves.”

And the cook, thus cogently admonished, then withdrew with his charge into the kitchen.

[XLVIII] But Trimalchio, relaxing his stern aspect, now turned to us and said “If you don’t like the wine, I’ll have it changed; otherwise please prove its quality by your drinking. Thanks to the gods’ goodness, I never buy it; but now I have everything that smacks good growing on a suburban estate of mine. I’ve not seen it yet, but they tell me it’s down Terracina and Tarentum way. I am thinking at the moment of making Sicily one of my little properties, that when I’ve a mind to visit Africa, I may sail along my own boundaries to get there.

“But tell me, Agamemnon, what question formed the subject of your declamation today? Though I don’t plead myself, I’ve studied letters for domestic use. Don’t imagine I have despised scholarship; why! I have two Libraries, one Greek, the other Latin. If you love me, then, let me know what your discourse was.”

Agamemnon had just begun, “A poor man and a rich were at feud . . .” when Trimalchio struck in with the question, “What is a poor man!”

“Oh, capital!” cried Agamemnon; and went on to develop some dialectical problem or another.

Trimalchio summed up without an instant’s hesitation as follows, “If this is so, there’s no question about it; if it’s not so, why! there’s an end of the matter.”

Whilst we were still acclaiming these and similar remarks with fulsome praise, he resumed, “Pray, my dearest Agamemnon, do you recollect by any chance the twelve labors of Hercules, or the story of Ulysses, how the Cyclops twisted his thumb out of joint, after he was turned into a pig. I used to read these tales in Homer when I was a lad. Then the Sibyl! I saw her at Cumae with my own eyes

hanging in a jar; and when the boys cried to her, ‘Sibyl, what would you?’ she’d answer, ‘I would die,’ — both of ’em speaking Greek.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

[XLIX] He was still in the middle of this nonsense when a tray supporting an enormous hog was set on the table. One and all we expressed our admiration at the expedition shown, and swore a mere ordinary fowl could not have been cooked in the time, the more so as the hog appeared to be a much larger animal than the wild boar just before. Presently Trimalchio, staring harder and harder, exclaimed, "What! what! isn't he gutted? No! by heaven! he's not. Call the cook in!"

The cook came and stood by the table, looking sadly crestfallen and saying he had clean forgotten. "What! forgotten!" cried Trimalchio; "to hear him, you would suppose he'd just omitted a pinch of pepper or a bit of cumin. Strip him!"

Instantly the cook was stripped, and standing between two tormentors, the picture of misery. But we all began to intercede for him, saying, "Accidents will happen; do forgive him this once. If ever he does it again, not one of us will say a word in his favor." For my own part I felt mercilessly indignant, and could not hold myself, but bending over to Agamemnon's ear, I whispered, "Evidently he must be a villainous bad servant. To think of anybody forgetting to bowel a hog; by Gad! I would not let the fellow off, if he'd shown such carelessness about a fish."

Not so Trimalchio, for with a smile breaking over his face, "Well! well!" said he, "as you have such a bad memory, bowel him now, where we can all see."

Thereupon the cook resumed his tunic, seized his knife and with a trembling hand slashed open the animal's belly. In a moment, the apertures widening under the weight behind, out tumbled a lot of sausages and black-puddings.

[L] At this all the servants applauded like one man, and chorused, "Gaius for ever!" Moreover the cook was gratified with a goblet of wine and a silver wreath, and received a drinking cup on a salver of Corinthian metal. This Agamemnon scanned with some attention, and Trimalchio observed, "I am the only man possessing the genuine Corinthian plate."

I fully expected him to match his usual effrontery by declaring he had himself imported the articles from Corinth; but he had a better account to give of the matter. "You may wonder perhaps," he said, "why I alone have the true Corinthian. The fact is, the smith I buy them from is called Corinth, and what can be more Corinthian than to have Corinth at one's orders? But you must not set me

down for a dunce; I know perfectly well how Corinthian plate first originated. On the capture of Troy, Hannibal, an astute fellow and a consummate knave, collected together all the statues of bronze and gold and silver into one great heap, and firing the pile, melted down the different metals into one alloy. This mass of metal the smiths utilized to make into platters and dishes and statuettes. Such was the origin of Corinthian metal, neither one thing nor the other, but an amalgam of all.

[L.I] “But you must allow me to say this, I prefer glass ones myself; they are quite free from smell at any rate. And if they didn’t break, I would rather have them than gold itself; but they’ve got cheap and common now. However there was an artificer once who made a glass goblet that would not break. So he was admitted to Caesar’s presence to offer him his invention; then, on receiving the cup back from Caesar’s hands, he dashed it down on the floor. Who so startled as Caesar? but the man quietly picked up the goblet again, which was dented as a vessel of bronze might be. Then taking a little hammer from his pocket, he easily and neatly knocked the goblet into shape again. This done, the fellow thought he was as good as in heaven already, especially when Caesar said to him, ‘Does anybody else besides yourself understand the manufacture of this glass?’ But lo! on his replying in the negative, Caesar ordered him to be beheaded, because if once the secret became known, we should think no more of gold than of so much dirt.

[L.II] “I’m quite a connoisseur in plate. I’ve got cups as big as waterpots, a hundred of them more or less, representing how Cassandra slew her sons, and there lie the lads dead, as natural as life! I’ve got a thousand bowls Mummius bequeathed to my patron, on which Daedalus is shown shutting Niobe up in the Trojan horse. Why! I’ve got the fights of Hermeros and Petraitis on a series of cups all of massive metal. I wouldn’t sell my savvy in these things for any money.”

In the middle of these remarks a slave dropped a cup. Trimalchio looked at him and said, “Go at once and kill yourself; you are a careless fellow.” The slave immediately dropped his lip and began to beg for mercy. “Why worry me,” cried Trimalchio, “as if I were being harsh upon you. I merely urge you to secure yourself from being so heedless again.” At length, on our entreaty, he pardoned the man. The latter, to celebrate the event, began running round and round the table, crying, “Out water, in wine!” We were all ready to take the merry rascal’s kind suggestion, and particularly Agamemnon, who knew very well how to earn another invitation. But Trimalchio under the stimulus of our flattery drank away more gayly than ever, and being close on the verge of intoxication, “Won’t any of

you,” he cried, “ask my wife Fortunata to dance? Believe me, there’s no one foots the cancan better.” Then putting up his two hands himself above his brow, he began imitating Syrus the comedian, the whole household singing out, “Bravo! Oh, bravissimo!” in chorus; and he would have made a public exhibition of himself, had not Fortunata whispered in his ear and told him, I suppose, that suchlike buffooneries were beneath his dignity. But nothing could well be more uncertain than his humor; one moment he would listen respectfully to Fortunata, the next hark back to his natural propensities.

[LIII] However his dancing fit was cut short by the entrance of the historiographer, who read out solemnly, as if he were reciting the public records:

“Seventh of Kalends of July (June 25th): On the manor of Cumae, Trimalchio’s property, were born this day thirty boys, forty girls; were carried from threshing-floor to granary 500,000 bushels of wheat; were put to the yoke 500 oxen.

“Same day: Mithridates, a slave, was crucified for blaspheming our master Gaius’ tutelary genius.

“Same day: returned to treasury ten million sesterces, no investment being forthcoming for the sum.

“Same day: a fire occurred in Pompey’s garden, originating at the house of Nasta, the Bailiff.”

“Eh?” interrupted Trimalchio, “when were Pompey’s gardens bought for me?”

“Last year,” answer the historiographer; “therefore they have not been brought into account yet.”

Trimalchio blazed up at this and shouted, “Any estates bought in my name, if I hear nothing of them within six months, I forbid their being carried to my account at all.”

Next were read his Ediles’ edicts and Foresters’ wills, in which Trimalchio was excluded from inheritance, but mentioned with the highest encomiums. Then the names of his Bailiffs were recited; how the Chief Inspector had repudiated his mistress, a freedwoman, having detected her in an intrigue with the Bath-Superintendent; how the Chamberlain had been removed to Baiae: the Steward convicted of peculation; and a dispute between the Grooms of the Chamber adjudicated upon.

But now the acrobats entered at last. A most tiresome, dull fellow stood supporting a ladder, up the rungs of which he ordered a lad to climb and dance and sing on the top, and then leap down through blazing hoops holding a wine-jar in his teeth. Trimalchio was the only person present who admired this performance, saying it was a hard life truly. There were but two things, he went

on, in all the world he really enjoyed seeing — acrobats and horn-blowers; all other shows were mere trash. “Yes! I bought a company of comedians too,” he said, “but I insisted on their playing Atellanes, and I ordered my conductor to play Latin airs and Latin airs only.”

[LIV] In the middle of these fine remarks of the great Gaius, the boy suddenly tumbled down on top of our host. The domestics all raised a shriek, and the guests as well, not for any love they bore the disgusting creature, whose neck they would have gladly seen broken, but for fear of a bad end to the feast and the necessity of lamenting the man’s death. Trimalchio himself gave a deep groan and bent over one arm, as if it were injured. His physicians flocked round him, and amongst the foremost Fortunata with streaming hair and a cup in her hand, asseverating she was a most miserable, unhappy woman. For his part, the boy who had fallen was already creeping round at our knees, beseeching us to intercede for him.

I was tormented with the idea that these prayers were only intended to lead up by some ridiculous turn to another theatrical denouement. For the cook who had forgotten to bowel the hog still stuck in my memory. So I began to carry my eyes all about the room, to see if the wall would not open to admit some stage-machine or other, especially after observing how a slave was thrashed, who had bandaged his master’s bruised arm with white instead of purple wool. Nor was I far out in my suspicions, for in lieu of punishment being inflicted, Trimalchio now ruled that the lad must be made free, that none might be able to say so noble a gentleman had been injured by a slave. [LV] We acclaim the generous act, and indulge in a string of platitudes on the precariousness of human affairs. “Well, then!” interposed Trimalchio, “an accident like this must not be allowed to pass without an impromptu,” and instantly calling for his tablets, and without much racking of brains, he read out the following lines:

“When least we think, things go astray,
Dame Fortune o’er our life holds sway;
Then drink, make merry, whilst ye may!”

This epigram led the way to a discussion of poets and poetry, and for some time the palm of song was awarded to Mopsus the Thracian, until Trimalchio remarked to Agamemnon, “Pray, master, what do you consider the difference to be between Cicero and Publilius? For my own part, I consider the former the more eloquent author, the latter the more genteel. What for instance can be better put than this:

“’Tis arrant luxury undoes the State;
To please your palate pampered peacocks die,
That flaunt their plumed Assyrian gold abroad
For you Numidian fowl and capon fat.
Even the kindly stork is sacrificed,
Our graceful, noisy, long-legged friend,
Fearful of winter’s cold and harbinger of Spring,
And finds the cruel cooking-pot its nest.
Why are the Indian pearls so dear to you, —
If not to deck with sea-sought gems the wife
That lifts a wanton leg adulterously?
Why love you so the emerald’s greeny gleam,
And flashing fires of Punic carbuncles?
Honor and virtue are the truest gems.
Is’t right the bride should wear the woven wind,
And stand exposed in garments thin as air?

[LVI] “Now what do you hold to be the most difficult calling,” he went on, “after Literature? I think the doctor’s and the money-changer’s; the doctor, because he’s got to know what chaps have in their insides, and when the fever’s coming, — though truly I hate ’em like fury, for they’re for ever ordering me duck-broth; the money-changer, who detects the bronze underneath the surface plating of silver.

“Of beasts the most hard-working are oxen and sheep; to the former we owe the bread we eat, while ’tis the latter make us so fine with their wool. What a brutal shame it is when a man eats mutton and wears a woollen coat! Now bees, — I do think they are God’s own creatures, for they vomit honey, though some say they bring it down from Jupiter. And that’s why they sting, for you’ll never find sweet without sour.”

He was still cutting out the philosophers in this fashion, when lottery tickets were passed round in a cup, and a slave, whose special duty this was, read out the presents to be distributed in the tombola:

“Humbug Silver; a gammon of bacon was shown, with cruets of that metal standing on it.

A Neck-Pillow; and a neck of mutton was produced.

Forbidden Fruits and Contumely; pommeloos were brought in, and a punt-pole with an apple.

Leeks and Peaches; the drawer received a whip and a knife.

Dress Clothes and Morning Coat; a piece of meat and a memorandum book.

Canal and Foot Measure; a hare and a slipper.

Lamprey and Letter; a mouse and a frog tied together, and a bundle of beetroot.”

We laughed loud and long; and there were a hundred and fifty other conceits of the same sort that have escaped my memory.

CHAPTER NINE

[LVII] But Ascyrtos, lost to all self-control, threw his arms up in the air, and turning the whole proceedings into ridicule, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. At this once of the freedmen among the guests, the same who occupied the place next above me, lost his temper and shouted:

“What are you laughing at, muttonhead? Isn’t my master’s elegant hospitality to your taste? You’re a mighty fine gentleman, I suppose, and used to better entertainment. So help me the guardian spirits of this house, but I would have made him baa to some purpose, had I been next him. A pretty sprig indeed, to laugh at other people! a vagabond from who knows where, a night-raker, that’s not worth his own piddle! Just let me piss round him, and he would not know how to save his life! By the powers, I’m not as a rule quick to take offense, but there! worms are bred in soft flesh. He’s laughing; what’s he got to laugh at? Did his father buy the brat for money? You’re a Roman knight: and I’m a king’s son. ‘Why did you serve as a slave then?’ Why! because I chose to, and thought it better to be a Roman citizen than a tributary king. And henceforth I hope to live a life beyond the reach of any one’s ridicule. I am a man now among men; I can walk about with my nose in the air. I owe nobody a brass farthing; I’ve never made composition; no one ever stopped me in the forum with a ‘Pay me that thou owest!’ I’ve bought some bits of land, put by a trifle of tin; I keep twenty folks in victuals, to say nothing of the dog; I’ve purchased my bedfellow’s freedom, that no man should wipe his hands on her bosom; I paid a thousand denars to redeem her; I was made a sevir, free gratis for nothing; I trust I may die and have no cause to blush in my grave.

“But you, are you so busy you can’t so much as look behind you? You can spy a louse on a neighbor’s back, and never see the great tick on your own. You’re the only man to find us ridiculous; there’s your master and your elder, he likes us well enough, I warrant. You! with your mammy’s milk scarce dry on your lips, you can’t say boo! to a goose; you crock, you limp scrap of soaked leather, you may be supple, but you’re no good. Are you richer than other folk? then dine twice over, and sup twice! For myself I value my credit far above millions. Did any man ever dun me twice? I served forty years, but nobody knows whether I was slave or free. I was a long-haired lad when first I came to this town; the basilica was not built yet. But I took pains to please my master, a great, grand gentleman and a

dignified, whose nail-parings were worth more than your whole body. And I had enemies in the house, let me tell you, quite ready to trip me up on occasion; but — thanks to his kind nature — I swam the rapids. That's the real struggle; for to be born a gentleman is as easy as 'Come here.' Whatever are you gaping at now, like a buck-goat in a field of bitter vetch?"

[LVIII] At this harangue Giton, who was standing at my feet, could no longer contain himself, but burst into a most indecorous peal of merriment. When Ascyrtos' adversary noticed the fact, he turned his abuse upon the lad, screaming, "You're laughing too, are you, you curled onion? Ho! for the Saturnalia, is it December, pray? When did you stump up your twentieth? What's he at now, the crow's meat gallows-bird? I'll take care God's anger falls on you, you and your master who does not keep you in better order. As I hope to live by bread. I only keep my hands off you out of respect for my fellow freedmen; else would I have paid you off this instant minute. We're right enough, but your folks are good for nothing, who don't keep you to heel. Verily, like master like man. I can scarce hold myself, and I'm not a hot-headed man naturally; but if I once begin, I don't care twopence for my own mother. All right, I shall come across you yet in the open street, you rat, you mushroom, you! I'll never stir up nor down, if I don't drive your master into a wretched hole, and show you what's what, though you call upon Olympian Jove himself to help you! I'll be the ruin of your rubbishy ringlets and your twopenny master into the bargain. All right, see if I don't get my teeth into you; either I don't know myself, or you shall laugh on the wrong side of your face, even if you have a beard of gold. I'll see that Minerva's down on you, and the man that first trained you to be what you are.

"I never learned Geometry and Criticism and such like nonsensical screeds, but I do understand the lapidaries' marks, and I can subdivide to the hundredth part when it comes to questions of mass, and weight and mintage. Well and good! if you have a mind, we'll have a little wager, you and I; come now, here I clap down the tin. You'll soon see your father wasted his money on you, though you do know Rhetoric. Now:

'Which of us? — I come long, I come wide:
now guess me.'

"I'll tell you which of us runs, yet never stirs from the spot; which of us grows, and gets less all the while. How you skip and fidget and fuss, like a mouse in a chamber-pot! So either hold your tongue altogether, or don't attack a better man than yourself, who hardly knows of your existence, — unless perhaps you think

I'm troubled by your yellow ringlets, that you stole from your doxy. God helps the man that helps himself! Let's away to the forum to borrow money; you'll soon see this bit of iron commands some credit. Aha! a fine sight, a fox in a sweat! As I hope to thrive and make such a good end the people will all be swearing at my death, hang me if I don't chivy you up hill and down dale till you drop! A fine sight too, the fellow that taught you so, — a muff I call him, not a master! We learned something else in my time; the master used to say, 'Are your things safe? go straight home; don't stop staring about, and don't be impertinent to your elders.' Now it's all trash; they turn out nobody worth twopence. That I am what I am, I owe to my own wits, and I thank God for it!"

[LIX] Ascylos was just beginning to answer his abuse; but Trimalchio, charmed with his fellow-freedman's eloquence, stopped him, saying, "Come, come! leave your bickerings on one side. Better be good-natured; and do you Hermeros, spare the young man. His blood is up; so be reasonable. To yield is always to win in these matters. You were a young cockerel yourself once, and then coco coco you went, and never a grain of sense in you! So take my advice, let's start afresh and be jolly, while we enjoy the Homerists."

Immediately there filed in an armed band, and clashed spears on shields. Trimalchio himself sat in state on his cushion, and when the Homerists began a dialogue in Greek verse, as is their unmannerly manner, read out a Latin text in a clear, loud voice. Presently in an interval of silence, "You know," says he, "what the tale is they are giving us? Diomed and Ganymede were two brothers. Their sister was Helen of Troy. Agamemnon carried her off and palmed a doe on Diana in her stead. So Homer relates how the Trojans and Parentines fought each other. He got the best of it, it seems, and gave his daughter Iphigenia in marriage to Achilles. This drove Ajax mad, who will presently make it all plain to you." No sooner had Trimalchio finished speaking than the Homerists raised a shout, and with the servants bustling in all directions, a boiled calf was borne in on a silver dish weighing two hundred pounds, and actually wearing a helmet. Then came Ajax, and rushing at it like a madman slashed it to bits with his naked sword, and making passes now up and down, collected the pieces on his point and so distributed the flesh among the astonished guests.

[LX] We had little time however to admire these elegant surprises; for all of a sudden the ceiling began to rattle and the whole room trembled. I sprang up in consternation, fearing some tumbler was going to fall through the roof. The other guests were no less astounded, and gazed aloft, wondering what new prodigy they were to expect now from the skies. Then lo and behold! the ceiling opened and a

huge hoop, evidently stripped from an enormous cask, was let down, all round which hung suspended golden wreaths and caskets containing precious unguents. These we were invited to take home with us as mementos.

Then looking again at the table, I saw that a tray of cakes had been placed on it, with a figure of Priapus, the handiwork of the pastry-cook, standing in the middle, represented in the conventional way as carrying in his capacious bosom grapes and all sorts of fruits. Eagerly we reached out after these dainties, when instantly a new trick set us laughing afresh. For each cake and each fruit was full of saffron, which spurted out into our faces at the slightest touch, giving us an unpleasant drenching. So conceiving there must be something specially holy about this dish, scented as it was in this ceremonial fashion, we rose to our feet, crying, "All hail, Augustus, Father of his Country!" But seeing the others still helping themselves to the dessert, even after this act of piety, we also filled our napkins, — myself among the foremost, as I thought no gift good enough to pour into my beloved Giton's bosom. Meantime three slaves entered wearing short white jackets. Two of them set on the table images of the Lares with amulets round their necks, while the third carried round a goblet of wine, crying, "The gods be favorable! the gods be favorable!" Trimalchio told us they were named respectively Cerdo, Felicio and Lucrio. Then came a faithful likeness of Trimalchio in marble, and as everybody else kissed it, we were ashamed not to do likewise.

[LXI] Then after we had all wished one another good health of mind and body, Trimalchio turned to Niceros and said, "You used to be better company; what makes you so dull and silent today? I beg you, if you wish to oblige me, tell us that adventure of yours." Niceros, delighted at his friend's affability, replied, "May I never make profit more, if I'm not ready to burst with satisfaction to see you so well disposed, Trimalchio. So ho! for a pleasant hour, — though I very much fear these learned chaps will laugh at me. Well! let 'em. I'll say my say for all that! What does it hurt me, if a man does grin? Better they should laugh with me than at me." "These words the hero spake," and so began the following strange story:

"When I was still a slave, we lived in a narrow street; the house is Gavilla's now. There, as the gods would have it, I fell in love with Terentius, the tavern-keeper's wife; you all knew Melissa from Tarentum, the prettiest of pretty wenches! Not that I courted her carnally or for venery, but more because she was such a good sort. Nothing I asked did she ever refuse; if she made a penny, I got a halfpenny; whatever I saved, I put in her purse, and she never choused me. Well!

her husband died when they were at a country house. So I moved heaven and earth to get to her; true friends, you know, are proved in adversity.

[LXII] “It so happened my master had gone to Capua, to attend to various trifles of business. So seizing the opportunity, I persuade our lodger to accompany me as far as the fifth milestone. He was a soldier, as bold as Hell. We got under way about first cockcrow, with the moon shining as bright as day. We arrive at the tombs; my man lingers behind among the gravestones, whilst I sit down singing, and start counting the gravestones. Presently I looked back for my comrade; he had stripped off all his clothes and laid them down by the wayside. My heart was in my mouth; and there I stood feeling like a dead man. Then he made water all round the clothes, and in an instant changed into a wolf. Don’t imagine I’m joking; I would not tell a lie for the finest fortune ever man had.

“However, as I was telling you, directly he was turned into a wolf, he set up a howl, and away to the woods. At first I didn’t know where I was, but presently I went forward to gather up his clothes; but lo and behold! they were turned into stone. If ever a man was like to die of terror, I was that man! Still I drew my sword and let out at every shadow on the road till I arrived at my sweetheart’s house. I rushed in looking like a ghost, soul and body barely sticking together. The sweat was pouring down between my legs, my eyes were set, my wits gone almost past recovery. Melissa was astounded at my plight, wondering why ever I was abroad so late. ‘Had you come a little sooner,’ she said, ‘you might have given us a hand; a wolf broke into the farm and has slaughtered all the cattle, just as if a butcher had bled them. Still he didn’t altogether have the laugh on us, though he did escape; for one of the laborers ran him through the neck with a pike.’

“After hearing this, I could not close an eye, but directly it was broad daylight, I started off for our good Gaius’s house, like a peddler whose pack’s been stolen; and coming to the spot where the clothes had been turned into stone, I found nothing whatever but a pool of blood. When eventually I got home, there lay my soldier a-bed like a great ox, while a surgeon was dressing his neck. I saw at once he was a werewolf and I could never afterwards eat bread with him, no! not if you’d killed me. Other people may think what they please; but as for me, if I’m telling you a lie, may your guardian spirits confound me!”

[LXIII] We were all struck dumb with amazement, till Trimalchio broke the silence, saying, “Far be it from me to doubt your story; if you’ll believe me, my hair stood on end, for I know Niceros is not the man to repeat idle fables; he’s perfectly

trustworthy and anything but a babbler. Now! I'll tell you a horrible tale myself, as much out of the common as an ass on the tiles!

"I was still but a long-haired lad (for I led a Chian life from a boy) when our master's minion died, — a pearl, by heaven! a paragon of perfection at all points. Well! as his poor mother was mourning him, and several of us besides condoling with her, all of a sudden the witches set up their hullabaloo, for all the world like a hound in full cry after a hare. At that time we had a Cappadocian in the household, a tall fellow, and a high-spirited, and strong enough to lift a mad bull off its feet. This man gallantly drawing his sword, dashed out in front of the house door, first winding his cloak carefully round his left arm, and lunging out, as it might be there — no harm to what I touch — ran a woman clean through. We heard a groan, but the actual witches (I'm very particular to tell the exact truth) we did not see. Coming in again, our champion threw himself down on a bed and his body was black and blue all over, just as if he had been scourged with whips, for it seems an evil hand had touched him. We barred the door and turned back afresh to our lamentations, but when his mother threw her arms round her boy and touched his dead body, she found nothing but a wisp of straw. It had neither heart, nor entrails, nor anything else; for the witches had whipped away the lad and left a changeling of straw in his place. Now I ask you, can you help after this believing there are wise women, and hags that fly by night. But our tall bully, after what happened, never got back his color, in fact a few days afterward he died raving mad!"

[LXIV] We listened with wonder and credulity in equal proportions, and kissing the table, besought the Night-hags to keep in quarters, while we were returning home.

And indeed by this time the lights seemed to burn double and I thought the whole room looked changed, when Trimalchio exclaimed, "I call on you, Plocamus; have you nothing to tell us? no diversion for us? And you used to be such good company, with your amusing dialogues and the comic songs you interspersed. Heigho! all gone, ye toothsome titbits, all gone?" "Alas! my racing days are over, since I got the gout," replied the other; "but when I was a young man, I very nearly sang myself into a consumption. Dancing? dialogues? buffoonery? when did I ever find my match, eh? — always excepting Appelles." And clapping his hand to his mouth, he spit out some horrid stuff that sounded like whistling, and which he told us afterwards was Greek.

Moreover Trimalchio himself gave an imitation of a horn-blower, and presently turned to his minion whom he called Croesus. This was a lad with sore eyes and filthy teeth: he was playing with a little black bitch, disgustingly fat, twisting a

green scarf round her, putting half a loaf of bread on the couch, and on the animal's refusing to eat it, being already overfed, cramming it down her throat. This reminding Trimalchio of a duty omitted, he ordered Scylax to be brought in, "the guardian of my house and home." Next moment a huge watchdog was led in on a large chain and took up a position in front of the table. Then Trimalchio tossed him a lump of white bread, observing, "There's no one in the house loves me better." The boy was enraged at hearing Scylax so lavishly praised, and setting his bitch down on the floor, cheered her on to attack the monster. Scylax, as was his nature to, filled the room with savage barking, and almost tore Croesus's little "Pearl" into bits. Nor did this fight end the trouble; but a chandelier was upset over the table, smashing all the crystal, and scalding some of the guests with oil.

Trimalchio, not to appear disconcerted at the damage done, kissed the lad and told him to get up on his back. The latter mounted a-cockhorse without a moment's hesitation, and repeatedly slapping him on the shoulders with his open hand, laughingly shouted, "Buck! buck! how many fingers do I hold up?" After thus submitting for a while to be made a horse of, Trimalchio ordered them to prepare a capacious bowl of wine for all the slaves sitting at our feet, but on this condition, he added, "If any one won't take his whack, souse it over his head! Business in the daytime, now for jollity!"

CHAPTER TEN

[LXV] After this display of good nature, there followed a course of delicacies, only to think of which, if you'll believe me, makes me feel ill. For instead of thrushes, a fattened hen was set before each guest and chaperoned goose-eggs which Trimalchio urged us most pressingly to partake of, assuring us the hens were boned.

At this moment a lictor knocked at the folding doors of the dining-hall, and dressed out in a white robe, a fresh boon-companion now entered, with a large train in attendance. As for me, I was so much impressed by all this state and ceremony, I thought it was the Pretor. So I made as if to rise and set my naked feet to the floor. Agamemnon laughed at my trepidation. "Sit still, you silly fellow," said he, "it's Habinnas the Sevir, he's a marble-mason, and it seems makes capital good monuments." Reassured by what he said, I lay back again in my place, and watched Habinnas' entry with the greatest admiration. He was already tipsy, and leant for support on his wife's shoulder; wearing several heavy wreaths round his brow, which was so reeking with perfume it kept trickling into his eyes, he took the Pretor's place, and at once called for wine and hot water.

Delighted at his joviality, Trimalchio himself called for a large goblet, and asked him how he had been entertained. "We had everything in the world," he replied, "except the pleasure of your company; for indeed my inclinations were here. But upon my word, it was very fine. Scissa was giving a very elegant novendial in memory of her poor old slave, whom she had enfranchised after his death. And I suppose she will have a good round sum to pay to the tax-collectors, for they do tell me the dead man's fortune came to fifty thousand. I assure you it was all very pleasant, though we did have to pour half our liquor over his old bones."

[LXVI] "But what did you have for dinner?" Trimalchio asked.

"I'll tell you, if I can," was the answer, "but there, I have such a first-class memory, I often forget my own name. However, for first course we had a pig topped with a black-pudding and garnished with fritters and giblets, capitally dressed, and beetroot of course, and whole-meal brown bread, which I prefer myself to white; it makes muscle, and when I do my does, I don't have to yell. The next course was cold tarts, and to drink, excellent Spanish wine poured over warm honey. So I ate a fine helping of tart, and smeared myself well with the

honey. As accessories, were chick-peas and lupines, nuts at discretion, and an apple apiece. But I took two, and look you! I've got them here tied up in a napkin; for if I don't take some present back for my little slave lad at home, there'll be a row. Right! my wife reminds me, we had also, on the sideboard a joint of bear's meat. Scintilla took some inadvertently, and very nearly threw up her guts. I on the contrary ate nearly a pound of it; indeed it tasted quite like boar's flesh. And what I say is, if bear eats man, why should not man, with a far better reason, eat bear? To end up with, we had cream cheese flavored with wine jelly, snails, one apiece, chitterlings, scalloped liver and chaperoned eggs, turnips, mustard and (by your leave, Palamedes!) a dish of mixed siftings; pickled olives also were handed round in a bowl, from which some of the party were mean enough to help themselves to three handfuls each; the ham we declined altogether.

[LXVII] "But pray, Gaius, why is not Fortunata at table?"

"Don't you know her better than that?" answered Trimalchio. "Not until she has counted the plate, and divided the leavings among the slaves, will she let so much as a drop of water pass her lips."

"Well!" returned Habinnas, "if she does not join us, I'm off for one," and made as though to get up, when at a signal from their master the whole houseful of slaves called out, four times over and more, "Fortunata! Fortunata!" At this she entered at last, her frock kilted up with a yellow girdle, so as to show a cherry-colored tunic underneath, and corded anklets and gold-embroidered slippers. Then wiping her hands on a handkerchief she wore at her neck, she placed herself on the same couch beside Habinnas' wife, Scintilla, kissing her while the other claps her hands, and exclaiming, "Have I really the pleasure of seeing you?"

Before long it came to Fortunata's taking off the bracelets from her great fat arms to show them to her admiring companion. Finally she even undid her anklets and her hairnet, which she assured Scintilla was of the very finest gold. Trimalchio observing this, ordered all the things to be brought to him. "You see this woman's fetters," he cried; "that's the way we poor devils are robbed! Six pound and a half, if it's an ounce; and yet I've got one myself of ten pound weight, all made out of Mercury's thousandths." Eventually to prove he was not telling a lie, he ordered a pair of scales to be brought, and had the articles carried round and the weight tested by each in turn. And Scintilla was just as bad, for she drew from her bosom a little gold casket she called her Lucky Box. From it she produced a pair of ear-pendants and handed them one after the other to Fortunata to admire, saying, "Thanks to my husband's goodness, no wife has finer."

“Why truly!” remarked Habinnas, “you gave me no peace till I bought you the glass bean. I tell you straight, if I had a daughter, I should cut off her ears. If there were no women in the world, we should have everything in the world dirt cheap; as it is, we’ve just got to piss hot and drink cold.”

Meanwhile the two women, though a trifle piqued, laughed good-humoredly together and interchanged some tipsy kisses, the one praising the thrifty management of the lady of the house, the other enlarging on the minions her husband kept and his unthrifty ways. While they were thus engaged in close confabulation, Habinnas got up stealthily and catching hold of Fortunata’s legs, upset her on the couch. “Ah! ah!” she screeched, as her tunic slipped up above her knees. Then falling on Scintilla’s bosom, she hid in her handkerchief a face all afire with blushes.

[LXVIII] After a short interval Trimalchio next ordered the dessert to be served; hereupon the servants removed all the tables and brought in fresh ones, and strewed the floor with saffron and vermilion colored sawdust and, — a refinement I had not seen before, — with specular stone reduced to powder. The moment the tables were changed, Trimalchio remarked, “I could really be quite content with what we have; for you see your ‘second tables’ before you. However, if there is anything spicy for dessert, let’s have it in.”

Meantime an Alexandrian lad, who served round the hot water, began imitating a nightingale, his master from time to time calling out, “Change!” Another form of entertainment followed. A slave who was sitting at Habinnas’ feet, at his master’s bidding, as I imagine, suddenly sang out in a loud voice:

“Meantime Aeneas cuts his watery way. . . .”

Nothing harsher ever shocked my ears, for to say nothing of the false inflections, now high now low, of his voice and his barbarous pronunciation, he kept sticking in tags from Atellane farces, so that for the first time in my life I found Virgil intolerable. Yet no sooner did he pause for an instant than Habinnas loudly applauded the performance, adding, “The man has had no regular training; I merely sent him to see some mountebanks, and that’s how he learned. The result is, he has not his match, whether it’s muleteers or mountebanks he wants to mimic. He’s just desperate clever; he’s cobbler, cook, confectioner, a compendium of all the talents. Still he has two faults, but for which he would be a perfect paragon: he is circumcised and he snores. For his squinting, I don’t mind that; Venus has the same little defect. That’s why his tongue is never still, because one eye is pretty much always on the alert. I gave three hundred denars for him.”

[LXIX] Here Scintilla interrupted the speaker; “You take good care,” she said, “not to mention all the scamp’s qualifications. I’m sure he must be an arrant go-between; but I’ll see to it that he has his brand before long.”

Trimalchio only laughed and said, “I see he’s a true Cappadocian; always looks out for number one. And, my word! I don’t blame him; for indeed, once dead, this is a thing nobody can secure us. And you, Scintilla, don’t be so jealous! Believe me, we understand you women. As I hope to be safe and sound, I used myself to poke her ladyship, so that even my master got suspicious; and that’s why he sent me off to be factor in the country. But hush! tongue, and I’ll give thee a cake.”

Taking everything that was said for high praise, the foul slave now drew an earthenware lamp from his bosom, and for more than half an hour mimicked a trumpeter, while Habinnas accompanied him, squeezing his lip down with his fingers. Finally he actually stepped out into the middle of the room, and first imitated a fluteplayer by means of broken reeds; then with riding-cloak and whip, acted the muleteer, till Habinnas called him to his side and kissed him, gave him a drink and cried, “Bravo! Massa, bravo! I’ll give you a pair of boots.”

We should never have seen the end of these tiresome inflictions but for the Extra-Course now coming in, — thrushes of pastry, stuffed with raisins and walnuts, followed by quinces stuck over with thorns, to represent sea-urchins. This would have been intolerable enough, had it not been for a still more outlandish dish, such a horrible concoction, we would rather have died than touch it. Directly it was on the table, — to all appearance a fatted goose, with fish and fowl of all kinds round it. “Friends,” cried Trimalchio, “every single thing you see on that dish is made out of one substance.” With my wonted perspicacity, I instantly guessed its nature, and said, giving Agamemnon a look, “For my own part, I shall be greatly surprised, if it is not all made of filth, or at any rate mud. When I was in Rome at the Saturnalia, I saw some sham eatables of the same sort.” [LXX] I had not done speaking when Trimalchio explained, “As I hope to grow a bigger man, — in fortune I mean, not fat, — I declare my cook made it every bit out of a pig. Never was a more invaluable fellow! Give the word, he’ll make you a fish of the paunch, a wood-pigeon of the lard, a turtle-dove of the forehand, and a hen of the hind leg! And that’s why I very cleverly gave him such a fine and fitting name as Daedalus. And because he’s such a good servant, I brought him a present from Rome, a set of knives of Noric steel.” These he immediately ordered to be brought, and examined and admired them, even allowing us to try their edge on our cheeks.

All of a sudden in rushed two slaves, as if fresh from a quarrel at the fountain; at any rate they still had their water-pots hanging from the shoulder-yokes. Then when Trimalchio gave judgment upon their difference, they would neither of them accept his decision, but each smashed the other's pot with a stick. We were horror-struck at the drunken scoundrels' insolence, and looking hard at the combatants, we noticed oysters and scallops tumbling out of the broken pitchers, which another slave gathered up and handed round on a platter. This refinement was matched by the ingenious cook, who now brought in snails on a little silver gridiron, singing the while in a quavering, horribly rasping voice.

I am really ashamed to relate what followed, it was so unheard-of a piece of luxury. Long-haired slave boys brought in an unguent in a silver basin, and anointed our feet with it as we lay at table, after first wreathing our legs and ankles with garlands. Afterwards a small quantity of the same perfume was poured into the wine-jars and the lamps.

By this time a strong wish to dance had seized upon Fortunata, while Scintilla's hands were going quicker in applause even than her tongue in chatter, when Trimalchio said, "I give you my permission, Philargyrus, and you, Cario, notorious champion though you are of the green, to take your places at table; also bid Menophila, your bedfellow, to do the same." To make a long story short, we were all but thrust off our couches, such a throng of domestics now invaded the dinner-table. I actually noticed occupying a place above my own the cook who had made a goose out of a pig, reeking as he was with fish-pickle and sauces. Indeed he was not satisfied with merely being present, but immediately began an imitation of Ephesus the Tragedian, after which he offered his master a bet that at the next races the green would score first prize.

[LXXI] Delighted at the challenge, Trimalchio cried, "Yes! my friends, slaves are human beings too, and have sucked mother's milk as well as we, though untoward circumstance has borne them down. Nevertheless, without prejudicing me, they shall some day soon drink the water of the free. In a word, I enfranchise them all in my will. I bequeath into the bargain a farm and his bedfellow to Philargyrus, a street block to Cario, besides a twentieth and a bed and bedding. I name Fortunata my heir, and commend her to all my friends' kindness. And all this I make public, to the end my whole household may love me now as well as if I were dead already."

All began to express their gratitude to so kind a master, when Trimalchio, quite dropping his trifling vein, ordered a copy of his will to be fetched, and read it through from beginning to end amid the groans of all members of the household.

Then turning to Habinnas, he asked him, “What say you, dear friend? are you building my monument according to my directions? I ask you particularly that at the feet of my effigy you have my little bitch put, and garlands and perfume caskets and all Petraites’ fights, that by your good help I may live on even after death. The frontage is to be a hundred feet long, and it must reach back two hundred. For I wish to have all kinds of fruit trees growing around my ashes and plenty of vines. Surely it’s a great mistake to make houses so fine for the living, yet to give never a thought to these where we have to dwell far, far longer. And that’s why I especially insist on the notice:

THIS MONUMENT DOES NOT DESCEND
TO THE HEIR.

But I shall take good care to provide in my will against my remains being insulted. For I intend to put one of my freedmen in charge of my burial place, to see that the rabble don’t come running and dirtying up my monument. I beg you to have ships under full sail carved on it, and me sitting on the tribunal, in my Senator’s robes, with five gold rings on my fingers, and showering money from a bag among the public; for you remember I gave a public banquet once, two denars a head. Also there should be shown, if you approve, a banqueting-hall, and all the people enjoying themselves pleasantly. On my right hand put a figure of my wife, Fortunata, holding a dove and leading a little bitch on a leash, also my little lad, and some good capacious wine-jars, stoppered so that the wine may not escape. Also you may carve a broken urn, and a boy weeping over it. Also a horologe in the center, so that anyone looking to see the time must willy-nilly read my name. As for the lettering, look this over carefully and see if you think it is good enough:

HERE LIES
C. POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO,
A SECOND MAECENAS.
HE WAS NOMINATED SEVIR
IN HIS ABSENCE.
HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MEMBER
OF EVERY DECURIA IN ROME,
BUT DECLINED.
PIOUS, BRAVE, HONORABLE,
HE ROSE FROM THE RANKS.

WITHOUT LEARNING OR EDUCATION,
HE LEFT A MILLION OF MONEY
BEHIND HIM.
FAREWELL;
GO AND DO THOU LIKEWISE!”

[LXXII] When he had finished reading this document, Trimalchio fell to weeping copiously. Fortunata wept too; so did Habinnas; so did the servants; in fact, the whole household filled the room with lamentations, for all the world like guests at a funeral. Indeed I was beginning to weep myself, when Trimalchio resumed. “Well!” said he, “as we know we’ve got to die, why not make the most of life? As I should like to see you all happy, let’s jump into the bath. I guarantee you’ll be none the worse; it’s as hot as an oven.”

“Right! right!” cried Habinnas, “to make two days out of one; nothing I should like better,” and springing up barefoot as he was, he followed Trimalchio, who led the way, clapping his hands.

For myself I said, turning to Ascylos, “What think you, Ascylos? as for me, to look at a bath now would kill me.”

“Let’s consent,” he replied; “and then, as they are making for the bathroom, escape in the confusion.”

This being agreed upon, Giton led the way through the colonnade, and we reached the house-door, where the watchdog greeted us with such furious barking that Ascylos tumbled into the tank in sheer terror. I too, tipsy as I was, and having been once already scared at a painted dog, got dragged in myself in helping him out of the water. However the hall-keeper rescued us, who interfered and quieted the dog, and pulled us out shivering onto terra firma. Giton had already discovered an ingenious way of disarming the animal; anything we had given him from our dinner, he threw to the barking brute, whose temper was appeased and his attention diverted by the food. But when, cold and wet, we asked the hall-keeper to let us out, “You’re much mistaken,” said he, “if you think you can go out the same way you came in. No guest is ever dismissed by the same door; they enter one, go out by another.”

[LXXIII] So what were we poor unfortunates to do now, prisoners in this new kind of labyrinth, and reduced to choose the bath as the only alternative? We took the bull by the horns therefore, and asked the hall-keeper to show us the way there; then throwing off our clothes, which Giton proceeded to dry in the porch, we entered the bath, which we found to be a narrow chamber, more like a cooling cistern than anything else, with Trimalchio standing upright in it. Not even under

these circumstances could he refrain from his loathsome trick of boasting, declaring there was nothing more agreeable than to be free of a crowd in bathing, and that his bath-house occupied the exact site of a former bakery. Presently, feeling tired, he sat down, and tempted by his resonance of the bathroom, turned up his tipsy face and open mouth to the vault, and began murdering some of Menecrates' songs, as we were told by those who could make out the words.

The remainder of the company were running hand in hand round the edge of the bath, laughing and shouting at the top of their voices. Others with their hands tied behind their backs, were trying to pick up rings from the pavement in their mouths, or kneeling down, to bend back and kiss the points of their toes. Whilst the others were engaged in these amusements, we got down into the bath, that was being heated for Trimalchio.

After dissipating the fumes of wine by these means, we were next conducted to another dinner-hall, where Fortunata had laid out a dainty banquet of her own. I noticed especially lamps suspended over the table with miniature figures of fishermen in bronze, tables of soled silver, cups of gilt pottery ware round the board, and wine pouring from a wine skin before our eyes.

Presently Trimalchio said, "You see, friends, a slave of mine has cut his first beard today, a very careful, thrifty young man, if I may say so without offense. So let's be jovial, and keep it up till daylight doth appear." Just as he uttered these words, a cock crew. Trimalchio, much disquieted at the circumstance, ordered wine to be poured under the table, and some even to be sprinkled over the lamp; moreover he shifted a ring from his left hand to his right, saying, "'Tis not for nothing chanticleer has sounded his note of warning; a fire is bound to happen, or some one's going to die in the vicinity. Save us from ill! Anyone bringing me yonder prophet of evil, shall have a present for his pains." [LXXIV] No sooner said than done; a cock was instantly produced from somewhere near, which Trimalchio ordered to be killed and put in the pot to boil. He was cut up accordingly by the same clever cordon bleu who a while before had manufactured game and fish out of a pig, and thrown into a stew-pan. Then whilst Daedalus kept the pot boiling, Fortunata ground pepper in a box-wood mill.

These dainties being dispatched, Trimalchio turned to the servants, saying, "What! haven't you had your dinners yet? be off now, and let the relay take your places." Hereupon a second set of attendants came in, the outgoing slaves crying, "Farewell, Gaius!" and the incoming, "Hail, Gaius!" At this point our mirth was disturbed for the first time; for a rather good-looking slave boy having entered along with the new lot of domestics, Trimalchio laid hold of him and started

kissing him over and over again. At this Fortunata, to assert “her lawful and equitable rights” (as she put it), began abusing her husband, calling him an abomination and a disgrace, that he could not restrain his filthy passions, ending up with the epithet “dog!” Trimalchio for his part was so enraged at her railing that he hurled a wine-cup in his wife’s face. Fortunata screamed out, as if she had lost an eye, and clapped her trembling hands to her countenance. Scintilla was equally alarmed, and sheltered her shuddering friend in her bosom. At the same time an officious attendant applied a pitcher of cold water to her cheek, over which the poor lady drooped and fell a-sighing and a-sobbing.

But Trimalchio went on. “What! what!” he stormed, “has the trollop no memory? didn’t I take her from the stand in the slave-market, and make her a free woman among her equals? But there, she puffs herself out, like the frog in the fable; she’s too proud to spit in her own bosom, the blockhead. If you are born in a hovel, you shouldn’t dream of a palace. As I hope to prosper, I’ll see to it this Cassandra of the camp is brought to reason. Why! when I was only worth twopence, I might have married ten millions of money. You know I might. Agatho, perfumer to the lady next door, drew me aside, and ‘I’ll give you a hint,’ said he; ‘don’t let your race die out.’ But I, with my silly good nature, and not wanting to seem fickle-minded, I’ve driven my ax into my own leg. All right! I’ll make you long yet to dig me up again with your fingernails! And to show this minute the harm you’ve done yourself, I forbid you, Habinnas, to put her statue on my tomb at all, that I may not have any scolding when I’m gone. I’ll teach her I can do her a mischief; I won’t have her so much as kiss my dead body!”

[LXXV] After this thunderclap, Habinnas began to entreat him to forget and forgive. “Nobody,” he urged, “but goes wrong sometimes; we’re men after all, not gods.” Scintilla spoke to the same purpose with tears in her eyes, and besought him in the name of his good Genius and addressing him as Gaius, to be pacified. Trimalchio could restrain his tears no longer, but cried, “As you hope, Habinnas, to enjoy your little fortune, — if I’ve done anything wrong, spit in my face. I kissed the good, careful lad, not because he’s a pretty boy, but because he’s so thrifty and clever. I tell you he can recite ten pieces, reads his book at sight, has bought himself a Thracian costume out of his daily rations, besides an armchair and a pair of cups. Does he not deserve to be the apple of my eye? But Fortunata won’t have it. That’s your pleasure, is it, you tipsy wench? I warn you, make the most of what you’ve got, you cormorant; and don’t make me nasty, sweetheart, else you’ll get a taste of my temper. You know me; once I’ve made up my mind, I’m just as hard as nails!

“However, not to forget the living, pray, my good friends, enjoy yourselves. I was once what you are now, but my own merits have made me what you see. It’s gumption makes a man, all the rest’s trash. ‘Buy cheap, and sell dear,’ that’s me; one man will tell you one thing, another another, but I’m just bursting with success. What! crying still, grunty pig? Mark me, I’ll give you something worth crying for. But as I was saying, it was my thriftiness raised me to my present position. When first I came from Asia, I was no higher than this candle-stick. I tell you, I used to measure myself by it every day; and the sooner to get a beard under my nose, I would smear my lips with the lamp oil. But I was my master’s joy for fourteen years; there’s nothing disgraceful in doing your master’s bidding. And I satisfied my mistress into the bargain. You know what I mean; I say no more, for I’m none of your boasters.

[LXXVI] “Eventually, it so pleased the gods, I found myself king of the castle, and behold! I could twist my master round my finger. To make a long story short, he made me his co-heir with the Emperor, and I came into a senatorial fortune. Still no one is ever satisfied. I longed to be a merchant prince. So, not to be tedious, I built five ships, loaded up with wine, — it was worth its weight in gold just then, — and sent them off to Rome. You might have supposed I’d ordered it so! if you’ll believe me, every one of the ships foundered, and that’s a fact. In one day Neptune swallowed me up thirty millions. Do you imagine I gave in? Not I, by my faith! the loss only whetted my appetite, as if it were a mere nothing. I built more ships, bigger and better found and luckier, till every one allowed I was a well-plucked one. Nothing venture, nothing win, you know; and a big ship’s a big venture. I loaded up again with wine, bacon, beans, perfumery and slaves. Fortunata was a real good wife to me that time; she sold all her jewelry and all her clothes, and laid a hundred gold pieces in my hand; and it proved the leaven of my little property. A thing’s soon done, when the gods will it. One voyage I cleared a round ten millions. Instantly I bought back all the farms that had been my late master’s; I build a house; I buy up cattle to sell again. Whatever I touched, grew like a honeycomb. When I discovered I had as large an income as the whole revenue of my native land amounted to, off hands; I withdrew from commerce, and started lending money among freedmen. Moreover, just when I’d quite made up my mind to have no more to do with trade, an astrologer advised me to the same course, a little Greek fellow, that happened to come to our own town. Serapa he was called, up to all the secrets of the gods. He told me things I had clean forgotten, explaining it all as pat as needle and thread; he knew my

inside, he could all but tell me what I'd had for dinner the day before. You would have thought he had lived with me all my life.

[LXXVII] "Now tell me, Habinnas, — you were there at the time, I think — didn't he say: 'You have used your wealth to set a mistress over you. You are not very lucky in your friends. No one is ever properly grateful to you. You have enormous estates. You are nourishing a viper beneath your wing,' and — why should I not tell you? — that I have now left me to live thirty years, four months and two days. Also I am soon to come in for another fortune. This is what my Fate has in store for me. And if I have the luck to extend my lands to Apulia, I shall have done pretty well in my day. Meantime by Mercury's good help, I have built this house. You remember it as a cottage; it's as big as a temple now. It has four dining-rooms, twenty bedrooms, two marble porticos, a series of storerooms up stairs, the chamber where I sleep myself, this viper's sitting-room, an excellent porter's lodge; while the guest chambers afford ample accommodations. In fact, when Scaurus comes this way, there's nowhere he better likes to stop at, and he has an ancestral mansion of his own by the seaside. Yes! and there are plenty more fine things I'll show you directly. Take my word for it, — Have a penny, good for a penny; have something, and you're thought something. So your humble servant, who was a toad once upon a time, is a king now.

"Meantime, Stichus, just bring out the graveclothes I propose to be buried in; also the unguent, and a taste of the wine I wish to have my bones washed with."

[LXXVIII] Without a moment's delay, Stichus produced a white shroud and a magistrate's gown into the dining-hall, and asked us to feel if they were made of good wool. Then his master added with a laugh, "Mind, Stichus, mice and moth don't get at them; else I'll have you burned alive. I wish to be buried in all my bravery, that the whole people may call down the blessings on my head." Immediately afterwards he opened a pot of spikenard, and after rubbing us all with the ointment, "I only hope," said he, "it will give me as much pleasure when I'm dead as it does now when I'm alive." Further he ordered the wine vessels to be filled up, telling us to "imagine you are invited guests at my funeral feast."

The thing was getting positively sickening, when Trimalchio, now in a state of disgusting intoxication, commanded a new diversion, a company of horn-blowers, to be introduced; and then stretching himself out along the edge of a couch on a pile of pillows, "Make believe I am dead," he ordered. "Play something fine." Then the horn-blowers struck up a loud funeral dirge. In particular one of these undertaker's men, the most conscientious of the lot, blew so tremendous a fanfare he roused the whole neighborhood. Hereupon the watchman in charge of the

surrounding district, thinking Trimalchio's house was on fire, suddenly burst open the door, and rushing in with water and axes, started the much admired confusion usual under such circumstances. For our part, we seized the excellent opportunity thus offered, snapped our fingers in Agamemnon's face, and rushed away helter-skelter just as if we were escaping from a real conflagration.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

[LXXIX] We had never a torch to guide our wandering steps, while the silent hour of midnight gave small hope of procuring light from chance wayfarers. Added to this was our own intoxication and ignorance of the locality, baffling even by daylight. After dragging our bleeding feet for the best part of an hour over all sorts of stumbling-blocks and fragments of projecting paving-stones, we were finally saved by Giton's ingenuity. For being afraid even by daylight of missing his way, he had taken the precaution the day before to make every post and pillar on the road with chalk. The strokes he had drawn were visible on the darkest night, their conspicuous whiteness showing wanderers the way. Though truly we were in no less of a fix, even when we did get to our inn. For the old woman had been swilling so long with her customers, you might have set her afire without her knowing anything about it. And we might very likely have passed the night on the doorstep, had not one of Trimalchio's carriers come up, in charge of ten wagons. Accordingly, without stopping to make any more ado, he burst in the door, and let us in by the same road.

Going to my chamber, I went to bed with my dear lad, and burning with amorous ardor as I was after my sumptuous meal, gave myself up heart and soul to all the delights of love.

Oh! what a night was that! how soft
The couch, ye gods! as many a time and oft
Our lips met burning in o'er-mastering bliss,
And interchanged our souls in every kiss.
To mortal cares I bid farewell for aye —
So sweet I find it in thine arms to die!

But my self-congratulations were premature. For no sooner had my enfeebled hands relaxed their tipsy hold than Ascyrtos, that everlasting contriver of mischief, drew the boy away from me in the dark and carried him off to his own bed; and there rolling about in wanton excess with another man's minion, the latter either not noticing the fraud or pretending not to, he went off to sleep, enfolded in an embrace he had no sort of right to, utterly regardless of all human justice. So when I awoke, and feeling the bed over, found it robbed of delight, I declare, by all that lovers hold sacred, I had half a mind to run them both through

with my sword where they lay, and make their sleep eternal. But presently adopting safer counsels, I thumped Giton awake, and turning a stern countenance on Ascylos, said severely, "You have broken faith by your dastardly conduct and sinned against our mutual friendship; remove your things as quick as may be, and go seek another place to be the scene of your abominations."

He made no objection to this, but after we had divided our loot with scrupulous exactness, "Come now," said he, "let's divide the boy." [LXXX] I thought this was merely a parting jest. But murderously drawing a sword, "Never," he cried, "shall you enjoy this prey you gloat over so selfishly. I've been slighted, and I must have my share, even if I have to cut it off with this sword." I followed suit on my side, and wrapping my cloak round my arm, took up a fighting posture.

In wretched trepidation at our unhappy fury the boy fell at our knees in tears and begged and besought us not to repeat in a miserable tavern the tragedy of the two Theban brothers, nor pollute with each other's blood the sanctity of so noble a friendship. "But if murder must be done," he declared, "lo! here I lay bare my throat; here strike, here bury your points. 'Tis I should die, who have violated the sacred bond of friendship."

At these entreaties we put up our swords. Then Ascylos, taking the initiative, said, "I will end this difference. Let the lad himself follow whom he will, so that he may be perfectly free to choose his friend and favorite."

For my part, supposing my long, long intimacy had bound the boy to me in ties as strong as those of blood, I felt not the slightest fear, but gladly and eagerly accepted the proposal to submit the question to this arbitrament. Yet the instant the words were out of my mouth, without a moment's hesitation or one look of uncertainty, he sprang up and declared Ascylos to be his choice.

Thunderstruck at this decision, I threw myself just as I was and unarmed on my bed, and in my despair would certainly have laid violent hands on myself, had I not grudged such a victory to my adversary. Off goes Ascylos in triumph with his prize, leaving me forlorn in a strange place — me who so short a while before had been his dearest comrade and the partner in all his escapades.

Friendship's a name, expediency's mate,
The shifting symbol of the changing slate.
While Fortune's on our side, our friends stay true;
Let her once change, farewell the recreant crew!
So on the stage, one plays a father's part,
A son's, a rich man's, each with pliant art;

But when the play is ended, grave or gay,
Dropped is the mask, and truth resumes her sway.

[LXXXI] However, I had no time to indulge my grief, but dreading lest, to complete my misfortunes, Menelaus, the under-professor, should find me alone at the inn, I collected my traps together, and with a sad heart went off to hire a solitary lodging near the seashore. Shutting myself up for three days there, my loneliness and humiliation for ever haunting my mind, I spent my time in beating my poor breast, and with many a deep-drawn groan, crying again and again, “Oh! why has not the earth swallowed me? why has the sea, that drowns the guiltless mariner, spared me? Have I escaped the law, cheated the gallows, slain my host, that after so many proofs of spirit, I should be lying here a beggar and a vagabond, alone and forlorn in the inn of a paltry Greek city? And who is it has brought me to this desolation? A stripling defiled with every lust, who on his own freedom and enfranchisement by the prostitution of his body, whose youthful favors were sold to the highest bidder, who was hired out as a girl, when known to be a boy all the while. And what was the other? One who donned on the day of puberty the woman’s frock in lieu of the manly gown, who was bent from his mother’s womb on changing sex, who was whore to a barrackful of slaves, who after playing me false and exchanging the instrument of his lust, abandoned his old friend and, oh! the infamy of it! like a common strumpet sold everything in one night’s vile work. Now the lovers lie twined in each other’s arms whole nights together, and it may be, as they rest exhausted after mutual excesses, make mock of my loneliness. But they shall not go unpunished. As I am a man, and a Roman citizen, I will avenge the wrong they have done me in their guilty blood!”

[LXXXII] So saying, I gird on a sword, and that bodily weakness might not hinder my warlike intentions, recruit my strength with a copious meal. Presently I sally forth, and stalk like a madman through all the public colonnades. As I was prowling thus, with haggard, ferocious looks that threatened sheer blood and slaughter, ever and anon clapping my hand to the hilt of the weapon I had devoted to my vengeance, a soldier observed me — if a simple soldier indeed he was, and not some nocturnal footpad. “Ho, there! comrade,” he cried, “what’s your legion, and who’s your Centurion?” I named both legion and Centurion with confident mendacity. “Come, come,” he retorted, “do the men of your division go about the streets in Greek pumps?” Then, my face and my agitation sufficiently betraying the imposture, he ordered me to drop my weapon and have a care I did not get into trouble. So despoiled and deprived of my means of vengeance, I retrace my steps to the inn, and my resolution gradually slipping away, I begin to feel nothing

but gratitude to the footpad for his bold interference. It never does to trust too much to foresight, for Fortune has her own way of doing things.

Meantime I found it no easy task to overcome my thirst for revenge, and spent half the night in anxious debate. [LXXXIII] In hopes, however, of beguiling my melancholy and forgetting my wrongs, I rose at dawn and visited all the different colonnades, finally entering a picture gallery, containing admirable paintings in various styles. There I beheld Zeuxis' handiwork, still unimpaired by the lapse of years, and scanned, not without a certain awe, some sketches of Protogenes', that vied with Nature herself in their truth of presentment. Then I reverently admired the work of Apelles, of the kind the Greeks call "monochromatic"; for such was the exquisite delicacy and precision with which the figures were outlined, you seemed to see the very soul portrayed. Here was the eagle towering to the sky and bearing Ganymede in its talons. There the fair Hylas, struggling in the embraces of the amorous Naiad. Another work showed Apollo cursing his murderous hand, and bedecking his unstrung lyre with blossoms of the new-sprung hyacinth.

Standing surrounded by these painted images of famous lovers, I ejaculated as if in solitary self-communion, "Love, so it seems, troubles even the gods. Jupiter could discover no fitting object of his passion in heaven, his own domain; but though condescending to earthly amours, yet he wronged no trusting heart. Hylas' nymph that ravished him would have checked her ardor, had she known Hercules would come to chide her passion. Apollo renewed the memory of his favorite in a flower; and all these fabled lovers had their way without a rival's interference. But I have taken to my bosom a false-hearted friend more cruel than Lycurgus."

But lo! while I am thus complaining to the winds of heaven, there entered the colonnade an old white-headed man, with a thought-worn face, that seemed to promise something mysterious and out of the common. Yet his dress was far from imposing, making it evident he belonged to the class of men of letters, so ill-looked upon by the rich. This man now came up to me, saying, "Sir! I am a poet, and I trust of no mean genius, if these crowns mean anything, which I admit unfair partiality often confers on unworthy recipients. 'Why then,' you will ask, 'are you so poorly clad?' Just because I am a genius; when did love of art ever make a man wealthy?"

The sea-borne trafficker gains pelf untold;
The hardy soldier wins his spoil of gold;
The sycophant on Tyrian purple lies;
The base adulterer with Croesus vies.

Learning alone, in shuddering rags arrayed,
Vainly invokes th' indifferent Muses' aid!

[LXXXIV] “No doubt about it; if any man declare himself the foe of every vice, and start boldly on the path of rectitude, in the first place the singularity of his principles makes him odious, for who can approve habits so different from his own? Secondly, men whose one idea is to pile up the dollars cannot bear that others should have a nobler creed than they live by themselves. So they spite all lovers of literature in every possible way, to put them into their proper place — below the money-bags.”

“I cannot understand why poverty is always talent's sister,” I said, and heaved a sigh.

“You do well,” returned the old man, “to deplore the lot of men of letters.”

“Nay!” I replied, “that was not why I sighed; I have another and a far heavier reason for my sorrow!” — and immediately, following the common propensity of mankind to pour one's private griefs into another's ear, I told him all my misfortunes, inveighing particularly against Ascyrtos' perfidy, and ejaculating with many a groan, “Would to heaven my enemy, the cause of my present enforced continence, had any vestige of good feeling left to work upon; but 'tis a hardened sinner, more cunning and astute than the basest pander.”

Pleased by my frankness, the old man tried to comfort me; and in order to divert my melancholy thoughts, told me of an amorous adventure that had once happened to himself.

[LXXXV] “When I went to Asia,” he began, “as a paid officer in the Quaestor's suite, I lodged with a family at Pergamus. I found my quarters very pleasant, first on account of the convenience and elegance of the apartments, and still more so because of the beauty of my host's son. I devised the following method to prevent the master of the house entertaining any suspicions of me as a seducer. Whenever the conversation at table turned on the abuse of handsome boys, I showed such extreme indignation and protested with such an air of austerity and offended dignity against the violence done to my ears by filthy talk of the sort, that I came to be regarded, especially by the mother, as one of the greatest of moralists and philosophers. Before long I was allowed to take the lad to the gymnasium; it was I that directed his studies, I that guided his conduct, and guarded against any possible debaucher of his person being admitted to the house.

“It happened on one occasion that we were sleeping in the dining-hall, the school having closed early as it was a holiday, and our amusements having rendered us too lazy to retire to our sleeping-chambers. Somewhere about

midnight I noticed that the lad was awake; so whispering soft and low, I murmured a timid prayer in these words, 'Lady Venus, if I may kiss this boy, so that he know it not, tomorrow I will present him with a pair of doves.' Hearing the price offered for the gratification, the boy set up a snore. So approaching him, where he lay still making pretense to be asleep, I stole two or three flying kisses. Satisfied with this beginning, I rose betimes next morning, and discharged my vow by bringing the eager lad a choice and costly pair of doves.

[LXXXVI] "The following night, the same opportunity occurring, I changed my petition, 'If I may pass a naughty hand over this boy, and he not feel it, I will present him for his complaisance with a brace of the best fighting cocks ever seen.' At this promise the child came nestling up to me of his own accord and was actually afraid, I think, lest I might drop asleep again. I soon quieted his uneasiness on this point, and amply satisfied my longings, short of the supreme bliss, on every part of his beautiful body. Then when daylight came, I made him happy with the gift I had promised him.

[LXXXVII] "As soon as the third night left me free to try again, I rose as before, and creeping up to the rascal, who was lying awake expecting me, whispered at his ear, 'If only, ye Immortal Gods, I may win of this sleeping darling full and happy satisfaction of my love, for such bliss I will tomorrow present the lad with an Asturian of the Macedonian strain, the best to be had for money, but always on the condition he shall not feel my violence.' Never did the stripling sleep more sound. So first I handled his plump and snowy bosoms, then kissed him on the mouth, and finally concentrated all my ardors in one supreme delight. Next morning he sat still in his room, expecting my present as usual. Well! you know as well as I do, it is a much easier matter to buy doves and fighting cocks than an Asturian; besides which, I was afraid so valuable a present might rouse suspicion as to the real motives of my liberality. After walking about for an hour or so, I returned to the house, and gave the boy a kiss — and nothing else. He looked about inquiringly, then threw his arms round my neck, and 'Please, sir!' he said, 'where is my Asturian?'

"'It is hard,' I replied, 'to get one fine enough. You will have to wait a few days for me to fulfill my vow.'

"The boy had wits enough to see through my answer, and his resentment was betrayed by the angry look that crossed his face.

"Although by this breach of faith I had closed against myself the door of access so carefully contrived, I returned once more to the attack. For, after allowing a few days to elapse, one night when similar circumstances had created just another

opportunity for us as before, I began, the moment I heard the father snoring, to beg and pray the boy to be friends with me again, — that is, to let me give him pleasure for pleasure, adding all the arguments my burning concupiscence could suggest. But he was positively angry and refused to say one word beyond, ‘Go to sleep, or I will tell my father.’ But there is never an obstacle so difficult audacity will not vanquish it. He was still repeating, ‘I will wake my father,’ when I slipped into his bed and took my pleasure of him in spite of his half-hearted resistance. However, he found a certain pleasure in my naughty ways, for after a long string of complaints about my having cheated and cajoled him and made him the laughing-stock of his school-fellows, to whom he had boasted of his rich friend, he whispered, ‘Still I won’t be so unkind as you; if you like, do it again.’

“So forgetting all our differences, I was reconciled to the dear lad once more, and after utilizing his kind permission, I slipped off to sleep in his arms. But the stripling was not satisfied with only one repetition, all ripe for love as he was and just at the time of life for passive enjoyment. So he woke me up from my slumbers, and, ‘Anything you’d like, eh?’ said he. Nor was I, so far, indisposed to accept his offer. So working him the best ever I could, to the accompaniment of much panting and perspiration, I gave him what he wanted, and then dropped asleep again, worn out with pleasure. Less than an hour had passed before he started pinching me and asking, ‘Eh! why are we not at work?’ Hereupon, sick to death of being so often disturbed, I flew into a regular rage, and retorted his own words upon him; ‘Go to sleep,’ I cried, ‘or I’ll tell your father!’”

[LXXXVIII] Enlivened by this discourse, I now began to question my companion, who was better informed on these points than myself, as to the dates of the different pictures and the subjects of some that baffled me. At the same time I asked him the reason for the supineness of the present day and the utter decay of the highest branches of art, and amongst the rest of painting, which now showed not the smallest vestige of its former excellence.

“It is greed of money,” he replied, “has wrought the change. In early days, when plain worth was still esteemed, the liberal arts flourished, and the chief object of men’s emulation was to ensure no discovery likely to benefit future ages long remaining undeveloped. To this end Democritus extracted the juices of every herb, and spent his life in experimenting, that no virtue of mineral or plant might escape detection. In a similar way Eudoxus grew gray on the summit of a lofty mountain, observing the motions of the stars and firmament, while Chrysippus thrice purged his brain with hellebore, to stimulate its capacity and inventiveness. But to consider the sculptors only, — Lysippus was so absorbed in the modeling

of a single figure that he actually perished from lack of food, and Myron, who came near embodying the very souls of men and beasts in bronze, died too poor to find an heir.

“But we, engrossed with wine and women, have not the spirit to appreciate the arts already discovered; we can only criticize Antiquity, and devote all our energies, in precept and practice, to the faults of the old masters. What is become of Dialectic? of Astronomy? of Philosophy, that richly cultivated domain? Who nowadays has ever been known to enter a temple and engage to pay a vow, if only he may attain unto Eloquence, or find the fountain of wisdom? Not even do sound intellect and sound health any longer form the objects of men’s prayers, but before ever they set food on the threshold of the Capitol, they promise lavish offerings, one if he may bury a wealthy relative, another if he may unearth a treasure, another if only he may live to reach his thirty million. The very Senate, the ensample of all that is right and good, is in the habit of promising a thousand pounds of gold to Capitoline Jove, and that no man may be ashamed of the lust of pelf, bribes the very God of Heaven. What wonder then if Painting is in decay, when all, gods and men alike, find a big lump of gold a fairer sight than anything those crack-brained Greek fellows, Apelles and Phidias, ever wrought.

[LXXXIX] “But there! I see your attention is riveted on that picture representing the capture of Troy; so I will endeavor to expound the theme in a copy of verses:

“Still the tenth summer saw the Phrygian host
A prey to doubt and fear, and Calchas’ faith
Wavering and weak in spite of oracles,
When at Apollo’s word, the wooded heights
Of topmost Ida lent their tallest trees
To shape the framework of a monstrous horse.
Within, a vasty cave and secret halls,
Capacious of an army, hold the flower
Of all the Greeks, by ten years’ strife enraged;
Their own thank-offering hides th’ avenging crew!
Oh! my unhappy country! now we dreamed
A thousand ships were scattered, and our land
Freed from the foe. So ran the lying words
Writ on the horse’s flank, and so the tale
Of Sinon’s wheedling tongue and traitor’s heart.

Now through the gates, glad to be free at last,
The shouting Trojans hailed the pledge of peace,
While tears relieve the tension of their joy.
But terror checked their triumph; lo! the priest
Of Neptune, wise Laocoon, his locks unbound,
With cries of warning stays the eager crowd!
His brandished spear he hurled, but foiled by fate,
The blow falls harmless, and the sight renews
Their ill-starred confidence in Grecian guile.
Yet once again he summons all his strength,
And drives his ax deep in the monster's side.
Th' imprisoned warriors' groan resounds, and fills
The wooden hull with terror not its own.
In vain! the captives ride to capture Troy,
And end the tedious war by fraud, not force.

Another marvel! where above the deep
Tower the sheer cliffs of Tenedos, the surge
Is lashed to foam, and a fierce roaring breaks
The silence of the seas, as on a quiet night
The sound of pulsing oars is borne to land,
When fleets are passing on the distant main.
We turn our gaze; and there with rolling coils
Two water-snakes are sweeping toward the shore;
Their flanks, like lofty ships, throw back the foam,
They lash the main, their crests that ride the waves
Gleam fiery like their eyes, whose lightning flash
Kindles the deep, the billows hiss and roar.
All stare aghast. Behold, like priests attired
In Phrygian robes, there stand Laocoon's sons,
Twin pledges of his love, whom in their folds
The fiery snakes entwine. Each lifts his hands,
His childish hands, to guard, — alas! in vain, —
His brother's head; from love's unselfishness
Remorseless death a sharper anguish wins.
Their sire, too weak to save them, shares their fate.
Gorged with fresh blood, the monsters drag him down;

Weltering in gore at his own altar's side
The priest a victim dies, in agony
Beating the ground. Thus from polluted shrines
The gods of fated Troy were driven away.

The rising Moon her beam had just displayed,
Kindling her radiant torch amid the stars,
When the impatient Greeks unbar the doors;
And forth on Troy, by sleep and wine betrayed,
The steel-clad warriors rush, as from the yoke
Just loosed, a gallant steed of Thessaly
Darts o'er the course tossing his eager mane.
They draw their flashing blades and wave their shields
And 'havoc!' cry. One stabs the sleeping sot
With wine oppressed, one from the altar flames
Snatches a burning brand and fires the town, —
And Troy's own temples arm her foemen's hands."

[xc] Sundry of the public who were strolling in the colonnades now proceeded to pelt the aged reciter with stones. But Eumolpus, who was familiar with the sort of applause his talents usually met with, merely covered up his head and bolted from the Temple. I was afraid he would claim me as a poet. So I started off in pursuit of the fugitive, and came up with him on the seashore. There we halted, directly we were out of range of the missiles, and I asked him, "Now what do you mean by this confounded malady of yours? I have not been a couple of hours in your company, and you've talked oftener like a mad poet than a sensible man. I don't wonder the populace pelts you. I am going to fill my pockets with stones, and every time I see your wits going, I shall bleed you in the head."

At this he changed countenance, and "Oh! my young friend," he said, "today is by no means my first essay; every time I've entered a theater to recite some trifle, the audience invariably welcomes me with this kind of treat. However as I am far from wishing to quarrel with you, I undertake a whole day's fast from poetry."

"Very well, then," said I; "if you'll abjure your crankiness for today, we'll dine together." So saying, I commissioned the housekeeper at my humble rooms to make preparations for our humble meal, and we went off straight to the Baths.

CHAPTER TWELVE

[XCI] Arrived at the Baths, I catch sight of Giton laden with towels and scrapers, leaning against a wall and wearing a look of melancholy embarrassment on his face. You could easily see he was an unwilling servant; and indeed, to show my eyes had not deceived me, he now turned upon me a countenance beaming with pleasure, saying, "Oh! have pity on me, brother! there are no weapons to fear here, so I can speak freely. Save me, save me, from the murderous ruffian; and then lay upon your judge, now your penitent, any punishment you please, no matter how severe. It will be comfort enough for me in my misery to have perished by your good pleasure."

I bad him hush his complaints, that no one might surprise our plans, and leaving Eumolpus to his own devices, — he was engaged reciting a poem to his fellow bathers — I dragged Giton down a dark and dirty passage, and so hurried him away to my lodging. Then after bolting the door, I threw my arms round his neck, pressing my lips convulsively to his tear-stained face. It was long before either of us could find his voice; for my darling's bosom was quivering like my own with quick-coming sobs. "I am ashamed of my criminal weakness," I cried, "but I love you still, though you did forsake me, and the wound that pierced my heart has left not a scar behind. What can you say to excuse your surrender to another? Did I deserve so base a wrong?"

Seeing he was still loved, he put on a less downcast look:

To chide, to love, — how make these two agree?

The task beyond e'en Hercules would be.

Let Love appear, all angry passions cease.

"Yet," I could not help adding, "I never meant to refer the choice of whom you should love to any third person; but there! all is forgiven and forgotten, if only you show yourself sincerely penitent." My words were interspersed with groans and tears; when I had done, the dear boy dried my cheeks with his mantle, saying, "I beg you, Encolpius, let me appeal to your own recollection of the circumstances. Did I desert you, or did you throw me over? I am ready to confess, and it is my best excuse, when I saw you both sword in hand, I fled for safety to the stronger fighter." Kissing the bosom so full of wise prudence, I threw my arms round his neck, and to let him see he was restored to favor once more, and

that my affection and confidence were as strong as ever, I pressed him closely to my heart.

[xcii] It was quite dark and the woman had completed my orders for dinner when Eumolpus knocked at the door. I called out "How many of you are there?" and immediately proceeded to spy through a chink in the door to see whether Ascyrtos had not come too. But seeing my guest was alone, I at once hastened to let him in. He threw himself on my pallet, and directly he observed Giton moving about in attendance he wagged his head and remarked, "I like your Ganymede; we shall have a good time today." I was anything but pleased with this indiscreet beginning, and began to fear I had opened my doors to another Ascyrtos. Eumolpus grew more and more pressing, and on the lad's serving him with wine, "I like you better," he said, "than any of them at the Baths;" and draining his cup thirstily, added he had never been more vexed in his life.

"I tell you, at the Bath just now, I came very near getting a beating, merely because I tried to repeat a copy of verses to the bathers sitting around the basin. It was just like the Theater — I was turned out of the place. Then I started to look for you in every corner of the building, shouting Encolpius! Encolpius! at the top of my voice. Not far off was a naked youth, who had lost his clothes, and roaring with just the same clamorous indignation after Giton. For me, I was treated like a madman by the very slave lads, who mocked and mimicked me most insolently; he on the contrary was soon surrounded by a thronging multitude, clapping their hands and showing the most awe-struck admiration. The fact is, he possessed virile parts of such enormous mass and weight, the man really seemed only an appendage of his own member. Oh! an indefatigable worker! I warrant, the sort to begin yesterday, and finish tomorrow! Accordingly he soon found a way out of his difficulties; a bystander, a Roman knight, they said, of notorious character, wrapped his own cloak round the poor wanderer, and took him home with him, in order, I imagine, to have the sole enjoyment of so rich a windfall. But I should never have recovered so much as my own clothes from the Bathkeeper, had I not produced some one to vouch for me. So much better does it profit a man to train his member than his mind!"

During Eumolpus's narrative I changed countenance repeatedly, now jubilant at my hated rival's misfortunes, now saddened by his success. I held my tongue, however, pretending to know nothing of the matter, and set to work arranging the dinner table. I had hardly finished this, when our humble repast was brought in; the fare was homely, but succulent and substantial, and Eumolpus, our famished

scholar, fell to with a will, extolling the simplicity of the viands in the following lines:

All things that may our simple wants assuage
Kind heaven bestows to ease our hunger's rage;
Wild herbs and berries from the woodland spray
Suffice the craving appetite to stay.
What man would thirst beside a stream, or stand
To front the wintry blast with fire at hand?
The law is armed to guard the marriage bed,
The chaste bride blameless yields her maidenhead.
Whate'er is needful, bounteous Nature gives;
Pride only in unbridled riot lives!

After satisfying his appetite, our philosopher began to moralize, indulging in many criticisms of such as despise familiar things and attach value only to what is rich and rare. To their perverted taste anything that is allowable is held cheap, while they display a morbid predilection for forbidden luxuries.

[xciii] Facile success, a rose without a thorn,
An instant victory, are things I scorn.
The Phasian bird from distant Colchis brought
And Afric fowl! are dainties ever sought,
For these are rarities; not so the goose
And bright-plumed duck, fit but for vulgar use.
The costly scar, choice fish from Syrtes' shore,
That cost poor fishers' lives, these all adore;
The mullet's out of date. The modern man
Deserts his wife to woo the courtesan;
The rose yields place to cinnamon. For naught
Is held of worth that is not dearly bought.

"Is this the way," I cried, "you keep your promise of making no more poetry today? On your conscience, spare us at least, who have never thrown a stone at you. Once let any one of the company drinking under the same roof with us scent out your poetship, he will rouse the whole neighborhood and overwhelm us all in the same ruin. Have some pity on your friends, and remember the picture gallery and the baths." But Giton, who was all gentleness, remonstrated with me for speaking so, and declared I was doing ill thus to jeer at my elders. He said I was

forgetting my duty as a host, and after inviting a man to my table out of compassion, was nullifying the obligation by then insulting him. Other remarks follow, all equally imbued with moderation and good sense, and coming with added grace from so beautiful a mouth.

[xciv] “Happy the mother of such a son!” exclaimed Eumolpus. “Go on, good youth, and prosper! Rare indeed is such a combination of wisdom and beauty. Never think all your words have been wasted; you have won a lover! I, I will extol your praises in my verse. I will be your preceptor and your guardian, your companion everywhere, even when unbidden. Nor has Encolpius anything to complain of, who loves another.” The speaker had much to be thankful for to the soldier who had taken away my sword; otherwise the wrath I had conceived against Ascyrtos would surely have been wreaked on Eumolpus’s head. Giton saw what was toward, and slipped out of the room, as if to fetch water; and his judicious departure abated the extreme heat of my indignation. My anger cooled a little, and I told Eumolpus, “Sir! I would rather have you talking poetry than entertaining such hopes as these. I am a passionate man, and you a lecherous; our characters, look you, can never accord together. Suppose me stark mad; humor my frenzy, — in other words, leave the house without a moment’s delay.”

Confounded at this outburst, Eumolpus never stopped to ask my reasons, but instantly left the room, drew the door to after him, and locked me in, to my intense surprise. He carried off the key with him, and hurried away at a run in search of Giton.

Finding myself a prisoner, I resolved to hang myself and so end my miseries. I had already attached my girdle to the framework of a bed which stood against the wall, and was just fitting the noose round my neck, when the doors were flung open again, and Eumolpus coming in with Giton recalled me to the light of life from the fatal bourne I had so nearly passed. Giton especially, his agony turning to rage and fury, uttered a piercing shriek, and pushing me down headlong on the bed with both hands, “You deceive yourself, Encolpius,” he cried, “if you think you can contrive to die before me. I was first; I have already been to Ascyrtos’s lodging to look for a sword. Had I not found you, I was going to hurl myself over a precipice. Now, to show you Death is never far from those who seek him, behold in your turn the sight you intended me to witness.”

With these words he snatches a razor from Eumolpus’s hired servant, and drawing it once and again across his throat, tumbles down at our feet. Uttering a cry of horror, I fall on the floor beside him, and seek to take my own life with the same weapon. But neither did Giton exhibit the smallest sign of a wound, nor did

I myself feel any pain. The fact is, the razor had no edge, coming from a case of razors purposely blunted, with the object of training barbers' apprentices to a proper confidence in the exercise of their craft; and that was why the servant from whom he snatched the instrument had expressed no sort of consternation, nor had Eumolpus made an effort to hinder the mimic tragedy.

[xcv] In the midst of this lovers' fooling, the landlord enters with another course of the dinner, and staring hard at us where we lay sprawling disgracefully on the floor, "Are you all drunk," he asked, "or runaways, or both? Now who put up that bed against the wall like that? and what do all these underhanded proceedings mean? By great Hercules, you intended, you scamps, to levant in the night, and get out of paying the rent for your room. Not so fast, I say. I'll let you know it's no poor widow woman's the owner of the block, but Marcus Mannicius." "You threaten, do you," shouts Eumolpus, and fetches the man a good sharp slap in the face. The latter hurled at his head an earthenware jar, emptied by a succession of thirsty guests, cut open his noisy adversary's forehead, and darted out of the room. Furious at the indignity, Eumolpus snatches up a wooden candlestick, pursues the fugitive, and revenges his injury with a shower of blows. The whole household comes crowding to the scene of action, together with a mob of drunken customers. Now was my opportunity for retaliation; so I turn the tables on Eumolpus by shutting the blackguard out, and find myself without a rival and free to do as I please with my room and my night.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Eumolpus, being locked out, is assaulted by the scullions and miscellaneous tenants of the block. One threatens his eyes with a spit loaded with hissing-hot guts; another snatches a flesh-hook from the kitchen hearth and assumes a fighting attitude. First and foremost, an old hag with sore eyes and a most filthy apron, and mounted on wooden clogs (an odd pair) hauls in a huge dog on a chain, and sets him at Eumolpus, who however made a gallant defense against all assailants with his candlestick. [xcvi] All this we saw through a hole in the door, just made by the wrenching off of the handle of the wicket, and for my own part I wished him joy of his beating.

Giton on the contrary, with his usual tender-heartedness, was for opening the door and rescuing him from his perilous position. My resentment being still hot within me, I could not hold my hand, but favored the poet's sympathizer with a good smart box on the side of the head, at which he went and sat down crying on the bed. For myself, I put first one eye, then the other, to the opening, and was regaling myself with the sight of Eumolpus's sorry plight and mentally patting his assailants on the back, when Bargates, the agent of the block, who had been

called away from his dinner, was borne into the heart of the skirmish by a couple of chairmen, for he was disabled by the gout. After a long harangue against drunkards and runaways, uttered in a savage tone and barbarous accent, he said, turning upon Eumolpus, "My prince of poets, you here? and these ruffianly slaves don't fly at once and stop their brawling!" Then putting his lips to Eumolpus's ear, "My bedfellow," he went on, in a more subdued tone, "is a scornful jade; so if you love me, blackguard her in verse, will you, to make her feel ashamed of herself."

[xcvii] Whilst Eumolpus was talking apart with Bargates, a crier attended by a public slave and a small crowd of curious persons besides, entered the inn, and brandishing a torch that gave more smoke than light, read out the follow public notice:

"Lost or strayed lately in the Baths, a boy, — aged sixteen, curly-headed, a minion by trade, good-looking, Giton by name. Whoever will bring back the same or give information of his present whereabouts, will receive a thousand sesterces reward."

Not far from the herald stood Ascyrtos in a particolored robe, exhibiting description, and voucher for the sum promised, on a silver platter. I told Giton to dash under the bed and twist his hands and feet into the cords by which the mattress was supported on the framework, so that stretched full length underneath, like Ulysses of old clinging under the ram's belly, he might escape any prying hands. Giton promptly obeyed, and in another instant had cleverly twisted his fingers in the attachments, and beaten the wily Ulysses at his own game. For my part, so as to leave no room for suspicion, I heaped the pallet with clothes and shaped an impression amongst them of a single sleeper, and that a man of my own size.

Meantime Ascyrtos, visiting each room in succession with the apparitor, arrived at mine, where his hopes of success rose the higher on finding the door so carefully barred. But the public slave, inserting his ax in the crack of the door, broke the hold of the fastenings. Thereupon I threw myself at Ascyrtos' feet and implored him by the memory of our former friendship and our companionship in misfortune at any rate to let me see Giton. Nay! more, to give color to my pretended supplication, "I am well aware, Ascyrtos," I cried, "that you have come to murder me; why else have you brought these axes with you? Take your revenge then; see, I offer my neck, so shed my life's blood, which you are seeking under pretense of searching my room."

Ascyltos protested indignantly against the imputation, asseverating he was there only to look for his runaway favorite; he desired, he said, no man's, certainly no suppliant's death, and least of all that of a man whom, even after our fatal quarrel, he still thought of as his dearest friend.

[xcviii] Nor was the public slave idle meanwhile, but snatching a cane from the innkeeper, he thrusts it under the bed, and even investigates every cranny in the walls. Giton kept shirking away from the stick, and holding his breath in abject terror, squeezed closer and closer, till the bugs were tickling his very nose.

Scarcely had the men left the room when Eumolpus, for the shattered door could keep no one out, dashes in in great excitement, shouting, "The thousand sesterces are mine; I shall now run after the officer and denounce you, as you richly deserve, and inform him Giton is in your hands at the present moment." I embrace the poet's knees but he remains obdurate; I beseech him not to kill the dying; I tell him, "Your resolution would have some sense in it, if you could produce the missing boy, but he has disappeared in the crowd, and I cannot so much as guess where he is gone to. In heaven's name, Eumolpus, bring the lad back and restore him to his friends, — to Ascyltos, if it must be so."

He was just beginning to credit my plausible story when Giton, all but smothered and choking for breath, gave three loud sneezes one after the other, so that the bed positively shook. Eumolpus wheeled round at the commotion, exclaiming, "Giton, God bless you!" Then lifting the mattress away, he reveals Ulysses in such a plight even a half-starving Cyclops might well have spared him! Next turning to me, "What is the meaning of all this, you thief?" said he. "What! even when found out, you had not spirit enough to tell the truth. In fact, if some God that governs human affairs had not made the boy betray where he hung concealed, I should have been sent wandering from tavern to tavern on a wild goose chase."

Giton, a far better wheedler than myself, first stanching the wound in the poor man's forehead with some cobwebs dipped in oil; then exchanged his own little cloak for the other's torn robe, and seeing him somewhat mollified, kissed his bruises to make them well, crying, "We are in your keeping, in your hands, dearest father! If you love your Giton, try, oh! try to save him. I would the consuming fire might scorch me to ashes, the raging waters overwhelm me, and me alone! For 'tis I am the subject, I the cause, of all these wicked doings! My death would reconcile two enemies."

[xcix] Touched by our troubles, and above all stirred by Giton's blandishments, Eumolpus exclaimed, "Fools, fools; gifted as you are with qualities to ensure your

happiness, you persist in leading a life of wretchedness, and every day by your own acts draw down fresh torments on your heads. My plan of life has always been, so to spend each day as if it were my last, that is in peace and quietness; if you would follow my example, dismiss all anxious thoughts from your minds. Ascyrtos persecutes you here; then fly his neighborhood, and come with me on a voyage I am about to make to foreign parts. I sail as a passenger in a vessel that may very likely weigh this very night; I am well known on board, and we shall be sure of a hearty welcome.”

His advice appeared to me sound and good, as it was likely to free me from further annoyance on the part of Ascyrtos, and at the same time gave promise of a happier existence. Overwhelmed by Eumolpus’s generosity, I felt profoundly sorry for the insults I had just been offering him and very penitent for my jealousy, which had given rise to so many calamities. With floods of tears I begged and prayed him to include me too in his forgiveness, pointing out that it was beyond the power of lovers to control their frenzies of jealousy. I pledged myself for the future to do or say nothing whatever that could give him offense, and urged him to banish all irritation from his mind, as a learned and educated man should, so that not a trace of injury should remain. “On rugged and uncultivated ground,” I went on, “the snow lies long, but where the soil has been disciplined and improved by the plow, the light snowfall melts away before you can say it has fallen. It is the same with resentment in men’s hearts; it abides long in uncultured minds, but melts quickly from the surface of such as have been trained and educated.” “To prove the truth of what you say,” returned Eumolpus, “I hereby end my anger with this kiss. So in luck’s name, pack up your traps and follow me, or if you so prefer, lead the way yourselves.”

The words were still on his lips when the door flew open with a crash, and a rough-bearded sailor appeared on the threshold, who shouted, “You’re all behind, Eumolpus; don’t you know the Blue Peter’s flying?”

In an instant we were all afoot. Eumolpus wakes his servant, who had long ago dropped asleep, and orders him off with his baggage. Giton and I pack up all our belongings for the journey, and after a prayer to the stars, make our way on board.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

[c] We chose out a retired spot on the stern-deck, and as it was not even yet daylight, Eumolpus dozed off; but neither Giton nor myself could get a single wink of sleep. I reflected with anxiety on the fact that I had made a companion of Eumolpus, a still more redoubtable rival than Ascyrtos, and the thought gave me no peace. But reason presently getting the better of my chagrin, "It is certainly unfortunate," I said to myself, "that our friend finds the boy so much to his liking; but then are not all Nature's finest productions common to all mankind? The sun shines on the just and on the unjust. The moon, with her countless train of attendant stars, lights the very beasts of the wilderness to their prey. What can be more beautiful than water? Yet it flows freely for all and sundry. Is Love alone to be furtively snatched and not won in the open field? Nay! for my own part, I would rather not have any good thing that all the world may not covet. One rival, and that an old man, will hardly do me much harm; even should he wish to presume, he will but lose his labor, for want of breath."

Reassured by the unlikelihood of his success, I calmed my anxieties, and wrapping my head in my cloak, tried to persuade myself I was asleep. But all of a sudden, as if Fortune were resolved to destroy my composure, a lamentable voice sounded on the poop-deck, crying, "What! has he fooled me then?" It was a man's voice, and one not unfamiliar to my ears, and my heart began to beat wildly. Nor was this all; for now a woman, equally indignant, blazed out in an even fiercer tone, "If only some god would put Giton in my power, what a welcome I would give the vagabond!" Stunned by the unexpectedness of the words, we both turned pale as death. I was particularly terrified, and felt as if I were being tortured by a horrible nightmare. When I found my voice at last, I asked Eumolpus, who was just dropping off to sleep, plucking at the skirt of his tunic with trembling hands, "By all you deem holy, father, whose ship is this? and who are aboard her? tell me that."

He was furious at being disturbed. "So this was the reason," he grumbled, "you chose out the quietest nook on the deck for us to occupy, that you might not allow us one moment's rest? What the better are you, when I've told you Lichas a Tarentine commands the ship, and that Tryphaena is his passenger to Tarentum?" I shuddered horror-struck at this thunderclap, and baring my throat, "Oh! Destiny," I ejaculated, "now truly is your triumph complete!" Giton for his part

fell in a dead faint on my bosom. Presently, when a copious sweat had relieved the tension of our spirits, I grasped Eumolpus round the knees, and cried, "Have pity on two dying wretches, and in the name of what we both hold dear, end our life; death draws nigh, and unless you refuse to deal it, will haply be a boon."

Overwhelmed by my odious suspicion, Eumolpus swore by gods and goddesses he knew nothing whatever of what had happened, and had never entertained a thought of treachery; but that in absolute innocence of heart and simple good faith he had led his comrades aboard the ship he had long ago chosen for his own conveyance overseas. "Come now, what plot is there afoot?" he demanded; "what Hannibal have we on board with us? Lichas of Tarentum, a most respectable man, and not merely owner of this vessel, which he commands himself, but of sundry landed estates besides and a house of commerce, is carrying a cargo to sell in the way of business. So this is the Cyclops, the pirate king, we owe our passage-money to; then besides him, there is Tryphaena, the fairest of fair women, who is sailing from port to port on pleasure bent."

[C1] "Why! these," retorted Giton, "are the very persons we wish to avoid," and gave the amazed Eumolpus a short account of the reasons for their hostility and the extremity of the risk we ran. So confounded was he at the news, he knew not what advice to offer, but besought each of us to say what he thought. "Imagine us entrapped," he went on, "in the Cyclops' cave; some means or other of escape must be discovered, unless we prefer a leap overboard and a sudden end to all our troubles."

"Better," interposed Giton, "persuade the pilot to steer the ship into some harbor, of course making it worth his while, and tell him your brother is so subject to seasickness he is at death's door. You can easily color this excuse with woebegone looks and streaming tears, so that the officer may grant you the favor out of sheer compassion." But Eumolpus at once declared this scheme to be impracticable; "for big ships," he pointed out, "require to be laboriously warped into landlocked harbors; besides, how utterly improbable it will sound that the boy should have come to such a desperate pass so quickly as all this. Another point. Most likely Lichas will want to visit a sick passenger as a mark of civility. How singularly pleasant for us, look you, to have the captain, whom we particularly wish to avoid, coming to see us of his own motion! But again, granted the vessel could be turned from her main course, and that Lichas should never think of inspecting the sick boy, how are we to get off the ship without every soul on board seeing us? With faces muffled, or faces bare? If muffled, who

but will spring forward to help the poor patients ashore? If bare, what does this amount to but simply giving ourselves away?"

[CII] "Nay! why not," I interposed, "make a bold stroke, slip down a rope into the ship's boat and cutting the painter leave the rest to Fortune? Not that I expect Eumolpus to join in the venture; why should we involve an innocent man in troubles that in no way concern him? Enough for me if good luck attend us two on our descent into the boat." "Not at all a bad idea," said Eumolpus, "if only it were feasible; but who could help noticing your attempt, — first and foremost the pilot, who is on watch all night, observing every motion of the stars? Possibly you might elude his vigilance during an instant's sleepiness, if escape were practicable by any other part of the vessel; but as things are, you are bound to escape by the stern, past the very helm, for that is where the rope is made fast that secures the boat. Besides, I wonder this never occurred to you, Encolpius, that one of the crew is on watch in the boat night and day, a sentinel you cannot get rid of, except by killing the man or pitching him neck and crop overboard. As to the feasibility of this, well! consult your own courage. About my accompanying you myself, I shirk no danger that gives the faintest hope of success. But to throw away one's life as a thing of no importance is, I am sure, what you do not approve of.

"Now consider how you like this plan; I will clap you in a couple of hides, cording you up among my clothes as part of my luggage, of course leaving sufficient openings for you to breathe and eat through. Then I will raise an outcry to the effect that my slaves have both jumped overboard, because they were afraid of a more terrible punishment. So when we get into port, I will convey you ashore as baggage without exciting any suspicion whatever."

"Oh! you would pack us up in bales, as if we were solid inside, eh? — and not liable to evacuations at all? as if we never sneezed or snored? The same sort of trick turned out such a success once before, didn't it? Granted we could endure the bondage for a day, what if a calm or a contrary gale prolonged the time further? what would become of us then? Why! even clothes, if kept too long tightly packed, cut at the folds, and papers grow illegible, when tied up in bundles. Young and unused to hardship, how shall we endure swathing bands and ligaments, like graven images? We must find some better way of escape than this. Listen to what I have hit on. Eumolpus, as a man of letters, of course carries ink about him; let us black ourselves with it from head to foot. Then as Ethiopian slaves we shall be at your service, light-hearted and free from fear of consequences, besting our enemies by this change of complexion."

“Why certainly,” cried Giton, “circumcise us too, that we may pass for Jews, and bore our ears to imitate Arabs, and chalk our faces that Gaul may claim us as her sons! As if a change of color could modify the whole appearance; why! a host of alterations must be united to make the illusion convincing. Grant our dyed faces would keep their black; suppose no touch of water to make the color run, no blot of ink to stick to our clothes, an accident that will often happen even when no mucilage is added; pray, can we give ourselves the hideous swollen lips of the African? can we transform our hair to wool with curling-tongs? can we scar our brows with rows of ugly wrinkles? render ourselves bow-legged and flat-footed? give our beards that outlandish look? A dye may disfigure the person, it cannot change it. Now hear a desperate man’s remedy; let us wind our clothes around our heads, and plunge into the deep.”

[ciii] “Gods and men forbid,” cried Eumolpus, “you should end your days in so base a fashion. Better, far better, do as I advise. My servant, as the razor incident showed you, is a barber; let him instantly shave you both, — not heads only but eyebrows as well. I will second his efforts, marking your foreheads with writing, so cleverly executed you will have all the look of a pair of branded slaves. My lettering will at one and the same time divert the suspicions of your pursuers, and under the guise of a degrading punishment, conceal your real features.”

This plan was approved, and our metamorphosis effected without delay. We stole to the side of the ship, and submitted our heads and eyebrows too to the barber’s tender mercies. Eumolpus then proceeded to cover both our foreheads with enormous capital letters, and with a liberal hand sprawl the well-known sign of runaways all over our faces. It so happened that one of the passengers, who was leaning over the side unburdening his seasick stomach, privately noted the barber busied with this unseasonable moonlight work, and with a curse at the sinister omen of an act so nearly resembling the last despairing vow of shipwrecked mariners, hurried back to his berth. Feigning indifference to the sufferer’s imprecation, we fell into the same melancholy train of thought as before, and settling down in silence, spent the remaining hours of darkness in an uneasy doze.

[civ] Next day, directly Eumolpus learned Tryphaena was risen, he entered Lichas’s cabin; here, after some conversation about the prosperous voyage promised by the fine weather, Lichas remarked, turning towards Tryphaena, “Priapus appeared to me in a dream last night, and said, ‘Encolpius, the man you are in search of, I hereby tell you, has by me been brought on board your ship.’” Tryphaena started violently; “You might think we had slept together,” she

exclaimed; “for I too saw a vision, that image of Neptune I noticed in the Temple Court at Baiae, telling me, ‘You will find Giton on Lichas’s ship.’”

“This will show you plainly,” interrupted Eumolpus, “that Epicurus was a man inspired, who most elegantly expresses his opinion of these figments of the imagination:

“Dreams that delude our minds with shadows vain
Are not heaven-sent. But each man’s proper brain
Forges these nothings; and the mind at play
Doth nightly reenact the deeds of day,
While the tired body sleeps. The conqueror
Who cities shakes, loosing the dogs of War,
Sees brandished spears, and routs, and deaths of Kings.
And blood, and all the horrors battle brings.
What sees the lawyer? — ranged a dreadful show,
The bench, the bar, the judges all a-row!
The miser dreams of gold, lost treasure finds.
In woodland ways his horn the huntsman winds.
The sailor’s vision scenes of wreck describes.
The harlot wheedles; the adultress bribes.
The sleeping hound the flying hare pursues;
And each unhappy wretch old griefs renews.”

Lichas, however, after duly expiating Tryphaena’s dream, said, “Who is to hinder us searching the ship anyway, that we may not appear to scorn the revelation the gods vouchsafe?”

The passenger who had so unfortunately surprised our furtive maneuvers during the night, Hesus he was called, now suddenly broke in with the question, “Who were the fellows then that were shaved by moonlight last night, an abominable thing to do, upon my word! For they tell me it’s wicked for any man alive, when aboard ship, to cut either nails or hair, except when the wind is at odds with the waves.”

[CV] Lichas flew into a passion of anger and consternation at the words, blustering, “Has anyone dared to cut his hair on my ship, and at dead of night too? Produce the culprits instantly, that I may know whose head must fall to purify my vessel from the taint.”

“It was I,” Eumolpus confessed, “ordered it. If I have brought down ill luck, I shall not escape my share, for am I not to travel in the same ship? But the fact is

the offenders had such monstrously long and shaggy hair I ordered the wretches' unkempt locks to be shorn, that I might not seem to be turning our good ship into a jail, as also that the letters branded on their brows might be legible to all men's eyes, being no longer overshadowed and hidden by the hair. Amongst other knavish tricks, they have been spending my money on a light-o'-love they kept between them, from whose side I dragged them away only last night reeking with wine and filthy perfumes. Indeed at this very minute they stink of the relics of their debauch — and it is all at my expense!"

Accordingly, by way of expiation to the tutelary spirit of the ship, it was decreed we should each of us receive forty stripes. Without further delay the savage sailors fall upon us, anxious to appease the deity with our wretched blood. For myself, I digested three lashes with Spartan fortitude; but Giton, at the very first blow, set up such a yell his well remembered voice penetrated straight to Tryphaena's ears.

Nor was the mistress the only one startled by his cries; all her maids as well, attracted by the familiar tones, gather round the triangles. Already had his wondrous beauty begun to disarm the sailors and deprecate their rage with its mute appeal, when Tryphaena's women all chime in with the cry, "Giton! it's Giton! stay, oh! stay your savage hands. Help, help, mistress! it's Giton!" Tryphaena turns only too ready an ear to their words, and flies headlong to his side. Lichas, who knew me perfectly, just as well as if he had heard my voice too, now runs up, and looking neither at hands nor face, but instantly lowering his eyes to my middle, politely laid his hands on those parts, and greeted me by my name. Why wonder any longer at Ulysses' nurse, after twenty years, identifying the scar that proved his birth, when this most observing master mariner, spite of every lineament of face and form being disguised, yet pounced shrewdly on the sole and only attribute that betrayed the fugitive. Tryphaena burst into tears, supposing our disfigurement real and that we had been branded on the brow as slaves and inquired in soft tones of pity, what dungeon we had fallen into on our wanderings, or whose hands had been barbarous enough to inflict so terrible a punishment. Doubtless they had merited some mark of ignominy, the runaways, whom her favors had only turned into enemies — but not such a one as this!

[cvi] Frenzied with indignation, Lichas sprang forward, crying, "Oh! the simplicity of the woman! to actually believe these scars were made and the letters really imprinted, with the branding-iron! I only wish the marks they have disfigured their faces with were permanent! This would be some satisfaction to us

at any rate. As a matter of fact, the whole thing's a farce, and the lettering a delusion and a snare!"

Tryphaena was by way of showing some compassion, inasmuch as all was not lost for her pleasures; but Lichas, remembering his wife's seduction and the insults he had received in the portico of the Temple of Hercules, and showing a countenance fiercely contorted with passion, cries, "This will show you, I imagine, Tryphaena, the immortal gods do govern human lives. Have they not brought the culprits all unwitting on board our ship, yea! and warned us of the fact by dreams coinciding in every particular with the truth? Look you now, how can we pardon offenders whom God himself puts into our hands for chastisement? For my part, I'm not a cruel man; but I dare not spare them, lest I suffer for it myself."

Impressed by these superstitious arguments, Tryphaena changed her mind, and declared she would make no further objection to our punishment, but would gladly second so just a piece of retribution. She had received, she added, as cruel wrong as Lichas himself; for had not her good name been publicly traduced before a vulgar mob? [cvii]

'Twas terror first gave origin to gods,
When the forked lightning, flashing from the sky
Would o'erwhelm towns and lofty Athos fire.
Next, rising Sun, and waxing, waning Moon,
Offerings received. So idols filled the world,
And not a month but had its proper god.
Far spread the taint; blind superstition led
The rustic swain to pay his first-fruits' toll
To Ceres, and with grapes Bacchus to crown,
And Pales venerate, the shepherds' god;
So Neptune ruled the waves, Pallas the schools.
Each man of mark, each founder of a State,
New gods invents, his rival to outstrip.

Lichas, seeing Tryphaena eager as himself for revenge, ordered our punishment to be renewed and increased. On hearing this Eumolpus endeavored to mitigate his anger by the following speech: "The unhappy beings whose destruction your vengeance claims, imploring your compassion, Lichas, they have chosen me, as one not unknown to you, to the office of mediator, to reconcile them once more to those they formerly held so dear.

You cannot really suppose the young men fell into this trap by mere chance; for surely the very first thing an intending passenger asks, is the name of the person he is to intrust his safety to. Relent then; be satisfied with the penalties already exacted and suffer free men to proceed to their destination without further injury. The harshest and most unforgiving of masters stay their cruelty, when slaves return home penitent; and do we not all of us spare enemies who surrender? What more do you want or desire? Prostrate before you lie these youths, men of birth and breeding though they be, and what is more than this, friends once bound to you in the ties of closest intimacy. Had they embezzled your money, had they betrayed your trust, by great Hercules! even then your resentment might be satisfied with the pains and penalties you behold. Lo! the marks of servitude upon their brows, and their faces — free men's faces — wearing voluntarily the degrading badge of punishment!”

But Lichas cut short the plea of mercy. “Nay! you confuse the issue,” he interrupted; “you should keep each point separate and distinct. First of all, if they came here of their own free will, why did they shave their heads? The man who adopts a disguise is after no good, but is trying to deceive. Secondly, if they were seeking forgiveness and reconciliation through your good offices, why did you take every possible pains to keep your clients concealed? It is plain enough the culprits did fall into the trap accidentally, and that you are merely trying on an artful subterfuge to slip out of reach of our resentment.

“Then for your special pleading, your noisy claim about their being men of birth and breeding, have a care you don't injure your case by over-confidence. Whatever is the injured party to do, when the guilty run blindly to their own punishment? But, you urge, they were our friends; the more thoroughly, I say, have they earned their chastisement. The man who wrongs mere strangers, is called a robber; he who betrays his friends, is little better than a murderer.”

Eumolpus, to rebut this damaging reasoning, replies, “There is nothing, I gather, tells more heavily against the unfortunate young men than the fact of their having cut off their hair by night; this is taken to prove they did not come on board voluntarily, but by mischance. I only trust my explanation may seem as simple and straightforward as the act itself was simply and innocently done. They purposed, before ever they embarked, to have eased their heads of an annoying and needless burden, but the wind springing up sooner than was expected forced them to put off their visit to the barber; nor did they for an instant imagine it mattered where they carried out the intention they had formed, knowing nothing of the omen involved or the rules aboard ship.”

“What made them take the guise of suppliants and shave their heads,” was Lichas’s only answer, “unless possibly because bald heads are more likely to win compassion? But there, what use trying to get at the truth through an interpreter? What have you to say for yourself, you thief? What salamander has burnt off your eyebrows? what god have you vowed your locks to? Answer me, villain.” ^[cviii] As for me, I stood dumfounded, silenced by my terror of punishment, unable in my confusion to find a word, so plain was the case against me. Besides, I was so disfigured, what with my cropped head and my eyebrows as bare as my forehead, I could do nothing and say nothing becomingly. But when presently my tearful face was wiped with a wet sponge, and the ink being thus moistened and smeared all over my countenance, my features were all confounded together in one sooty cloud, his anger turned into disgust. Eumolpus stoutly declared he would not stand by and see freeborn men degraded against all right and justice, and protested against our savage foeman’s threats not only in word but in act. His protests were seconded by his hired servant and by one or two passengers very much exhausted by seasickness, and whose interference was more of an inducement to further violence than an accession of strength. I asked for no mercy for myself, but shaking my fists in Tryphaena’s face, I cried out in a bold, loud voice, I would use all my strength upon her, if she laid a finger on Giton, cursed woman that she was, the only person on the ship that really wanted flogging.

This insolence made Lichas still more angry, for he was furious at seeing me thus abandon my own cause to protest on Giton’s behalf. Nor was Tryphaena less enraged at the affront, and the whole ship’s company was split into two opposing factions. On the one side the barber servant is busied distributing his razors amongst us, after first arming himself with one of them, on the other Tryphaena’s slaves are tucking up their sleeves the better to use their fists. Even the maids did their part, encouraging the combatants with their cries, the pilot alone protesting and declaring he would leave the helm, if they did not make an end of this frantic uproar all about a couple of lecherous blackguards.

Even this threat failed to mitigate the fury of the disputants, our adversaries fighting for revenge, and ourselves for dear life. Numbers fall on either side, though no one is actually killed; still more retire wounded and bleeding, like soldiers after a pitched battle, without anyone showing the smallest loss of determination.

At this crisis the gallant Giton suddenly clapped his razor menacingly to his virile parts, threatening to amputate the cause of so many calamities; but Tryphaena forbade the perpetration of the horrid deed, readily granting him

quarter. I myself repeatedly laid a similar weapon to my throat, though without any more intention of really killing myself than Giton had of carrying out his threat. At the same time he was able to enact the comedy with the more reckless realism, knowing as he did that the razor in his hand was the identical one he had once already cut his throat with.

Both sides kept the field with equal resolution, till the pilot, seeing it was likely to be no everyday fight, arranged after no little difficulty that Tryphaena should act as peacemaker and effect a truce. So after mutual pledges had been exchanged in the time-honored fashion, holding forth an olive branch she had hastily snatched from the image of the tutelary deity of the vessel, she advanced boldly to the parley.

“What direful rage,” she cries, “turns peace to war?
What crime is ours? No faithless Paris here
Rides in our ship, nor Menelaus’ bride,
Nor with a brother’s gore Medea dyed.
'Tis slighted love inspires the feud, and craves
For blood and murderous deeds amidst these waves;
Why die before our time? your wrath forbear,
Nor make the harmless sea your passions share!”

[CIX] This effusion, pronounced by Tryphaena in a broken voice, did something to stop the fray, the combatants at length turning their thoughts to a peaceful solution and ceasing from active hostilities. Eumolpus, the leader on our side, at once seized the opportunity for reconciliation thus offered, and after first indulging in a fierce invective against Lichas and all his doings, put his seal to a treaty of peace, which ran as follows:

“From the bottom of your heart, you, Tryphaena, do promise and undertake to fore-go all complaint of the wrong done you by Giton; and never, by reason of any act of his committed aforetime, to upbraid, or punish, or in any wise molest him. Furthermore, that you will do nothing to the boy against his free will and pleasure, neither embracing, nor kissing, the said Giton, nor fornicating with him, except under forfeiture of one hundred denars for such offense.

“Item: from the bottom of your heart, you, Lichas, do promise that you will in no wise annoy Encolpius with word or look of contumely, nor inquire where he may sleep at night; or if you so do, that you will incontinently count down two hundred denars for each offense.”

A truce being agreed to upon these terms, we laid down our arms, and in order that no vestige of rancor might be left, once the oath was taken, it was resolved we should kiss away all memory of past injuries. All being unanimous for peace, our swelling passions soon subside, and a banquet served with emulous alacrity crowns our reconciliation with the pledge of good-fellowship. The whole ship resounds with singing, and a sudden calm having arrested her progress, one might be seen harpooning the fish that leapt above the waves, while another would be hauling in the struggling prey enticed by his cunningly baited hooks. Sea-birds too came and settled on the main yard; these a practised sportsman touched with his jointed fowling-rods, and conveyed them glued to the limed tackle into our very hands. The down flew dancing in the air, while the larger feathers fell into the sea and tossed lightly to and fro on the foam-capped waves.

Lichas seemed already on the point of making it up with me, and Tryphaena was throwing the last drops of her wine amorously over Giton, when Eumolpus, who was as drunk as anybody, took it into his head to start jeering at people who were bald-headed and branded. Eventually coming to the end of his exceedingly pointless witticisms, he once more dropped into poetry, and treated us to the following little “Lament for Vanished Locks”:

Beauty is fallen! thy hair’s soft vernal grace
To wintry baldness gives untimely place.
Thy injured temples mourn their ravished shade;
Waste, like a stubble field, thy brow is laid.
Fallacious gods! your treacherous gifts how vain!
You only give us joy, to give us pain.
Unhappy youth! but late thy curling gold
E’en Phoebus self might envy to behold;
But now for smoothness, nor the liquid air,
Nor watered pumpkin can with thee compare.
The laughter-loving maids you fly, and fear;
And death with hasty steps will soon be here.
His fatal night already clouds thy morn,
Beauty is fallen! and thy gay locks are shorn.

[cx] He was still longing, I verily believe, to give us more of this stuff or perhaps something worse, when Tryphaena’s maid led Giton away below and dressed the lad up in one of her mistress’s heads of hair. She next produced eyebrows out of a make-up box, and cleverly following the lines of the lost features, soon restored

him to all his pristine comeliness. Tryphaena saw Giton once more under his true colors, and bursting into tears, gave the boy the first genuine and heartfelt kiss she had bestowed on him since his misfortunes. Rejoiced as I was to see the lad restored to his former beauty, I could not help continually hiding my own face, feeling how extraordinarily I must be disfigured, since Lichas did not deign to give me so much as a word. However I was rescued before long from these sad thoughts by the kind offices of the same maid servant, who now called me aside and decked me out with an equally elegant substitute for my lost ringlets. Indeed my face looked prettier than ever, as it happened to be a flaxen wig.

But Eumolpus, champion of the distressed and author of the existing harmony, fearing that our cheerfulness should flag for lack of amusing anecdotes, commenced a series of gibes at women's frailty, — how lightly they fell in love, how quickly they forgot even their own sons for a lover's sake, asserting there was never yet a woman so chaste she might not be wrought to the wildest excesses by a lawless passion. Without alluding to the old plays and world-renowned examples of women's folly, he need only instance a case that had occurred, he said, within his own memory, which if we pleased he would now relate. This offer concentrated the attention of all on the speaker, who began as follows:

[CXI] “There was once upon a time at Ephesus a lady of so high repute for chastity that women would actually come to that city from neighboring lands to see and admire. This fair lady, having lost her husband, was not content with the ordinary signs of mourning, such as walking with hair disheveled behind the funeral car and beating her naked bosom in presence of the assembled crowd; she was fain further to accompany her lost one to his final resting-place, watch over his corpse in the vault where it was laid according to the Greek mode of burial, and weep day and night beside it. So deep was her affliction, neither family nor friends could dissuade her from these austerities and the purpose she had formed of perishing of hunger. Even the Magistrates had to retire worsted after a last but fruitless effort. All mourned as virtually dead already a woman of such singular determination, who had already passed five days without food.

“A trusty handmaid sat by her mistress's side, mingling her tears with those of the unhappy woman, and trimming the lamp which stood in the tomb as often as it burned low. Nothing else was talked of throughout the city but her sublime devotion, and men of every station quoted her as a shining example of virtue and conjugal affection.

“Meantime, as it fell out, the Governor of the Province ordered certain robbers to be crucified in close proximity to the vault where the matron sat bewailing the recent loss of her mate. Next night the soldier who was set to guard the crosses to prevent anyone coming and removing the robbers’ bodies to give them burial, saw a light shining among the tombs and heard the widow’s groans. Yielding to curiosity, a failing common to all mankind, he was eager to discover who it was, and what was afoot. Accordingly he descended into the tomb, where beholding a lovely woman, he was at first confounded, thinking he saw a ghost or some supernatural vision. But presently the spectacle of the husband’s dead body lying there, and the woman’s tear-stained and nail-torn face, everything went to show him the reality, how it was a disconsolate widow unable to resign herself to the death of her helpmate. He proceeded therefore to carry his humble meal into the tomb, and to urge the fair mourner to cease her indulgence in grief so excessive, and to leave off torturing her bosom with unavailing sobs. Death, he declared, was the common end and last home of all men, enlarging on this and the other commonplaces generally employed to console a wounded spirit. But the lady, only shocked by this offer of sympathy from a stranger’s lips, began to tear her breast with redoubled vehemence, and dragging out handfuls of her hair, she laid them on her husband’s corpse.

“The soldier, however, refusing to be rebuffed, renewed his adjuration to the unhappy lady to eat. Eventually the maid, seduced doubtless by the scent of the wine, found herself unable to resist any longer, and extended her hand for the refreshment offered; then with energies restored by food and drink, she set herself to the task of breaking down her mistress’s resolution. ‘What good will it do you,’ she urged, ‘to die of famine, to bury yourself alive in the tomb, to yield your life to destiny before the Fates demand it?’

““Think you to pleasure thus the dead and gone?

““Nay! rather return to life, and shaking off this womanly weakness, enjoy the good things of this world as long as you may. The very corpse that lies here before your eyes should be a warning to make the most of existence.’

“No one is really loath to consent, when pressed to eat or live. The widow therefore, worn as she was with several days’ fasting, suffered her resolution to be broken, and took her fill of nourishment with no less avidity than her maid had done, who had been the first to give way.

[CXII] “Now you all know what temptations assail poor human nature after a hearty meal. The soldier resorted to the same cajolements which had already been successful in inducing the lady to eat, in order to overcome her virtue. The modest

widow found the young soldier neither ill-looking nor wanting in address, while the maid was strong indeed in his favor and kept repeating:

“Why thus unmindful of your past delight,
Against a pleasing passion will you fight?”

“But why make a long story? The lady showed herself equally complaisant in this respect also, and the victorious soldier gained both his ends. So they lay together not only that first night of their nuptials, but a second likewise, and a third, the door of the vault being of course kept shut, so that anyone, friend or stranger, that might come to the tomb, should suppose this most chaste of wives had expired by now on her husband’s corpse. Meantime the soldier, entranced with the woman’s beauty and the mystery of the thing, purchased day by day the best his means allowed him, and as soon as ever night was come, conveyed the provisions to the tomb.

“Thus it came about that the relatives of one of the malefactors, observing this relaxation of vigilance, removed his body from the cross during the night and gave it proper burial. But what of the unfortunate soldier, whose self-indulgence had thus been taken advantage of, when next morning he saw one of the crosses under his charge without its body! Dreading instant punishment, he acquaints his mistress with what had occurred, assuring her he would not await the judge’s sentence, but with his own sword exact the penalty of his negligence. He must die therefore; would she give him sepulture, and join the friend to the husband in that fatal spot?

“But the lady was no less tender-hearted than virtuous. ‘The Gods forbid,’ she cried, ‘I should at one and the same time look on the corpses of two men, both most dear to me. I had rather hang a dead man on the cross than kill a living.’ So said, so done; she orders her husband’s body to be taken from its coffin and fixed upon the vacant cross. The soldier availed himself of the ready-witted lady’s expedient, and next day all men marveled how in the world a dead man had found his own way to the cross.”

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

[CXIII] This story set the sailors all laughing, while it made Tryphaena blush not a little and lay her face amorously against Giton's bosom. Lichas on the other hand was far from laughing, and shaking his head indignantly, "If the Governor of Ephesus had been a just man," he declared, "he should have returned the good husband's body to the tomb and hung the woman on the cross." Doubtless he was thinking of the injury done to his own bed, and the pillage of his ship by the roving band of wantons. But not only did the terms of our treaty forbid his bearing rancor, but the mirth that filled all hearts left no room for resentment. Meantime Tryphaena, sitting on Giton's lap, was now covering his breast with kisses, now adjusting his wig so as to set off his face in spite of the loss of his ringlets.

For myself, so chagrined and impatient was I at this new and unexpected reconciliation I could neither eat nor drink, but sat looking grimly askance at the pair. Every kiss they exchanged wounded me, and every artful blandishment the wanton employed. I knew not whether I was the more incensed with the boy for having robbed me of my mistress, or with my mistress for debauching the boy. Both sights cut me to the quick, and were far more painful than my late captivity. To make things worse, Tryphaena never vouchsafed me a word, as she surely might have to a friend and a once favored lover, nor did Giton deign so much as to do me the common courtesy of drinking my health, or at the very least speaking to me in the course of general conversation. I suppose he was afraid, just at the commencement of renewed favors on the lady's part, of re-opening a scarcely healed wound. Tears of vexation wetted my bosom, and the groans I stifled under the guise of a sigh all but choked me.

The vulture grim that, sick hearts torturing,
Mangles the inmost vitals day and night,
Is not the bird complacent poets sing,
But bitter jealousy and sore despite.

Notwithstanding my dismal countenance, my flaxen wig set off my beauty to advantage, and Lichas, inflamed afresh with amorousness, began to cast sheep's eyes at me and to solicit my favors, adopting more the tone of a friend than of a supercilious master who commands. Many were his attempts, but all in vain; at

last, his advances meeting with nothing but decided rebuffs, his love changed to fury, and he endeavored to carry the place by assault. But Tryphaena, making a sudden inroad, observed his naughtiness, whereupon he hurriedly adjusts his dress in great confusion, and takes to his heels.

This added fresh fuel to Tryphaena's wantonness, who demanded, "What was Lichas aiming at in these ardent attempts of his?" She forced me to explain, and fired by my tale, remembering too our former intimate relations, would fain have had me renew our bygone amours. But I was tired out with excessive venery, and rejected her advances with scorn. At this, Tryphaena, in a frenzy of desire, threw her arms wildly around me and hugged me so tight I uttered a sudden cry of pain. One of the maids rushed in at the sound, and jumping to the conclusion I was extorting from her mistress the very favor I refused her, sprang at me and tore us apart. Mad with the disappointment of her lecherous passion, Tryphaena upbraided me violently, and with a thousand threats hastened away to Lichas, to still further exasperate him against me and to join him in contriving some means of vengeance.

You must know that at one time I had found much favor in this same waiting-maid's eyes, when I was on familiar terms with her mistress; so she took it extremely ill when she surprised me with Tryphaena, and sobbed bitterly. I eagerly inquired the reason of her distress, and after making some show of reluctance, she burst out, "If you have one drop of good blood in your veins, you will treat her as no better than a strumpet; as you are a man, don't go with that female catamite."

This incident perplexed my mind and made me still more anxious; but what I feared more than anything else was that Eumolpus might get wind of the circumstances, such as they were, and being a most sarcastic person might compose a versified lampoon to avenge my supposed wrongs, for in that case his fiery partisanship would undoubtedly have made me ridiculous, a thing I especially dreaded. I was just debating in my own mind how I could keep Eumolpus from this knowledge, when behold! the very man in question appeared, perfectly acquainted with what had occurred; for Tryphaena had retailed the whole circumstances to Giton, trying to indemnify herself for my rebuff at my little favorite's expense. This had made Eumolpus furiously angry, all the more as these ebullitions of amorousness were open violations of the treaty signed and sealed between us. The instant the old fellow set eyes on me, he began bemoaning my lot, and begged I would tell him exactly how it had all happened. So I frankly told him, seeing he was thoroughly posted already, of Lichas's abominable

attempt and Tryphaena's lecherous provocations. After listening to my tale, Eumolpus swore in good set terms, that he would avenge us, declaring the Gods were too just to suffer such villainies to go unpunished.

[CXIV] Whilst we were still engaged in talk of this and the like sort, the sea rose and heavy clouds gathering from all quarters plunged the scene in darkness. The sailors run to their posts in panic haste, and take in sail to ease the ship. But the wind, continually changing, had raised a cross-sea, and the helmsman was uncertain what course to steer. At one moment the storm would be driving us towards Sicily, while at others the North Wind, that tyrant of the Italian coast, would repeatedly whirl our helpless ship hither and thither at its mercy; and what was more dangerous than all the squalls, a sudden darkness had fallen, so thick the helmsman could not see even to the ship's bows. So the tempest being, God knows, utterly overpowering, Lichas stretches forth his hands towards me in terror and supplication, crying, "Help us, Encolpius, help us in our peril; restore that sacred robe and the sistrum you robbed the ship of. By all you hold sacred, have pity, you who are so tender-hearted usually." As he was vociferating thus, the gale swept him overboard; he rose once and again from the raging whirlpool, then the waters whirled him round and sucked him under.

Tryphaena on the contrary was saved by the fidelity of her slaves, who seized her, put her in the ship's boat along with the greater part of her baggage, and so rescued her from certain death.

Clinging to Giton, I lamented, "Is this all the Gods give us, to unite us only in death? Nay! cruel Fortune grudges even this. Look! in an instant the waves will overset the ship; look! the angry sea will in an instant sever the embraces of two lovers. If ever you truly loved Encolpius, kiss me, while you may, and snatch this last delight from swift impending doom."

As I said the words, Giton threw off his robe, and creeping inside my tunic, protruded his head to be kissed. Moreover, that the cruel waves might not tear our embrace asunder, he girt us both together with a girdle round our waists, crying, "If nothing else, at least we shall thus float longer united; or if the ocean be so merciful as to cast up our dead bodies on the same shore, either some passer-by will have the common humanity to heap a cairn over us, or else the unconscious sand will give us a burial even the angry waves cannot dispute." I submit to this last and final bond, and calm as if composed on my funeral couch, await a death I no longer dread.

The tempest meantime carries out the decrees of Fate, and beats down the last defenses of the ship. Mast and rudder are carried away, and not a rope or an oar

left; like a mere shapeless mass of logs she goes drifting with the billows. Some fishermen now put out hastily in their small craft to loot the vessel; but when they saw men were still on board ready to defend their property, they changed from wreckers into rescuers. [cxv] Suddenly we hear an extraordinary noise, like the howling of a wild beast trying to get out, coming from underneath the master's cabin. Following up the sound, we discover Eumolpus seated, dashing down verses on a huge sheet of parchment. Marveling how the man could find leisure in the very face of death to be writing poetry, we haul him out in spite of his clamorous protests, telling him to have some common sense for once. But he was furious at the interruption, and shouted, "Let me finish my phrase; my poem's just in the throes of completion!" I laid violent hands on the maniac, calling on Giton to help me drag the bellowing poet ashore. After accomplishing our purpose with much difficulty, we found dismal shelter in a fisherman's hut, where having refreshed ourselves as best we might with provisions damaged by sea-water, we passed a most wretched night.

Next day, as we were debating what district we might most safely make for, I suddenly caught sight of a human body that was driving ashore, tossing lightly up and down on the waves. I stood sadly waiting, gazing with wet eyes on the work of the faithless element, and thus soliloquized, "Somewhere or another, mayhap, a wife is looking in blissful security for this poor fellow's return, or a son perhaps, or a father, all unsuspecting of storm and wreck; be sure, he has left some one behind, whom he kissed fondly at parting. This then is the end of human projects, this the accomplishment of men's mighty schemes. Look! how now he rides the waves."

I was still deploring the stranger's fate, as I supposed him to be, when the swell heaved the face, still quite undisfigured, towards the beach, and I recognized the features of Lichas, my erstwhile enemy, so formidable and implacable a foe, now cast helpless almost at my feet. I could restrain my tears no longer, but smiting my breast again and again, "Where is your anger now," I exclaimed, "and all your domineering ways? There you lie, a prey to the fishes and monsters of the deep; you who so short a while ago proudly boasted your despotic powers, have never a plank left of your great ship. Go to, mortals; swell your hearts with high-flown anticipations. Go to, ye men of craft; arrange the disposal for a thousand years to come of the wealth you have got by fraud. Why! only yesterday this dead man here cast up the accounts of his fortune, and actually fixed in his own mind the day, when he should return to his native shore. Ye Gods! how far away he lies from the point he hoped to reach. Nor is it the sea alone that disappoints men's

hopes like this. The warrior is betrayed by his arms; the householder in the act of paying his offerings to heaven is overwhelmed in the ruin of his own penates. One is thrown from his car, and breathes his last hurried breath; the glutton dies of an over-hearty meal, the frugal man of fasting. Reckon it aright, and there is shipwreck everywhere. But then a drowned man misses burial, you object. As if it made one scrap of difference how the perishable body is consumed, — by fire, by water, or by time. Do what you will, these all end in the same result. Ah! but wild beasts will mangle his corpse. As if fire would treat it any kindlier; why! fire is the very penalty we deem the most appalling, when we are savage with our slaves. What folly then to make such ado to ensure that no part of us remain unburied, when the Fates arrange this matter at their pleasure, whether we will or no.”

After indulging in these grim thoughts, we proceed to perform the last offices to the dead man, and Lichas, borne by the hands of his ill-wishers to the pile, is consumed to ashes. Eumolpus meantime is busy composing an epitaph for the departed, and after rolling his eyes about for a while in search of inspiration, delivers himself of the following fragment:

His doom was sealed,
No carven marble marked his sepulture;
Five feet of common earth received the corpse,
His tomb a lowly mound.

[CXVI] This office duly and willingly performed, we pursue our interrupted journey, and in a very brief space of time arrive sweating at the top of a steep hill, whence we spy at no great distance a city occupying the summit of a lofty crag. We did not know its name, being mere wanderers, until a peasant informed us it was Croton, a very ancient place and once upon a time the first town of all Italy. We next inquired anxiously what sort were the people inhabiting this famous site, and what commerce they mostly carried on since the ruin of their former prosperity by constantly recurring wars.

“Good strangers,” the fellow replied, “if so be you are merchants, change your trade and seek some other means of livelihood. But if you are of a more genteel stamp, and can tell lies without end and stick to them, you’re in the straight road to fortune. In this city literature is not cultivated, nor does eloquence find favor; sobriety and morality meet with neither commendation nor success; its inhabitants each and all, you must know, belong to one or other of two classes, viz., legacy hunters and their prey. In this city no man rears children, for whosoever has natural heirs of his own, is admitted to no entertainment, no public

show; excluded from every privilege of citizenship, he is condemned to a life of furtive obscurity among the lowest of the low. The unmarried on the contrary and all who have no near kindred, attain the highest honors; they alone are brave, and capable, and respectable. You will find the town,” he concluded, “like a pestfield, where there are but two thing to be seen — corpses being torn, and crows tearing them.”

[CXVII] Eumolpus, more far-seeing than the rest of us, pondered over these novel arrangements and admitted the method indicated of making a fortune took his fancy. For my part, I supposed the old poet was joking in his fantastic way, but he went on quite seriously, “I only wish I had a more adequate stock in trade, I mean a more fashionable robe and more elegant outfit generally, to make the imposture more convincing. Great Hercules; I would get done with my wallet for good and all, and lead you all straight to wealth.” On this I promised him whatever he required, provided the dress we used for our light-fingered work would satisfy him; together with anything we had appropriated from Lycurgus’s place. As for ready money, this we might safely trust the Mother of Gods to provide.

“What hinders us then,” cried Eumolpus, “to arrange our little comedy? Make me master, if you like my plan.” None of us ventured to disapprove a project where we had nothing to lose. Accordingly, to ensure the deception being faithfully kept up by all concerned, we swore an oath in terms dictated by Eumolpus, to endure fire, imprisonment, stripes, cold steel, and whatsoever else he might command us, in his behalf. Like regular gladiators we vowed ourselves most solemnly to our master, body and soul.

After completing the oath-taking, we salute our master with pretended servility, and are instructed all to tell the same tale, — how Eumolpus had lost a son, a young man of prodigious eloquence and high promise; how consequently the poor old father had quitted his native city, that the sight of his boy’s clients and companions and the vicinity of his tomb might not be continually renewing his grief. This sad event, we were to add, had been followed by a recent shipwreck, which had cost him two million sesterces; that it was not however so much the loss of the money which annoyed him as the fact that for want of a proper retinue he could not fittingly keep up his rank. Further, that he had thirty millions in Africa invested in landed estates and securities, and such a host of slaves scattered over the length and breadth of Numidia that they could storm Carthage at a pinch.

In accordance with this scheme, we direct Eumolpus to cough a great deal, to have a weak digestion at any rate, and in company to grumble at every dish set before him; to be for ever talking about gold and silver, and unproductive farms,

and how terrible barren land always was; also every day to sit over accounts, and regularly once a month to add new codicils to his will. And to make the farce quite complete, whenever he wished to call one of us, he was to use the wrong name, plainly showing the master was thinking of other servants no longer with him.

Matters being thus arranged, after praying the gods for “good success and happy issue,” as the phrase runs, we set forward. But poor Giton could not stand his unusual load; while Corax, Eumolpus’s hired man, objecting strongly to his job, kept everlastingly dropping his pack and cursing us for going too fast; he swore he would either throw away his traps, or else make off with the swag altogether. “Do you take me for a beast of burden,” he grumbled, “or a stone-ship? I contracted for a man’s work, not a dray-horse’s! I’m as much a freeman as you are, though my father did leave me a poor man.” Not content with bad language, he kept lifting up his leg again and again, and filling the road with a filthy noise and a filthy stench. Giton only laughed at his impudence, and after each explosion gave a loud imitation of the noise with his mouth.

[CXVIII] But even this did not hinder the poet from relapsing into his accustomed vein. “Many are the victims, my young friends,” he began, “poetry has seduced! The instant a man has got a verse to stand on its feet and clothed a tender thought in appropriate language, he thinks he has scaled Helicon right off. Many others, after long practice of forensic talents, finally retreat to the tranquil calm of verse-making as to a blessed harbor of refuge, imagining a poem is easier put together than an argument all embroidered with scintillating conceits. But a mind of nobler inspiration is revolted by this flippancy; and no intellect that is not flooded with a mighty tide of learning, can either conceive or bring to birth a worthy poetic child. In diction, anything approaching commonness, if I may use the word, is to be avoided; a poet must choose words devoid of base associations, and hold to Horace’s,

I hate and bid avaunt the vulgar herd.

Again, care should be exercised to avoid sentiments that stand out as mere excrescences on the framework of the main conception; let the fabric be as brilliant as it may, its colors must be ingrained in the stuff. I may instance Homer, and the Lyric poets, and our Roman Virgil, and Horace with his happy preciousness. The rest, one and all, were blind to the true path to Parnassus, or if they did see it, were afraid to tread it.

“Look at that mighty subject, the Civil Wars; anyone attempting it, if not a man of the ripest scholarship, will sink under the burden. It is no question of a string of

facts to be catalogued in verse, a task the Historian will perform far better; nay! rather must the untrammelled spirit be hurried along through a series of digressions and divine interventions and all the intricacies of myth and fable. The inspired frenzy of the bard should be more apparent than the tested pedantry of scrupulous precision. For example, see how you like this rapid sketch, though indeed it has not yet received the final touches:

[CXIX] Now haughty Rome reigned mistress of the Globe,
Where'er the Ether shines with heavenly fires,
Or Earth extends, or circling Ocean rolls.
Yet still insatiate, her winged navies plowed
The burdened main, to each unplundered shore;
For to the rich she bore immortal hate,
And her own avarice still prepared her Fall.
E'en former pleasures were beheld with scorn,
As joys grown threadbare by too vulgar use.
The soldier now admired th' Assyrian dye,
And now th' Hesperian charmed his fickle pride.
Numidia here the lofty roof sustained;
There shone the honors of Serean looms;
Arabia of her balmy sweets was spoiled;
Yet still unquenched, the lust of ravage burned.
In Maurian wilds, and Ammon's distant reign,
Monsters were captived for our cruel sports.
The stranger tiger in his golden cage
Now crossed the main to press our friendly shore;
Whilst joyful Rome her monster entertained
With purple streams of her own kindred blood.

I blush to speak, I tremble to recite
Our Persian manners, and our curse of Fate!
From Youth they snatched the Man with cruel art,
Whilst Venus frowned o'er the retreating tide;
As if they thought to favor the deceit,
E'en Age itself would like that tide retire!
Nature was lost, and sought herself in vain.
Hence naught but lewd effeminacies please,

Soft curling hair, and wantonness of dress,
And all that can disgrace man's godlike form.
From Afric slaves and purple carpets come,
With citron tables, rich in golden stains,
Around whose costly, but dishonored pride,
Buried in wine, the giddy drunkards lie.
Nothing escapes our raging lust of taste;
The soldier draws his sword in rapine's cause;
And from Sicilia's distant main the scar
Is brought alive to our luxurious board;
The Lucrine shore is of its oysters spoiled,
And hunger purchased with th' expensive sauce;
Phasis is widowed of its feathered race,
And nothing heard o'er all the desert strand
But trees remurmuring to the passing gales.

Nor less in Mars's Field Corruption swayed,
Where every vote was prostitute to gain;
The People and the Senate both were sold.
E'en Age itself was deaf to Virtue's voice,
And all its court to sordid interest paid,
Beneath whose feet lay trampled Majesty.
E'en Cato's self was by the crowd exiled,
Whilst he who won suffused with blushes stood,
Ashamed to snatch the power from worthier hands.
Oh! shame to Rome and to the Roman name!
'Twas not one man alone whom they exiled,
But banished Virtue, Fame and Freedom too.
Thus wretched Rome her own destruction bought,
Herself the merchant, and herself the ware.
Besides, in debt was the whole Empire bound,
A prey to Usury's insatiate jaws;
Not one could call his house, or self, his own;
But debts on debts like silent fevers wrought,
Till through the members they the vitals seized.

Fierce tumults now they to their succor call,
And War must heal the wounds of Luxury;
For Want may safely dare without a fear.
And sunk in hopeless misery, what could wake
Licentious Rome from her voluptuous trance,
But fire, and sword, and all the din of arms?
[cxx] Three mighty chiefs kind Fortune had supplied,
Whom cruel Fate in various manner slew.
The Parthian fields were drunk with Crassus' gore;
Great Pompey perished on the Libyan main;
And thankless Rome saw greater Julius bleed.
Thus as one soil too narrow were to hold
Their rival dust, their ashes shared the World.
But their immortal glory never dies.

'Twixt Naples and Dicharchian fields extends
A horrid Gulf, immensely deep and wide,
Through which Cocytus rolls his lazy streams,
And poisons all the air with sulphurous fogs.
No Autumn here e'er clothes himself with green,
Nor joyful Spring the languid herbage cheers;
Nor feathered warblers chant their mirthful strains
In vernal comfort to the rustling boughs;
But Chaos reigns, and ragged rocks around
With naught but baleful cypress are adorned.

Amidst these horrors Pluto raised his head,
With mingled flames and ashes sprinkled o'er,
Stopped Fortune in her flight, and thus addressed:

Oh! thou controller of both Earth and Heaven,
Who had'st the power which too securely stands,
And only heap'st thy favors to resume;
Dost thou not sink beneath Rome's ponderous weight,
Unable to sustain her tottering pride?
E'en Rome herself beneath her burden groans,

And ill sustains Monopoly of Power.
For see elate in Luxury of Spoils,
Her golden domes invade the frightened skies!
Sea's turned to land, and land is turned to sea,
And injured Nature mourns her slighted Laws.
E'en me they threaten, and besiege my Throne;
The Earth is ransacked for her treasured stores,
And in the solid hills such caverns made,
That murmuring ghosts begin to hope for day.
Change, Fortune, ergo change this prideful scene!
Fire every Roman's breast with civil rage,
And give new subjects to my desert reign!
For ne'er have I been joyed with human gore,
Nor my Tisiphone e'er quenched her thirst,
Since Sulla's sword let loose the purple tide,
And reaped the harvest of insatiate death.

[cxxx] He spoke . . . and lo! the opening Earth disclosed,
And to the Goddess' hand his hand he joined.
Then Fortune, smiling, this reply addressed:

Oh! Father who Cocytus' empire sways!
If dangerous truths may safely be revealed,
Enjoy your wish! not less my anger boils,
And in my breast as fierce resentment burns.
I hate the height to which I've lifted Rome,
And my own lavished favors now repent.
But that same God who built her haughty power,
Shall soon rehumble to the dust her pride.
Then I'll with transport light the general flame,
And with the plenteous slaughter feast revenge.
Methinks I see Thessalia's fatal plain
Already heaped with dead, and funeral piles
Innumerable blazing on Iberia's shore!
I see the Libyan sands distained with blood,
And sevenfold Nile groans with prophetic fears!
On every side the clang of arms resounds,

An Actium's flight seems present to my eyes!
Then open all the portals of thy Reign,
And give thy crowding subjects free access!
Old Charon in his boats can ne'er convey
The shoals of ghosts that for their passage wait,
But needs a fleet! — Tisiphone may then
Quench her dire thirst, and cloy herself with Fate.
The mangled World is hurrying to thy Reign.

[cxxxii] Scarce ended she her words, when from a cloud
Blue lightnings flashed, and sudden thunders roared.
Affrighted Pluto feared his brother's darts,
And trembling hid his head in shades of night.

The Gods by dreadful omens straight disclosed
The deathful horrors of approaching Fate.
The Sun in bloody clouds obscured his rays,
As if he mourned the dreadful scene begun;
Whilst trembling Cynthia fled the impious sight,
Quenching her orb, and from the World withdrew.
Mountains by sudden storms were overturned;
And erring rivers left their channels dry.
E'en Heaven itself confesses the alarm,
And fierce battalions skirmish in the clouds;
Etna redoubles all her sulphurous rage,
And darts strange lightnings at th' affrighted sky;
Unburied ghosts too wander round the tombs,
And with impatient threatenings ask repose;
A fiery comet shakes her blazing hair;
And wondering Jove descends in showers of blood.
Nor was it long that Heaven th' event concealed;
For mighty Caesar panting for revenge,
Gave peace to Gaul, and flew to Civil Arms.

Upon the towering Alps' remotest height,
Where the cragg'd rocks look down upon the clouds,

A Grecian altar to Alcides smokes.
There everlasting Winter bars access,
And the ambitious summit props the skies;
No Summer ever darts his genials beams,
Nor vernal Zephyrs cheer the joyless air;
But snows on snows accumulated rise,
The icy pillars of the starry Orb.
Here Caesar with his joyful legions climbed;
Here camped; and from the lofty precipice,
Surveying all Hesperia's fertile plains.
With hands uplifted, thus addressed his prayer:

Almighty Jove! And thou, Saturnian Earth,
So oft by me with filial triumphs graced!
Witness these arms I with reluctance bear,
Compelled by matchless wrongs to War's redress.
Exiled and interdicted, whilst the Rhine
I swelled beyond its banks with native gore,
And to his Alps confined the haughty Gaul,
Once more to storm your Capitol prepared.
But what reward has all these toils repaid?
Conquest alas! is by herself undone!
Germania vanquished a new crime is deemed,
And sixty Triumphs are with exile crowned.
But what are they my glory thus compels
To count the aid of mercenary arms?
Oh! shame to Rome! My Rome disowns their birth
Nor shall they long her injured honors stain,
Beneath this arm their envious Chief shall fall!
Come fellow-victors, rouse your martial rage,
And with your conquering swords assert my cause!
One is our danger, and our crime the same.
It was not I alone reaped glory's field,
But thanks to you! by you these laurels won;
Then since disgrace and punishment's decreed,
Mutual our trophies and victorious toils,
The die be thrown! and Fortune judge the cast!

Let each brave warrior grasp his shining blade!
For me my rights already crowned appear,
Nor 'midst so many heroes doubt success.

He spoke. . . . When swift-descending from the Sky,
The Bird of Jove urged his auspicious flight.
Strange voices in the left-hand woods were heard;
And issuing flames flashed through the sylvan gloom.
Phoebus himself assumed his brightest beams,
And with unusual splendor cheered the day.

[cxxxiii] Fired with the omen, dauntless Caesar bids
His engines move; himself the first t' essay
The dangerous path; for yet in frost confined
And peaceful horrors lay the passive ground.

But when with ardent feet th' innumerable train
Of men and horse and icy fetters loosed,
To fierce resistance swelled the melted snows,
And sudden rivers o'er the mountains rolled.
But soon again as if by Fate's command,
The rising waves in icy billows stood;
Whilst in confusion o'er the treacherous path
Horses and men and mingled standards lay.
To aid the horror, sudden winds compel
The gathering clouds, and burst into a storm,
Thick o'er their ringing arms and hail descends,
And from the Ether pours an icy sea;
One common ruin conquers Earth and Sky,
And frightened rivers hurry o'er their banks;
But dauntless Caesar aided by his spear
Still presses forward with unshaken soul.

With such an ardor was Alcides fired,
When down Caucasian steeps he rushed to fame.

And thus descending from Olympus' brow,
Almighty Jove the Giants put to flight.

Meantime on trembling pinions through the Skies
To Mount Palatium frightened Rumor flew.
And to astonished Rome these tidings bore:
A hostile Fleet is riding on the main,
And o'er the Alps, with German conquests flushed,
The vengeful Legions pour on guilty Rome.
Straight Fire and Sword and all the dreadful train
Of civil rage before their eyes appear!
Distracting tumults every bosom swayed,
And Reason 'midst the dubious fears was lost.
This flies by land, and that confides the sea,
As far less dangerous than his native shores!
These run to arms; Fate aids the wild affright,
And each obeys the guidance of his fears.
No certain course the giddy vulgar know,
But through the Gates in thronged confusion crowd,
And rival terror; — Rome to Rumor yields,
And weeping Romans leave their native seats.
This is his hand his trembling children leads,
And this his gods within his bosom hides,
His long-loved threshold quits with mournful looks.
And wings his curses at the absent foe.
There on the husband's breast the bride complains;
And here his father's age a pious youth
Supports with filial care, nor feels his load,
Nor fears but for his venerable charge.
Whilst these, insensate! to the field convey
Their treasured wealth, and glut the war with spoils.

As on the deep when stormy Auster blows,
And mounts the billows with tumultuous rage,
Th' affrighted seamen ply their arts in vain;
The pilots stand aghast; these lash their sails;

Whilst these make land, and those avoid the shores,
And rather Fortune than the rocks confide.

But what can paint the fears that seized all men,
When both the Consuls with great Pompey fled?
Pompey, Hydaspes' and proud Pontus' scourge,
The rock of Pirates, whom with wonder Jove
Had thrice beheld in the triumphal Car!
That mighty Chief who gave the Euxine laws,
And taught th' admiring Bosphorus to obey,
Oh shame! Deserted the Imperial Name,
And meanly left both Rome and Fame behind!
Whilst fickle Fortune gloried in his flight.

[CXXIV] The Gods with horror see th' intestine jars,
And even celestial breasts consent to fear.
For see the mild pacific train depart.
Exiled the World by our impiety!
First soft-winged Peace extends her snowy arm,
And pulling o'er her brows her olive wreath,
Seeks the Elysian shades with hasty flight.
On her with downcast eyes meek Faith attends,
And mourning Justice with disheveled hair,
And weeping Concord with her garments rent.

But joyful Hell unbolts the brazen doors,
And all her Furies quit the Stygian Court.
Threatening Bellona with Erinys joins,
And dire Megaera armed with fiery brands.
Pale Death, insidious Fraud, and Massacre,
With Rage, burst forth! Who from his fetters freed,
Lifts high his gory head; a helmet hides
His wounded visage, and his left hand grasps
The shield of Mars horrid with countless darts.
Whilst in his right a flaming torch appears,
To light Destruction, and to fire the World.

The Gods descending also left the skies,
Whilst wondering Atlas missed his usual load;
And mortal jars even Heaven itself divide.
In Caesar's cause Dione first appeared;
Her Pallas aided, and the God of War.
Whilst in espousal of brave Pompey's part
Cynthia and Phoebus and Cyllene's son
And his own model, great Alcides, joined.
The trumpets sound! When straight fell Discord raised
Her Stygian head, and shook her matted locks.
With clotted blood her face was covered o'er,
And gummy horrors from her eyes distilled;
Two rows of cankered teeth deformed her mouth,
And from her tongue a stream of poison flowed;
Whilst hissing serpents played around her cheeks;
Her livid skin with rags was scarce concealed,
And in her trembling hand a torch she shook.

Ascending thus from the Tartarean gloom,
She reached the top of lofty Apennine;
Whence viewing all the subject land and sea,
And armies floating on the crowded plains,
This into words her joyful fury broke:

Now, rush ye Nations, rush to mutual arms,
And let Dissension's torch for ever burn!
For flight no longer shall the Coward save,
Nor age, nor sex, nor children's pity move,
But the Earth tremble, and her haughtiest towers
Shake in convulsive ruins to the ground.
Do thou, Marcellus, the Decree uphold;
And Curio, thou excite the madding crowd!
Nor thou, persuasive Lentulus, forbear
To aid the Faction with thy potent tongue!
But why, O Caesar, this delayed Revenge?

Why burst'st thou not the Gates of guilty Rome,
And mak'st her treasured pride thy welcome prey?
And thou, O Pompey, know'st thou not thy power?
If thou fear'st Rome, to Epidamnus haste,
And feast Thessalia's plain with human gore!

Thus Discord spoke. . . . The impious Earth obeyed.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Eumolpus having declaimed this effusion with prodigious volubility, we eventually entered the gates of Croton. Here we baited at a small, mean inn, but started out next morning to find a lodging of greater pretensions. We soon fell in with a mob of legacy hunters, who plied us with questions as to who we were and where we came from. So we answered both inquiries, in strict accordance with the plan arranged between us, with an exaggerated glibness, and they believed every word of it; for they instantly put their fortunes at Eumolpus's disposal, almost fighting which should be first to do him this service. One and all offer presents, in order to curry favor with the supposed millionaire.

[cxxv] Things went on thus at Croton for a long time, till Eumolpus, intoxicated with success, so completely forgot his former lowly condition as to boast to his followers how no one could resist his influence, and that any misdemeanor they might have committed in the town, they could carry off with impunity by his friends' good offices. For my part however, though every day I stuffed my swollen carcass with a greater superfluity of good things and really thought Fortune had at last ceased watching me with an eye of malevolence, still I often reflected on my present mode of life and the way it had come about. "What if some astute legacy hunter," I often said to myself, "sent some one to Africa to make inquiries, and discovered our swindle? What if Eumolpus's servant, as is just possible, sick of this life of luxury, should give a hint to his cronies and betray the whole imposture out of malice? Why! we should just have to fly once more, return to the penury we have at last got the better of, and start begging afresh. Gods and goddesses of heaven! what a life outlaws lead, forever dreading the penalty of one felony or another!"

[cxxvi] Thus communing with myself, I quit the house in a most melancholy mood, hoping to refresh my spirits with the open air out of doors. I had scarcely entered the public promenade, when a girl of far from unpleasing exterior met me, and calling "Polyaenos," the name I had adopted by way of disguise, informed me that her mistress desired permission to speak with me.

"You have surely made a mistake," I answered in some confusion; "I am but a foreigner and a slave, and quite undeserving of the honor."

"Nay! my mission was to yourself," she returned; "but I see, because you know your own beauty, you give yourself airs, and sell your favors, instead of giving

them. What else can those waved and well combed locks mean, and that made-up face, and the languishing look of your eyes? For what else that studied gait, and mincing steps that never exceed a measured pace, except to sell your person by the meretricious display of your charms? Look at me; I am no augur, no student of the planets like the astrologers, yet I can infer a man's character from his looks, and foretell his intentions the moment I see his way of walking. Therefore, if you are willing to sell us what I require, there's a customer all ready; or, if you will give it, like a gentleman, we shall be glad to be under this obligation to you. You tell me you are a slave and a common varlet; this only the more inflames my mistress's heated imagination. There are women fancy muck, whose passions are stirred only at the sight of slaves or runner boys with bare legs. Others are hot after gladiators, or dusty muleteers, or actors swaggering on the boards. This is the sort my mistress is; she jumps clean over the fourteen rows from orchestra to gallery, to seek her choice among the rabble of the back benches."

So, charmed with her fascinating chatter, "Tell me, my dear," I said, "is this lady who loves me yourself?"

The maid laughed heartily at my cool way of putting it, saying, "Pray! pray! don't be so mighty pleased with yourself. I've never given myself to a slave yet; and God forbid I should waste my embraces on gallows-birds. 'Tis their own lookout, if ladies go kissing the marks the lash has left; for my part, though I'm only a servant maid, I never go with anybody below a knight.

"Tastes differ 'tis as chance disposes;
Some like thorns, and some like roses."

I was astounded at such abnormal predilections, and thought it monstrous thus to find the maid with the mistress's fastidiousness, the mistress with the maid's vulgar tastes.

Presently, after further pleasantries had passed, I begged the girl to bring her mistress into the plane tree avenue. She was quite agreeable, and tucking up her skirts dived into a laurel wood that bordered the promenade. In a very few moments she brought out her mistress from where she was hiding, and led her up to me, a more perfect being than ever artist fashioned. There are no words to express her beauty, for anything I can say will fall far short of the reality. Her locks, which curled naturally, rippled all over her shoulders, her brow was low, the hair being turned back from it, her brows, extending to the very spring of the cheek, almost met between the eyes, which shone brighter than stars in a moonless sky, her nose was slightly aquiline, her little mouth such as Praxiteles

gave Diana. Chin, neck, hands, snow-white feet confined in elegant sandals of gold work, all vied with Parian marble in brilliancy. For the first time I thought lightly of Doris, whose long-time admirer I was.

Why tarries Jove, scorning the arts of Love,
Mute and inglorious in the heavens above?
How well the Bull would now the God become,
Or his gray hairs to be transformed to down!
Here's Danae's self, — a touch from her would fire,
And make the God in liquid joys expire.

[cxxvii] Quite delighted, she smiled so sweetly I thought I saw the moon breaking full-faced from a cloud. Presently, with fingers punctuating her words, she laughed, "If you are not too proud to enjoy a woman of condition, and one who only within the year has known your sex. I offer you a 'sister,' fair youth. You have a 'brother' already, I know, for I did not disdain to make inquiries, but what hinders you to adopt a sister too? I claim a like dignity. Only taste and try, when you will, how you like my kisses."

"Nay!" I replied, "by your own loveliness I adjure you, deign to admit an alien among your worshipers. You will find him a sincere devotee, if you give him leave to adore you. And that you may not think I enter this temple of Love giftless, I will sacrifice my 'brother' to you."

"What!" she cried, "you sacrifice to me the being you cannot live without, on whose kisses your happiness depends, whom you love as I would have you love me?" As she said these words, they sounded so sweetly you might have thought it was the Siren's harmonies came floating on the breeze. So, lost in admiration and dazzled with a wondrous effulgence brighter than the light of heaven, I was fain to ask my divinity's name.

"Why! did not my maid tell you," she replied, "I was called Circe? I am not indeed the daughter of the Sun; nor did my mother ever stay at her good pleasure the course of the revolving globe. Still I have one noble boon to thank heaven for, if the fates unite us two. Yes! some god's mysterious, silent workings are beneath all this. 'Tis not without a cause Circe loves Polyænos; a great torch of sympathy flames between these names. Then take your will of me, beloved one. For we have no prying interference to dread, and your 'brother' is far away."

With these words Circe threw her arms, that were softer than down, around my neck, and drew me down on the flower-bespangled grass:

On Ida's top, when Jove his nymph caressed,
And lawless heat in open view expressed,
His mother Earth in all her charms was seen,
The rose, the violet, the sweet jasmine,
And the fair lily smiling on the green.
Such was the plat whereon my Venus lay;
Our Love was secret, but the charming day
Was bright, like her, and as her temple gay.

Side by side on the grass we lay, dallying with a thousand kisses, the prelude to robuster joys. [cxxxviii] But alas! a sudden debility of my nerves quite disappointed Circe, who exclaimed, infuriated at the affront, "What now? do my kisses revolt you? is my breath offensive with fasting? are my armpits uncleanly and smelling? If it is nothing of this sort, can it be that you are afraid of Giton?"

Flushing hotly at her words, I lost any little vigor still left me, and my whole frame feeling dislocated, I besought my mistress, "Do not, my Queen, aggravate my misery. I am bewitched."

So trivial an excuse was far from appeasing Circe's indignation. She turned her eyes contemptuously away from me, and glancing towards her maid, "Tell me, Chrysis," she said, "and tell me true. Am I repulsive? am I sluttish? is there some natural blemish disfigures my beauty? Do not deceive your mistress; there must be something strangely amiss about us."

Then, as Chrysis stood silent, she snatched up a mirror, and after rehearsing all the looks and smiles lovers are wont to exchange, she shook out her robe that lay crumpled on the ground, and flounced off into the Temple of Venus. I was left standing like a convicted felon, or a man horror-struck with some awful vision, asking myself whether the bliss I had been cheated of was indeed a reality or only a dream.

As when in sleep our wanton Fancy sports,
And our fond eyes with hidden riches courts,
We hug the theft; the smiling treasure fills
Our guilty hands; the conscious sweat distills;
Whilst laboring fear sits heavy on the mind,
Lest the big secret should an utterance find.
But when with night th' illusive joys retreat,
And our eyes open to the gay deceit,

That which we ne'er possessed, as lost, we mourn,
And for imaginary blessings burn.

My calamity really seemed to me a dream, or rather a hallucination; and so long did my enervation last, I could not so much as get up off the ground. However the mind recovering its tone by degrees, my strength slowly came back to me, and I made for home, where feigning indisposition, I threw myself down on my pallet. Before long, Giton, who had heard I was ill, entered my chamber in much concern. To make his mind easier, I told him I had gone to bed merely to take a rest, talking a deal of other stuff besides, but not a word about my misadventure, as I very much dreaded his jealousy. So to avoid all suspicion, drawing him to my side, I tried to give him a proof of my love, but all my panting and sweating was in vain. He got up full of indignation, and upbraiding me with debilitated vigor and diminished affection, declared he had noticed for a long time I must certainly have been expending my strength of mind and body elsewhere.

"No! no! darling," I interrupted, "my affection for you has always been the same; but reason now prevails over love and lechery."

"Well! thank you, thank you for the Socratic innocence of your passion. Alcibiades was not more uncontaminated when he lay in his preceptor's bed."

[CXXIX] "I tell you, little brother," I went on, "I have lost all knowledge and sense of manhood. Dead and buried is that part of me that once made me a very Achilles!"

Seeing I was really unnerved, and afraid, if he were caught alone with me, it might give rise to scandal, he withdrew in haste, retreating to an inner room of the house. He was hardly gone when Chrysis entered my room and handed me her mistress's tablets, on which was written the following letter:

CIRCE TO POLYAENOS — GREETING.

"If I were a mere wanton, I should complain of my disappointment. Instead I am positively grateful to your impotence; for so I enjoyed longer dalliance with the semblance of pleasure. What I ask is, how you do, and whether you got home on your own legs; for doctors say a man cannot walk without nerves. I will tell you what I think; beware, young Sir, of paralysis. I never saw a patient in more imminent danger; upon my word and honor, you are as good as dead already. If a like lethargy attack your knees and hands, I should advise you to send immediately for the undertaker's men.

"Well! well! dire as is the affront I have received, still I will never grudge a prescription to a man in your miserable plight. If you would be cured, ask Giton's help. You will recover your nerve, I assure you, if you sleep three nights running

apart from your ‘little brother.’ For myself, I have no fear but I can find another admirer to love me a little. My mirror and my reputation both tell me this is true.

Farewell, (if you can)”

As soon as Chrysis saw I had read this caustic epistle to the end, “These accidents are common enough,” she said, “and particularly in this city, where there are women who can lure down the moon out of the sky. So never fear, your matter shall be set right; only write back graciously to my mistress and restore her confidence with a candid and gently-worded reply. For to tell you the honest truth — from the hour you wronged her, she has not been her own woman.”

I complied very willingly with the girl’s suggestion, and wrote the following answer on the tablets:

[cxxx] POLYAENOS TO CIRCE — GREETING.

“I confess, Lady, I have often offended; I am but a man, and a young one still. But never before this day have I done mortal sin. The criminal admits his crime; any penalty you inflict, I have richly deserved. I have betrayed a trust, slain a man, violated a temple; assign due punishment for all these crimes. If you choose to kill me, I hand you my sword; if you are satisfied with stripes, I haste to throw myself naked at my mistress’s feet. Remember one thing only, ’twas not myself, but my tools that failed me. The soldier was ready but he had no arms. What so demoralized me, I cannot tell. Perhaps my imagination outran my lagging powers, perhaps in my all-aspiring eagerness, I lavished by ardor prematurely. I know not how it was. You bid me beware of paralysis; as if a greater palsy could exist than that which robbed me of the power to possess you. But this is the sum and substance of my plea: I will satisfy you yet, if you will grant me leave to repair my fault.”

After dismissing Chrysis with fair promises of this sort, I put my body, which had served me so ill, into special training, and pretermittting the bath together, restricted myself to a moderate use of unguents. Then adopting a more fortifying diet, that is to say onions and snails’ heads without sauce, I also cut down my wine. Finally composing my nerves by an easy walk before retiring, I went to bed with no Giton to share my couch. For anxious as I was to make my peace, I was afraid of even the slightest contact with my favorite.

[cxxxI] Next day, having risen sound in mind and body, I went down to the same plane tree walk, though truly I felt a dread of the ominous locality, and waited for Chrysis to act as my guide. After strolling to and fro for a while, I had just sat down in the same spot as the day before, when she came in sight, bringing a little

old woman with her. When she had saluted me, “How now, Sir Squeamsih,” she began, “do you feel yourself in better fettle?”

The old woman meantime drew from her pocket a hank of plaited yarns of different colors, and tied it round my neck. Then puddling dust and spittle together, she dipped her middle finger in the mess, and disregarding my repugnance, marked my forehead with it.

Never despair! Priapus I invoke,
To help the parts that make his altars smoke.

The incantation ended, she bade me spit out thrice, and thrice toss pebbles into my bosom, which she had wrapped up in purple after pronouncing a charm over them. Then putting her hands to my privates, she began to try my virile condition. Quicker than thought the nerves obeyed her summons, and filled the old lady’s hand with a huge erection. Then jumping for joy, “Look, Chrysis, look,” she cried, “how I’ve started the hare for other folk to course.” This accomplished, the old woman handed me back to Chrysis, who was overjoyed at the recovery of her mistress’s treasure; with all haste she led me straight to the latter, whom we found in a most delightful spot, adorned with everything that fairest Nature can show to charm the eyes.

Where noble Planes cast a refreshing shade,
And well-cared Pines their shaking tops displayed,
And Daphne midst the Cypress crowned her head.
Near-by a circling river gently flows,
And rolls the pebbles as it murmuring goes.
A spot designed for Love; the nightingale
And gentle swallow its delights can tell,
Who on each bush salute the coming day,
And in their orgies sing its hours away.

She lay luxuriously stretched on golden cushions, which supported her marble neck, fanning the calm air with a branch of flowering myrtle. Directly she saw me, she blushed a little, no doubt remembering yesterday’s affront; presently, when we were quite alone, and at her invitation I had sat down by her side, she laid the branch over my eyes, and this emboldening her as if a wall had been raised between us, “How goes it, paralytic?” she laughed, “are you quite recovered, that you’ve come back again today?”

“Why ask me,” I returned, “instead of making trial?” and throwing myself bodily into her arms, I took my fill of good, healthy, unbewitched kisses. [cxxxii] Her loveliness drew me irresistibly to her and disposed me to enjoyment. Already had our lips joined in many a sounding kiss, our fingers interlocked had played all sorts of amorous pranks, our two bodies had twined in mutual embraces till our very souls seemed fused in one; yet in the very height of these delicious preliminaries, lo! my nerves once more betrayed me, and I failed utterly to reach the supreme moment of our bliss.

Lashed to fury by two such dire affronts, the lady ends by seeking vengeance, and summoning her chamberlains, orders me a sound thumping. Not content with this cruel treatment of me, she calls together all the spinning wenches and meanest drudges of the house, and bids them spit at me. Clapping my hands to my eyes, and without one word of expostulation, for I knew I richly deserved it all, I fled from the house, driven forth under a hurricane of blows and spittle. Proselenos is kicked out too, and Chrysis beaten. The whole household was in dismay, all grumbling together and asking who it was had put their mistress in so vile a temper. This was some compensation and encouragement to me, and I carefully hid the marks of the blows I had received, not to make Eumolpus merry over my disaster, or Giton sad for the same reason. The only thing I could do to save my dignity was to pretend to be ill; this I did, and creeping into bed, turned the whole fire of my wrath against the vile cause of all my calamities:

With dreadful steel the part I would have lopped;
Thrice from my trembling hand the razor dropped.
Now, what I might before, I could not do;
For, cold as ice, the shuddering thing withdrew,
And shrank behind a wrinkled canopy.
Hiding its head from my revenge and me.
Thus by its fear I’m balked of my intent,
And in mere mouthing words my anger vent.

So raising myself on my elbow, I address the recreant in some such terms as these, “What have you to say for yourself, abomination of gods and men? For indeed your very name must not be mentioned by self-respecting folks. Did I merit such treatment from you, — to be dragged down from heaven’s bliss to hell’s torments, to have the prime and vigor of my years maligned and to be reduced to the imbecility of dotage? Give me, I beseech you, give me a proof you are yet good for something.” In words such as these I vented my irritation.

But with averted eyes, unmoved he mourned
Nor to my fond reproach one look returned;
Like bended osiers trembling o'er a brook,
Or wounded poppies by no zephyr shook.

Nevertheless, on reaching the end of this undignified expostulation, I began to be ashamed of what I had been saying, and to blush furtively at having so far forgotten my self-respect as to bandy words with a part of my person men of graver sort do not so much as deign to notice. Presently after rubbing my brow awhile, "After all, what have I done so much amiss," I asked myself, "in thus relieving my resentment by means of a little natural abuse? Do we not habitually curse various parts of our bodies, our belly, throat, — head even, when it aches, as it often does? Does not Ulysses quarrel with his own heart? and do not our Tragedians rail at their own eyes, as if they could hear? The gouty abuse their feet, the rheumatic their hands, the sore-eyed their optics; and does not a man who has damaged his toes, vent all the agony of his pain on his poor feet?"

Nothing is falser than mankind's silly prejudices, or sillier than an affectation of peculiar gravity.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

[CXXXIII] My declamation ended, I called Giton to me and asked him, “Tell me, darling, tell me on your honor; that night Ascylos stole you from me, did he resort to active violence upon you, or was he content with a night of self-restraint and continence?” The lad touched his eyes, and swore in the most solemn terms that Ascylos had done him no harm.

I queried him no further for the truth is, I was so crushed by my misfortunes I was not master of myself, and did not rightly know what I was saying. Let bygones be bygones, I murmured to myself, especially when nothing but pain can come from recalling them. Eventually I directed all my attention to the task of recovering my lost vigor.

I was determined even to consecrate myself to the gods; accordingly I started out implore the help of Priapus. To make the best of things, I feigned a cheerful countenance, and dropping on my knees at the Temple threshold besought the deity’s intervention in the following lines:

“Delight of Bacchus, Guardian of the Groves,
The kind Restorer of decaying Loves,
Lesbos and verdant Thasos thee implore,
Whose maids thy power in wanton rites adore;
Joy of the Dryads, with propitious care
Attend my wishes, and indulge my prayer.
My guiltless hands with blood I never stained,
Or sacrilegiously the gods profaned;
Thus low I bow; restoring blessings send,
I did not thee with my whole self offend,
Who sins through weakness is less guilty thought;
Indulge my crime, and spare a venial fault.
When kindly Fate shall genial gifts allow,
I’ll, not ungrateful, to thy godhead bow.
A sucking pig I’ll offer at thy shrine.
And sacred bowls brimful of generous wine;
A destined goat shall on thy altars lie,
And the horned parent of my flock shall die.

Then thrice thy frantic votaries shall round
Thy temple dance, with smiling garlands crowned,
And most devoutly drunk, thy Orgies sound.”

Whilst I was thus engaged, anxiously intent on the part affected, the old woman entered the shrine with disheveled hair and wearing black garments all in a state of disorder, and laying her hand on my shoulder led me outside the vestibule.

[cxxxiv] “What foul witches have devoured your manhood?” she exclaimed; “what refuse or what garbage have you trod on in the streets at night? You could not so much as do your duty by the boy; but flabby, faint and weary, like a cart-horse at a hill, you wasted your labor and your sweat in vain! And now, not content with your own delinquencies, you have set the gods against me as well — and I mean to make you smart for it.”

So she led me unresisting back again into the Temple and to the Priestess’s chamber, where she pushed me down on the bed, and snatching up a cane that hung behind the door, she gave me yet another thrashing. Still I said not a word, and if the cane had not split at the first stroke, and so lessened the force of her blows, she would likely have broken my arms or my head. I groaned dismally, particularly at the way she worked my member, and bursting into a torrent of weeping, hid my face in my hand and cowered down on the pillow. The old woman was also melted to tears, and sitting down on the other side of the bed, began to complain in quavering tones of the tediousness of having lived too long.

Presently the Priestess came in, “Why! what has brought you to my chamber,” she cried, “and with these long faces, as if you were come to a funeral? and on a holiday too, when the most sorrow-laden laugh for once.”

“Oh, it’s this young man here, Oenothea,” the old woman answered; “for sure, he was born under an evil star; he cannot sell his goods to boy or girl. You never saw so unfortunate a fellow; soaked leather, that’s what his tool is! What think you of a man, I ask you that, who left Circe’s bed without having tasted pleasure?” On hearing this, Oenothea sat down between us, and after shaking her head awhile, “I am the only woman,” she said, “knows how to cure this complaint. And that you may not think I’m doing at random, I require the young fellow to sleep one night with me, and see if I don’t make it stiff as horn!

“All Nature’s works my magic power obey,
The blooming Earth shall wither and decay,
And when I please, be verdant, fresh and gay.
Here flowery vales shall vernal beauties know,

There frozen plains shall hide themselves in snow;
By magic charms I'll make a whirlwind cease,
Contract its breath, and murmur into peace;
Tigers and pards, submissive to my will,
Obey my orders and neglect to kill;
At my commands substantial darkness soon
O'erspreads the skies and hides the silver moon;
Sol's fiery car stops in th' Ethereal plain,
And Thetis long expects her Lord in vain.
The Pontic bulls emitting fire and smoke
The witch Medea to her service broke
And made their swelling chest sustain her yoke.
Refulgent Circe, daughter of the Sun,
Could into swine Ulysses' soldiers turn;
In woods Silenus, Proteus in the seas,
Conceal the God, and take what form they please.
My skill's as great, my power no less extends,
The servile World to my enchantment bends."

[cxxxv] I shuddered with terror to hear her promise such miracles, and began to scrutinize the old woman more carefully.

"Now," ejaculated Oenothea, "now do as I tell you." And after washing her hands with scrupulous care, she bent over the couch and kissed me again and again.

She then placed an old table on the middle of the altar, and filling it with live coals, proceeded to patch up an ancient bowl, so time-worn it was falling to pieces, with melted pitch. Next she put back in the smoke-begrimed wall a peg which had come down along with the wooden bowl, when she unhitched the latter. Presently after donning a square cloak, she set a huge cooking-pot on the fire, at the same time with a fork reaching down a cloth from the meat-rack, in which was stored a supply of beans and some exceedingly stale pieces of pig's cheek, slashed with a thousand cuts. She undid the string, shook out some of the contents on to the table, and bade me strip them smartly. Obeying her orders, I proceed carefully to separate the beans from the filthy pods that contained them. But Oenothea, chiding my slowness, incontinently snatches them from me, and instantly stripping off the husks with her teeth, spits them out on the ground, where they looked like dead flies. I could not help admiring the ingenuity of poverty, and the knack there is in every single thing. Indeed, this virtue of poverty

found so ardent a follower in the Priestess, it was conspicuous in every trifle about her. Her cottage especially was a very shrine of misery.

No Indian ivories here are set in gold,
No marble covers the deluded mold;
Void of expensive art, the reverent Shrine
With natural modest ornaments doth shine.
Round Ceres' bower the bending osier grows;
Earthen is all the plate the Priestess knows;
The jug is earth which holds the holy wine,
Osier the dish, sacred to Powers divine;
No brazen gauds are here, no purple pride,
Mud and dirt mixed the pious relics hide;
Rushes and reeds the humble roof adorn,
And straw deprived of its Autumnal corn.
On an old shelf a savory ham is found,
And service-berries into garlands bound.
Such a low cottage Hecate confined,
Low was her dwelling, but sublime her mind.
Her bounteous heart a grateful praise shall crown,
And Muses make immortal her renown.

[cxxxvi] Then, having shelled the beans and eaten a scrap of the meat, she took a fork and went to replace the pig's cheek, which was as great an antiquity as herself; but the rotten stool, on which she had mounted so as to reach up to the rack, broke down under the old woman's weight and threw her on the fire. The lip of the cooking-pot was smashed, and put out the fire, that was just burning up; the woman's elbow was burnt by a red-hot ember, and her whole face begrimed with the flying ashes. I sprang up in dismay, and not without some inward laughter set the old thing on her legs again; this accomplished, she ran instantly to a neighbor's to replenish the fire, that nothing might delay the sacrifice.

I was making my way to the door of the cottage, when lo and behold! three sacred geese, which I suppose the old woman was in habit of feeding at midday, rushed at me and set me all in a twitter, pressing round me with their disconcerting and almost rabid cackle. One of them tore my tunic, another undid my shoestrings and dragged at them, the third, leader and director of the savage assault, actually worried my leg with its serrated beak. So, thinking it no time for nonsense, I dragged off a leg of the table, and armed with this weapon started

belaboring the warlike creature. Nor was I satisfied with trifling blows, but avenged my hurt by killing the bird outright:

Such were the birds Heruclean art subdued,
And with loud tumults to the skies pursued;
And such the Harpies the winged brothers chased
From trembling Phineus' illusive feast.
The heavens were startled at their clamorous flight,
And backward seemed to roll in wild affright.

I left the creature sprawling, while its companions, after picking up the beans that were scattered all about the floor, and finding themselves I suppose bereft of their leader, retreated into the Temple again. Then, proud of my booty and the vengeance I had exacted, I tossed the dead bird behind the bed, and washed the trifling wound in my leg with vinegar. Presently, fearing a scolding, I determined to be off, and gathering my belongings together started to leave the cottage. I had not yet crossed the threshold however when I saw Oenothea coming along with an earthen pot full of fire. I drew back again therefore, and throwing aside my robe, as if I had been waiting for her return, took my stand at the entrance. She packed her fire on some reeds broken up small, and piling up the top with a number of logs, began to excuse her delay, saying her friend had refused to let her go till she had drained the three cups custom required. Then, "What have you been doing," she asked, "in my absence? and where are the beans?"

I really thought I had done something very praiseworthy and described the whole battle to her in detail, finally, to end her melancholy, presenting her with the dead goose in compensation for her loss. Directly the old woman set eyes on the bird, she set up such a terrible outcry you might have thought the geese had invaded the place again. Confused at this and astounded at the strange nature of my offense, I repeatedly begged her to tell me why she was so angry, and why all her pity was for the goose and none at all for me.

[cxxxvii] But beating her palms together, "How dare you speak," she screamed, "abandoned wretch! You must know what an atrocity you have committed; you have killed the delight of Priapus, the goose that was the darling of all the matrons. You think it's a trifle you've done! — if the Magistrates get wind of it, you'll be crucified. You have polluted my home with blood, that was never profaned before; and put it in the power of any ill-wisher I may have to turn me out of my office."

“Don’t shout so, I beseech you,” I interposed; “I tell you, I’ll give you an ostrich for your goose.” She was still sitting on the pallet and bewailing the goose’s untimely death, with me standing in amazement, when Proselenos arrived with the materials for the sacrifice. Directly she saw the dead bird, she asked excitedly how the calamity had occurred, and she too began to weep violently, and make as much ado over me as if I had killed my own father instead of a public goose. Feeling utterly sick of the tiresome business, “Now tell me,” I expostulated, “could not I purchase expiation for money, if it was you I had assaulted, even though I’d done murder. Look you, I offer two gold pieces, enough to buy both gods and geese with.” As soon as Oenothea saw the coins, “Forgive me, young man,” she exclaimed; “’tis for your sake I am so anxious, and that shows affection surely, not malice. (And we’ll take care that no one shall know anything about it.) Only do you pray to the gods to pardon the sacrilege you have done.”

Whoe’er has magic gold, secure may sail
Where’er he please, he’s lord of Fortune’s gale;
May in a Danae’s arms make soft abode, —
There’s no Acrisius will dispute the God!
He may turn Poet, Orator, what not?
When he harangues, old Cato is forgot!
Or if the noisy bar delights him more,
Behold what mighty Labeo was before!
In short — when of the money you’re possessed,
You need but wish, — you’ve Jove within your chest.

Meantime the Priestess, bustling about, placed a bowl of wine under my hands, and making me spread out my fingers evenly, purified them with leeks and parsley. Then with a muttered charm she dipped filberts in the wine, and according as they rose to the surface again, or sank, she drew her prognostications. But I did not fail to observe that the blind nuts, with nothing but air inside of kernels, naturally floated on the top, while the heavy ones, that were full and sound within, settled to the bottom. Next turning her attentions to the goose, she opened its breast and drew out a fine fat liver, and proceeded to predict my future prospects from the indications it afforded. Nay! that not a trace of my crime might be left, she broke up the whole bird, and sticking the pieces on spits, prepared a very appetizing dinner for me, whom she so short a time before condemned to death with her own lips. Meantime bumpers of unmixed wine were

circulating freely, and the old woman merrily gobbled up the goose they had been mourning over so sadly just before. When it was all gone, the Priestess, now half drunk, turned to me and said, “We must complete the mysteries, to recover you of your impotency.”

[cxxxviii] So saying, Oenothea brought out a leathern godemiche, which she smeared with oil and ground pepper and pounded nettle seed, and then proceeded to insert it little by little up my back. Next the cruel old dame anoints my two thighs with the same concoction. Then mixing nasturtium juice with southernwood, she bathes my genitals with the stuff, and grasping a bundle of stinging nettles, begins slowly and methodically to lash my belly with them all over below the navel. The nettles burn sharply, and I suddenly take to my heels, the old woman after me in hot haste. Though disordered with wine and lust, they take the right road, and follow me up through several streets, screaming, “Stop thief!” However, I escaped eventually, after making all my toes bleed in the course of my headlong gallop.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

As soon as ever I could get home, I went to bed, utterly worn out with fatigue; but I was unable to sleep a wink. My various disasters kept on running through my head, and quite convinced I was the most unfortunate wretch alive, I ejaculated, “Fortune has ever been my bitterest foe; it only needed Love’s torments as well to make me utterly miserable. Doomed wretch! Fortune and Love now join their forces to conspire my ruin. Cruel Cupid has never spared me; whether lover or loved, I am perpetually on the rack! There is Chrysis now! she loves me madly and never ceases to tease me. Chrysis who looked down on me, when she was acting as her mistress’s go-between, and scorned me as a slave, because I wore slave’s clothes; she, I say, that same Chrysis who once loathed my humble condition, is now bent on following it up even at the risk of life itself. She swore she would never leave me alone, that time she declared the vehemence of her passion for me.

“But Circe has my whole heart; all other women I despise. Indeed who so fair as she? What was Ariadne’s beauty, or Leda’s, compared to hers? What had Helen of Troy, or Venus herself, to boast against her? If Paris, umpire of the rival goddesses, had seen her at the trial with her dancing eyes, he would have given up all to her, Helen and the goddesses three! Could I but kiss that mouth, could I press that divine, that heavenly bosom, maybe my powers of body would return, and those parts of me revive that now lie torpid and, I verily believe, bewitched. No insults exhaust my patience. I have been thrashed,— ’tis nothing; I have been kicked out,— ’tis a merry jest; if only I may be restored to favor.”

These and the like thoughts of lovely Circe’s charms so roused my fancy that I disordered my bed with the repeated efforts of a sort of imaginary voluptuousness. But all my struggles remained unavailing. At last continual disappointment wore my patience out, and I cursed the evil enchantment that oppressed me. [CXXXIX] Presently however, recovering my self-control, and drawing what consolation I might from remembering how many heroes of antiquity had been persecuted by the anger of the gods, I broke out into these lines:

“Not I alone have Heaven’s just anger felt,
The gods with others have severely dealt;
By Juno’s rage the heavens Alcides bore,

And lost fair Hylas on the Pontic Shore.
Laomedon did Jove's resentment feel,
And Telephus bled by the fatal steel.
Fate's sure decrees no mortal power can shun,
Nor can the swiftest from Heaven's vengeance run."

Tortured by these anxieties, I tossed about wakefully the whole night long. At peep of day Giton, informed of the fact of my having slept at home, entered my room, and after chiding me severely for my licentious way of life, told me the whole household were complaining bitterly of my goings on, how I paid scarcely any attention to business, and was like a ruin myself over the fatal intrigue I was now engaged in. I gathered from all this he was well posted in my affairs, and guessed some one had been to the house to inquire for me. I asked my companion if anyone had been in quest of me.

"No one today," Giton replied; "but yesterday there was a woman, stylishly dressed enough, came in, and after a long talk with me and boring me to death with her forced conversation, ended by saying you deserved the gallows and would surely get a slave's scourging, if the individual you had wronged persisted in his complaint." This news tormented me extremely, and I launched out into fresh recriminations against Fortune. My invective was still in full swing when Chrysis came in, and throwing her arms wildly round my neck, exclaimed, "I have you in my arms, my heart's desire! My love, my joy! Never, never will you end this fire of mine, but by quenching it in my blood."

I was not a little disconcerted by this amorous display on her part, and resorted to a string of flattering speeches to get rid of her, fearing the madwoman's cries might reach Eumolpus's ears, who in the arrogance of success had now adopted the domineering ways of a real master. So I used every means to calm her excitement, — feigning love, whispering soft nothings; in a word, so cleverly did I play the fond adorer she thought me genuinely smitten with her charms. I explained what peril we should both be in, if she were caught with me in my bedroom, Eumolpus being only too ready to punish the smallest indiscretion. Hearing this, she left me hurriedly, all the more so as she saw Giton coming back, who had quitted the room shortly before she joined me.

Hardly was she gone before one of the newly engaged servants rushed in to tell me the master was excessively angry at my two days' neglect of my duties. The best thing I could do, he said, was to get some plausible excuse ready; for it was hardly possible his angry passions could subside without somebody getting a thrashing.

Giton seeing me so vexed and disheartened, did not say one word to me about the woman; he merely spoke of Eumolpus, recommending me to treat the matter jocularly with him, rather than look gloomy about it. I was glad enough to take his advice, and approached the old man with so gay an air that, instead of showing severity, he received me banteringly, rallying me about my success in love and complimenting me on my grace and elegance, which made me such a favorite with all the ladies. "It is no news to me," he went on, "that a most beautiful woman is dying of love for you; now this may very likely be useful to us on occasion, Encolpius. Well then! play the fond lover, you; I will keep up the same role I have been acting all along."

[CXL] He was still speaking when a matron entered, a lady of the highest distinction, Philomela by name, who in earlier days had won many a fat legacy by the charms of her youth; but who being old now and past her prime, used to put her son and daughter in the way of childless old men, and so continued to extend her old trade by the efforts of these successors. Well! this woman came to Eumolpus and proceeded to commend her children to his judicious guardianship, and confide herself and her hopes to his kindly good nature, asseverating he was the only man in all the world to train young people by the daily inculcation of healthy precepts; in fine, that she was leaving her children under Eumolpus's roof, that they might hear his words of wisdom, the only heritage worth having that could be bestowed on youth. And she was as good as her word; for leaving behind her a very attractive looking girl along with her brother, a stripling, in the old man's chamber, she left the house under pretext of visiting the Temple to say her prayers.

Eumolpus, who was so careful a soul he was ready to take even me at my age for a minion, was not long in inviting the girl to sacrifice to the rearward Venus. But then he had informed everybody he was gouty and crippled in the loins, and if he failed to keep up the pretense, he ran considerable risk of spoiling the whole play. So, to maintain the imposture intact, he begged the girl to take a seat on that kindly good nature her mother had appealed to, ordering Corax at the same time to slip under the bed he lay on himself, and resting his hands on the floor, to hoist him up and down with his back. The servant obeyed, and gently seconded the child's artful movements with a corresponding, rhythmical seesaw. Then when the crisis was coming, Eumolpus shouted out loud and clear to Corax to work faster. Thus the old fellow, suspended between his servant and his mistress, enjoyed himself as if in a swing. This exercise he repeated more than once, to the accompaniment of peals of laughter, in which he himself joined. Nor was I idle;

but fearing my hand might get out of practise from disuse, I assailed the brother, where he stood admiring his sister's gymnastics through the keyhole, to see if he were amenable to outrage. He made no bones about accepting my caresses; but once more, alas! I found the god unpropitious to my efforts.

However I was not so much cast down by failure this time as I had been on previous occasions; for very soon afterwards my vigor came back to me, and suddenly feeling myself in better condition, I exclaimed, "The great gods of higher heaven it is have made me a man again! Mercury, who conveys and reconveys the souls of men, has of his loving kindness given me back what an unfriendly hand had docked me of, to show you I am really more graciously endowed than ever was Protesilaus or any of the mighty men of yore." So saying, I lifted my tunic, and offered Eumolpus a view of all my glories. For an instant he stood panic-stricken; then, to make assurance doubly sure, he put out both hands and felt the good gift the gods had given me.

This great boon restoring our cheerfulness, we made merry over Philomela's artfulness and her children's proficiency, little likely to profit them much with us however; for it was solely and entirely in hopes of a legacy she had abandoned the boy and girl to our tender mercies. So reflecting on this sordid fashion of getting round childless old men, I was led on to think of the present state of our own fortunes, and took occasion to warn Eumolpus that this game of biting might easily end in biters being bit.

"Our every act," I added, "should be governed by caution. Socrates, wisest of mankind as both men and gods allow, was wont to boast he had never so much as glanced into a tavern, nor trusted his eyes to look at any crowded and disorderly assemblage. Nothing in the world is more advisable than always to speak within the bounds of prudence.

"All this is true," I insisted, "and no class of men is more liable to come to mischance than those who covet other folks' goods. How should mountebanks, and swindlers, live, unless they were now and again to toss a little purse or a jingling bag of money as baits to the crowd? Just as dumb beasts are enticed by food, so men are to be caught only with something solid in the way of expectations to bite at. [CXLII] The ship from Africa with your money and your slaves has not arrived, as you promised. Our fortune-hunters are tired out, and already stint their generosity. Either I am much mistaken, or the jade Fortune has begun to repent of her favors to you."

"I have thought out a scheme," Eumolpus replied, "that will mightily embarrass our fortune-hunting friends," and drawing his tablets from his wallet, he read out

his last wishes as follows:

“All who shall receives legacies under my will, my own freedmen excepted, will inherit the said bequests subject to this condition, to wit that they do cut up my body into pieces and eat the same before the eyes of the public there present.

“They need not be over and above shocked, I tell them; for we know that to this day some nations observe the custom by which the dead are eaten by their relatives — so much so indeed that sick folk amongst them are often reproached for spoiling their flesh by being so long ill. I remind my friends of these facts, that they may not refuse to follow my directions, but rather consume my dead body with the same heartiness with which they prayed the living breath might leave it.”

Just as he was reading the initial clauses, several of Eumolpus’s most intimate friends came into his room, and seeing the document in his hand, begged him eagerly to let them hear its contents. He consented instantly, and read it out from beginning to end. On hearing the extraordinary stipulation about being obliged to eat his corpse, they were very much cast down. But the glamour of his wealth so dazzled the wretched creatures and stifled their consciences, making mere cringing cowards of them in his presence, that they durst enter no protest against the enormity. One of them, however Gorgias, was ready to comply, provided he had not too long to wait.

At this Eumolpus continued, turning to Gorgias, “I have no apprehensions of your stomach’s turning rebellious; it will obey orders, once you promise it, in return for one hour’s nausea, a plethora of good things. Just shut your eyes, and pretend it’s not human flesh you’ve bolted, but a cool ten million. Besides, we’ll find some condiments, never fear, to disguise the flavor. Indeed, no meat really tastes good by itself, but is always masked in some artful way, and the recalcitrant stomach reconciled to it. Why! if you want examples to fortify your resolutions — the Saguntines, when hard pressed by Hannibal, ate human flesh; and they had no legacy to expect. The men of Perusia did the same thing in the extremity of famine, looking for no other benefit from the horrid diet but just to escape starvation. When Numantia was taken by Scipio, mothers were found grasping their children’s half-eaten bodies to their bosoms. In fine, seeing it is merely the idea of cannibalism that can cause disgust, you must fight with all your heart to banish this repugnance from your minds, to the end you may receive the enormous legacies I put you down for.”

These insolent extravagances Eumolpus reeled off with such reckless inconsequence as made the fortune hunters begin to distrust his promises. Instantly they began to scrutinize more closely our words and actions, and

everything they saw only increasing their suspicions, they soon set us down for a gang of common cheats and swindlers. Hereupon such as had gone to more than ordinary expense for our entertainment, resolved to have at us and take their just revenge.

But now Chrysis, who was in all their secrets, warned me of what the Crotonians' intentions towards us were. This news scared me so terribly I fled instantly with Giton, leaving Eumolpus to his fate; and a few days later I learned that the Crotonians, furious at the old fox having lived sumptuously at their expense for so long, had massacred him in the Massilian fashion. To show you what this means, I must tell you that whenever the Massilians were visited by the Plague, one of the poorer inhabitants would volunteer himself as an expiatory victim, on condition of being maintained a full year at the public cost and fed on choice food. Later on, the unhappy man, bedecked with festal wreaths and sacred robes, was carried in procession through the whole city, and made the butt of general execration, to the end that all the calamities of all the State might be concentrated on his devoted head. This done, he was hurled headlong from a rock.

THE END

SATYRICON: 1913 Heseltine Translation



Translated by Michael Heseltine for the Loeb Classical Library

CONTENTS

THE SATYRICON OF TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER
FRAGMENTS

THE SATYRICON OF TITUS PETRONIUS

ARBITER

[1] “Are our rhetoricians tormented by a new tribe of Furies when they cry: ‘These scars I earned in the struggle for popular rights; I sacrificed this eye for you: where is a guiding hand to lead me to my children? My knees are hamstrung, and cannot support my body’? Though indeed even these speeches might be endured if they smoothed the path of aspirants to oratory. But as it is, the sole result of this bombastic matter and these loud empty phrases is that a pupil who steps into a court thinks that he has been carried into another world. I believe that college makes complete fools of our young men, because they see and hear nothing of ordinary life there. It is pirates standing in chainson the beach, tyrants pen in hand ordering sons to cut off their fathers’ heads, oracles in time of pestilence demanding the blood of three virgins or more, honey-balls of phrases, every word and act besprinkled with poppy-seed and sesame. [2] People who are fed on this diet can no more be sensible than people who live in the kitchen can be savoury. With your permission I must tell you the truth, that you teachers more than anyone have been the ruin of true eloquence. Your tripping, empty tones stimulate certain absurd effects into being, with the result that the substance of your speech languishes and dies. In the age: when Sophocles or Euripides found the inevitable word for their verse, young men were not yet being confined to set speeches. When Pindar and the nine lyric poets were too modest to use Homer’s lines, no cloistered pedant had yet ruined young men’s brains. I need not go to the poets for evidence. I certainly do not find that Plato or Demosthenes took any course of training of this kind. Great style, which, if I may say so, is also modest style, is never blotchy and bloated. It rises supreme by virtue of its natural beauty. Your flatulent and formless flow of words is a modern immigrant from Asia to Athens. Its breath fell upon the mind of ambitious youth like the influence of a baleful planet, and when the old tradition was once broken, eloquence halted and grew dumb. In a word, who after this came to equal the splendour of Thucydides or Hyperides? Even poetry did not glow with the colour of health, but the whole of art, nourished on one universal diet, lacked the vigour to reach the grey hairs of old age. The decadence in painting was the same, as soon as Egyptian charlatans had found a short cut to this high calling.”

[3] Agamemnon would not allow me to stand declaiming out in the colonnade longer than he had spent sweating inside the school. “Your talk has an uncommon flavour, young man,” he said, “and what is most unusual, you appreciate good sense. I will not therefore deceive you by making a mystery of my art. The fact is that the teachers are not to blame for these exhibitions. They are in a madhouse, and they must gibber. Unless they speak to the taste of their young masters they will be left alone in the colleges, as Cicero remarks. Like the toadies [of Comedy] cadging after the rich man’s dinners, they think first about what is calculated to please their audience. They will never gain their object unless they lay traps for the ear. A master of oratory is like a fisherman; he must put the particular bait on his hook which he knows will tempt the little fish, or he may sit waiting on his rock with no hope of a catch. [4] Then what is to be done? It is the parents who should be attacked for refusing to allow their children to profit by stern discipline. To begin with they consecrate even their young hopefuls, like everything else, to ambition. Then if they are in; a hurry for the fulfilment of their vows, they drive the unripe schoolboy into the law courts, and thrust eloquence, the noblest of callings, upon children who are still struggling into the world. If they would allow work to go on step by step, so that bookish boys were steeped in diligent reading, their minds formed by wise sayings, their pens relentless in tracking down the right word, their ears giving a long hearing to pieces they wished to imitate, and if they would convince themselves that what took a boy’s fancy was never fine; then the grand old style of oratory would have its full force and splendour. As it is, the boy wastes his time at school, and the young man is a laughing-stock in the courts. Worse than that, they will not admit when they are old the errors they have once imbibed at school. But pray do not think that I impugn Lucilius’s rhyme about modesty. I will myself put my own views in a poem:

[5] If any man seeks for success in stern art and applies his mind to great tasks, let him first perfect his character by the rigid law of frugality. Nor must he care for the lofty frown of the tyrant’s palace, or scheme for suppers with prodigals like a client, or drown the fires of his wit with wine in the company of the wicked, or sit before the stage applauding an actor’s grimaces for a price.

“But whether the fortress of armoured Tritonis smiles upon him, or the land where the Spartan farmer lives, or the home of the Sirens, let him give the years of youth to poetry, and let his fortunate soul drink of the Maeonian fount. Later, when he is full of the learning of the Socratic school, let him loose the reins, and shake the weapons of mighty Demosthenes like a free man. Then let the company of Roman writers pour about him, and, newly unburdened from the music of

Greece, steep his soul and transform his taste. Meanwhile, let him withdraw from the courts and suffer his pages to run free, and in secret make ringing strains in swift rhythm; then let him proudly tell tales of feasts, and wars recorded in fierce chant, and lofty words such as undaunted Cicero uttered. Gird up thy soul for these noble ends; so shalt thou be fully inspired, and shalt pour out words in swelling torrent from a heart the Muses love.”

[6] I was listening to him so carefully that I did not notice Ascyrtos slipping away. I was pacing the gardens in the heat of our conversation, when a great crowd of students came out into the porch, apparently from some master whose extemporaneous harangue had followed Agamemnon’s discourse. So while the young men were laughing at his epigrams, and denouncing the tendency of his style as a whole, I took occasion to steal away and began hurriedly to look for Ascyrtos. But I did not remember the road accurately, and I did not know where our lodgings were. So wherever I went, I kept coming back to the same spot, till I was tired out with walking, and dripping with sweat. [7] At last I went up to an old woman who was selling country vegetables and said, “Please, mother, do you happen to know where I live?” She was charmed with such a polite fool. “Of course I do,” she said, and got up and began to lead the way. I thought her a prophetess . . . , and when we had got into an obscure quarter the obliging old lady pushed back a patchwork curtain and said, “This should be your house.” I was saying that I did not remember it, when I noticed some men and naked women walking cautiously about among placards of price. Too late, too late I realized that I had been taken into a bawdy-house. I cursed the cunning old woman, and covered my head, and began to run through the brothel to another part, when just at the entrance Ascyrtos met me, as tired as I was, and half-dead. It looked as though the same old lady had brought him there. I hailed him with a laugh, and asked him what he was doing in such an unpleasant spot. [8] He mopped himself with his hands and said, “If you only knew what has happened to me.” “What is it?” I said. “Well,” he said, on the point of fainting, “I was wandering all over the town without finding where I had left my lodgings, when a respectable person came up to me and very kindly offered to direct me. He took me round a number of dark turnings and brought me out here, and then began to offer me money and solicit me. A woman got threepence out of me for a room, and he had already seized me. The worst would have happened if I had not been stronger than he.” . . .

Every one in the place seemed to be drunk on aphrodisiacs . . . but our united forces defied our assailant. . . .

^[9] I dimly saw Giton standing on the kerb of the road in the dark, and hurried towards him. . . . I was asking my brother whether he had got ready anything for us to eat, when the boy sat down at the head of the bed, and began to cry and rub away the tears with his thumb. My brother's looks made me uneasy, and I asked what had happened. The boy was unwilling to tell, but I added threats to entreaties, and at last he said, "That brother or friend of yours ran into our lodgings a little while ago and began to offer me violence. I shouted out, and he drew his sword and said, 'If you are a Lucretia, you have found your Tarquin.'"

When I heard this I shook my fist in Ascylos's face. "What have you to say?" I cried, "You dirty fellow whose very breath is unclean?" Ascylos first pretended to be shocked, and then made a great show of fight, and roared out much more loudly: "Hold your tongue, you filthy prizefighter. You were kicked out of the ring in disgrace. Be quiet, Jack Stab-in-the-dark. You never could face a clean woman in your best days. I was the same kind of brother to you in the garden, as this boy is now in the lodgings."

^[10] "You sneaked away from the master's talk," I said. "Well, you fool, what do you expect? I was perishing of hunger. Was I to go on listening to his views, all broken bottles and interpretation of dreams? By God, you are far worse than I am, flattering a poet to get asked out to dinner."

Then our sordid quarrelling ended in a shout of laughter, and we retired afterwards more peaceably for what remained to be done. . . .

But his insult came into my head again. "Ascylos," I said, "I am sure we cannot agree. We will divide our luggage, and try to defeat our poverty by our own earnings. You are a scholar, and so am I. Besides, I will promise not to stand in the way of your success. Otherwise twenty things a day will bring us into opposition, and spread scandal about us all over the town." Ascylos acquiesced, and said, "But as we are engaged to supper to-night like a couple of students, do not let us waste the evening. I shall be pleased to look out for new lodgings and a new brother to-morrow?" "Waiting for one's pleasures is weary work," I replied. . . .

^[11] I went sight-seeing all over the town and then came back to the little room. At last I could ask for kisses openly. I hugged the boy close in my arms and had my fill of a happiness that might be envied. All was not over when Ascylos came sneaking up to the door, shook back the bars by force, and found me at play with my brother. He filled the room with laughter and applause, pulled me out of the cloak I had over me, and said, "What are you at, my pureminded brother, you that would break up our partnership?" Not content with gibing, he pulled the strap off

his bag, and began to give me a regular flogging, saying sarcastically as he did so: “Don’t make this kind of bargain with your brother.” . . .

^[12] It was already dusk when we came into the market. We saw a quantity of things for sale, of no great value, though the twilight very easily cast a veil over their shaky reputations. So for our part we stole a cloak and carried it off, and seized the opportunity of displaying the extreme edge of it in one corner of the market, hoping that the bright colour might attract a purchaser. In a little while a countryman, whom I knew by sight, came up with a girl, and began to examine the cloak narrowly. Ascyrtos in turn cast a glance at the shoulders of our country customer, and was suddenly struck dumb with astonishment. I could not look upon the man myself without a stir, for he was the person, I thought, who had found the shirt in the lonely spot where we lost it. He was certainly the very man. But as Ascyrtos was afraid to trust his eyes for fear of doing something rash, he first came up close as if he were a purchaser, and pulled the shirt off the countryman’s shoulders, and then felt it carefully. ^[13] By a wonderful stroke of luck the countryman had never laid his meddling hands on the seam, and he was offering the thing for sale with a condescending air as a beggar’s leavings. When Ascyrtos saw that our savings were untouched, and what a poor creature the seller was, he took me a little aside from the crowd, and said, “Do you know, brother, the treasure I was grumbling at losing has come back to us. That is the shirt, and I believe it is still full of gold pieces: they have never been touched. What shall we do? How shall we assert our legal rights?”

I was delighted, not only because I saw a chance of profit, but because fortune had relieved me of a very disagreeable suspicion. I was against any roundabout methods. I thought we should proceed openly by civil process, and obtain a decision in the courts if they refused to give up other people’s property to the rightful owners.

^[14] But Ascyrtos was afraid of the law: “Nobody knows us in this place,” he said, “and nobody will believe what we say, I should certainly like to buy the thing, although it is ours and we know it. It is better to get back our savings cheaply than to embark upon the perils of a lawsuit:

“Of what avail are laws where money rules alone, and the poor suitor can never succeed? The very men who mock at the times by carrying the Cynic’s scrip have sometimes been known to betray the truth for a price. So a lawsuit is nothing more than a public auction, and the knightly juror who sits listening to the case gives his vote as he is paid.”

But we had nothing in hand except one sixpence, with which we had meant to buy pease and lupines. And so for fear our prize should escape us, we decided to sell the cloak cheaper than we had intended, and so to incur a slight loss for a greater gain. We had just unrolled our piece, when a veiled woman, who was standing by the countryman, looked carefully at the marks, and then seized the cloak with both hands, shouting at the top of her voice, "Thieves!" We were terrified, but rather than do nothing, we began to tug at the dirty torn shirt, and cried out with equal bitterness that these people had taken some spoil that was ours. But the dispute was in no way even, and the dealers who were attracted by the noise of course laughed at our indignation, since one side was laying claim to an expensive cloak, the other to a set of rags which would not serve to make a decent patchwork. ^[15] Ascyrtos now cleverly stopped their laughter by calling for silence and saying, "Well, you see, every one has an affection for his own things. If they will give us our shirt, they shall have their cloak." The countryman and the woman were satisfied with this exchange, but by this time some policemen had been called in to punish us; they wanted to make a profit out of the cloak, and tried to persuade us to leave the disputed property with them and let a judge look into our complaints the next day. They urged that besides the counter-claims to these garments, a far graver question arose, since each party must lie under suspicion of thieving. It was suggested that trustees should be appointed, and one of the traders, a bald man with a spotty forehead, who used sometimes to do law work, laid hands on the cloak and declared that he would produce it to-morrow. But clearly the object was that the cloak should be deposited with a pack of thieves and be seen no more, in the hope that we should not keep our appointment, for fear of being charged.

It was obvious that our wishes coincided with his, and chance came to support the wishes of both sides. The countryman lost his temper when we said his rags must be shown in public, threw the shirt in Ascyrtos's face, and asked us, now that we had no grievance, to give up the cloak which had raised the whole quarrel.

...

We thought we had got back our savings. We hurried away to the inn and shut the door, and then had a laugh at the wits of our false accusers and at the dealers too, whose mighty sharpness had returned our money to us. "I never want to grasp what I desire at once, nor do easy victories delight me."

^[16] Thanks to Giton, we found supper ready, and we were making a hearty meal, when a timid knock sounded at the door.

We turned pale and asked who it was. "Open the door," said a voice, "and you will see." While we were speaking, the bar slipped and fell of its own accord, the door suddenly swung open, and let in our visitor. It was the veiled woman who had stood with the countryman a little while before. "Did you think you had deceived me?" she said. "I am Quartilla's maid. You intruded upon her devotions before her secret chapel. Now she has come to your lodgings, and begs for the favour of a word with you. Do not be uneasy; she will not be angry, or punish you for a mistake. On the contrary, she wonders how Heaven conveyed such polite young men to her quarter." We still said nothing, ^[17] and showed no approval one way or the other. Then Quartilla herself came in with one girl by her, sat down on my bed, and cried for a long while. We did not put in a word even then, but sat waiting in amazement for the end of this carefully arranged exhibition of grief. When this very designing rain had ceased, she drew her proud head out of her cloak and wrung her hands together till the joints cracked. "You bold creatures," she said, "where did you learn to outrival the robbers of romance? Heaven knows I pity you. A man cannot look upon forbidden things and go free. Indeed the gods walk abroad so commonly in our streets that it is easier to meet a god than a man. Do not suppose that I have come here to avenge myself. I am more sorry for your tender years than for my own wrongs. For I still believe that heedless youth has led you into deadly sin. I lay tormenting myself that night and shivering with such a dreadful chill that I even fear an attack of tertian ague. So I asked for a remedy in my dreams, and was told to find you out and allay the raging of my disease by the clever plan you would show me. But I am not so greatly concerned about a cure; deep in my heart burns a greater grief, which drags me down to inevitable death. I am afraid that youthful indiscretion will lead you to publish abroad what you saw in the chapel of Priapus, and reveal our holy rites to the mob. So I kneel with folded hands before you, and beg and pray you not to make a laughing-stock of our nocturnal worship, not to deride the immemorial mystery to which less than a thousand souls hold the key."

^[18] She finished her prayer, and again cried bitterly, and buried her face and bosom in my bed, shaken all over with deep sobs. I was distracted with pity and terror together. I reassured her, telling her not to trouble herself about either point. No one would betray her devotions, and we would risk our lives to assist the will of Heaven, if the gods had showed her any further cure for her tertian ague. At this promise the woman grew more cheerful, kissed me again and again and gently stroked the long hair that fell about my ears, having passed from crying to laughter. "I will sign a peace with you," she said, "and withdraw the suit I have

entered against you. But if you had not promised me the cure I want, there was a whole regiment ready for tomorrow to wipe out my wrongs and uphold my honour:

“To be flouted is disgraceful, but to impose terms is glorious: I rejoice that I can follow what course I please. For surely even a wise man will take up a quarrel when he is flouted, while the man who sheds no blood commonly comes off victorious.” . . .

Then she clapped her hands and suddenly burst out laughing so loud that we were frightened. The maid who had come in first did the same on one side of us, and also the little girl who had come in with Quartilla. ^[19] The whole place rang with farcical laughter, while we kept looking first at each other and then at the women, not understanding how they could have changed their tune so quickly. . . .

“I forbade any mortal man to enter this inn to-day, just so that I might get you to cure me of my tertian ague without interruptions.” When Quartilla said this, Ascylos was struck dumb for a moment, while I turned colder than a Swiss winter, and could not utter a syllable. But the presence of my friends saved me from my worst fears. They were three weak women, if they wanted to make any attack on us. We had at least our manhood in our favour, if nothing else. And certainly our dress was more fit for action. Indeed I had already matched our forces in pairs. If it came to a real fight, I was to face Quartilla, Ascylos her maid, Giton the girl. . .

But then all our resolution yielded to astonishment, and the darkness of certain death began to fall on our unhappy eyes. . . .

^[20] “If you have anything worse in store, madam,” I said, “be quick with it. We are not such desperate criminals that we deserve to die by torture.”. . .

The maid, whose name was Psyche, carefully spread a blanket on the floor. *Sollicitavit inguina mea mille iam mortibus frigida.* . . Ascylos had buried his head in his cloak. I suppose he had warning that it is dangerous to pry into other people’s secrets. . . .

The maid brought two straps out of her dress and tied our feet with one and our hands with the other. . . .

The thread of our talk was broken. “Come,” said Ascylos, “do not I deserve a drink?” The maid was given away by my laughter at this. She clapped her hands and said, “I put one by you, young man. Did you drink the whole of the medicine yourself?” “Did he really?” said Quartilla, “did Encolpius drink up the whole of our loving-cup?” Her sides shook with delightful laughter. . . . Even Giton had to

laugh at last, I mean when the little girl took him by the neck and showered countless kisses on his unresisting lips. . . .

[21] We wanted to cry out for pain, but there was no one to come to the rescue, and when I tried to cry "Help, all honest citizens!" Psyche pricked my cheek with a hair-pin, while the girl threatened Ascylos with a wet sponge which she had soaked in an aphrodisiac. . . .

At last there arrived a low fellow in a fine brown suit with a waistband

Modo extortis nos clunibus cecidit, modo basis olidissimis inquinavit, donec Quartilla balaenaceam tenens virgam alteque succincta iussit infelicibus dari missionem

We both of us took a solemn oath that the dreadful secret should die with us. . .

A number of attendants came in, rubbed us down With pure oil, and refreshed us. Our fatigue vanished, we put on evening dress again, and were shown into the next room, where three couches were laid and a whole rich dinner-service was finely spread out. We were asked to sit down, and after beginning with some wonderful hors d'oeuvres we swam in wine, and that too Falernian. We followed this with more courses, and were dropping off to sleep, when Quartilla said, "Well, how can you think of going to sleep, when you know that is your duty to devote the whole night to the genius of Priapus?" . . .

[22] Ascylos was heavy-eyed with all his troubles, and was falling asleep, when the maid who had been driven away so rudely rubbed his face over with soot, and coloured his lips and his neck with vermilion while he drowsed. By this time I was tired out with adventures too, and had just taken the tiniest taste of sleep. All the servants, indoors and out, had done the same. Some lay anyhow by the feet of the guests, some leaned against the walls, some even stayed in the doorway with their heads together. The oil in the lamps had run out, and they gave a thin dying light. All at once two Syrians came in to rob the dining-room, and in quarrelling greedily over the plate pulled a large jug in two and broke it. The table fell over with the plate, and a cup which happened to fly some distance hit the head of the maid, who was lolling over a seat. The knock made her scream, and this showed up the thieves and woke some of the drunken party. The Syrians who had come to steal dropped side by side on a sofa, when they realized that they were being noticed, with the most convincing naturalness, and began to snore like old-established sleepers.

By this time the butler had got up and refilled the flickering lamps. The boys rubbed their eyes for a few minutes, and then came back to wait. Then a girl with

cymbals came in, and the crash of the brass aroused everybody. ^[23] Our evening began afresh, and Quartilla called us back again to our cups. The girl with the cymbals gave her fresh spirits for the revel. . . .

Intrat cinaedus, homo omnium insulsissimus et plane illa domo dignus, qui ut infractis manibus congemuit, eiusmodi carmina effudit:

“Huc huc cito convenite nunc, spatolocinaedi,
Pede tendite, cursum addite, convolute planta
Femoreque facili, dune agili et manu procaces,
Molles, veteres, Deliaci manu recisi.”

Consumptis versibus suis immundissimo me basio conspuuit. Mox et super lectum venit atque omni vi detexit recusantem. Super inguina mea diu multumque frustra moluit. ^[24] Profluebant per frontem sudantis acaciae rivi, et inter rugas malarum tantum erat cretae, ut putares detectum parietem nimbo laborare. Non tenui ego diutius lacrimas, sed ad ultimam, perductus tristitiam “Quaeso” inquam “domina, certe embasicoetan iusseras dari.” Complosit illa tenerius manus et “O” inquit “hominem acutum atque urbanitatis vernaculae fontem. Quid? tu non intellexeras cinaedum embasicoetan vocari?” Deinde ut contubernali meo melius succederet, “Per fidem” inquam”vestram, Ascylos in hoc triclinio solus ferias agit?” “Ita” inquit Quartilla “et Ascylo embasicoetas detur.” Ab hac voce equum cinaedus mutavit transituque ad comitem meum facto clunibus eum basiisque distrivit. | Stabat inter haec Giton et risu dissolvebat

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ilia sua. Itaque conspicata eum Quartilla, cuius esset puer, diligentissima sciscitatione quaesivit. Cum ego fratrem meum esse dixissem, “Quare ergo” inquit “me non basiavit?” Vocatumque ad se in osculum applicuit. Mox manum etiam demisit in sinum et pertrectato vasculo tam rudi “Haec” inquit “belle cras in promulside libidinis nostrae militabit: hodie enim post asellum diaria non sumo.”

^[25] Cum haec diceret, ad aurem eius Psyche ridens accessit, et cum dixisset nescio quid, “Ita, ita” inquit Quartilla “bene admonuisti. Cur non, quia bellissima occasio est, devirginatur Pannychis nostra?” Continuoque producta est puella satis bella et quae non plus quam septem annos habere videbatur, [et] ea ipsa quae primum cum Quartilla in cellam venerat nostram. Plaudentibus ergo universis et postulantibus nuptias [fecerunt] obstupui ego et nec Gitona, verecundissimum puerum, sufficere huic petulantiae affirmavi, nec puellam eius aetatis esse, ut muliebris patientiae legem posset accipere. “Ita” inquit Quartilla “minor est ista quam ego fui, cum primum virum passa sum? Iunonem meam iratam habeam, si

unquam me meminerim virginem fuisse. Nam et infans cum paribus inclinatus sum, et subinde procedentibus annis maioribus me pueris applicui, donec ad hanc aetatem perveni. Hinc etiam puto proverbium natum illud, ut dicatur posse taurum tollere, qui vitulum sustulerit.” Igitur ne maiorem iniuriam in secreto frater acciperet, consurrexi ad officium nuptiale. ^[26] Iam Psyche puellae caput involverat flammeo, iam embasicoetas praeferibat facem, iam ebriae mulieres longum agmen plaudentes fecerant thalamumque incesta exornaverant veste, cum Quartilla quoque iocantium libidine accensa et ipsa surrexit correptumque Gitona in cubiculum traxit.

Sine dubio non repugnaverat puer, ac ne puella quidem tristis expaverat nuptiarum nomen. Itaque cum inclusi iacerent, consedimus ante limen thalami, et in primis Quartilla per rimam improbe diductam applicuerat oculum curiosum lusumque puerilem libidiosa speculabatur diligentia. Me quoque ad idem spectaculum lenta manu traxit, et quia considerantium cohaeserant vultus, quicquid a spectaculo vacabat, commovebat obiter labra et me tanquam furtivis subinde osculis verberabat. . . .

We threw ourselves into bed and spent the rest of the night without terrors. . . .

The third day had come. A good dinner was promised. But we were bruised and sore. Escape was better even than rest. We were making some melancholy plans for avoiding the coming storm, when one of Agamemnon’s servants came up as we stood hesitating, and said, “Do you not know at whose house it is today? Trimalchio, a very rich man, who has a clock and a uniformed trumpeter in his dining-room, to keep telling him how much of his life is lost and gone.” We forgot our troubles and hurried into our clothes, and told Giton, who till now had been waiting on us very willingly, to follow us to the baths. ^[27] We began to take a stroll in evening dress to pass the time, or rather to joke and mix with the groups of players, when all at once we saw a bald old man in a reddish shirt playing at ball with some long-haired boys. It was not the boys that attracted our notice, though they deserved it, but the old gentleman, who was in his house-shoes, busily engaged with a green ball. He never picked it up if it touched the ground. A slave stood by with a bagful and supplied them to the players. We also observed a new feature in the game. Two eunuchs were standing at different points in the group. One held a silver jordan, one counted the balls, not as they flew from hand to hand in the rigour of the game, but when they dropped to the ground. We were amazed at such a display, and then Menelaus ran up and said, “This is the man who will give you places at his table: indeed what you see is the overture to his dinner.” Menelaus had just finished when Trimalchio cracked his fingers. One

eunuch came up at this signal and held the jordan for him as he played. He relieved himself and called for a basin, dipped in his hands and wiped them on a boy's head.

^[28] I cannot linger over details. We went into the bath. We stayed till we ran with sweat, and then at once passed through into the cold water. Trimalchio was now anointed all over and rubbed down, not with towels, but with blankets of the softest wool. Three masseurs sat there drinking Falernian wine under his eyes. They quarrelled and spilt a quantity. Trimalchio said they were drinking his health. Then he was rolled up in a scarlet woollen coat and put in a litter. Four runners decked with medals went before him, and a hand-cart on which his favourite rode. This was a wrinkled blear-eyed boy uglier than his master Trimalchio. As he was being driven off, a musician with a tiny pair of pipes arrived, and played the whole way as though he were whispering secrets in his ear.

We followed, lost in wonder, and came with Agamemnon to the door. A notice was fastened on the doorpost: "NO SLAVE TO GO OUT OF DOORS EXCEPT BY THE MASTER'S ORDERS. PENALTY, ONE HUNDRED STRIPES." Just at the entrance stood a porter in green clothes, with a cherry-coloured belt, shelling peas in a silver dish. A golden cage hung in the doorway, and a spotted magpie in it greeted visitors. ^[29] I was gazing at all this, when I nearly fell backwards and broke my leg. For on the left hand as you went in, not far from the porter's office, a great dog on a chain was painted on the wall, and over him was written in large letters "BEWARE OF THE DOG." My friends laughed at me, but I plucked up courage and went on to examine the whole wall. It had a picture of a slave-market on it, with the persons' names. Trimalchio was there with long hair, holding a Mercury's staff. Minerva had him by the hand and was leading him into Rome. Then the painstaking artist had given a faithful picture of his whole career with explanations: how he had learned to keep accounts, and how at last he had been made steward. At the point where the wall-space gave out, Mercury had taken him by the chin, and was whirling him up to his high official throne. Fortune stood by with her flowing horn of plenty, and the three Fates spinning their golden threads. I also observed a company of runners practising in the gallery under a trainer, and in a corner I saw a large cupboard containing a tiny shrine, wherein were silver house-gods, and a marble image of Venus, and a large golden box, where they told me Trimalchio's first beard was laid up.

I began to ask the porter what pictures they had in the hall. "The Iliad and the Odyssey," he said, "and the gladiator's show given by Laenas." I could not take

them all in at once. . . .

[30] We now went through to the dining-room. At the entrance the steward sat receiving accounts. I was particularly astonished to see rods and axes fixed on the door posts of the dining-room, and one part of them finished off with a kind of ship's beak, inscribed:

"PRESENTED BY CINNAMUS THE STEWARD TO CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, PRIEST OF THE COLLEGE OF AUGUSTUS." Under this inscription a double lamp hung from the ceiling, and two calendars were fixed on either doorpost, one having this entry, if I remember right: "Our master C. is out to supper on December the 30th and 31st," the other being painted with the moon in her course, and the likenesses of the seven stars. Lucky and unlucky days were marked too with distinctive knobs.

Fed full of these delights, we tried to get into the dining-room, when one of the slaves, who was entrusted with this duty, cried, "Right foot first!" For a moment we were naturally nervous, for fear any of us had broken the rule in crossing the threshold. But just as we were all taking a step with the right foot together, a slave stripped for flogging fell at our feet, and began to implore us to save him from punishment. It was no great sin which had put him in such peril; he had lost the steward's clothes in the bath, and the whole lot were scarcely worth ten sesterces. So we drew back our right feet, and begged the steward, who sat counting gold pieces in the hall, to let the slave off. He looked up haughtily, and said, "It is not the loss I mind so much as the villain's carelessness. He lost my dinner dress, which one of my clients gave me on my birthday. It was Tyrian dye, of course, but it had been washed once already. Well, well, I make you a present of the fellow."

[31] We were obliged by his august kindness, and when we were in the dining-room, the slave for whom we had pleaded ran up, and to our astonishment rained kisses on us, and thanked us for our mercy. "One word," he said, "you will know in a minute who owes you a debt of gratitude: 'The master's wine is in the butler's gift.'" . . .

At last then we sat down, and boys from Alexandria poured water cooled with snow over our hands. Others followed and knelt down at our feet, and proceeded with great skill to pare our hangnails. Even this unpleasant duty did not silence them, but they kept singing at their work. I wanted to find out whether the whole household could sing, so I asked for a drink. A ready slave repeated my order in a chant not less shrill. They all did the same if they were asked to hand anything. It was more like an actor's dance than a gentleman's dining-room. But some rich

and tasty whets for the appetite were brought on; for every one had now sat down except Trimalchio, who had the first place kept for him in the new style. A donkey in Corinthian bronze stood on the side-board, with panniers holding olives, white in one side, black in the other. Two dishes hid the donkey; Trimalchio's name and their weight in silver was engraved on their edges. There were also dormice rolled in honey and poppy-seed, and supported on little bridges soldered to the plate. Then there were hot sausages laid on a silver grill, and under the grill damsons and seeds of pomegranate.

^[32] While we were engaged with these delicacies, Trimalchio was conducted in to the sound of music, propped on the tiniest of pillows. A laugh escaped the unwary. His head was shaven and peered out of a scarlet cloak, and over the heavy clothes on his neck he had put on a napkin with a broad stripe and fringes hanging from it all round. On the little finger of his left hand he had an enormous gilt ring, and on the top joint of the next finger a smaller ring which appeared to me to be entirely gold, but was really set all round with iron cut out in little stars. Not content with this display of wealth, he bared his right arm, where a golden bracelet shone, and an ivory bangle clasped with a plate of bright metal. ^[33] Then he said, as he picked his teeth with a silver quill, "It was not convenient for me to come to dinner yet, my friends, but I gave up all my own pleasure; I did not like to stay away any longer and keep you waiting. But you will not mind if I finish my game?" A boy followed him with a table of terebinth wood and crystal pieces, and I noticed the prettiest thing possible. Instead of black and white counters they used gold and silver coins. Trimalchio kept passing every kind of remark as he played, and we were still busy with the *hors d'oeuvres*, when a tray was brought in with a basket on it, in which there was a hen made of wood, spreading out her wings as they do when they are sitting. The music grew loud: two slaves at once came up and began to hunt in the straw. Peahen's eggs were pulled out and handed to the guests. Trimalchio turned his head to look, and said, "I gave orders, my friends, that peahen's eggs should be put under a common hen. And upon my oath I am afraid they are hard-set by now. But we will try whether they are still fresh enough to suck." We took our spoons, half-a-pound in weight at least, and hammered at the eggs, which were balls of fine meal. I was on the point of throwing away my portion. I thought a peachick had already formed. But hearing a practised diner say, "What treasure have we here?" I poked through the shell with my finger, and found a fat becafico rolled up in spiced yolk of egg.

^[34] Trimalchio had now stopped his game, and asked for all the same dishes, and in a loud voice invited any of us, who wished, to take a second glass of mead.

Suddenly the music gave the sign, and the light dishes were swept away by a troop of singing servants. An entrée-dish happened to fall in the rush, and a boy picked it up from the ground. Trimalchio saw him, and directed that he should be punished by a box on the ear, and made to throw down the dish again. A chairman followed and began to sweep out the silver with a broom among the other rubbish. Then two long-haired Ethiopians with little wineskins, just like the men who scatter sand in an amphitheatre, came in and gave us wine to wash our hands in, for no one offered us water.

We complimented our host on his arrangements. "Mars loves a fair field," said he, "and so I gave orders that every one should have a separate table. In that way these filthy slaves will not make us so hot by crowding past us."

Just then some glass jars carefully fastened with gypsum were brought on, with labels tied to their necks, inscribed, "Falernian of Opimius's vintage, 100 years in bottle." As we were poring over the labels Trimalchio clapped his hands and cried, "Ah me, so wine lives longer than miserable man. So let us be merry. Wine is life. I put on real wine of Opimius's year. I produced some inferior stuff yesterday, and there was a much finer set of people to dinner." As we drank and admired each luxury in detail, a slave brought in a silver skeleton, made so that its limbs and spine could be moved and bent in every direction. He put it down once or twice on the table so that the supple joints showed several attitudes, and Trimalchio said appropriately: "Alas for us poor mortals, all that poor man is is nothing. So we shall all be, after the world below takes us away. Let us live then while it goes well with us."

[35] After we had praised this outburst a dish followed, not at all of the size we expected; but its novelty drew every eye to it. There was a round plate with the twelve signs of the Zodiac set in order, and on each one the artist had laid some food fit and proper to the symbol; over the Ram ram's-head pease, a piece of beef on the Bull, kidneys over the Twins, over the Crab a crown, an African fig over the Lion, a barren sow's paunch over Virgo, over Libra a pair of scales with a muffin on one side and a cake on the other, over Scorpio a small sea-fish, over Sagittarius a bull's-eye, over Capricornus a lobster, over Aquarius a goose, over Pisces two mullets. In the middle lay a honeycomb on a sod of turf with the green grass on it. An Egyptian boy took bread round in a silver chafing-dish. . . .

Trimalchio himself too ground out a tune from the musical comedy "Assafoetida" in a most hideous voice. [36] We came to such an evil entertainment rather depressed. "Now," said Trimalchio, "let us have dinner. This is sauce for the dinner." As he spoke, four dancers ran up in time with the music and took off

the top part of the dish. Then we saw in the well of it fat fowls and sow's bellies, and in the middle a hare got up with wings to look like Pegasus. Four figures of Marsyas at the corners of the dish also caught the eye; they let a spiced sauce run from their wine-skins over the fishes, which swam about in a kind of tide-race. We all took up the clapping which the slaves started, and attacked these delicacies with hearty laughter. Trimalchio was delighted with the trick he had played us, and said, "Now, Carver." The man came up at once, and making flourishes in time with the music pulled the dish to pieces; you would have said that a gladiator in a chariot was fighting to the accompaniment of a water-organ. Still Trimalchio kept on in a soft voice, "Oh, Carver, Carver." I thought this word over and over again must be part of a joke, and I made bold to ask the man who sat next me this very question. He had seen performances of this kind more often. "You see the fellow who is carving his way through the meat? Well, his name is Carver. So whenever Trimalchio says the word, you have his name, and he has his orders."

^[37] I was now unable to eat any more, so I turned to my neighbour to get as much news as possible. I began to seek for far-fetched stories, and to inquire who the woman was who kept running about everywhere. "She is Trimalchio's wife Fortunata," he said, "and she counts her money by the bushel. And what was she a little while ago? You will pardon me if I say that you would not have taken a piece of bread from her hand. Now without why or wherefore she is queen of Heaven, and Trimalchio's all in all. In fact, if she tells him that it is dark at high noon, he will believe it. He is so enormously rich that he does not know himself what he has; but this lynx-eyed woman has a plan for everything, even where you would not think it. She is temperate, sober, and prudent, but she has a nasty tongue, and henpecks him on his own sofa. Whom she likes, she likes; whom she dislikes, she dislikes. Trimalchio has estates wherever a kite can fly in a day, is millionaire of millionaires. There is more plate lying in his steward's room than other people have in their whole fortunes. And his slaves! My word! I really don't believe that one out of ten of them knows his master by sight. Why, he can knock any of these young louts into a nettle-bed if he chooses. ^[38] You must not suppose either that he buys anything. Everything is home-grown: wool, citrons, pepper; you can have cock's milk for the asking. Why, his wool was not growing of fine enough quality. He bought rams from Tarentum and sent them into his flocks with a smack behind. He had bees brought from Athens to give him Attic honey on the premises; the Roman-born bees incidentally will be improved by the Greeks. Within the last few days, I may say, he has written for a cargo of mushroom spawn from India. And he has not got a single mule which is not the child of a

wild ass. You see all the cushions here: every one has purple or scarlet stuffing. So high is his felicity. But do not look down on the other freedmen who are his friends. They are very juicy people. That one you see lying at the bottom of the end sofa has his eight hundred thousand. He was quite a nobody. A little time ago he was carrying loads of wood on his back. People do say — I know nothing, but I have heard — that he pulled off a goblin's cap and found a fairy hoard. If God makes presents I am jealous of nobody. Still, he shows the marks of his master's fingers, and has a fine opinion of himself. So he has just put up a notice on his hovel: 'This attic, the property of Caius Pompeii's Diogenes, to let from the 1st of July, the owner having purchased a house.' That person there too who is lying in the freedman's place is well pleased with himself. I do not blame him. He had his million in his hands, but he has had a bad shaking. I believe he cannot call his hair his own. No fault of his I am sure; there is no better fellow alive; but it is the damned freedmen who have pocketed everything. You know how it is: the company's pot goes off the boil, and the moment business takes a bad turn your friends desert you. You see him in this state: and what a fine trade he drove! He was an undertaker. He used to dine like a prince: boars cooked in a cloth, wonderful sweet things, game, chefs and confectioners! There used to be more wine spilt under the table than many a man has in his cellars. He was a fairy prince, not a mortal. When his business was failing, and he was afraid his creditors might guess that he was going bankrupt, he advertised a sale in this fashion: "Caius Julius Proculus will offer for sale some articles for which he has no further use."

[39] Trimalchio interrupted these delightful tales; the meat had now been removed, and the cheerful company began to turn their attention to the wine, and to general conversation. He lay back on his couch and said: "Now you must make this wine go down pleasantly. A fish must have something to swim in. But I say, did you suppose I would put up with the dinner you saw on the top part of that round dish— "Is this the old Ulysses whom ye knew?" — well, well, one must not forget one's culture even at dinner. God rest the bones of my patron; he wanted me to be a man among men. No one can bring me anything new, as that last dish proved. The firmament where the twelve gods inhabit turns into as many figures, and at one time becomes a ram. So anyone who is born under that sign has plenty of flocks and wool, a hard head and a brazen forehead and sharp horns. Very many pedants and young rams are born under this sign." We applauded the elegance of his astrology, and so he went on: "Then the whole sky changes into a young bull. So men who are free with their heels are born now, and oxherds and

people who have to find their own food. Under the Twins tandems are born, and oxen, and debauchees, and those who sit on both sides of the fence. I was born under the Crab. So I have many legs to stand on, and many possessions by sea and land; for either one or the other suits your crab. And that was why just now I put nothing on top of the Crab, for fear of weighing down the house of my birth. Under the Lion gluttons and masterful men are born; under Virgo women, and runaway slaves, and chained gangs; under Libra butchers, and perfumers, and generally people who put things to rights; poisoners and assassins under Scorpio; under Sagittarius cross-eyed men, who take the bacon while they look at the vegetables; under Capricornus the poor folk whose troubles make horns sprout on them; under Aquarius innkeepers and men with water on the brain; under Pisces chefs and rhetoricians. So the world turns like a mill, and always brings some evil to pass, causing the birth of men or their death. You saw the green turf in the middle of the dish, and the honeycomb on the turf; I do nothing without a reason. Mother Earth lies in the world's midst rounded like an egg, and in her all blessings are contained as in a honeycomb."

^[40] "Bravo!" we all cried, swearing with our hands lifted to the ceiling that Hipparchus and Aratus Were not to be compared with him, until the servants came and spread over the couches coverlets painted with nets, and men lying in wait with hunting spears, and all the instruments of the chase. We were still wondering where to turn our expectations, when a great shout was raised outside the dining-room, and in came some Spartan hounds too, and began running round the table. A tray was brought in after them with a wild boar of the largest size upon it, wearing a cap of freedom, with two little baskets woven of palm-twigs hanging from his tusks, one full of dry dates and the other of fresh. Round it lay suckingpigs made of simnel cake with their mouths to the teats, thereby showing that we had a sow before us. These sucking-pigs were for the guests to take away. Carver, who had mangled the fowls, did not come to divide the boar, but a big bearded man with bands wound round his legs, and a spangled hunting-coat of damasked silk, who drew a hunting-knife and plunged it hard into the boar's side. A number of thrushes flew out at the blow. As they fluttered round the dining-room there were fowlers ready with limed twigs who caught them in a moment. Trimalchio ordered everybody to be given his own portion, and added: "Now you see what fine acorns the woodland boar has been eating." Then boys came and took the baskets which hung from her jaws and distributed fresh and dry dates to the guests.

[41] Meantime I had got a quiet corner to myself, and had gone off on a long train of speculation, — why the pig had come in with a cap of freedom on. After turning the problem over every way I ventured to put the question which was troubling me to my old informant. "Your humble servant can explain that too;" he said, "there is no riddle, the thing is quite plain. Yesterday when this animal appeared as *pièce de résistance* at dinner, the guests dismissed him; and so to-day he comes back to dinner as a freedman." I cursed my dullness and asked no more questions, for fear of showing that I had never dined among decent people.

As we were speaking, a beautiful boy with vineleaves and ivy in his hair brought round grapes in a little basket, impersonating Bacchus in ecstasy, Bacchus full of wine, Bacchus dreaming, and rendering his master's verses in a most shrill voice. Trimalchio turned round at the noise and said, "Dionysus, rise and be free." The boy took the cap of freedom off the boar, and put it on his head. Then Trimalchio went on: "I am sure you will agree that the god of liberation is my father." We applauded Trimalchio's phrase, and kissed the boy heartily as he went round.

After this dish Trimalchio got up and retired. With the tyrant away we had our freedom, and we began to draw the conversation of our neighbours. Dama began after calling for bumpers: "Day is nothing. Night is on you before you can turn round. Then there is no better plan than going straight out of bed to dinner. It is precious cold. I could scarcely get warm in a bath. But a hot drink is as good as an overcoat. I have taken some deep drinks and I am quite soaked. The wine has gone to my head."

[42] Seleucus took up the tale and said: I do not wash every day; the bathman pulls you to pieces like a fuller, the water bites, and the heart of man melts away daily. But when I have put down some draughts of mead I let the cold go to the devil. Besides, I could not wash; I was at a funeral to-day. A fine fellow, the excellent Chrysanthus, has breathed his last. It was but the other day he greeted me. I feel as if I were speaking with him now. Dear, dear, how we bladders of wind strut about. We are meaner than flies; flies have their virtues, we are nothing but bubbles. And what would have happened if he had not tried the fasting cure? No water touched his lips for five days, not a morsel of bread. Yet he went over to the majority. The doctors killed him — no, it was his unhappy destiny; a doctor is nothing but a sop to conscience. Still, he was carried out in fine style on a bier covered with a good pall. The mourning was very good too — he had freed a number of slaves — even though his own wife was very grudging over her tears. I daresay he did not treat her particularly kindly. But women one and all are a set of

vultures. It is no use doing anyone a kindness; it is all the same as if you put your kindness in a well. But an old love pinches like a crab.”

[43] He was a bore, and Phileros shouted out: “Oh, let us remember the living. He has got his deserts; he lived decently and died decently. What has he got to grumble at? He started with twopence, and he was always ready to pick a halfpenny out of the dirt with his teeth. So he grew and grew like a honeycomb. Upon my word, I believe he left a clear hundred thousand, and all in hard cash. Still, I have eaten the dog’s tongue, I must speak the truth. He had a rough mouth, and talked continually, and was more of a discord than a man. His brother was a fine fellow, stood by his friends, open-handed and kept a good table. To begin with, he caught a Tartar: but his first vintage set him on his feet: he used to get any price he asked for his wine. And what made him hold up his head was that he came into an estate out of which he got more than had been left to him. And that blockhead, in a fit of passion with his brother, left the family property away to some nobody or other. He that flies from his own family has far to travel. But he had some eaves-dropping slaves who did for him. A man who is always ready to believe what is told him will never do well, especially a business man. Still no doubt he enjoyed himself every day of his life. Blessed is he who gets the gift, not he for whom it is meant. He was a real Fortune’s darling, lead turned gold in his hands. Yes, it is easy when everything goes fair and square. And how many years do you think he had on his shoulders? Seventy and more. But he was a tough old thing, carried his age well, as black as a crow. I had known him world without end, and he was still merry. I really do not think he spared a single creature in his house. No, he was still a gay one, ready for anything. Well, I do not blame him: it is only his past pleasures he can take with him.”

[44] So said Phileros, but Ganymede broke in: “You go talking about things which are neither in heaven nor earth, and none of you care all the time how the price of food pinches. I swear I cannot get hold of a mouthful of bread to-day. And how the drought goes on. There has been a famine for a whole year now. Damn the magistrates, who play ‘Scratch my back, and I’ll scratch yours,’ in league with the bakers. So the little people come off badly; for the jaws of the upper classes are always keeping carnival. I do wish we had the bucks I found here when I first came out of Asia. That was life. If the flour was any but the finest, they beat those vampires into a jelly, until they put the fear of God into them. I remember Safinius: he used to live then by the old arch when I was a boy. He was more of a mustard-pot than a man: used to scorch the ground wherever he trod. Still he was straight; you could trust him, a true friend: you would not be

afraid to play at morra with him in the dark. How he used to dress them down in the senatehouse, every one of them, never using roundabout phrases, making a straightforward attack. And when he was pleading in the courts, his voice used to swell like a trumpet. Never any sweating or spitting: I imagine he had a touch of the Asiatic style. And how kindly he returned one's greeting, calling every one by name quite like one of ourselves. So at that time food was dirt-cheap. You could buy a larger loaf for twopence than you and your better half together could get through. One sees a bun bigger now. Lord, things are worse every day. This town goes downhill like the calfs tail. But why do we put up with a magistrate not worth three pepper-corns, who cares more about putting twopence in his purse than keeping us alive? He sits grinning at home, and pockets more money a day than other people have for a fortune. I happen to know where he came by a thousand in gold. If we had any spunk in us he would not be so pleased with himself. Nowadays people are lions in their own houses, and foxes out of doors. I have already eaten my rags, and if these prices keep up, I shall have to sell my cottages. Whatever is to happen if neither the gods nor man will take pity on this town? As I hope to have joy of my children, I believe all these things come from Heaven. For no one now believes that the gods are gods. There is no fasting done, no one cares a button for religion: they all shut their eyes and count their own goods. In old days the mothers in their best robes used to climb the hill with bare feet and loose hair, pure in spirit, and pray Jupiter to send rain. Then it used promptly to rain by the bucket: it was now or never: and they all came home, wet as drowned rats. As it is, the gods are gouty in the feet because we are sceptics. So our fields lie baking—”

[45] “Oh, don't be so gloomy,” said Echion, the old clothes dealer. “‘There's ups and there's downs,’ as the country bumpkin said when he lost his spotted pig. What is not to-day, will be to-morrow: so we trudge through life. I engage you could not name a better country to call one's own, if only the men in it had sense. It has its troubles now like others. We must not be too particular when there is a sky above us all. If you were anywhere else, you would say that roast pork walked in the streets here. Just think, we are soon to be given a superb spectacle lasting three days; not simply a troupe of professional gladiators, but a large number of them freedmen. And our good Titus has a big imagination and is hot-blooded: it will be one thing or another, something real anyway. I know him very well, and he is all against half-measures. He will give you the finest blades, no running away, butchery done in the middle, where the whole audience can see it. And he has the wherewithal; he came into thirty million when his father came to

grief. If he spends four hundred thousand, his estate will never feel it, and his name will live for ever. He has already collected some clowns, and a woman to fight from a chariot, and Glyco's steward, who was caught amusing Glyco's wife. You will see the crowd quarrel, jealous husbands against gallants. A twopenny halfpenny fellow like Glyco goes throwing his steward to the beasts. He only gives himself away. It is not the slave's fault; he had to do as he was told. That filthy wife of his rather deserved to be tossed by the bull. But a man who cannot beat his donkey, beats the saddle. How did Glyco suppose that a sprig of Hermogenes's sowing would ever come to a good end? He was one for paring the claws of a kite on the wing, and you do not gather figs from thistles. Glyco? why, Glyco has given away his own flesh and blood. He will be branded as long as he lives, and nothing but death will wipe it out. But a man must have his faults. My nose prophesies a good meal from Mammaea, twopence each for me and mine. If he does, he will put Norbanus quite in the shade. You know he will beat him hands down. After all, what has Norbanus ever done for us? He produced some decayed twopenny-halfpenny gladiators, who would have fallen flat if you breathed on them; I have seen better ruffians turned in to fight the wild beasts. He shed the blood of some mounted infantry that might have come off a lamp; dunghill cocks you would have called them: one a spavined mule, the other bandylegged, and the holder of the bye, just one corpse instead of another, and hamstrung. One man, a Thracian, had some stuffing, but he too fought according to the rule of the schools. In short, they were all flogged afterwards. How the great crowd roared at them, Lay it on'! They were mere runaways, to be sure. 'Still, says Norbanus, I did give you a treat.' Yes, and I clap my hands at you. Reckon it up, and I give you more than I got. One good turn deserves another. ^[46] Now, Agamemnon, you look as if you were saying, 'What is this bore chattering for?' Only because you have the gift of tongues and do not speak. You do not come off our shelf, and so you make fun of the way we poor men talk. We know you are mad with much learning. But I tell you what; can I persuade you to come down to my place some day and see my little property? We shall find something to eat, a chicken and eggs: it will be delightful, even though the weather this year has made everything grow at the wrong time: we shall find something to fill ourselves up with. My little boy is growing into a follower of yours already. He can do simple division now; if he lives, you will have a little servant at your heels. Whenever he has any spare time, he never lifts his nose from the slate. He is clever, and comes of a good stock, even though he is too fond of birds. I killed three of his goldfinches just lately, and said a weasel had eaten them. But he has

found some other hobby, and has taken to painting with great pleasure. He has made a hole in his Greek now, and begins to relish Latin finely, even though his master is conceited and will not stick to one thing at a time. The boy comes asking me to give him some writing to do, though he does not want to work. I have another boy who is no scholar, but very inquiring, and can teach you more than he knows himself. So on holidays he generally comes home, and is quite pleased whatever you give him. I bought the child some books with red-letter headings in them a little time ago. I want him to have a smack of law in order to manage the property. Law has bread and butter in it. He has dipped quite deep enough into literature. If he is restless, I mean to have him learn a trade, a barber or an auctioneer, or at least a barrister, something that he can carry to the grave with him. So I drum it into him every day: Mark my words, Primigenius, whatever you learn, you learn for your own good. Look at Phileros, the barrister: if he had not worked, he would not be keeping the wolf from the door today. It is not so long since he used to carry things round on his back and sell them, and now he makes a brave show even against Norbanus. Yes, education is a treasure, and culture never dies.’”

[47] Gossip of this kind was in the air, when Trimalchio came in mopping his brow, and washed his hands in scent. After a short pause, he said, “You will excuse me, gentlemen? My bowels have not been working for several days. All the doctors are puzzled. Still, I found pomegranate rind useful, and pinewood boiled in vinegar. I hope now my stomach will learn to observe its old decencies. Besides, I have such rumblings inside me you would think there was a bull there. So if any of you gentlemen wishes to retire there is no need to be shy about it. We were none of us born quite solid. I cannot imagine any torture like holding oneself in. The one thing Jupiter himself cannot forbid is that we should have relief. Why do you laugh, Fortunata; it is you who are always keeping me awake all night. Of course, as far as I am concerned, anyone may relieve himself in the dining-room. The doctors forbid retention. But if the matter is serious, everything is ready outside: water, towels, and all the other little comforts. Take my word for it, vapours go to the brain and make a disturbance throughout the body. I know many people have died this way, by refusing to admit the truth to themselves.” We thanked him for his generosity and kindness, and then tried to suppress our laughter by drinking hard and fast. We did not yet realize that we had only got halfway through the delicacies, and still had an uphill task before us, as they say. The tables were cleared to the sound of music, and three white pigs, adorned with muzzles and bells, were led into the dining-room. One was two years old, the

keeper said, the second three, and the other as much as six. I thought some ropewalkers had come in, and that the pigs would perform some wonderful tricks, as they do for crowds in the streets. Trimalchio ended our suspense by saying, "Now, which of them would you like turned into a dinner this minute? Any country hand can turn out a fowl or a Pentheus hash, or trifles of that kind. My cooks are quite used to serving whole calves done in a cauldron." Then he told them to fetch a cook at once, and without waiting for our opinion ordered the eldest pig to be killed, and said in a loud voice, "Which division of the household do you belong to?" The man said he came from the fortieth. "Were you purchased or born on the estate?" "Neither; I was left to you under Pansa's will." "*Well then,*" said Trimalchio, "mind you serve this carefully, or I will have you degraded to the messengers' division."^[48] So the cook was reminded of his master's power, and the dish that was to be carried him off to the kitchen. Trimalchio turned to us with a mild expression and said, "I will change the wine if you do not like it. You will have to give it its virtues. Under God's providence, I do not have to buy it. Anything here which makes your mouths water is grown on a country estate of mine which I know nothing about as yet. I believe it is on the boundary of Terracina and Tarentum. Just now I want to join up all Sicily with properties of mine, so that if I take a fancy to go to Africa I shall travel through my own land. But do tell me, Agamemnon, what declamation did you deliver in school to-day? Of course, I do not practise in court myself, but I learned literature for domestic purposes. And do not imagine that I despise learning. I have got two libraries, one Greek and one Latin. So give me an outline of your speech, if you love me." Then Agamemnon said: "A poor man and a rich man were once at enmity." "But what is a poor man?" Trimalchio replied. "Very clever," said Agamemnon, and went on expounding some problem or other. Trimalchio at once retorted: "If the thing really happened, there is no problem; if it never happened, it is all nonsense." We followed up this and other sallies with the most extravagant admiration. "Tell me, dear Agamemnon," said Trimalchio, "do you know anything of the twelve labours of Hercules, or the story of Ulysses and how the Cyclops twisted his thumb with the tongs? I used to read these things in Homer when I was a boy. Yes, and I myself with my own eyes saw the Sibyl hanging in a cage; and when the boys cried at her: Sibyl, Sibyl, what do you want?' 'I would that I were dead,' she used to answer."

^[49] He had still more talk to puff out, when the table was filled by a dish holding an enormous pig. We began to express astonishment at such speed, and took our oath that not even a fowl could have been properly cooked in the time, especially

as the pig seemed to us to be much bigger than the boar had been a little while earlier. Trimalchio looked at it more and more closely and then said, "What, what, has not this pig been gutted? I swear it has not. The cook, send the cook up here to us." The poor cook came and stood by the table and said that he had forgotten to gut it. "What? Forgotten?" shouted Trimalchio. "You would think the fellow had only forgotten to season it with pepper and cummin. Off with his shirt!" In a moment the cook was stripped and stood dolefully between two executioners. Then we all began to beg him off and say: "These things will happen; do let him go; if he does it again none of us will say a word for him." I was as stiff and stern as could be; I could not restrain myself, but leaned over and said in Agamemnon's ear: "This must be a most wretched servant; how could anyone forget to gut a pig? On my oath I would not forgive him if he had let a fish go like that." But Trimalchio's face softened into smiles. "Well," he said, "if your memory is so bad, clean him here in front of us." The cook put on his shirt, seized a knife, and carved the pig's belly in various places with a shaking hand. At once the slits widened under the pressure from within, and sausages and black puddings tumbled out.

^[50] At this the slaves burst into spontaneous applause and shouted, "God bless Gaius!" The cook too was rewarded with a drink and a silver crown, and was handed the cup on a Corinthian dish. Agamemnon began to peer at the dish rather closely, and Trimalchio said, "I am the sole owner of genuine Corinthian plate." I thought he would declare with his usual effrontery that he had cups imported direct from Corinth. But he went one better: "You may perhaps inquire," said he, "how I come to be alone in having genuine Corinthian stuff: the obvious reason is that the name of the dealer I buy it from is Corinthus. But what is real Corinthian, unless a man has Corinthus at his back? Do not imagine that I am an ignoramus. I know perfectly well how Corinthian plate was first brought into the world. At the fall of Ilium, Hannibal, a trickster and a great knave, collected all the sculptures, bronze, gold, and silver, into a single pile, and set light to them. They all melted into one amalgam of bronze. The workmen took bits out of this lump and made plates and entree dishes and statuettes. That is how Corinthian metal was born, from all sorts lumped together, neither one kind nor the other. You will forgive me if I say that personally I prefer glass; glass at least does not smell. If it were not so breakable I should prefer it to gold; as it is, it is so cheap. ^[51] But there was once a workman who made a glass cup that was unbreakable. So he was given an audience of the Emperor with his invention; he made Caesar give it back to him and then threw it on the floor. Caesar was as frightened as could be. But the man

picked up his cup from the ground: it was dented like a bronze bowl; then he took a little hammer out of his pocket and made the cup quite sound again without any trouble. After doing this he thought he had himself seated on the throne of Jupiter, especially when Caesar said to him: ‘Does anyone else know how to blow glass like this?’ Just see what happened. He said not, and then Caesar had him beheaded. Why? Because if his invention were generally known we should treat gold like dirt. Myself I have a great passion for silver. ^[52] I own about a hundred four-gallon cups engraved with Cassandra killing her children, and they lying there dead in the most lifelike way. I have a thousand jugs which Mummius left to my patron, and on them you see Daedalus shutting Niobe into the Trojan horse. And I have got the fights between Hereros and Petraites on my cups, and every cup is a heavy one; for I do not sell my connoisseurship for any money.”

As he was speaking, a boy dropped a cup. Trimalchio looked at him and said, “Quick, off with your own head, since you are so stupid.” The boy’s lip fell and he began to petition. “Why do you ask me?” said Trimalchio, “as if I should be hard on you! I advise you to prevail upon yourself not to be stupid.” In the end we induced him to let the boy off. As soon as he was forgiven the boy ran round the table

Then Trimalchio shouted, “Out with water! In with wine!” . . . We took up the joke, especially Agamemnon, who knew how to earn a second invitation to dinner. Trimalchio warmed to his drinking under our flattery, and was almost drunk when he said: “None of you ask dear Fortunata to dance. I tell you no one can dance the cancan better.” He then lifted his hands above his head and gave us the actor Syrus, while all the slaves sang in chorus:

Madeia!

Perimadeia!

And Trimalchio would have come out into the middle of the room if Fortunata had not whispered in his ear. I suppose she told him that such low fooling was beneath his dignity. But never was anything so variable; at one moment he was afraid of Fortunata, and then he would return to his natural self.

^[53] But a clerk quite interrupted his passion for the dance by reading as though from the gazette: “July the 26th. Thirty boys and forty girls were born on Trimalchio’s estate at Cumae. Five hundred thousand pecks of wheat were taken up from the threshing-floor into the barn. Five hundred oxen were broken in. On the same date: the slave Mithridates was led to crucifixion for having damned the soul of our lord Gaius. On the same date: ten million sesterces which could not be

invested were returned to the reserve. On the same day: there was a fire in our gardens at Pompeii, which broke out in the house of Nasta the bailiff.” “Stop,” said Trimalchio, “When did I buy any gardens at Pompeii?” “Last year,” said the clerk, “so that they are not entered in your accounts yet.” Trimalchio glowed with passion, and said, “I will not have any property which is bought in my name entered in my accounts unless I hear of it within six months.” We now had a further recitation of police notices, and some foresters’ wills, in which Trimalchio was cut out in a codicil; then the names of bailiffs, and of a freed-woman who had been caught with a bathman and divorced by her husband, a night watchman; the name of a porter who had been banished to Baiae; the name of a steward who was being prosecuted, and details of an action between some valets.

But at last the acrobats came in. A very dull fool stood there with a ladder and made a boy dance from rung to rung and on the very top to the music of popular airs, and then made him hop through burning hoops, and pick up a wine jar with his teeth. No one was excited by this but Trimalchio, who kept saying that it was a thankless profession. There were only two things in the world that he could watch with real pleasure, acrobats and trumpeters; all other shows were silly nonsense. “Why,” said he, “I once bought a Greek comedy company, but I preferred them to do Atellane plays, and I told my flute-player to have Latin songs.”

[54] Just as Trimalchio was speaking the boy slipped and fell [against his arm]. The slaves raised a cry, and so did the guests, not over a disgusting creature whose neck they would have been glad to see broken, but because it would have been a gloomy finish to the dinner to have to shed tears over the death of a perfect stranger. Trimalchio groaned aloud, and nursed his arm as if it was hurt. Doctors rushed up, and among the first Fortunata, with her hair down, and a cup in her hand, calling out what a poor unhappy woman she was. The creature who had fallen down was crawling round at our feet by this time, and begging for mercy. I was very much afraid that his petition was leading up to some comic surprise. The cook who had forgotten to gut the pig had not yet faded from my recollection. So I began looking all round the dining-room, in case any clockwork toy should jump out of the wall, especially after they had begun to beat a servant for dressing the bruise on his master’s arm with white wool instead of purple. And my suspicions were not far out. Instead of punishment there came Trimalchio’s decree that he should be made a free man, for fear anyone might be able to say that our hero had been wounded by a slave.

^[55] We applauded his action, and made small talk in different phrases about the uncertainty of man's affairs."Ah," said Trimalchio, "then we should not let this occasion slip without a record." And he called at once for paper, and after very brief reflection declaimed these halting verses:

"What men do not look for turns about and comes to pass. And high over us Fortune directs our affairs. Wherefore, slave, hand us Falernian wine."

A discussion of poetry arose out of this epigram, and for a long time it was maintained that Mopsus of Thrace held the crown of song in his hand, until Trimalchio said, "Now, I ask you as a scholar, how would you compare Cicero and Publilius? In my opinion the first has more eloquence, the second more beauty. For what could be better written than these lines?

"The high walls of Mars crumble beneath the gaping jaws of luxury. To please thy palate the peacock in his Babylonian vesture of gilded feathers is prisoned and fed, for thee the guinea-fowl, and for thee the capon. Even our beloved foreign guest the stork, type of parental love, with thin legs and sounding rattle, the bird exiled by winter, the harbinger of the warm weather, has now built a nest in thine abhorred cooking-pot. What are pearls of price, the fruits of India, to thee? For thy wife to be adorned with seaspails when she lies unchecked on a strange man's bed? For what end dost thou require the green emerald, the precious crystal, or the fire that lies in the jewels of Carthage, save that honesty should shine forth from amid the carbuncles? Thy bride might as well clothe herself with a garment of the wind as stand forth publicly naked under her clouds of muslin."

^[56] "And now," said he, "what do we think is the hardest profession after writing? I think a doctor's or a money-changer's. The doctor's, because he knows what poor men have in their insides, and when a fever will come — though I detest them specially, because they so often order me to live on duck. The moneychanger's, because he sees the copper under the silver. Just so among the dumb animals, oxen and sheep are the hardest workers: the oxen, because thanks to the oxen we have bread to eat; the sheep, because their wool clothes us in splendour. It is a gross outrage when people eat lamb and wear shirts. Yes, and I hold the bees to be the most divine insects. They vomit honey, although people do say they bring it from Jupiter: and they have stings, because wherever you have a sweet thing there you will find something bitter too."

He was just throwing the philosophers out of work, when tickets were carried round in a cup, and a boy who was entrusted with this duty read aloud the names of the presents for the guests. "Tainted metal"; a ham was brought in with a vinegar bottle on top of it. "Something soft for the neck"; a scrap of neck-end was

put on. "Repenting at leisure and obstinate badness"; we were given biscuits made with must, and a thick stick with an apple. "Leeks and peaches"; he took a scourge and a dagger. "Sparrows and fly-paper"; he picked up some dried grapes and a honey-pot. "Evening-dress and outdoor clothes"; he handled a piece of meat and some note-books. "Canal and foot-measure"; a hare and a slipper were introduced. "The muræna and a letter"; he took a mouse and a frog tied together, and a bundle of beetroot. We laughed loud and long: there were any number of these jokes, which have now escaped my memory.

[57] Ascyltos let himself go completely, threw up his hands and made fun of everything, and laughed till he cried. This annoyed one of Trimalchio's fellowfreedmen, the man who was sitting next above me."What are you laughing at, sheep's head?" he said."Are our host's good things not good enough for you? I suppose you are richer and used to better living? As I hope to have the spirits of this place on my side, if I had been sitting next him I should have put a stopper on his bleating by now. A nice young shaver to laugh at other people! Some vagabond flyby-night not worth his salt. In fact, when I've done with him he won't know where to take refuge. Upon my word, I am not easily annoyed as a rule, but in rotten flesh worms will breed. He laughs. What has he got to laugh about? Did his father pay solid gold for him when he was a baby? A Roman knight, are you? Well, I am a king's son. 'Then why have you been a slave?' Because I went into service to please myself, and preferred being a Roman citizen to going on paying taxes as a provincial. And now I hope I live such a life that no one can jeer at me. I am a man among men; I walk about bare-headed; I owe nobody a brass farthing; I have never been in the Courts; no one has ever said to me in public, 'Pay me what you owe me.' I have bought a few acres and collected a little capital; I have to feed twenty bellies and a dog: I ransomed my fellow slave to preserve her from indignities; I paid a thousand silver pennies for my own freedom; I was made a priest of Augustus and excused the fees; I hope to die so that I need not blush in my grave. But are you so full of business that you have no time to look behind you? You can see the lice on others, but not the bugs on yourself. No one finds us comic but you: there is your schoolmaster, older and wiser than you: he likes us. You are a child just weaned, you cannot squeak out *mu* or *ma*, you are a clay-pot, a wash-leather in water, softer, not superior. If you are richer, then have two breakfasts and two dinners a day. I prefer my reputation to any riches. One word more. Who ever had to speak to me twice? I was a slave for forty years, and nobody knew whether I was a slave or free. I was a boy with long curls when I came to this place; they had not built the town-hall then. But I

tried to please my master, a fine dignified gentleman whose little finger was worth more than your whole body. And there were people in the house who put out a foot to trip me up here and there. But still — God bless my master! — I struggled through. These are real victories: being born free is as easy as saying, Come here.’ But why do you stare at me now like a goat in a field of vetch?”

[58] At this remark Giton, who was standing by my feet, burst out with an unseemly laugh, which he had now been holding in for a long while. Ascyrtos’s enemy noticed him, and turned his abuse on to the boy. “What,” he said, “are you laughing too, you curly-headed onion? A merry Saturnalia indeed: what, have we December here? When did you pay five per cent on your freedom? He doesn’t know what to do, the gallows-bird, the crows’-meat. I will call down the wrath of Jupiter at once on you and the fellow who cannot keep you in order. As sure as I get my bellyfull, I would have given you what you deserve now on the spot, but for my respect for my fellow-freedman. We are getting on splendidly, but those fellows are fools, who don’t keep you in hand. Yes, like master, like man. I can scarcely hold myself in, and I am not naturally hot-tempered, but when I once begin I do not care twopence for my own mother. Depend upon it, I shall meet you somewhere in public, you rat, you puff-ball. I will not grow an inch up or down until I have put your master’s head in a nettle-bed, and I shall have no mercy on you, I can tell you, however much you may call upon Jupiter in Olympus. Those pretty eight-inch curls and that twopenny master of yours will be no use to you. Depend upon it, you will come under the harrow; if I know my own name you will not laugh any more, though you may have a gold beard like a god. I will bring down the wrath of Athena on you and the man who first made a minion of you.

“No, I never learned geometry, and criticism, and suchlike nonsense. But I know my tall letters, and I can do any sum into pounds, shillings, and pence. In fact, if you like, you and I will have a little bet. Come on, I put down the metal. Now I will show you that your father wasted the fees, even though you are a scholar in rhetoric. Look here:

‘What part of us am I? I come far, I come wide.
Now find me.’

I can tell you what part of us runs and does not move from its place; what grows out of us and grows smaller. Ah! you run about and look scared and hustled, like a mouse in a pot. So keep your mouth shut, or do not worry your betters who are unaware of your existence; unless you think I have any respect for

the boxwood rings you stole from your young woman. May the God of grab be on my side! Let us go on 'Change and borrow money: then you will see that my iron ring commands credit. My word, a draggled fox is a fine creature! I hope I may never get rich and make a good end, and have the people swearing by my death, if I do not put on the black cap and hunt you down everywhere. It was a fine fellow who taught you to behave like this, too; a chattering ape, not a master. We had some real schooling, for the master used to say, 'Are all your belongings safe? Go straight home, and don't stop to look round you; and mind you do not abuse your elders. Count up all the wastrels, if you like; not one of them is worth twopence in the end.' Yes, I thank God for education; it made me what I am."

[59] Ascylos was preparing a retort to his abuse, but Trimalchio was delighted with his fellow-freedman's readiness, and said, "Come now, stop all this wrangling. It is nicer to go on pleasantly, please do not be hard on the young man, Hermeros. Young blood is hot in him; you must be indulgent. A man who admits defeat in this kind of quarrel is always the winner. And you, too, when you were a young cockerel cried Cock-a-doodle-doo! and hadn't any sense in your head. So let us do better, and start the fun over again, and have a look at these reciters of Homer." A troop came in at once and clashed spear on shield. Trimalchio sat up on his cushion, and when the reciters talked to each other in Greek verse, as their conceited wayis, he intoned Latin from a book. Soon there was silence, and then he said, "You know the story they are doing? Diomedes and Ganymedes were two brothers. Helen was their sister. Agamemnon carried her off and took in Diana by sacrificing a deer to her instead. So Homer is now telling the tale of the war between Troy and Parentium. Of course he won and married his daughter Iphigenia to Achilles. That drove Ajax mad, and he will show you the story in a minute." As he spoke the heroes raised a shout, and the slaves stood back to let a boiled calf on a presentation dish be brought in. There was a helmet on its head. Ajax followed and attacked it with his sword drawn as if he were mad; and after making passes with the edge and the flat he collected slices on the point, and divided the calf among the astonished company.

[60] We were not given long to admire these elegant *tours de force*; suddenly there came a noise from the ceiling, and the whole dining-room trembled. I rose from my place in a panic: I was afraid some acrobat would come down through the roof. All the other guests too looked up astonished, wondering what the new portent from heaven was announced. The whole ceiling parted asunder, and an enormous hoop, apparently knocked out of a giant cask, was let down. All round it were hung golden crowns and alabaster boxes of perfumes. We were asked to

take these presents for ourselves, when I looked back at the table. . . . A dish with some cakes on it had now been put there, a Priapus made by the confectioner standing in the middle, holding up every kind of fruit and grapes in his wide apron in the conventional style. We reached greedily after his treasures, and a sudden fresh turn of humour renewed our merriment. All the cakes and all the fruits, however lightly they were touched, began to spurt out saffron, and the nasty juice flew even into our mouths. We thought it must be a sacred dish that was anointed with such holy appointments, and we all stood straight up and cried, "The gods bless Augustus, the father of his country." But as some people even after this solemnity snatched at the fruit, we filled our napkins too, myself especially, for I thought that I could never fill Giton's lap with a large enough present. Meanwhile three boys came in with their white tunics well tucked up, and two of them put images of the Lares with lockets round their necks on the table, while one carried round a bowl of wine and cried, "God be gracious unto us."

Trimalchio said that one of the images was called Gain, another Luck, and the third Profit. And as everybody else kissed Trimalchio's true portrait we were ashamed to pass it by.

[61] So after they had all wished themselves good sense and good health, Trimalchio looked at Niceros and said, "You used to be better company at a dinner; I do not know why you are dumb now, and do not utter a sound. Do please, to make me happy, tell us of your adventure." Niceros was delighted by his friend's amiability and said, "May I never turn another penny if I am not ready to burst with joy at seeing you in such a good humour. Well, it shall be pure fun then, though I am afraid your clever friends will laugh at me. Still, let them; I will tell my story; what harm does a man's laugh do me? Being laughed at is more satisfactory than being sneered at." So spake the hero, and began the following story:

"While I was still a slave, we were living in a narrow street; the house now belongs to Gavilla. There it was God's will that I should fall in love with the wife of Terentius the inn-keeper; you remember her, Melissa of Tarentum, a pretty round thing. But I swear it was no base passion; I did not care about her in that way, but rather because she had a beautiful nature. If I asked her for anything it was never refused me; if she made twopence I had a penny; whatever I had I put into her pocket, and I was never taken in. Now one day her husband died on the estate. So I buckled on my shield and greaves, and schemed how to come at her: and as you know, one's friends turn up in tight places. My master happened to

have gone to Capua to look after some silly business or other. ^[62] I seized my opportunity, and persuaded a guest in our house to come with me as far as the fifth milestone. He was a soldier, and as brave as Hell. So we trotted off about cockcrow; the moon shone like high noon. We got among the tombstones: my man went aside to look at the epitaphs, I sat down with my heart full of song and began to count the graves. Then when I looked round at my friend, he stripped himself and put all his clothes by the roadside. My heart was in my mouth, but I stood like a dead man. He made a ring of water round his clothes and suddenly turned into a wolf. Please do not think I am joking; I would not lie about this for any fortune in the world. But as I was saying, after he had turned into a wolf, he began to howl, and ran off into the woods. At first I hardly knew where I was, then I went up to take his clothes; but they had all turned into stone. No one could be nearer dead with terror than I was. But I drew my sword and went slaying shadows all the way till I came to my love's house. I went in like a corpse, and nearly gave up the ghost, the sweat ran down my legs, my eyes were dull, I could hardly be revived. My dear Melissa was surprised at my being out so late, and said, 'If you had come earlier you might at least have helped us; a wolf got into the house and worried all our sheep, and let their blood like a butcher. But he did not make fools of us, even though he got off; for our slave made a hole in his neck with a spear.' When I heard this, I could not keep my eyes shut any longer, but at break of day I rushed back to my master Gaius's house like a defrauded publican, and when I came to the place where the clothes were turned into stone, I found nothing but a pool of blood. But when I reached home, my soldier was lying in bed like an ox, with a doctor looking after his neck. I realized that he was a werewolf, and I never could sit down to a meal with him afterwards, not if you had killed me first. Other people may think what they like about this; but may all your guardian angels punish me if I am lying."

^[63] We were all dumb with astonishment, but Trimalchio said, "I pick no holes in your story; by the soul of truth, how my hair stood on end! For I know that Niceros never talks nonsense: he is very dependable, and not at all a chatterbox. Now I want to tell you a tale of horror myself: but I'm a donkey on the tiles compared with him. While I still had hair down my back, for I lived delicately from my youth up, my master's favourite died. Oh! he was a pearl, one in a thousand, and a mirror of perfection! So while his poor mother was bewailing him, and several of us were sharing her sorrow, suddenly the witches began to screech; you would have thought there was a dog pursuing a hare. We had a Cappadocian in the house at the time, a tall fellow, mighty brave and a man of

muscle; he could lift an angry bull off the ground. He rushed boldly out of doors with a naked sword, having carefully wrapped up his left hand, and ran the woman through the middle, just about here — may the spot my finger is on be safe! We heard a groan, but to tell the honest truth we did not see the witches themselves. But our big fellow came back and threw himself on a bed: and his whole body was blue as if he had been flogged, of course because the witch's hand had touched him. We shut the door and returned to our observances, but when the mother put her arms round the body of her son, she felt it and saw that it was a little bundle of straw. It had no heart, no inside or anything: of course the witches had carried off the boy and put a straw changeling in his place. Ah! yes, I would beg you to believe there are wise women, and night-riders, who can turn the whole world upside down. Well, the tall slave never came back to his proper colour after this affair, and died raving mad in a few days."

[64] We were full of wonder and faith, and we kissed the table and prayed the Night-riders to stay at home as we returned from dinner.

By this time, I own, the lamps were multiplying before my eyes, and the whole dining-room was altering; then Trimalchio said, "Come you, Plocamus, have you got no story? Will you not entertain us? You used to be more pleasant company, and recite blank verse very prettily, and put in songs too. Dear, dear, all the sweet green figs are fallen!" "Ah, yes," the man replied, "my galloping days are over since I was taken with the gout. In the days when I was a young fellow I nearly got consumption with singing. How I could dance and recite and imitate the talk in a barber's shop! Was there ever my equal, except the one and only Apelles?" And he put his hand to his mouth and whistled out some offensive stuff I did not catch: he declared afterwards it was Greek.

Then Trimalchio, after imitating a man with a trumpet, looked round for his favourite, whom he called Croesus. The creature had blear eyes and very bad teeth, and was tying up an unnaturally obese black puppy in a green handkerchief, and then putting a broken piece of bread on a chair, and cramming it down the throat of the dog, who did not want it and was sick. This reminded Trimalchio of his duties, and he ordered them to bring in Scylax, "the guardian of the house and the slaves." An enormous dog on a chain was at once led in, and on receiving a kick from the porter as a hint to lie down, he curled up in front of the table. Then Trimalchio threw him a bit of white bread and said, "No one in the house loves me better than Scylax." The favourite took offence at his lavish praise of the dog, and put down the puppy, and encouraged him to attack Scylax. Scylax, after the manner of dogs, filled the dining-room with a most hideous barking, and nearly

tore Croesus's little Pearl to pieces. And the uproar did not end with a dog-fight, for a lamp upset over the table, and broke all the glass to pieces, and sprinkled some of the guests with hot oil. Trimalchio did not want to seem hurt at his loss, so he kissed his favourite, and told him to jump on his back. He mounted his horse at once and went on smacking Trimalchio's shoulders with his open hand, saying, "How many are we, blind man's cheek?" After some time Trimalchio calmed himself, and ordered a great bowl of wine to be mixed, and drinks to be served round to all the slaves, who were sitting at our feet, adding this provision: "If anyone refuses to take it, pour it over his head; business in the daytime and pleasure at night."

[65] After this display of kindness, some savouries were brought in, the memory of which, as sure as I tell you this story, still makes me shudder. For instead of a thrush a fat chicken was brought round to each of us, and goose-eggs in caps, which Trimalchio kept asking us to eat with the utmost insistence, saying that they were chickens without the bones. Meanwhile a priest's attendant knocked at the diningroom door, and a man dressed in white for some festivity came in with a number of others. I was frightened by his solemn looks, and thought the mayor had arrived. So I tried to get up and plant my bare feet on the ground. Agamemnon laughed at my anxiety and said, "Control yourself, you silly fool! It is Habinnas of the priests' college, a monumental mason with a reputation for making first-class tombstones." I was relieved by this news, and lay down in my place again, and watched Habinnas' entrance with great astonishment. He was quite drunk, and had put his hands on his wife's shoulders; he had several wreaths on, and ointment was running down his forehead into his eyes. He sat down in the chief magistrate's place, and at once called for wine and hot water. Trimalchio was delighted at his good humour, and demanded a larger cup for himself, and asked him how he had been received. "We had everything there except you," was the reply, "for my eyes were here with you. Yes, it was really splendid. Scissa was having a funeral feast on the ninth day for her poor dear slave, whom she set free on his deathbed. And I believe she will have an enormous sum to pay the tax-collector, for they reckon that the dead man was worth fifty thousand. But anyhow it was a pleasant affair, even if we did have to pour half our drinks over his lamented bones." [66] "Ah," said Trimalchio, "but what did you have for dinner?" "I will tell you if I can," he said, "but my memory is in such a fine way that I often forget my own name. Well, first we had a pig crowned with a wine-cup, garnished with honey cakes, and liver very well done, and beetroot of course, and pure wholemeal bread, which I prefer to white myself; it puts strength into

you, and is good for the bowels. The next dish was a cold tart, with excellent Spanish wine poured over warm honey. Indeed I ate a lot of the tart, and gave myself such a soaking of honey. Pease and lupines were handed, a choice of nuts and an apple each. I took two myself, and I have got them here tied up in my napkin: for if I do not bring some present back for my pet slave-boy there will be trouble. Oh! yes, my wife reminds me. There was a piece of bear on a side dish. Scintilla was rash enough to taste it, and nearly brought up her own inside. I ate over a pound myself, for it tasted like proper wild boar. What I say is this, since bears eat up us poor men, how much better right has a poor man to eat up a bear? To finish up with we had cheese mellowed in new wine, and snails all round, and pieces of tripe, and liver in little dishes, and eggs in caps, and turnip, and mustard, and a dish of forcemeat. But hold hard, Palamedes. Pickled olives were brought round in a dish too, and some greedy creatures took three handfuls. For we had let the ham go. ^[67] But tell me, Gaius, why is Fortunata not at dinner?" "Do you not know her better?" said Trimalchio."Until she has collected the silver, and divided the remains among the slaves, she will not let a drop of water pass her lips." "Oh," replied Habinnas, "but unless she is here I shall take myself off," and he was just getting up, when at a given signal all the slaves called "Fortunata" four times and more. So she came in with a high yellow waist-band on, which allowed a cherry-red bodice to appear under it, and twisted anklets, and white shoes embroidered with gold. She wiped her hands on a cloth which she had round her neck, took her place on the sofa, where Scintilla, Habinnas's wife, was lying, kissed her as she was clapping her hands, and said, "Is it really you, dear?"

Fortunata then went so far as to take the bracelets off her fat arms to exhibit them to Scintilla's admiring gaze. At last she even took off her anklets and her hair-net, which she said was eighteen carat. Trimalchio saw her, and ordered the whole lot to be brought to him. "There," he said, "are a woman's fetters; that is how we poor fools are plundered. She must have six pounds and a half of gold on her. I have got a bracelet myself, made out of the percentage which I owe to Mercury, that weighs not an ounce under ten pounds." At last, for fear we should think he was lying, he ordered the scales to be brought, and had the weight carried round and tested. Scintilla was just as bad. She took off a little gold box from her neck, which she called her lucky box. Then she brought out two earrings, and gave them to Fortunata to look at in her turn, and said, "Thanks to my husband's kindness, nobody has finer ones." "What?" said Habinnas, you bullied me to buy you a glass bean. I declare if I had a daughter I would cut off her ears. If there

were no women, we should never trouble about anything: as it is, we sweat for them and get cold thanks.”

Meanwhile the tipsy wives laughed together, and gave each other drunken kisses, one prating of her prudence as a housewife, the other of the favourites of her husband and his inattention to her. While they were hobnobbing, Habinnas got up quietly, took Fortunata by the legs, and threw her over on the sofa. She shouted out, “Oh! goodness!” and her dress flew up over her knees. She took refuge in Scintilla’s arms, and buried her burning red face in a napkin.

[68] After an interval, Trimalchio ordered fresh relays of food to be brought in. The slaves took away all the tables, brought in others, and sprinkled about sawdust coloured with saffron and vermilion, and, what I had never seen before, powdered talc. Trimalchio at once said, “I might really be satisfied with this course; for you have got your fresh relays. But if there is anything nice, put it on.”

Meanwhile a boy from Alexandria, who was handing hot water, began to imitate a nightingale, and made Trimalchio shout, “Oh! change the tune.” Then there was another joke. A slave, who was sitting at the feet of Habinnas, began, by his master’s orders I suppose, suddenly to cry in a loud voice:

“Now with his fleet Aeneas held the main.”

No sharper sound ever pierced my ears; for besides his making barbarous mistakes in raising or lowering his voice, he mixed up Atellane verses with it, so that Virgil jarred on me for the first time in my life. All the same, Habinnas supplied applause when he had at last left off, and said, “He never went to school, but I educated him by sending him round the hawkers in the market. So he has no equal when he wants to imitate mule-drivers or hawkers. He is terribly clever; he is a cobbler too, a cook, a confectioner, a slave of all the talents. He has only two faults, and if he were rid of them he would be simply perfect. He is a Jew and he snores. For I do not mind his being cross-eyed; he has a look like Venus. So that is why he cannot keep silent, and scarcely ever shuts his eyes. I bought him for three hundred denarii.” Scintilla interrupted his story by saying, [69] “To be sure you have forgotten some of the tricks of the vile slave. He is a Don Juan; but I will see to it that he is branded.” Trimalchio laughed and said, “*Oh!* I perceive he is a Cappadocian; he does not deny himself, and, upon my word, I admire him; for no one can send a dead man any fun. And please do not be jealous, Scintilla. Take my word for it, we know you women too. By my hope of salvation, I used to amuse my own mistress, until even the master became suspicious; and so he banished me to a country stewardship. But peace, my tongue, and you shall have some bread.” The worthless slave took a clay lamp out of his dress, as if he had

been complimented, and imitated trumpeters for more than half an hour, Habinnas singing with him and pulling his lower lip down. Finally, he came right into the middle of the room, and shook a pipe of reeds in imitation of flute-players, or gave us the mule-driver's life, with a cloak and a whip, till Habinnas called him and gave him a kiss, and offered him a drink, saying, "Better than ever, Massa. I will give you a pair of boots."

There would have been no end to our troubles if a last course had not been brought in, thrushes made of fine meal and stuffed with raisins and nuts. There followed also quinces, stuck all over with thorns to look like sea-urchins. We could have borne this, if a far more fantastic dish had not driven us even to prefer death by starvation. What we took to be a fat goose, with fish and all kinds of birds round it, was put on, and then Trimalchio said, "My friends, whatever you see here on the table is made out of one body." With my usual intelligence, I knew at once what it was; I looked at Agamemnon and said, "I shall be surprised if the whole thing is not made out of filth, or at any rate clay. I have seen sham dinners of this kind served in Rome at the Saturnalia." I had not finished speaking when Trimalchio said, ^[70] "As I hope to grow in gains and not in girth, my cook made the whole thing out of a pig. There could not be a more valuable fellow. If you want it, he will make you a fish out of a sow's belly, a woodpigeon out of bacon, a turtledove out of a ham, and a chicken out of a knuckle of pork. That gave me the idea of putting a very pretty name on him; he is called Daedalus. And because he is so intelligent, I brought him back from Rome some knives, made of steel of Noricum, as a present." He had these knives brought in at once, and contemplated them with admiration. He even allowed us to try the edge on our cheeks.

Suddenly two slaves came in who had apparently been fighting at a water-tank; at least they still had waterpots on their necks. Trimalchio sat in judgment on the dispute, but neither of them accepted his decision, and they smashed each other's waterpots With sticks. We were amazed at their drunken folly, and stared at them fighting, and then we saw oysters and cockles fall out of the pots, and a boy picked them up and brought them round on a dish. The clever cook was a match for this exhibition; he offered us snails on a silver gridiron, and sang in an extremely ugly quavering voice.

I am ashamed to tell you what followed: in defiance of all convention, some long-haired boys brought ointment in a silver basin, and anointed our feet as we lay, after winding little garlands round our feet and ankles. A quantity of the same ointment was then poured into the mixing-bowl and the lamp.

Fortunata had now grown anxious to dance; Scintilla clapped her hands more often than she spoke, when Trimalchio said, "Philargyrus, you and Cario, though you are a damned wearer of the green, may sit down and tell your good woman, Menophila, to do the same." I need hardly say that we were nearly pushed off the sofas with the slaves crowding into every seat. Anyhow, I noticed that the cook, who had made a goose out of the pig, sat stinking of pickle and sauces just above me. Not satisfied with having a seat, he at once began to imitate the tragedian Ephesus, and then invited his own master to make a bet on the green being first in the next games.

[71] Trimalchio cheered up at this dispute and said, "Ah, my friends, a slave is a man and drank his mother's milk like ourselves, even if cruel fate has trodden him down. Yes, and if I live they shall soon taste the water of freedom. In fact I am setting them all free in my will. I am leaving a property and his good woman to Philargyrus as well, and to Cario a block of buildings, and his manumission fees, and a bed and bedding. I am making Fortunata my heir, and I recommend her to all my friends. I am making all this known so that my slaves may love me now as it I were dead." They all began to thank their master for his kindness, when he turned serious, and had a copy of the will brought in, which he read aloud from beginning to end, while the slaves moaned and groaned. Then he looked at Habinnas and said, "Now tell me, my dear friend: you will erect a monument as I have directed? I beg you earnestly to put up round the feet of my statue my little dog, and some wreaths, and bottles of perfume, and all the fights of Petraites, so that your kindness may bring me a life after death; and I want the monument to have a frontage of one hundred feet and to be two hundred feet in depth. For I should like to have all kinds of fruit growing round my ashes, and plenty of vines. It is quite wrong for a man to decorate his house while he is alive, and not to trouble about the house where he must make a longer stay. So above all things I want added to the inscription, 'This monument is not to descend to my heir.' I shall certainly take care to provide in my will against any injury being done to me when I am dead. I am appointing one of the freedmen to be caretaker of the tomb and prevent the common people from running up and defiling it. I beg you to put ships in full sail on the monument, and me sitting in official robes on my official seat, wearing five gold rings and distributing coin publicly out of a bag; you remember that I gave a free dinner worth two denarii a head. I should like a dining-room table put in too, if you can arrange it. And let me have the whole people there enjoying themselves. On my right hand put a statue of dear Fortunata holding a dove, and let her be leading a little dog with a waistband on;

and my dear little boy, and big jars sealed with gypsum, so that the wine may not run out. And have a broken urn carved with a boy weeping over it. And a sundial in the middle, so that anyone who looks at the time will read my name whether he likes it or not. And again, please think carefully whether this inscription seems to you quite appropriate: 'Here lieth Caius Pompeius Trimalchio, freedman of Maecenas. The degree of Priest of Augustus was conferred upon him in his absence. He might have been attendant on any magistrate in Rome, but refused it. God-fearing, gallant, constant, he started with very little and left thirty millions. He never listened to a philosopher. Fare thee well, Trimalchio: and thou too, passer-by.'"

[72] After saying this, Trimalchio began to weep floods of tears. Fortunata wept, Habinnas wept, and then all the slaves began as if they had been invited to his funeral, and filled the dining-room with lamentation. I had even begun to lift up my voice myself, when Trimalchio said, "Well, well, if we know we must die, why should we not live? As I hope for your happiness, let us jump into a bath. My life on it, you will never regret it. It is as hot as a furnace." "Very true, very true," said Habinnas, "making two days out of one is my chief delight." And he got up with bare feet and began to follow Trimalchio, who was clapping his hands.

I looked at Ascyrtos and said, "What do you think? I shall die on the spot at the very sight of a bath." "Oh! let us say yes," he replied, "and we will slip away in the crowd while they are looking for the bath." This was agreed, and Giton led us through the gallery to the door, where the dog on the chain welcomed us with such a noise that Ascyrtos fell straight into the fish-pond. As I, who had been terrified even of a painted dog, was drunk too, I fell into the same abyss while I was helping him in his struggles to swim. But the porter saved us by intervening to pacify the dog, and pulled us shivering on to dry land. Giton had ransomed himself from the dog some time before by a very cunning plan; when it barked he threw it all the pieces we had given him at dinner, and food distracted the beast from his anger. But when, chilled to the bone, we asked the porter at least to let us out of the door, he replied, "You are wrong if you suppose you can go out at the door you came in by. None of the guests are ever let out by the same door; they come in at one and go out by another." [73] There was nothing to be done, we were victims enwound in a new labyrinth, and the idea of washing had begun to grow pleasant, so we asked him instead to show us the bath, and after throwing off our clothes, which Giton began to dry in the front hall, we went in. It was a tiny place like a cold-water cistern, and Trimalchio was standing upright in it. We were not allowed to escape his filthy bragging even there; he declared that there was

nothing nicer than washing out of a crowd, and told us that there had once been a bakery on that very spot. He then became tired and sat down, and the echoes of the bathroom encouraged him to open his tipsy jaws to the ceiling and begin to murder Menecrates's songs, as I was told by those who could understand what he said. Other guests joined hands and ran round the edge of the bath, roaring with obstreperous laughter at the top of their voices. Some again had their hands tied behind their backs and tried to pick up rings from the floor, or knelt down and bent their heads backwards and tried to touch the tips of their toes. While the others were amusing themselves, we went down into a deep bath which was being heated for Trimalchio.

Then, having got rid of the effects of our liquor, we were led into another dining-room, where Fortunata had laid out her treasures, so that over the lamps I saw . . . little bronze fishermen, and tables of solid silver, and china cups with gold settings, and wine being strained through a cloth before our eyes. Then Trimalchio said, "Gentlemen, a slave of mine is celebrating his first shave to-day: an honest, cheeseparing fellow, in a good hour be it spoken. So let us drink deep and keep up dinner till dawn."

^[74] Just as he was speaking, a cock crew. The noise upset Trimalchio, and he had wine poured under the table, and even the lamp sprinkled with pure wine. Further, he changed a ring on to his right hand, and said, "That trumpeter does not give his signal without a reason. Either there must be a fire, or some one close by is just going to give up the ghost. Lord, save us! So anyone who catches the informer shall have a reward." He had scarcely spoken, when the cock was brought in from somewhere near. Trimalchio ordered him to be killed and cooked in a saucepan. So he was cut up by the learned cook who had made birds and fishes out of a pig a little while before, and thrown into a cooking-pot. And while Daedalus took a long drink very hot, Fortunata ground up pepper in a boxwood mill.

After the good things were done, Trimalchio looked at the slaves and said, "Why have you not had dinner yet? Be off, and let some others come and wait." So another brigade appeared, and the old lot shouted, "Gaius, good-bye," and the new ones, "Hail! Gaius." After this, our jollity received its first shock; a rather comely boy came in among the fresh waiters, and Trimalchio took him and began to kiss him warmly. So Fortunata, to assert her rights at law, began to abuse Trimalchio, and called him a dirty disgrace for not behaving himself. At last she even added, "You hound." Her cursing annoyed Trimalchio, and he let fly a cup in her face. She shrieked as if her eye had been put out, and lifted her trembling hands to her face. Scintilla was frightened too, and shielded her quivering friend

with her arms. While an officious slave held a cool little jar to her cheek, Fortunata leaned over it and began to groan and cry. But Trimalchio said, "What is it all about? This chorus-girl has no memory, yet I took her off the sale-platform and made her one of ourselves. But she puffs herself up like a frog, and will not spit for luck; a log she is, not a woman. But if you were born in a slum you cannot sleep in a palace. Damn my soul if I do not properly tame this shameless Cassandra. And I might have married ten million, wretched fool that I was! You know I am speaking the truth. Agatho, the perfumer of the rich woman next door, took me aside and said, 'I entreat you not to let your family die out.' But I, being a good chap, didn't wish to seem fickle, and so I have stuck the axe into my own leg. Very well, I will make you want to dig me up with your fingernails. But you shall understand what you have done for yourself straight away. Habinnas, do not put any statue of her on my tomb, or I shall have nagging even when I am dead. And to show that I can do her a bad turn, I will not have her kiss me even when I am laid out."

[75] After this flash of lightning Habinnas began to implore him to moderate his wrath. "We all have our faults," he said, "we are men, not angels." Scintilla cried and said the same, called him Gaius and besought him by his guardian angel to unbend. Trimalchio no longer restrained his tears, and said, "Habinnas, please, as you hope to enjoy your money, spit in my face if I have done anything wrong. I kissed that excellent boy not because he is beautiful, but because he is excellent: he can do division and read books at sight, he has bought a suit of Thracian armour out of his day's wages, purchased a round-backed chair with his own money, and two ladles. Does he not deserve to be treated well by me? But Fortunata will not have it. Is that your feeling, my high-heeled hussy? I advise you to chew what you have bitten off, you vulture, and not make me show my teeth, my little dear: otherwise you shall know what my anger is. Mark my words: when once my mind is made up, the thing is fixed with a ten-inch nail. But we will think of the living. Please make yourselves comfortable, gentlemen. I was once just what you are, but by my own merits I have come to this. A bit of sound sense is what makes men; the rest is all rubbish. 'I buy well and sell well': some people will tell you differently. I am bursting with happiness. What, you snorer in bed, are you still whining? I will take care that you have something to whine over. Well, as I was just saying, self-denial has brought me into this fortune. When I came from Asia I was about as tall as this candle-stick. In fact I used to measure myself by it every day, and grease my lips from the lamp to grow a moustache the quicker. Still, I was my master's favourite for fourteen years. No disgrace in

obeying your master's orders. Well, I used to amuse my mistress too. You know what I mean; I say no more, I am not a conceited man. ^[76] Then, as the Gods willed, I became the real master of the house, and simply had his brains in my pocket. I need only add that I was joint residuary legatee with Caesar, and came into an estate fit for a senator. But no one is satisfied with nothing. I conceived a passion for business. I will not keep you a moment — I built five ships, got a cargo of wine — which was worth its weight in gold at the time — and sent them to Rome. You may think it was a put-up job; every one was wrecked, truth and no fairy-tales. Neptune gulped down thirty million in one day. Do you think I lost heart? Lord! no, I no more tasted my loss than if nothing had happened. I built some more, bigger, better and more expensive, so that no one could say I was not a brave man. You know, a huge ship has a certain security about her. I got another cargo of wine, bacon, beans, perfumes, and slaves. Fortunata did a noble thing at that time; she sold all her jewellery and all her clothes, and put a hundred gold pieces into my hand. They were the leaven of my fortune. What God wishes soon happens. I made a clear ten million on one voyage. I at once bought up all the estates which had belonged to my patron. I built a house, and bought slaves and cattle; whatever I touched grew like a honey-comb. When I came to have more than the whole revenues of my own country, I threw up the game: I retired from active work and began to finance freedmen. I was quite unwilling to go on with my work when I was encouraged by an astrologer who happened to come to our town, a little Greek called Serapa, who knew the secrets of the Gods. He told me things that I had forgotten myself; explained everything from needle and thread upwards; knew my own inside, and only fell short of telling me what I had had for dinner the day before. ^[77] You would have thought he had always lived with me. You remember, Habinnas? — I believe you were there?— ‘You fetched your wife from you know where. You are not lucky in your friends. No one is ever as grateful to you as you deserve. You are a man of property. You are nourishing a viper in your bosom,’ and, though I must not tell you this, that even now I had thirty years four months and two days left to live. Moreover I shall soon come into an estate. My oracle tells me so. If I could only extend my boundaries to Apulia I should have gone far enough for my lifetime. Meanwhile I built this house while Mercury watched over me. As you know, it was a tiny place; now it is a palace. It has four dining-rooms, twenty bedrooms, two marble colonnades, an upstairs diningroom, a bedroom where I sleep myself, this viper's boudoir, an excellent room for the porter; there is plenty of spare room for guests. In fact when Scaurus came he preferred staying here to anywhere else, and he has a

family place by the sea. There are plenty of other things which I will show you in a minute. Take my word for it; if you have a penny, that is what you are worth; by what a man hath shall he be reckoned. So your friend who was once a worm is now a king. Meanwhile, Stichus, bring me the graveclothes in which I mean to be carried out. And some ointment, and a mouthful out of that jar which has to be poured over my bones.”

[78] In a moment Stichus had fetched a white windingsheet and dress into the dining-room and . . . [Trimalchio] asked us to feel whether they were made of good wool. Then he gave a little laugh and said, “Mind neither mouse nor moth corrupts them, Stichus; otherwise I will burn you alive. I want to be carried out in splendour, so that the whole crowd calls down blessings on me.” He immediately opened a flask and anointed us all and said, “I hope I shall like this as well in the grave as I do on earth.” Besides this he ordered wine to be poured into a bowl, and said, “Now you must imagine you have been asked to my funeral.”

The thing was becoming perfectly sickening, when Trimalchio, now deep in the most vile drunkenness, had a new set of performers, some trumpeters, brought into the dining-room, propped himself on a heap of cushions, and stretched himself on his death-bed, saying, “Imagine that I am dead. Play something pretty.” The trumpeters broke into a loud funeral march. One man especially, a slave of the undertaker who was the most decent man in the party, blew such a mighty blast that the whole neighbourhood was roused. The watch, who were patrolling the streets close by, thought Trimalchio’s house was alight, and suddenly burst in the door and began with water and axes to do their duty in creating a disturbance. My friends and I seized this most welcome opportunity, outwitted Agamemnon, and took to our heels as quickly as if there were a real fire.

[79] There was no guiding torch to show us the way as we wandered; it was now midnight, and the silence gave us no prospect of meeting anyone with a light. Moreover we were drunk, and our ignorance of the quarter would have puzzled us even in the daytime. So after dragging our bleeding feet nearly a whole hour over the flints and broken pots which lay out in the road, we were at last put straight by Giton’s cleverness. The careful child had been afraid of losing his way even in broad daylight, and had marked all the posts and columns with chalk; these lines shone through the blackest night, and their brilliant whiteness directed our lost footsteps. But even when we reached our lodgings our agitation was not relieved. For our friend the old woman had had a long night swilling with her lodgers, and would not have noticed if you had set a light to her. We might have had to sleep

on the doorstep if Trimalchio's courier had not come up in state with ten carts. After making a noise for a little while he broke down the house-door and let us in by it. . .

Ah! gods and goddesses, what a night that was, how soft was the bed. We lay in a warm embrace and with kisses everywhere made exchange of our wandering spirits. Farewell, all earthly troubles. So began my destruction.

I blessed my luck too soon. I was overcome with drink and let my shaking hands fall, and then Ascyrtos, that fountain of all wickedness, took my little friend away et in lectum transtulit suum, volutatusque liberius cum fratre non suo, sive non sentiente iniuriam sive dissimulante, indormivit alienis amplexibus oblitus iuris humani. Itaque ego ut expectatus pertrectavi gaudio despoliatum torum . . . Si qua est amantibus fides, ego dubitavi, an utrumque traicerem gladio somnumque morti iungerem. Tutius dein secutus consilium Gitona quidem verberibus excitavi, I looked angrily at Ascyrtos and said, As you have wickedly broken our agreement and the friendship between us, collect your things at once, and find some other place to corrupt."

[80] He did not resist, but after we had divided our spoils with scrupulous honesty he said, And now we must divide the boy too." I thought this was a parting joke. But he drew his sword murderously, and said, "You shall not enjoy this treasure that you brood over all alone. I am rejected, but I must carve off my share too, even with this sword."

So I did the same on my side; wrapped my cloak round my arm and put myself in position for a fight. As we raved in folly, the poor boy touched our knees, and humbly besought us with tears not to let that quiet lodging-house be the scene of a Theban duel, or stain the sanctity of a beautiful friendship with each other's blood. "But if you must commit your crime," he cried, "look here, here is my throat. Turn your hands this way and imbrue your blades. I deserve to die for breaking the oath of friendship." We put up our swords at his prayers, and Ascyrtos spoke first, I will put an end to this quarrel. Let the boy follow the one he prefers, so that he at any rate may have a free choice of brothers."

I had no fears, imagining that long-standing familiarity had passed into a tie of blood, and I accepted the arrangement in hot haste, and referred the dispute to the judge. He did not even pretend to take time to consider, but got up at once as I finished speaking, and chose Ascyrtos for his brother. I was thunderstruck at his choice, and fell down on the bed just as I was, without my sword; I should have committed suicide at the sentence if I had not grudged my enemy this triumph. Ascyrtos went stalking out with his winnings, and left his comrade, whom he had

loved a little while before, and whose fortunes had been so like his own, in despair in a strange place.

The name of friendship endures so long as there is profit in it: the counter on the board plays a changeable game. While my luck holds you give me your smiles, my friends; when it is out, you turn your faces away in shameful flight.

A company acts a farce on the stage: one is called the father, one the son, and one is labelled the Rich Man. Soon the comic parts are shut in a book, the men's real faces come back, and the make-up disappears.

^[81] But still I did not spend much time in weeping. I was afraid that Menelaus the tutor might increase my troubles by finding me alone in the lodgings, so I got together my bundles and took a room in a remote place right on the beach. I shut myself up there for three days; I was haunted by the thought that I was deserted and despised; I beat my breast, already worn with blows, groaned deeply and even cried aloud many times, Could not the earth have opened and swallowed me, or the sea that shows her anger even against the innocent? I fled from justice, I cheated the ring, I killed my host, and with all these badges of courage I am left forsaken in lodgings in a Greek town, a beggar and an exile. And who condemned me to loneliness? A young man tainted by excess of every kind, deserving banishment even by his own admission, a free, yes, a free-born debauchee; his youth was wasted in gambling, and even those who supposed him to be a man treated him like a girl. And his friend? A boy who went into skirts instead of trousers, whose mother persuaded him never to grow up, who was the common sport of the slaves' quarters, who after going bankrupt, and changing the tune of his vices, has broken the ties of an old friendship, and shamelessly sold everything in a single night's work like a common woman. Now the lovers lie all night long in each other's arms, and very likely laugh at my loneliness when they are tired out. But they shall suffer for it. I am no man, and no free citizen, if I do not avenge my wrongs with their hateful blood."

^[82] With these words I put on my sword, and recruited my strength with a square meal to prevent my losing the battle through weakness. I rushed out of doors at once, and went round all the arcades like a madman. My face was as of one dumb foundered with fury, I thought of nothing but blood and slaughter, and kept putting my hand to the sword-hilt which I had consecrated to the work. Then a soldier, who may have been a swindler or a footpad, noticed me, and said, Hullo, comrade, what regiment and company do you belong to?" I lied stoutly about my captain and my regiment, and he said, "Well, do soldiers in your force walk about in white shoes?" My expression and my trembling showed that I had lied, and he

ordered me to hand over my arms and look out for myself. So I was not only robbed, but my revenge was nipped in the bud. I went back to the inn, and by degrees my courage cooled, and I began to bless the footpad's effrontery. . . .

Poor Tantalus stands in water and never drinks, nor plucks the fruit above his head: his own desires torment him. So must a rich great man look when, with everything before his eyes, he fears starvation, and digests hunger dry-mouthed. . . .

It is not much use depending upon calculation when Fate has methods of her own. . . .

[83] I came into a gallery hung with a wonderful collection of various pictures. I saw the works of Zeuxis not yet overcome by the defacement of time, and I studied with a certain terrified wonder the rough drawings of Protogenes, which rivalled the truth of Nature herself. But when I came to the work of Apelles the Greek which is called the One-legged, I positively worshipped it. For the outlines of his figures were defined with such subtle accuracy, that you would have declared that he had painted their souls as well. In one the eagle was carrying the Shepherd of Ida on high to heaven, and in another fair Hylas resisted a tormenting Naiad. Apollo passed judgement on his accursed hands, and adorned his unstrung lyre with the newborn flower. I cried out as if I were in a desert, among these faces of mere painted lovers, "So even the gods feel love. Jupiter in his heavenly home could find no object for his passion, and came down on earth to sin, yet did no one any harm. The Nymph who ravished Hylas would have restrained her passion had she believed that Hercules would come to dispute her claim. Apollo recalled the ghost of a boy into a flower, and all the stories tell of love's embraces without a rival. But I have taken for my comrade a friend more cruel than Lycurgus himself."

Suddenly, as I strove thus with the empty air, a white-haired old man came into the gallery. His face was troubled, but there seemed to be the promise of some great thing about him; though he was shabby in appearance, so that it was quite plain by this characteristic that he was a man of letters, of the kind that rich men hate. He came and stood by my side. . . .

"I am a poet," he said, and one, I hope, of no mean imagination, if one can reckon at all by crowns of honour, which gratitude can set even on unworthy heads. 'Why are you so badly dressed, then?' you ask. For that very reason. The worship of genius never made a man rich.

"The man who trusts the sea consoles himself with high profits; the man who follows war and the camp is girded with gold; the base flatterer lies drunk on a

couch of purple dye; the man who tempts young wives gets money for his sin; eloquence alone shivers in rags and cold, and calls upon a neglected art with unprofitable tongue.

[84] “Yes, that is certainly true: if a man dislikes all vices, and begins to tread a straight path in life, he is hated first of all because his character is superior; for who is able to like what differs from himself? Further, those who only trouble about heaping up riches, do not want anything to be considered better than what is in their own hands. So they persecute men with a passion for learning in every possible way, to make them also look an inferior article to money. . . .

“Somehow or other poverty is own sister to good sense . . .

“I wish he that hates me for my virtue were so guiltless that he might be mollified. As it is he is a past master of robbery, and more clever than any pimp.”

[85] “In Asiam cum a quaestore essem stipendio eductus, hospitium Pergami accepi. Ubi cum libenter habitarem non solum propter cultum aedicularum, sed etiam propter hospitis formosissimum filium, excogitavi rationem, qua non essem patri familiae suspectus amator. Quotiescunque enim in convivio de usu formosorum mentio facta est, tam vehementer excandui, tam severa tristitia violari aures meas obsceno sermone nolui, ut me mater praecipue tanquam unum ex philosophis intueretur. Iam ego coeperam ephebum in gymnasium deducere, ego studia eius ordinare, ego docere ac praecipere, ne quis praedator corporis admitteretur in domum. . .

Forte cum in triclinio iaceremus, quia dies sollemnis ludum artaverat pigritiamque recedendi imposuerat hilaritas longior, fere circa mediam noctem intellexi puerum vigilare. Itaque timidissimo murmure votum feci et ‘domina’ inquam ‘Venus, si ego hunc puerum basiavero, ita ut ille non sentiat, eras illi par columbarum donabo.’ Audito voluptatis pretio puer stertere coepit. Itaque aggressus simulantem aliquot basiolis invasi. Contentus hoc principio bene mane surrexi electumque par columbarum attuli expectanti ac me voto exsolvi. [86] Proxima nocte cum idem liceret, mutavi optionem et ‘si hunc’ inquam ‘tractavero improba manu, et ille non senserit, gallos gallinaceos pugnacissimos duos donabo patienti.’ Ad hoc votum ephebus ultro se admovit et, puto, vereri coepit, ne ego obdormiscerem. Indulsi ergo sollicito, totoque corpore citra summam voluptatem me ingurgitavi. Deinde ut dies venit, attuli gaudenti quicquid promiseram. Ut tertia nox licentiam dedit, consurrexi . . . ad aurem male dormientis ‘dii’ inquam ‘immortales, si ego huic dormienti abstulero coitum plenum et optabilem, pro hac felicitate cras puero asturconem Macedonicum optimum donabo, cum hac tamen exceptione, si ille non senserit.’ Nunquam altiore somno ephebus obdormivit.

Itaque primum implevi lactentibus papillis manus, mox basio inhaesi, deinde in unum omnia vota coniunxi. Mane sedere in cubiculo coepit atque expectare consuetudinem meam. Scis quanto facilius sit, columbas gallosque gallinaceos emere quam asturconem, et praeter hoc etiam timebam, ne tam grande munus suspectam faceret humanitatem meam. Ego aliquot horis spatiatum in hospitium reverti nihilque aliud quam puerum basiavi. At ille circumspiciens ut cervicem meam iunxit amplexu, ‘rogo’ inquit ‘domine, ubi est asturco?’ . . .

[87] Cum ob hanc offensam praeclusissem mihi aditum, quem feceram, iterum ad licentiam redii. Interpositis enim paucis diebus, cum similis casus nos in eandem fortunam rettulisset, ut intellexi stertere patrem, rogare coepi ephebum, ut reverteretur in gratiam mecum, id est ut pateretur satis fieri sibi, et cetera quae libido distenta dictat. At ille plane iratus nihil aliud dicebat nisi hoc: “aut dormi, aut ego iam dicam patri.” Nihil est tam arduum, quod non improbitas extorqueat. Dum dicit: “patrem excitabo,” irrepsi tamen et male repugnanti gaudium extorsi. At ille non indelectatus nequitia mea, postquam diu questus est deceptum se et derisum traductumque inter condiscipulos, quibus iactasset census meum, “videris tamen” inquit “non ero tui similis. Si quid vis, fac iterum.” Ego vero deposita omni offensa cum puero in gratiam redii ususque beneficio eius in somnum delapsus sum. Sed non fuit contentus iteratione ephebus plenae maturitatis et annis ad patiendum gestientibus. Itaque excitavit me sopitum et “numquid vis?” inquit. Et non plane iam molestum erat munus. Utcunque igitur inter anhelitus sudoresque tritus, quod voluerat, accepit, rursusque in somnum decidi gaudio lassus. Interposita minus hora pungere me manu coepit et dicere: “quare non facimus?” tum ego totiens excitatus plane vehementer excandui et reddidi illi voces suas: ‘aut dormi, aut ego iam patri dicam’” . . .

[88] Encouraged by his conversation, I began to draw on his knowledge about the age of the pictures, and about some of the stories which puzzled me, and at the same time to discuss the decadence of the age, since the fine arts had died, and painting, for instance, had left no trace of its existence behind. “Love of money began this revolution,” he replied. “In former ages virtue was still loved for her own sake, the noble arts flourished, and there were the keenest struggles among mankind to prevent anything being long undiscovered which might benefit posterity. So Democritus extracted the juice of every plant on earth, and spent his whole life in experiments to discover the virtues of stones and twigs. Eudoxos grew old on the top of a high mountain in order to trace the movements of the stars and the sky, and Chrysippus three times cleared his wits with hellebore to improve his powers of invention. If you turn to sculptors, Lysippus died of

starvation as he brooded over the lines of a single statue, and Myron, who almost caught the very soul of men and beasts in bronze, left no heir behind him. But we are besotted with wine and women, and cannot rise to understand even the arts that are developed; we slander the past, and learn and teach nothing but vices. Where is dialectic now, or astronomy? Where is the exquisite way of wisdom? Who has ever been to a temple and made an offering in order to attain to eloquence, or to drink of the waters of philosophy? They do not even ask for good sense or good health, but before they even touch the threshold of the Capitol, one promises an offering if he may bury his rich neighbour, another if he may dig up a hid treasure, another if he may make thirty millions in safety. Even the Senate, the teachers of what is right and good, often promise a thousand pounds in gold to the Capitol, and decorate even Jupiter with pelf, that no one need be ashamed of praying for money. So there is nothing surprising in the decadence of painting, when all the gods and men think an ingot of gold more beautiful than anything those poor crazy Greeks, Apelles and Phidias, ever did.

[89] “But I see your whole attention is riveted on that picture, which represents the fall of Troy. Well, I will try and explain the situation in verse:

“It was now the tenth harvest of the siege of the Trojans, who were worn with anxious fear, and the honour of Calchas the prophet stood wavering in dark dread, when at Apollo’s bidding the wooded peaks of Ida were felled and dragged down, and the sawn planks fitted to a shape that resembled a war-horse. Within it a great hollow was opened, and a hidden cave that could shelter a host. In this the warriors who chafed at a war ten years long were packed away; the baleful Greeks fill every corner, and lie waiting in their own votive offering. Ah! my country! we thought the thousand ships were beaten off, and the land released from strife. The inscription carved on the horse, and Sinon’s crafty bearing, and his mind ever powerful for evil, all strengthened our hope.

Now a crowd hurries from the gate to worship, careless and free of the war. Their cheeks are wet with tears, and the joy of their trembling souls brings to their eyes tears that terror had banished. Laocoon, priest of Neptune, with hair unbound, stirs the whole assembly to cry aloud. He drew back his spear and the belly of the horse, but fate stayed his hand, spear leaped back, and won us to trust the fraud. But he nerved his feeble hand a second time, and sounded the deep sides of the horse with an axe. The young soldiers shut within breathed loud, and while the sound lasted the wooden mass gasped with a terror that was not its own. The prisoned warriors went forward to make Troy prisoner, and waged all the war by a new subtlety.

“There followed further portents; where the steep ridge of Tenedos breaks the sea, the billows rise and swell, and the shattered wave leaps back hollowing the calm, sounding like the noise of oars borne far through the silent night, when ships bear down the ocean, and the calm is stirred and splashes under the burden of the keel. We look back: the tide carries two coiling snakes towards the rocks, their swollen breasts like tall ships throwing the foam from their sides. Their tails crash through the sea, their crests move free over the open water, fierce as their eyes; a brilliant beam kindles the waves, and the waters resound with their hissing. Our heartbeats stopped. The priests stood wreathed for sacrifice with the two sons of Laocoon in Phrygian raiment. Suddenly the gleaming snakes twine their bodies round them. The boys throw up their little hands to their faces, neither helping himself, but each his brother: such was the exchange of love, and death himself slew both poor children by their unselfish fear. Then before our eyes the father, a feeble helper, laid his own body down upon his children's. The snakes, now gorged with death, attacked the man and dragged his limbs to the ground. The priest lies a victim before his altars and beats the earth. Thus the doomed city of Troy first lost her gods by profaning their worship.

“Now Phoebe at the full lifted up her white beam, and led forth the smaller stars with her glowing torch, and the Greeks unbarred the horse, and poured out their warriors among Priam's sons drowned in darkness and wine. The leaders try their strength in arms, as a steed untied from the Thessalian yoke will toss his head and lofty mane as he rushes forth. They draw their swords, brandish their shields, and begin the fight. One slays Trojans heavy with drink, and prolongs their sleep to death that endeth all, another lights torches from the altars, and calls on the holy places of Troy to fight against the Trojans.” . . .

[90] Some of the people who were walking in the galleries threw stones at Eumolpus as he recited. He recognized this tribute to his genius, covered his head, and fled out of the temple. I was afraid that he would call me a poet. So I followed him in his flight, and came to the beach, and as soon as we were out of range and could stop, I said, “Tell me, cannot you get rid of your disease? You have been in my company less than two hours, and you have talked more often like a poet than like a man. I am not surprised that the crowd pursue you with stones. I shall load my pockets with stones too, and whenever you begin to forget yourself I shall let blood from your head.” His expression altered, and he said, “My dear young friend, I have been blessed like this before to-day. Whenever I go into the theatre to recite anything, the people's way is to welcome me with this kind of present. But I do not want to have anything to quarrel with you about, so I

will keep off this food for a whole day.” “Well;” said I, “if you forswear your madness for to-day, we will dine together.” . . .

I gave the house-porter orders about our supper. . . .

^[91] I saw Giton, with some towels and scrapers, hugging the wall in sad embarrassment. You could see he was not a willing slave. So to enable me to catch his eye he turned round, his face softened with pleasure, and he said, “Forgive me, brother. As there are no deadly weapons here, I speak freely. Take me away from this bloody robber and punish me as cruelly as you like, your penitent judge. It will be quite enough consolation for my misery to die because you wish it.” I told him to stop his lamentation, for fear anyone should overhear our plans. We left Eumolpus behind — he was reciting a poem in the bathroom — and I took Giton out by a dark, dirty exit, and flew with all speed to my lodgings. Then I shut the door and warmly embraced him, and rubbed my face against his cheek, which was wet with tears. For a time neither of us could utter a sound the boy’s fair body shook with continuous sobs. “It is a shame and a wonder!” I cried, “You left me, and yet I love you, and no scar is left over my heart, where the wound was so deep. Have you any excuse for yielding your love to a stranger? Did I deserve this blow?” As soon as he felt that I loved him, he began to hold his head up. . . .

“I laid our love’s cause before no other judge. But I make no complaint, I will forget all, if you will prove your penitence by keeping your word.” I poured out my words with groans and tears, but Giton wiped his face on his cloak, and said, “Now, Encolpius, I ask you, I appeal to your honest memory; did I leave you, or did you betray me? I admit, I confess it openly, that when I saw two armed men before me, I hurried to the side of the stronger.” I pressed my lips to his dear wise heart, and put my arms round his neck, and hugged him close to me, to make it quite plain that I was in amity with him again, and that our friendship lived afresh in perfect confidence.

^[92] It was now quite dark, and the woman had seen to our orders for supper, when Eumolpus knocked at the door. I asked, “How many of you are there?” and began as I spoke to look carefully through a chink in the door to see whether Ascyrtos had come with him. When I saw that he was the only visitor, I let him in at once. He threw himself on a bed, and when he saw Giton before his eyes waiting at table, he wagged his head and said, “I like your Ganymede. To-day should be a fine time for us.” I was not pleased at this inquisitive opening; I was afraid I had let Ascyrtos’s double into the lodgings. Eumolpus persisted, and, when the boy brought him a drink, said, “I like you better than the whole bathful.”

He greedily drank the cup dry, and said he had never taken anything with a sharper tang in it. "Why, I was nearly flogged while I was washing," he cried,"because I tried to go round the bath and recite poetry to the people sitting in it, and when I was thrown out of the bathroom as if it were a theatre, I began to look round all the corners, and shouted for Encolpius in a loud voice. In another part of the place a naked young man who had lost his clothes kept clamouring for Giton with equally noisy indignation. The boys laughed at me with saucy mimicry as if I were crazy, but a large crowd surrounded him, clapping their hands and humbly admiring. Habebat enim inguinum pondus tam grande, ut ipsum hominem laciniam fascini crederes. O iuvenem laboriosum: puto illum pridie incipere, postero die finire. So he found an ally at once: some Roman knight or other, a low fellow, they said, put his own clothes on him as he strayed round, and took him off home, I suppose, ut tam magna fortuna solus uteretur. I should never have got my own clothes back from the troublesome attendant if I had not produced a voucher. Tanto magis expedit inguina quam ingenia fricare." As Eumolpus told me all this, my expression kept changing, for of course I laughed at my enemy's straits and frowned on his fortune. But anyhow I kept quiet as if I did not know what the story was about, and set forth our bill of fare. .

. .

^[93] “What we may have we do not care about; our minds are bent on folly and love what is troublesome.

“The bird won from Colchis where Phasis flows, and fowls from Africa, are sweet to taste because they are not easy to win; but the white goose and the duck with bright new feathers have a common savour. The wrasse drawn from far-off shores, and the yield of wrinkled Syrtis is praised if first it wrecks a boat: the mullet by now is a weariness. The mistress eclipses the wife, the rose bows down to the cinnamon. What men must seek after seems ever best.”

“What about your promise, that you would not make a single verse to-day?” I said. “On your honour, spare us at least: we have never stoned you. If a single one of the people who are drinking in the same tenement with us scents the name of a poet, he will rouse the whole neighbourhood and ruin us all for the same reason. Spare us then, and remember the picture-gallery or the baths.” Giton, the gentle boy, reproved me when I spoke thus, and said that I was wrong to rebuke my elders, and forget my duty so far as to spoil with my insults the dinner I had ordered out of kindness, with much more tolerant and modest advice which well became his beautiful self. . .

^[94] “Happy was the mother who bore such a son as you,” he said, “be good and prosper. Beauty and wisdom make a rare conjunction. And do not think that all your words have been wasted. In me you have found a lover. I will do justice to your worth in verse. I will teach and protect you, and follow you even where you do not bid me. I do Encolpius no wrong; he loves another.”

That soldier who took away my sword did Eumolpus a good turn too; otherwise I would have appeased the wrath raised in me against Ascyrtos with the blood of Eumolpus. Giton was not blind to this. So he went out of the room on a pretence of fetching water, and quenched my wrath by his tactful departure. Then, as my fury cooled a little, I said, “I would prefer even that you should talk poetry now, Eumolpus, rather than harbour such hopes. I am choleric, and you are lecherous: you understand that these dispositions do not suit each other. Well, regard me as a maniac, yield to my infirmity, in short, get out quick.” Eumolpus was staggered by this attack, and never asked why I was angry, but went out of the room at once and suddenly banged the door, taking me completely by surprise and shutting me in. He pulled out the key in a moment and ran off to look for Giton.

I was locked in. I made up my mind to hang myself and die. I had just tied a belt to the frame of a bed which stood by the wall, and was pushing my neck into the noose, when the door was unlocked, Eumolpus came in with Giton, and called me back to light from the very bourne of death. Nay, Giton passed from grief to

raving madness, and raised a shout, pushed me with both hands and threw me on the bed, and cried, "Encolpius, you are wrong if you suppose you could possibly die before me. I thought of suicide first; I looked for a sword in Ascyrtos's lodgings. If I had not found you I would have hurled myself to death over a precipice. I will show you that death stands close by those who seek him: behold in your turn the scene you wished me to behold."

With these words he snatched a razor from Eumolpus's servant, drew it once, twice across his throat, and tumbled down at our feet. I gave a cry of horror, rushed to him as he fell, and sought the road of death with the same steel. But Giton was not marked with any trace of a wound, and I did not feel the least pain. The razor was untempered, and specially blunted in order to give boy pupils the courage of a barber: and so it had grown a sheath. So the servant had not been alarmed when the steel was snatched from him, and Eumolpus did not interrupt our death-scene.

[95] While this lover's play was being performed, an inmate of the house came in with part of our little dinner, and after looking at us rolling in disarray on the ground he said, "Are you drunk, please, or runaway slaves, or both? Who turned the bed up there, and what do all these sneaking contrivances mean? I declare you meant to run off in the dark into the public street rather than pay for your room. But you shall pay for it. I will teach you that these lodgings do not belong to a poor widow, but to Marcus Mannicius." "What?" shouted Eumolpus, "you dare threaten us." And as he spoke he struck the man in the face with all the force of his outstretched hand. The man hurled a little earthenware pot, which was empty, all the guests having drunk from it, at Eumolpus's head, broke the skin of his forehead in the midst of his clamour, and rushed out of the room. Eumolpus would not brook an insult; he seized a wooden candlestick and followed the lodger out, and avenged his bloody forehead with a rain of blows. All the household ran up, and a crowd of drunken lodgers. I had a chance of punishing Eumolpus, and I shut him out, and so got even with the bully, and of course had the room and my sleep to myself without a rival.

Meanwhile cooks and lodgers be laboured him now that he was locked out, and one thrust a spit full of hissing meat into his eyes, another took a fork from a dresser and struck a fighting attitude. Above all, a bleary-eyed old woman with a very dirty linen wrap round her, balancing herself on an uneven pair of clogs, took the lead, brought up a dog of enormous size on a chain, and set him on to Eumolpus. But the candlestick was enough to protect him from all danger.

^[96] We saw everything through a hole in the folding doors, which had been made by the handle of the door being broken a short time before; and I was delighted to see him thrashed. But Giton clung to compassion, and said we ought to open the door and go and rescue him from peril. My indignation was still awake; I did not hold my hand, I rapped his compassionate head with my sharp clenched knuckles. He cried and sat down on the bed. I put my eyes to the chink by turns, and gorged myself on the miseries of Eumolpus like a dainty dish, and approved their prolongation. Then Bargates, the man in charge of the lodging-house, was disturbed at his dinner, and two chairmen carried him right into the brawl; for he had gouty feet. In a furious vulgar voice he made a long oration against drunkards and escaped slaves, and then he looked at Eumolpus and said, "What, most learned bard, was it you? Getaway quick, you damned slaves, and keep your hands from quarrelling." . .

"My mistress despises me. So curse her for me in rhyme, if you love me, and put shame into her." . .

^[97] While Eumolpus was talking privately to Bargates, a crier came into the house with a municipal slave and quite a small crowd of other people, shook a torch which gave out more smoke than light, and made this proclamation: "Lost recently in the public baths, a boy aged about sixteen, hair curly, low habits, of attractive appearance, answers to the name of Giton. A reward of a thousand pieces will be paid to any person willing to bring him back or indicate his whereabouts." Ascylos stood close by the crier in clothes of many colours, holding out the reward on a silver dish to prove his honesty. I told Giton to get under the bed at once, and hook his feet and hands into the webbing which held up the mattress on the frame, so that he might evade the grasp of searchers by staying stretched out under the bed, just as Ulysses of old clung on to the ram of the Cyclops. Giton obeyed orders at once, and in a second had slipped his hands into the webbing, and surpassed even Ulysses at his own tricks. I did not want to leave any room for suspicion, so I stuffed the bed with clothes, and arranged them in the shape of a man about my own height sleeping by himself.

Meanwhile Ascylos went round all the rooms with a constable, and when he came to mine, his hopes swelled within him at finding the door bolted with especial care. The municipal slave put an axe into the joints, and loosened the bolts from their place. I fell at Ascylos's feet, and besought him, by the memory of our friendship and the miseries we had shared, at least to show me my brother. Further to win belief in my sham prayers, I said, "I know you have come to kill me, Ascylos. Else why have you brought an axe with you? Well, satisfy your

rage. Here is my neck, shed my blood, the real object of your pretended legal search.” Ascylos threw off his resentment, and declared that he wanted nothing but his own runaway slave, that he did not desire the death of any man or any suppliant, much less of one whom he loved very dearly now that their deadly dispute was over.

[98] But the constable was not so deficient in energy. He took a cane from the inn-keeper, and pushed it under the bed, and poked into everything, even the cracks in the walls. Giton twisted away from the stick, drew in his breath very gently, and pressed his lips close against the bugs in the bedding. . . The broken door of the room could not keep anyone out, and Eumolpus rushed in in a fury, and cried, “I have found a thousand pieces; for I mean to follow the crier as he goes away, and betray you as you richly deserve, and tell him that Giton is in your hands.” He persisted, I fell at his feet, besought him not to kill a dying man, and said, “You might well be excited if you could show him the lost one. As it is, the boy has run away in the crowd, and I have not the least idea where he has gone. As you love me, Eumolpus, get the boy back, and give him to Ascylos if you like.” I was just inducing him to believe me, when Giton burst with holding his breath, and all at once sneezed three times so that he shook the bed. Eumolpus turned round at the noise, and said “Good day, Giton.” He pulled off the mattress, and saw an Ulysses whom even a hungry Cyclops might have spared. Then he turned on me, “Now, you thief; you did not dare to tell me the truth even when you were caught. In fact, unless the God who controls man’s destiny had wrung a sign from this boy as he hung there, I should now be wandering round the pot-houses like a fool.” . . .

Giton was far more at ease than I. He first stanchd a cut which had been made on Eumolpus’s forehead with spider’s webs soaked in oil. He then took off his torn clothes, and in exchange gave him a short cloak of his own, then put his arms round him, for he was now softening, poulticed him with kisses, and said, “Dearest father, we are in your hands, yours entirely. If you love your Giton, make up your mind to save him. I wish the cruel fire might engulf me alone, or the wintry sea assail me. I am the object of all his transgressions, I am the cause. If I were gone, you two might patch up your quarrel.” . .

[99] “At all times and in all places I have lived such a life that I spent each passing day as though that light would never return.” . .

I burst into tears, and begged and prayed him to be friends again with me too: a true lover was incapable of mad jealousy. At the same time I would take care to do nothing more in word or deed by which he could possibly be hurt. Only he

must remove all irritation from his mind like a man of true culture and leave no scar. "On the wild rough uplands the snow lies late, but when the earth is beautiful under the mastery of the plough, the light frost passes while you speak. Thus anger dwells in our hearts; it takes root in the savage, and glides over the man of learning." "There," said Eumolpus, "you see what you say is true. Behold, I banish my anger with a kiss. So good luck go with us. Get ready your luggage and follow me, or lead the way if you like." He was still talking, when a knock sounded on the door, and a sailor with a straggly beard stood at the entrance and said, "You hang about, Eumolpus, as if you did not know a Blue Peter by sight." We all got up in a hurry, and Eumolpus ordered his slave, who had now been asleep for some time, to come out with his baggage. Giton and I put together all we had for a journey; I asked a blessing of the stars, and went aboard.

[100] "I am annoyed because the boy takes a stranger's fancy. But are not all the finest works of nature common property? The sun shines upon all men. The moon with countless troops of stars in her train leads even the beasts to their food. Can we imagine anything more lovely than water? yet it flows for all the world. Then shall love alone be stolen rather than enjoyed? The truth is that I do not care for possessions unless the common herd are jealous of them. One rival, and he too an old man, will not be troublesome; even if he wants to gain an advantage, his shortness of breath will give him away." When I had made these points without any confidence, deceiving my protesting spirit, I covered my head in my cloak and pretended to be asleep.

But suddenly, as though fate were in arms against my resolution, a voice on the ship's deck said with a groan, like this: "So he deceived me, then?" These manly tones were somehow familiar to my ear, and my heart beat fast as they struck me. But then a woman torn by the same indignation broke out yet more vehemently: "Ah, if the gods would deliver Giton into my hands, what a fine welcome I would give the runaway." The shock of these unexpected sounds drove all the blood out of both of us. I felt as if I were being hunted round in some troubled dream; I was a long while finding my voice, and then pulled Eumolpus's clothes with a shaking hand, just as he was falling into a deep sleep, and said, "Tell me the truth, father; can you say who owns this ship, or who is on board?" He was annoyed at being disturbed, and replied, "Was this why you chose a quiet corner on deck, on purpose to prevent us from getting any rest? What on earth is the use of my telling you that Lichas of Tarentum is the master of this boat, and is carrying Tryphaena to Tarentum under a sentence of banishment?" [101] I was thunderstruck at this blow. I bared my throat, and cried, "Ah, Fate, at last you have smitten me

hip and thigh.” For Giton, who was sprawling over me, had already fainted. Then the sweat broke out on us and called us both back to life. I took Eumolpus by the knees, and cried, “Mercy on us! We are dead men. Help us, I implore you by our fellowship in learning; death is upon us, and we may come to welcome death, unless you prevent us from doing so.”

Eumolpus was overwhelmed by this attack, and swore by gods and goddesses that he did not understand what had happened, and had no sinister intentions in his mind, but had taken us to share the voyage with him in perfect honesty and absolute good faith; he had been meaning to sail himself some time before. “Is there any trap here?” he said, “and who is the Hannibal we have on board? Lichas of Tarentum is a respectable person. He is not only owner and captain of this ship, but has several estates and some slaves in business. He is carrying a cargo consigned to a market. This is the ogre and pirate king to whom we owe our passage; and besides, there is Tryphaena, loveliest of women, who sails from one place to another in search of pleasure.” “But it is these two we are running away from,” said Giton, and poured out the story of our feud, and explained our imminent danger, till Eumolpus shook. He became muddled and helpless, and asked us each to put forward our views. “I would have you imagine that we have entered the ogre’s den,” he said. “We must find some way out, unless we run the ship aground and free ourselves from all danger.” “No,” said Giton, “persuade the helmsman to run the boat into some harbour. Pay him well, of course, and tell him your brother cannot stand the sea, and is at his last gasp. You will be able to hide your deception by the confused look and the tears on your face. You will touch the helmsman’s heart, and he will do you a favour.” Eumolpus declared that this was impossible: “These large boats only steer into landlocked harbours, and it is incredible that our brother should collapse so soon. Besides, Lichas may perhaps ask to see the sick man as a matter of kindness. You realize what a fine turn we should do ourselves by leading the master up to his runaways with our own hands. But supposing the ship could be turned aside from her long passage, and Lichas did not after all go round the patient’s beds; how could we leave the ship without being seen by every one? Cover our heads, or bare them? Cover them, and every one will want to lend his arm to the poor sick man! Bare them, that is nothing more or less than proscribing ourselves.” ^[102] “No,” I said, “I should prefer to take refuge in boldness, slip down a rope into the boat, cut the painter, and leave the rest to luck. I do not invite Eumolpus to share the risk. It is not fair to load an innocent person with another’s troubles. I am satisfied if chance will help us to get down.” “It is a clever plan,” said Eumolpus, if there were any way of

starting it. But every one will see you going: especially the helmsman, who watches all night long, and keeps guard even over the motions of the stars. Of course you might elude his unsleeping watchfulness, if you wanted to escape off another part of the ship; but as it is, you want to slip off the stern close to the helm itself, where the rope which holds the boat safe hangs just by. Again, I am surprised that it did not occur to you, Encolpius, that one sailor is always on duty night and day lying in the boat, and you cannot turn this sentry out except by killing him, or throw him out except by force. You must ask your own bold heart whether that can be done. As far as my coming with you goes, I do not shirk any danger which offers a chance of safety. But I suppose that even you do not wish to squander your lives like a vain trifle without any reason. Now see whether you approve of this. I will roll you in two bales, tie you up, and put you among my clothes as luggage, of course leaving the ends a bit open, so that you can get your breath and your food. Then I will raise the cry that my slaves have jumped overboard in the dark, being afraid of some heavier punishment. Then after we have arrived in harbour, I will carry you out like baggage without arousing any suspicion.”

“What,” I cried, “tie us up like wholly solid people whose stomachs never make them unhappy? Like people who never sneeze nor snore? Just because this kind of trick on one occasion turned out a success? But even supposing we could endure one day tied up: what if we were detained longer by a calm or by rough weather? What should we do? Even clothes that are tied up too long get creased and spoilt, and papers in bundles lose their shape. Are we young fellows who never worked in our lives to put up with bondage in dirty cloths as if we were statues? . . . No, we still have to find some way of salvation. Look at what I thought of. Eumolpus, as a man of learning, is sure to have some ink. We will use this medicine to dye ourselves, hair, nails, everything. Then we will stand by you with pleasure like Aethiopian slaves, without undergoing any tortures, and our change of colour will take in our enemies.” “Oh! yes,” said Giton, “and please circumcise us too, so that we look like Jews, and bore our ears to imitate Arabians, and chalk our faces till Gaul takes us for her own sons; as if this colour alone could alter our shapes, when it takes a number of points in unison to make a good lie. Suppose the stain of dye on the face could last for some time; imagine that never a drop of water could make any mark on our skins, nor our clothes stick to the ink, which often clings to us without the use of any cement: but, tell me, can we make our lips swell to a hideous thickness? Or transform our hair with curling-tongs? Or plough up our foreheads with scars? Or walk bow-legged?

Or bend our ankles over to the ground? Or trim our beards in a foreign cut? Artificial colours dirty one's body without altering it. Listen, I have thought of this in desperation. Let us tie our heads in our clothes, and plunge into the deep."

^[103] "God and man forbid," cried Eumolpus, "that you should make such a vile conclusion of your lives. No, better take my advice. My slave, as you learned by his razor, is a barber. Let him shave the head of each of you this minute, and your eyebrows as well. Then I will come and mark your foreheads with some neat inscription, so that you look like slaves punished by branding. These letters will divert inquisitive people's suspicions, and at the same time conceal your faces with the shadow of punishment." We tried the trick at once, and walked cautiously to the side of the ship, and yielded up our heads and eyebrows to the barber to be shorn. Eumolpus covered both our foreheads with enormous letters, and scrawled the usual mark of runaway slaves all over our faces with a generous hand. But one of the passengers, who was extremely seasick, happened to be leaning over the side of the ship to relieve his stomach, and observed the barber in the moonlight busy with his ill-timed work. The man cursed this for an omen, because it looked like the last offering of a doomed crew, and then threw himself back into his bunk. We pretended not to hear his puking curses, and went on with the gloomy business, and then lay down in silence and passed the remaining hours of the night in uneasy sleep. . .

^[104] "I thought I heard Priapus say in my dream: 'I tell you, Encolpius whom you seek has been led by me on board your ship.'" "Tryphaena gave a scream and said, "You would think we had slept together; I dreamed that a picture of Neptune, which I noticed in a gallery at Baiae, said to me: 'You will find Giton on board Lichas's ship.'" "This shows you," said Eumolpus, "that Epicurus was a superhuman creature; he condemns jokes of this kind in a very witty fashion." . . However, Lichas first prayed that Tryphaena's dream might mean no harm, and then said, "There is no objection to searching the ship to show that we do not despise the workings of Providence." Then the man who had caught us at our wretched tricks the night before, whose name was Hesus, suddenly shouted, "Then who are those fellows who were being shaved in the dark by moonlight? A mighty bad precedent, I swear. I am told that no man alive ought to shed a nail or a hair on board ship, unless winds and waves are raging." ^[105] At this speech Lichas fired up in alarm, and said, "What, has anyone cut his hair on board my ship, and at dead of night too? Quick, bring the villains out here. I want to know who is to be punished to give us a clear voyage." "Oh," said Eumolpus, "I gave those orders. I was not doing anything unlucky, considering that I had to share the

voyage myself. It was because these ruffians had long, dirty hair. I did not want to turn the ship into a prison, so I ordered the filth to be cleared off the brutes. Besides, I did not want the marks of branding to be screened and covered by their hair. They ought to show at full length for every one to read. Furthermore, they squandered my money on a certain lady friend of ours; I pulled them away from her the night before, reeking with wine and scent. In fact, they still stink of the shreds of my inheritance.”

So it was decided that forty stripes should be inflicted on each of us to appease the guardian angel of the ship. Not a moment was lost; the angry sailors advanced upon us with ropes-ends, and tried to soften their guardian angel’s heart with our miserable blood. For my part I bore three full blows with Spartan pride. But Giton cried out so lustily the moment he was touched, that his familiar voice filled Tryphaena’s ears. Not only was the lady in a flutter, but all her maids were drawn by the well-known tones, and came running to the victim. Giton’s loveliness had already disarmed the sailors; even without speaking he appealed to his tormentors. Then all the maids screamed out together: “It is Giton, it is; stop beating him, you monsters. Help, ma’am, Giton is here.” Tryphaena had already convinced herself, and inclined her ear to them, and flew on wings to the boy. Lichas, who knew me intimately, ran up as though he had heard my voice too, and did not glance at my hands or face, *sed continuo ad inguina mea luminibus deflexis movit officiosam manum*, and said, “How are you, Encolpius?” No one need be surprised that Ulysses’s nurse discovered the scar which revealed his identity after twenty years, when a clever man hit upon the one test of a runaway so brilliantly, though every feature of his face and body was disguised. Tryphaena, thinking that the marks on our foreheads were real prisoners’ brands, cried bitterly over our supposed punishment, and began to inquire more gently what prison had stayed us in our wanderings, and what hand had been so ruthless as to inflict such marks upon us. “But, of course,” she said, “runaway slaves who come to hate their own happiness, do deserve some chastisement.”

[106] Lichas leaped forward in a transport of rage and cried, “You silly woman, as if these letters were made by the scars of the branding-iron. I only wish they had defiled their foreheads with this inscription: we should have some consolation left. As it is, we are being assailed by an actor’s tricks, and befooled by a sham inscription.”

Tryphaena besought him to have pity, because she had not lost all her desire for Giton, but the seduction of his wife and the insults offered to him in the Porch of Hercules were still in Lichas’s mind, and he cried out with a look of still more

profound agitation, “Tryphaena, I believe you admit that the Gods in Heaven take some trouble about men’s affairs. They brought these sinners on board my boat without their knowledge, and told us what they had done by a coincidence in dreams. Then do consider; how can we possibly pardon people whom a God himself has handed over to us for punishment? I am not a bloodthirsty man, but personally I am afraid that if I let them off anything it will fall on me.” Tryphaena veered round at this appeal to superstition, declined to interfere with the punishment, and declared that she approved of this most proper vengeance. She had been just as gravely wronged as Lichas, considering that her reputation for chastity had been publicly impugned. . .

[107] “I believe I am a man of some reputation, and they have chosen me for this duty, and begged me to make it up between them and their old friends. I suppose you do not imagine that these young men have fallen into the snare by chance, when the first care of every one who goes a voyage is to find a trustworthy person to depend on. So unbend the sternness which has been softened by revenge, and let the men go free without hindrance to their destination. Even a harsh and unforgiving master reins in his cruelty if his runaways are at last led back by penitence, and we all spare an enemy who surrenders. What do you want or wish for more? These free and respectable young men lie prostrate before your eyes, and what is more important, they were once bound to you by close friendship I take my oath that if they had embezzled your money, or hurt you by betraying your confidence, you might still be satisfied with the punishment you have seen inflicted. Look, you see slavery on their foreheads, and their free faces branded under a selfimposed sentence of punishment.” Lichas interrupted this plea for mercy, saying, “Do not go confusing the issue, but let each single point have its place. And first of all, if they came of their own accord, why have they stripped all the hair off their heads? A man who disguises himself wants to play a trick, not to make amends. Again, if they were contriving some act of grace through a mediator, why did you do everything in your power to hide your protégés away? All this makes it clear that the ruffians fell into the net by accident, and that you hunted for some device to avoid the force of our displeasure. When you try to prejudice us by calling them free and respectable, mind you do not spoil your case by impudence. What should an injured party do, when the guilty run into punishment? Oh! you say, they were once our friends! Then they deserve the harsher treatment. A person who injures a stranger is called a robber, but a man who hurts his friends is practically a parricide.” Eumolpus put an end to this unfair harangue by saying, “I know that nothing is more against the poor young

men than their cutting their hair at night. This looks like a proof that they came by chance upon the ship and did not come on purpose. Now I want the plain truth to come to your ears just as simply as it happened. They wanted to relieve their heads of the troublesome and useless weight before they came aboard, but the wind got up and postponed their scheme of treatment. They never thought that it made any difference where they began what they had decided to do; they were quite ignorant of sailors' omens and sea-law." "But why should they shave themselves to excite pity?" said Lichas, Unless of course bald people are naturally more pitiable. But what is the use of trying to discover the truth through a third person? Now speak up, you ruffian! Who was the salamander that singed off your eyebrows? What God had the promise of your hair? Answer me, gallows-bird!"

[108] I was dumb with terror of being punished, and too upset to find a word to say, for the case was only too clear. . . . We were in no position to speak, or do anything, for to say nothing of the disgrace of our shaven heads, our eyebrows were as bald as our pates. But when a wet sponge was wiped down my doleful countenance, and the ink ran over all my face and of course blotted out every feature in a cloud of smut, anger passed into loathing. Eumolpus cried out that he would not allow anyone to disfigure free young men without right or reason, and cut short the angry sailors' threats not only by argument but by force. His slave stood by him in his protest, and one or two of the most feeble passengers, who rather consoled him for having to fight than increased his strength. For my part I shirked nothing. I shook my fist in Tryphaena's face, and declared in a loud open voice that I would use violence to her if she did not leave off hurting Giton, for she was a wicked woman and the only person on the ship who deserved flogging. Lichas's wrath blazed hotter at my daring, and he taunted me with throwing up my own case and only shouting for somebody else. Tryphaena was equally hot and angry and abusive, and divided the whole ship's company into factions. On our side, the slave barber handed out his blades to us, and kept one for himself, on the other side Tryphaena's slaves were ready with bare fists, and even the cries of women were not unheard on the field. The helmsman alone swore that he would give up minding the ship if this madness, which had been stirred up to suit a pack of scoundrels, did not stop. None the less, the fury of the combatants persisted, the enemy fighting for revenge and we for dear life. Many fell on both sides without fatal results, still more got bloody wounds and retired in the style of a real battle, and still we all raged implacably. Then the gallant Giton turned a razor on himself and threatened to put an end to our troubles by self-mutilation, and Tryphaena averted the horrible disaster by a fair promise of freedom. I lifted a

barber's knife to my throat several times, no more meaning to kill myself than Giton meant to do what he threatened. Still he filled the tragic part more recklessly, because he knew that he was holding the very razor with which he had already made a cut on his throat. Both sides were drawn up in battle array, and it was plain that the fight would be no ordinary affair, when the helmsman with difficulty induced Tryphaena to conclude a treaty like a true diplomat. So the usual formal undertakings were exchanged, and she waved an olivebranch which she took from the ship's figure-head, and ventured to come up and talk to us: What madness," she cried, "is turning peace into war? What have our hands done to deserve it? No Trojan hero carries the bride of the cuckold son of Atreus in this fleet, nor does frenzied Medea fight her foe by slaying her brother. But love despised is powerful. Ah! who courts destruction among these waves by drawing the sword? Who does not find a single death enough? Do not strive to outdo the sea and heap fresh waves upon its savage floods."

[109] The woman poured out these words in a loud excited voice, the fighting died away for a little while, our hands were recalled to the way of peace, and dropped the war. Our leader Eumolpus seized the occasion of their relenting, and after making a warm attack on Lichas, signed the treaty, which ran as follows:"Agreed on your part, Tryphaena, that you will not complain of any wrong done to you by Giton, and if any has been done to you before this date will not bring it up against him or punish him or take steps to follow it up in any other way whatsoever; that you will give the boy no orders which he dislikes, for a hug, a kiss, or a lover's close embrace, without paying a hundred pieces for it cash down. Furthermore, it is agreed on your part, Lichas, that you will not pursue Encolpius with insulting words or grimaces, nor inquire where he sleeps at night, or if you do inquire will pay two hundred pieces cash down for every injurious act done to him." Peace was made on these terms, and we laid down our arms, and for fear any vestige of anger should be left in our minds, even after taking the oath, we decided to wipe out the past with a kiss. There was applause all round, our hatred died down, and a feast which had been brought for the fight cemented our agreement with joviality. Then the whole ship rang with songs; and a sudden calm having stayed us in our course, one man pursued the leaping fish with a spear, another pulled in his struggling prey on alluring hooks. Besides all this, some sea-birds settled on one of the yards, and a clever sportsman took them in with jointed rod of rushes; they were snared by these limed twigs and brought down into our hands. The breeze caught their feathers as they flew, and the light foam lashed their wings as they skimmed the sea.

Lichas was just beginning to be friendly with me again, Tryphaena was just pouring the dregs of a drink over Giton, when Eumolpus, who was unsteady with drink himself, tried to aim some satire at bald persons and branded criminals, and after exhausting his chilly wit, went back to his poetry and began to declaim a little dirge on Hair:

“The hair that is the whole glory of the body is fallen, dull winter has carried away the bright locks of spring. Now the temples are bare of their shade and are downcast, and the wide naked space on my old head shines where the hair is worn away. Ye Gods that love to cheat us; ye rob us first of the first joys ye gave to our youth.

Poor wretch, a moment ago thy hair shone bright and more beautiful than Phœbus and the sister of Phoebus. Now thou art smoother than bronze or the round garden mushroom that is born in rain, and turnest in dread from a girl’s mockery. To teach thee how quickly death shall come, know that a part of thine head hath died already.”

[110] He wanted to produce some more lines even more silly than the last, I believe, when Tryphaena’s maid took Giton below decks, and ornamented the boy’s head with some of her mistress’s artificial curls. Further, she also took some eyebrows out of a box, and by cunningly following the lines where he was defaced she restored his proper beauty complete. Tryphaena recognized the true Giton, there was a storm of tears, and she then for the first time gave the boy a kiss with real affection. Of course, I was glad to see him clothed again in his former loveliness, but still I kept hiding my own face continually, for I realized that I was marked with no common ugliness, since not even Lichas considered me fit to speak to. But the same maid came and rescued me from gloom, called me aside, and decked me with equally becoming curls. Indeed, my face shone with a greater glory. My curls were golden . . .

Then Eumolpus, our spokesman in peril and the begetter of our present peace, to save our jollity from falling dumb for want of good stories, began to hurl many taunts at the fickleness of women; how easily they fell in love, how quickly they forgot even their own sons, how no woman was so chaste that she could not be led away into utter madness by a passion for a stranger. He was not thinking of old tragedies or names notorious in history, but of an affair which happened in his lifetime. He would tell it us if we liked to listen. So all eyes and ears were turned upon him, and he began as follows:

[111] There was a married woman in Ephesus of such famous virtue that she drew women even from the neighbouring states to gaze upon her. So when she had

buried her husband, the common fashion of following the procession with loose hair, and beating the naked breast in front of the crowd, did not satisfy her. She followed the dead man even to his resting-place, and began to watch and weep night and day over the body, which was laid in an underground vault in the Greek fashion. Neither her parents nor her relations could divert her from thus torturing herself, and courting death by starvation; the officials were at last rebuffed and left her; every one mourned for her as a woman of unique character, and she was now passing her fifth day without food. A devoted maid sat by the failing woman, shed tears in sympathy with her woes, and at the same time filled up the lamp, which was placed in the tomb, whenever it sank. There was but one opinion throughout the city, every class of person admitting this was the one true and brilliant example of chastity and love. At this moment the governor of the province gave orders that some robbers should be crucified near the small building where the lady was bewailing her recent loss. So on the next night, when the soldier who was watching the crosses, to prevent anyone taking down a body for burial, observed a light shining plainly among the tombs, and heard a mourner's groans, a very human weakness made him curious to know who it was and what he was doing. So he went down into the vault, and on seeing a very beautiful woman, at first halted in confusion, as if he had seen a portent or some ghost from the world beneath. But afterwards noticing the dead man lying there, and watching the woman's tears and the marks of her nails on her face, he came to the correct conclusion, that she found her regret for the lost one unendurable. He therefore brought his supper into the tomb, and began to urge the mourner not to persist in useless grief, and break her heart with unprofitable sobs: for all men made the same end and found the same resting-place, and so on with the other platitudes which restore wounded spirits to health. But she took no notice of his sympathy, struck and tore her breast more violently than ever, pulled out her hair, and laid it on the dead body. Still the soldier did not retire, but tried to give the poor woman food with similar encouragements, until the maid, who was no doubt seduced by the smell of his wine, first gave in herself, and put out her hand at his kindly invitation, and then, refreshed with food and drink, began to assail her mistress's obstinacy, and say, 'What will you gain by all this, if you faint away with hunger, if you bury yourself alive, if you breathe out your undoomed soul before Fate calls for it?' 'Believest thou that the ashes or the spirit of the buried dead can feel thy woe? Will you not begin life afresh? Will you not shake off this womanish failing, and enjoy the blessings of the light so long as you are allowed? Your poor dead husband's body here ought to persuade you to keep alive.' People

are always ready to listen when they are urged to take a meal or to keep alive. So the lady, being thirsty after several days' abstinence, allowed her resolution to be broken down, and filled herself with food as greedily as the maid, who had been the first to yield.

[112] "Well, you know which temptation generally assails a man on a full stomach. The soldier used the same insinuating phrases which had persuaded the lady to consent to live, to conduct an assault upon her virtue. Her modest eye saw in him a young man, handsome and eloquent. The maid begged her to be gracious, and then said, 'Wilt thou fight love even when love pleases thee? Or dost thou never remember in whose lands thou art resting?' I need hide the fact no longer. The lady ceased to hold out, and the conquering hero won her over entire. So they passed not only their wedding night together, but the next and a third, of course shutting the door of the vault, so that any friend or stranger who came to the tomb would imagine that this most virtuous lady had breathed her last over her husband's body. Well, the soldier was delighted with the woman's beauty, and his stolen pleasure; he bought up all the fine things his means permitted, and carried them to the tomb the moment darkness fell. So the parents of one of the crucified, seeing that the watch was illkept, took their man down in the dark and administered the last rite to him. The soldier was eluded while he was off duty, and next day, seeing one of the crosses without its corpse, he was in terror of punishment, and explained to the lady what had happened. He declared that he would not wait for a court-martial, but would punish his own neglect with a thrust of his sword. So she had better get ready a place for a dying man, and let the gloomy vault enclose both her husband and her lover. The lady's heart was tender as well as pure. 'Heaven forbid,' she replied, 'that I should look at the same moment on the dead bodies of two men whom I love. No, I would rather make a dead man useful, than send a live man to death.' After this speech she ordered her husband's body to be taken out of the coffin and fixed up on the empty cross. The soldier availed himself of this far-seeing woman's device, and the people wondered the next day by what means the dead man had ascended the cross."

[113] The sailors received this tale with a roar; Tryphaena blushed deeply, and laid her face caressingly on Giton's neck. But there was no laugh from Lichas; he shook his head angrily and said: "If the governor of the province had been a just man, he should have put the dead husband back in the tomb, and hung the woman on the cross."

No doubt he was thinking once more of Hedyle and how his ship had been pillaged on her passionate elopement. But the terms of our treaty forbade us to

bear grudges, and the joy which had filled our souls left no room for wrath. Tryphaena was now lying in Giton's lap, covering him with kisses one moment, and sometimes patting his shaven head. I was gloomy and uneasy about our new terms, and did not touch food or drink, but kept shooting angry looks askance at them both. Every kiss was a wound to me, every pleasing wile that the wanton woman conjured up. I was not yet sure whether I was more angry with the boy for taking away my mistress, or with my mistress for leading the boy astray: both of them were hateful to my sight and more depressing than the bondage I had escaped. And besides all this, Tryphaena did not address me like a friend whom she was once pleased to have for a lover, and Giton did not think fit to drink my health in the ordinary way, and would not even so much as include me in general conversation. I suppose he was afraid of reopening a tender scar just as friendly feeling began to draw it together. My unhappiness moved me till tears overflowed my heart, and the groan I hid with a sigh almost stole my life away. . .

He tried to gain admission to share their joys, not wearing the proud look of a master, but begging him to yield as a friend. . .

"If you have a drop of honest blood in you you will think no more of her than of a common woman. *Si vir fueris, non ibis ad spintriam*" . .

Nothing troubled me more than the fear that Eumolpus might have got some idea of what was going on, and might employ his powers of speech in attacking me in verse. . .

Eumolpus swore an oath in most formal language. . .

[114] While we talked over this matter and others, the sea rose, clouds gathered from every quarter, and overwhelmed the day in darkness. The sailors ran to their posts in terror, and furled the sails before the storm. But the wind did not drive the waves in any one direction, and the helmsman was at a loss which way to steer. One moment the wind set towards Sicily, very often the north wind blew off the Italian coast, mastered the ship and twisted her in every direction; and what was more dangerous than any squall, such thick darkness had suddenly blotted out the light that the steersman could not even see the whole prow. Then for a wonder, as the hostile fury of the storm gathered, Lichas trembled and stretched out his hands to me imploringly, and said, "Help us in our peril, Encolpius; let the ship have the goddess's robe again and her holy rattle. Be merciful, I implore you, as your way is."

But even as he shouted the wind blew him into the water, a squall whirled him round and round repeatedly in a fierce whirlpool, and sucked him down.

Tryphaena's faithful slaves carried her off almost by force, put her in a boat with most of her luggage, and so rescued her from certain death. . .

I embraced Giton, and wept and cried aloud: "Did we deserve this from the gods, that they should unite us only when they slay? But cruel Fate does not grant us even this. Look! even now the waves will upset the boat; even now the angry sea will sunder a lover's embrace. So if you ever really loved Encolpius, kiss him while you may, and snatch this last joy as Fate swoops down upon you." As I spoke Giton took off his clothes, and I covered him with my shirt as he put up his head to be kissed. And that no envious wave should pull us apart as we clung to each other, he put his belt round us both and tied it tight, saying, "Whatever happens to us, at least we shall be locked together a long while as the sea carries us, and if the sea has pity and will cast us up on the same shore, some one may come by and put stones over us out of ordinary human kindness, or the last work of the waves even in their wrath will be to cover us with the unconscious sand." I let him bind me for the last time, and then waited, like a man dressed for his death-bed, for an end that had lost its bitterness. Meanwhile by Fate's decree the storm rose to its height, and took by violence all that was left of the ship. No mast, no helm, no rope or oar remained on her. She drifted on the waves like a rough and unshapen lump of wood. . . .

Some fishermen in handy little boats put out to seize their prey. When they saw some men alive and ready to fight for their belongings, they altered their savage plans and came to the rescue. . .

[115] We heard a strange noise, and a groaning like a wild beast, coming from under the master's cabin. So we followed the noise, and found Eumolpus sitting there inscribing verses on a great parchment. We were surprised at his having time to write poetry with death close at hand, and we pulled him out, though he protested, and implored him to be sensible. But he was furious at our interruption, and cried: "Let me complete my design; the poem halts at the close." I laid hands on the maniac, and told Giton to help me to drag the bellowing bard ashore. . .

When this business was at last completed, we came sadly to a fisherman's cottage, refreshed our selves more or less with food spoilt by sea-water, and passed a very miserable night. Next morning, as we were trying to decide into what part of the country we should venture, I suddenly saw a man's body caught in a gentle eddy and carried ashore. I stopped gloomily, and, with moist eyes, began to reflect upon the treachery of the sea. "Maybe," I cried, "there is a wife waiting cheerfully at home for this man in a far-offland, or a son or a father, maybe, who know nothing of this storm; he is sure to have left some one behind

whom he kissed before he went. So much for mortal men's plans, and the prayers of high ambition. Look how the man floats." I was still crying over him as a perfect stranger, when a wave turned his face towards the shore without a mark upon it, and I recognized Lichas, but a while ago so fierce and so relentless, now thrown almost under my feet. Then I could restrain my tears no longer; I beat my breast again and again, and cried, "Where is your temper and your hot head now? Behold! you are a prey for fish and savage beasts. An hour ago you boasted the strength of your command, and you have not one plank of your great ship to save you. Now let mortal men fill their hearts with proud imaginations if they will. Let misers lay out the gains they win by fraud for a thousand years. Lo! this man but yesterday looked into the accounts of his family property, and even settled in his own mind the very day when he would come home again. Lord, Lord, how far he lies from his consummation! But it is not the waves of the sea alone that thus keep faith with mortal men. The warrior's weapons fail him; another pays his vows to Heaven, and his own house falls and buries him in the act. Another slips from his coach and dashes out his eager soul: the glutton chokes at dinner, the sparing man dies of wait. Make a fair reckoning, and you find shipwreck everywhere. You tell me that for those the waters whelm there is no burial. As if it mattered how our perishable flesh comes to its end, by fire or water or the lapse of time! Whatever you may do, all these things achieve the same goal. But beasts will tear the body, you say, as though fire would give it a more kindly welcome! When we are angry with our slaves, we consider burning their heaviest punishment. Then what madness to take such trouble to prevent the grave from leaving aught of us behind!". . .

So Lichas was burned on a pyre built by his enemy's hands. Eumolpus proceeded to compose an epitaph on the dead man, and looked about in search of some far-fetched ideas. . .

[116] We gladly performed this last office, and then took up our proposed way, and in a short while came sweating to a mountain top, from which we saw, not far off, a town set on a high peak. We had lost ourselves, and did not know what it was, until we learned from a farm-bailiff that it was Croton, a town of great age, and once the first city in Italy. When we went on to inquire particularly what men lived on such honoured soil, and what kind of business pleased them best, now that their wealth had been brought low by so many wars, the man replied, "My friends, if you are business men, change your plans and look for some other safe way of life. But if you profess to be men of a superior stamp and thorough-paced liars, you are on the direct road to wealth. In this city the pursuit of learning is not

esteemed, eloquence has no place, economy and a pure life do not win their reward in honour: know that the whole of the men you see in this city are divided into two classes. They are either the prey of legacy-hunting or legacy-hunters themselves. In this city no one brings up children, because anyone who has heirs of his own stock is never invited to dinner or the theatre; he is deprived of all advantages, and lies in obscurity among the base-born. But those who have never married, and have no near relations, reach the highest positions; they alone, that is, are considered soldierly, gallant, or even good. "Yes," he went on, you will go into a town that is like a plague-stricken plain, where there is nothing but carcasses to be devoured, and crows to devour them." . .

[117] Eumolpus was more cautious, and directed his attention to the novelty of the case, declaring that this kind of prophecy did not make him uneasy. I thought the old man was joking with the light heart of a poet, but then he said, I only wish I had a more ample background, I mean a more gentlemanly dress, and finer ornaments, to lend colour to my strange tale; I declare I would not put off the business, I would bring you into great wealth in a moment. Anyhow, I promise to do whatever my fellow-robber demands, so long as my clothes are satisfactory, and whatever we may find in Lycurgus's house when we break in. I am sure that our mother goddess for her honour's sake will pay up some coin to us for present needs." . . "Well then," said Eumolpus, "Why shouldn't we make up a farce? Now appoint me your master, if you like the business." No one dared to grumble at this harmless device. So to keep the lie safe among us all, we took an oath to obey Eumolpus; to endure burning, bondage, flogging, death by the sword, or anything else that Eumolpus ordered. We pledged our bodies and souls to our master most solemnly, like regular gladiators. When the oath was over, we posed like slaves and saluted our master, and learned all together that Eumolpus had lost a son, a young man of great eloquence and promise, and that the poor old man had left his own country for this reason, to escape seeing his son's dependants and friends, or the tomb which was the source of his daily tears. His grief had been increased by a recent shipwreck, in which he lost over two million sesterces: it was not the loss that troubled him, but with no servant to wait upon him he could not recognize his own importance. Besides, he had thirty millions invested in Africa in estates and bonds; such a horde of his slaves was scattered over the fields of Numidia that he could positively have sacked Carthage. Under this scheme we ordered Eumolpus to cough frequently, sometimes to be bilious, and to find fault openly with all his food; he must talk of gold and silver and his disappointing farms and the obstinate barrenness of the soil; further, he must sit over his accounts daily, and revise the

sheets of his will every month. To make the setting quite complete, he was to use the wrong names whenever he tried to call one of us, so that it would clearly look as though our master had also in his mind some servants who were not present. This was all arranged; we offered a prayer to Heaven for a prosperous and happy issue, and started on our journey. But Giton was not used to a burden and could not bear it, and the slave Corax, a shirker of work, kept putting down his bundle and cursing our hurry, and declaring that he would either throw the baggage away or run off with his load. "You seem to think I am a beast of burden or a ship for carrying stones," he cried. "You paid for the services of a man, not a horse. I am just as free as you are, although my father did leave me a poor man." Not satisfied with curses, he kept lifting his leg up and filling the whole road with a disgusting noise and smell. Giton laughed at his impudence and matched every noise he made. . . .

[118] "Yes, my young friends," said Eumolpus, "poetry has led many astray. As soon as a man has shaped his verse in feet and woven into it a more delicate meaning with an ingenious circumlocution, he thinks that forthwith he has scaled Helicon. In this fashion people who are tired out with forensic oratory often take refuge in the calm of poetry as in some happier haven, supposing that a poem is easier to construct than a declamation adorned with quivering epigrams. But nobler souls do not love such coxcombry, and the mind cannot conceive or bring forth its fruit unless it is steeped in the vast flood of literature. One must flee away from all diction that is, so to speak, cheap, and choose words divorced from popular use, putting into practice, "I hate the common herd and hold it afar." Besides, one must take care that the epigrams do not stand out from the body of the speech: they must shine with a brilliancy that is woven into the material. Homer proves this, and the lyric poets, and Roman Virgil, and the studied felicity of Horace. The others either did not see the path that leads to poetry, or saw it and were afraid to walk in it. For instance, anyone who attempts the vast theme of the Civil War will sink under the burden unless he is full of literature. It is not a question of recording -real events in verse; historians can do that far better. The free spirit of genius must plunge headlong into allusions and divine interpositions, and rack itself for epigrams coloured by mythology, so that what results seems rather the prophecies of an inspired seer than the exactitude of a statement made on oath before witnesses: the following effusion will show what I mean, if it take your fancy, though it has not yet received my final touches. . . .

[119] "The conquering Roman now held the whole world, sea and land and the course of sun and moon. But he was not satisfied. Now the waters were stirred

and troubled by his loaded ships; if there were any hidden bay beyond, or any land that promised a yield of yellow gold, that place was Rome's enemy, fate stood ready for the sorrows of war, and the quest for wealth went on. There was no happiness in familiar joys, or in pleasures dulled by the common man's use. The soldier out at sea would praise the bronze of Corinth; bright colours dug from earth rivalled the purple; here the African curses Rome, here the Chinaman plunders his marvellous silks, and the Arabian hordes have stripped their own fields bare.

"Yet again more destruction, and peace hurt and bleeding. The wild beast is searched out in the woods at a great price, and men trouble Hammon deep in Africa to supply the beast whose teeth make him precious for slaying men; strange ravening creatures freight the fleets, and the padding tiger is wheeled in a gilded palace to drink the blood of men while the crowd applauds.

I shrink from speaking plain and betraying our destiny of ruin; boys whose childhood is hardly begun are kidnapped in the Persian way, and the powers the knife has shorn are forced to the service of lust, and in order that the passing of man's finest age may be hedged round with delay and hold back the hurrying years, Nature seeks for herself, and finds herself not. So all take their pleasure in harlotry, and the halting steps of a feeble body, and in flowing hair and numberless clothes of new names, everything that ensnares mankind.

"Tables of citron-wood are dug out of the soil of Africa and set up, the spots on them resembling gold which is cheaper than they, their polish reflecting hordes of slaves and purple clothes, to lure the senses. Round this barren and low-born wood there gathers a crowd drowned in drink, and the soldier of fortune gorges the whole spoils of the world while his weapons rust.

"Gluttony is a fine art. The wrasse is brought alive to table in sea-water from Sicily, and the oysters torn from the banks of the Lucrine lake make a dinner famous, in order to renew men's hunger by their extravagance. All the birds are now gone from the waters of Phasis; the shore is quiet; only the empty air breathes on the lonely boughs.

"The same madness is in public life, the true-born Roman is bought, and changes his vote for plunder and the cry of gain. The people are corrupt, the house of senators is corrupt, their support hangs on a price. The freedom and virtue of the old men had decayed, their power was swayed by largesse, even their dignity was stained by money and trodden in the dust.

"Cato is beaten and driven out by the mob; his conqueror is more unhappy than he, and is ashamed to have torn the rods of office from Cato. For the shame of the

nation and the fall of their character lay in this, that here was not only one man's defeat. In his person the power and glory of Rome was humbled. So Rome in her deep disgrace was herself both price and prize, and despoiled herself without an avenger. Moreover filthy usury and the handling of money had caught the common people in a double whirlpool, and destroyed them. Not a house is safe, not a man but is mortgaged; the madness spreads through their limbs, and trouble bays and hounds them down like some disease sown in the dumb flesh. In despair they turn to violence, and bloodshed restores the good things lost by luxury. A beggar can risk everything in safety. Could the spell of healthful reason stir Rome from the filth where she rolled in heavy sleep, or only madness and war and the lust wakened by the sword?

[120] Fortune brought forth three generals, and the goddess of War and Death buried them all, each beneath a pile of arms. The Parthian has Crassus in keeping, Pompey the Great lies by the Libyan water, Julius stained ungrateful Rome with his blood; and as though the earth could not endure the burden of so many graves, she has separated their ashes. These are the wages paid by fame.

“Between Parthenope and the fields of the great town of Dicarchis there lies a spot plunged deep in a cloven chasm, wet with the water of Cocytus: for the air that rushes furiously outward is laden with that baleful spray. The ground here is never green in autumn, the field does not prosper or nurture herbage on its turf, the soft thickets never ring nor are loud in springtime with the songs of rival birds, but chaos is there, and gloomy rocks of black pumice-stone lie happy in the gloom of the cypresses that mound them about. From this place the father of Dis lifted his head, lit with funeral flames and flecked with white ashes, and provoked winged Fortune with these words:

““Disposer of life in earth and heaven, Chance, always angry against power too firmly seated, everlasting lover of change and quick for saker of thy conquests, dost not thou feel thy spirit crushed under the weight of Rome, and that thou canst not further raise up the mass that is doomed to fall? The youth of Rome contemns its own strength, and groans under the wealth its own hands have heaped up. See, everywhere they squander their spoils, and the mad use of wealth brings their destruction. They have buildings of gold and thrones raised to the stars, they drive out the waters with their piers, the sea springs forth amid the fields: rebellious man turns creation's order upside down. Aye, they grasp even at my kingdom. The earth is hewn through for their madmen's foundations and gapes wide, now the mountains are hollowed out until the caves groan, and while men turn precious stones to their empty purposes, the ghosts of hell declare their hopes of

winning heaven. Arise, then, Chance, change thy looks of peace to war, harry the Roman, and let my kingdom have the dead. It is long now since my lips were wet with blood, and never has my loved Tisiphone bathed her thirsty limbs since the sword of Sulla drank deep, and the earth stood thick with corn fattened on blood and thrust up to the sun.'

[121] "He spoke and ended, and strained to take her hand in his, till he broke and clove the earth asunder. Then Fortune poured forth words from her fickle heart: 'Father, whom the inmost places of Cocytus obey, thy prayer shall prosper, if at least I may foretell the truth without fear; for the anger that rises in my heart is stern as thine, and the flame that burns deep in my bones as fierce. I hate all the gifts I have made to towering Rome, and am angry at my own blessings. The god that raised up those high palaces shall destroy them too. It will be my delight also to burn the men and feed my lust with blood. Lo, already I see Philippi's field strewn with the dead of two battles, and the blazing pyres of Thessaly and the burial of the people of Iberia. Already the crash of arms rings in my trembling ears. And in Libya I see the barriers of the Nile groan, and the people in terror at the gulf of Actium and the army loved by Apollo. Open, then, the thirsty realms of thy dominion, and summon fresh souls. The old sailor, the Ferryman, will scarcely have strength to carry over the ghosts of the men in his boat; a whole fleet is needed. And thou, pale Tisiphone, take thy fill of wide destruction, and tear the bleeding wounds; the whole world is rent in pieces and drawn down to the Stygian shades.'

[122] "She had scarcely ceased to speak when a cloud shook and was riven by a gleam of lightning, and flashed forth a moment's burst of flame. The father of darkness sank down, closed the chasm in earth's bosom, and grew white with terror at the stroke of his brother. Straightway the slaughter of men and the destruction to come were made plain by omens from on high. For Titan was disfigured and dabbled in blood, and veiled his face in darkness: thou hadst thought that even then he gazed on civil strife. In another quarter Cynthia darkened her full face, and denied her light to the crime. The mountain-tops slid down and the peaks broke in thunder, the wandering streams were dying, and no more ranged abroad between their familiar banks. The sky is loud with the clash of arms, the trumpet shakes to the stars and rouses the War God, and at once Aetna is the prey of unaccustomed fires, and casts her lightnings high into the air. The faces of the dead are seen visible among the tombs and the unburied bones, gibbering in dreadful menace. A blazing light girt with unknown stars leads the way for the flames of cities, and the sky rains down fresh showers of blood. In a

little while God made these portents plain. For now Caesar shook off all his lingering, and, spurred by the passion of revenge, threw down his arms against Gaul and took them up against Rome.

“In the high Alps, where the rocks trodden by a Greek god slope downward and allow men to approach them, there is a place sacred to the altars of Hercules: the winter seals it with frozen snow, and heaves it up on its white top to the sky. It seems as though the sky had fallen away from there: the beams of the full sun do not soften the place, nor the breezes of the springtime, but the soil stands stiff with ice and winter’s frost: its frowning shoulders could support the whole globe. When Caesar with his exultant army trod these heights and chose a place, he looked far over the fields of Hesperia from the high mountaintop, and lifted his voice and both hands to the stars and said: ‘Jupiter, Lord of all, and thou land of Saturn, once proud of my victories and loaded with my triumphs, I call you to witness that I do not willingly summon the War God to these hosts, and that my hand is not raised willingly to strike. But I am driven on by wounds, by banishment from my own city, while I dye the Rhine with blood and cut off the Gauls from the Alps on their second march to our Capitol. Victory makes my exile doubly sure. My rout of the Germans and my sixty triumphs were the beginning of my offences. Yet who is it that fears my fame, who are the men that watch me fight? Base hirelings bought at a price, to whom my native Rome is a stepmother. But I think that no coward shall bind my strong arm unhurt without a blow in return. Come, men, to victory while anger is hot, come, my comrades, and plead our cause with the sword. For we are all summoned under one charge, and the same doom hangs over us all. My thanks are your due, my victory is not mine alone. Wherefore, since punishment threatens our trophies, and disgrace is the meed of conquest, let Chance decide how our lot shall fall. Raise the standard and prove your strength. My pleading at least is accomplished; armed amid so many warriors I cannot know defeat.’ As he spoke these words aloud, the Delphic bird in the sky gave a happy omen, and beat the air as it flew. And from the left quarter of a gloomy grove strange voices sounded and fire flashed thereafter. Even Phoebus glowed with orb brighter than his wont, and set a burning halo of gold about his face.

^[123] “Heartened by these omens, Caesar advanced the standards of war, and marched first to open this strange tale of daring. At first indeed the ice and the ground fettered with white frost did not fight against them, and lay quiet in the kindly cold. But then the regiments broke the close-bound clouds, the trembling horses shattered the frozen bonds of the waters, and the snows melted. Soon new-

born rivers rolled from the mountain heights, but they, too, stood still as if by some command, and the waves stopped short with ruining floods enchained, and the water that ran a moment before now halted, hard enough to cut. But then, treacherous before, it mocked their steps and failed their footing; horses and men and arms together fell heaped in misery and ruin. Lo! too, the clouds were shaken by a strong wind, and let fall their burden, and round the army were gusts of whirlwind and a sky broken by swollen hail. Now the clouds themselves burst and fell on the armed men, and a mass of ice showered upon them like a wave of the sea. Earth was overwhelmed in the deep snow, and the stars of heaven, and the rivers that clung to their banks. But Caesar was not yet overwhelmed; he leaned on his tall spear and crushed the rough ground with fearless tread, like the son of Amphytrion hastening down from a high peak of Caucasus, or the fierce countenance of Jupiter, when he descended from the heights of great Olympus and scattered the arms of the doomed Giants.

“While Caesar treads down the swelling peaks in his wrath, Rumour flies swift in terror with beating wings, and seeks out the lofty top of the tall Palatine. Then she strikes all the images of the gods with her message of Roman thunder: how ships are now sweeping the sea, and the horsemen red with German blood pouring hotly over the range of the Alps. Battle, blood, slaughter, fire, and the whole picture of war flits before their eyes. Their hearts shake in confusion, and are fearfully divided between two counsels. One man chooses flight by land, another trusts rather to the water, and the open sea now safer than his own country. Some prefer to attempt a fight and turn Fate’s decree to account. As deep as a man’s fear is, so far he flies. In the turmoil the people themselves, a woeful sight, are led swiftly out of the deserted city, whither their stricken heart drives them. Rome is glad to flee, her true sons are cowed by war, and at a rumour’s breath leave their houses to mourn. One holds his children with a shaking hand, one hides his household gods in his bosom, and weeping, leaves his door and calls down death on the unseen enemy. Some clasp their wives to them in tears, youths carry their aged sires, and, unused to burdens, take with them only what they dread to lose. The fool drags all his goods after him, and marches laden with booty to the battle: and all now is as when on high the rush of a strong south wind tumbles and drives the waters, and neither rigging nor helm avail the crews, and one girds together the heavy planks of pine, another heads for quiet inlets and a waveless shore: a third sets sail and flees, and trusts all to Chance. But why sorrow for these petty ills? Pompey the Great, who made Pontus tremble and explored fierce Hydaspes, the rock that broke the pirates, who of late, in his third

triumph, shook the heart of Jupiter, to whom the troubled waters of Pontus and the conquered Sea of Bosphorus bowed, flees shamefully with the two consuls and lets his imperial title drop, that fickle Chance might see the back of great Pompey himself turned in flight.

^[124] “So great a calamity broke the power of the gods also, and dread in heaven swelled the rout. A host of gentle deities throughout the world abandon the frenzied earth in loathing, and turn aside from the doomed army of mankind.

“Peace first of all, with her snow-white arms bruised, hides her vanquished head beneath her helmet, and leaves the world and turns in flight to the inexorable realm of Dis. At her side goes humble Faith and Justice with loosened hair, and Concord weeping with her cloak rent in pieces. But where the hall of Erebus is open and gapes wide, the dreadful company of Dis ranges forth, the grim Fury, and threatening Bellona, Megaera whirling her torches, and Destruction, and Treachery, and the pale presence of Death. And among them Madness, like a steed loosed when the reins snap, flings up her bloody head and shields her face, scarred by a thousand wounds, with a bloodstained helm; her left hand grips her worn martial shield, heavy with countless spear-points, her right waves a blazing brand and carries fire through the world.

“Earth felt that the gods were there, the stars were shaken, and swung seeking their former poise; for the whole palace of the sky broke and tumbled to ruin, And first Dione champions the deeds of Caesar, and Pallas joins her side, and the child of Mars, who brandishes his tall spear. “The sister of Phoebus and the son of Cyllene and the hero of Tiryns, like to him in all his deeds, receive Pompey the Great.

“The trumpets shook, and Discord with dishevelled hair raised her Stygian head to the upper sky. Blood had dried on her face, tears ran from her bruised eyes, her teeth were mailed with a scurf of rust, her tongue was dripping with foulness and her face beset with snakes, her clothes were torn before her writhen breasts, and she waved a red torch in her quivering hand. When she had left behind the darkness of Cocytus and Tartarus, she strode forward to the high ridges of proud Apennine, to gaze down thence upon all the earth and all its shores, and the armies streaming over the whole globe; then these words were wrung from her angry soul: ‘To arms now, ye peoples, while your spirit is hot, to arms, and set your torches to the heart of cities. He that would hide him shall be lost: let no women halt, nor children, nor the old who are now wasted with age; let the earth herself quake, and the shattered houses join the fight. Thou Marcellus, hold fast the law. Thou, Curio, make the rabble quail. Thou, Lentulus, give brave Mars no

check. And thou, divine Caesar, why art thou a laggard with thine arms? Crash down the gates, strip towns of their walls and seize their treasure. So Magnus knows not how to hold the hills of Rome? Let him take the bulwarks of Epidamnus and dye the bays of Thessaly with the blood of men.’ Then all the commands of Discord were fulfilled upon the earth.”

Eumolpus poured out these lines with immense fluency, and at last we came into Croton. There we refreshed ourselves in a little inn, but on the next day we went to look for a house of greater pretensions, and fell in with a crowd of fortune-hunters, who inquired what kind of men we were, and where we had come from. Then, as arranged by our common council, a torrent of ready words burst from us, and they gave easy credence to our account of ourselves and our country. They at once quarrelled fiercely in their eagerness to heap their own riches on Eumolpus.

The fortune-hunters all competed to win Eumolpus’s favour with presents. . . .

[125] This went on for a long while in Croton,. . . . Eumolpus was flushed with success, and so far forgot the former state of his fortunes as to boast to his intimates that no one there could cross his good pleasure, and that his own dependants would escape unpunished by the kindness of his friends if they committed any crime in that city. But though I had lined my belly well every day with the ever-growing supply of good things, and believed that Fortune had turned away her face from keeping a watch on me, still I often thought over my old life and my history, and kept saying to myself, Supposing some cunning legacy-hunter sends a spy over to Africa and finds out our lies? Or supposing the servant grows weary of his present luck and gives his friends a hint, or betrays us out of spite, and exposes the whole plot? Of course we shall have to run away again; we must start afresh as beggars, and call back the poverty we have now at last driven out. Ah! gods and goddesses! the outlaw has a hard life; he is always waiting to get what he deserves.”. .

[126] “Because you know your beauty you are haughty, and do not bestow your embraces, but sell them. What is the object of your nicely combed hair, your face plastered with dyes, and the soft fondness even in your glance, and your walk arranged by art so that never a footstep strays from its place? It means of course that you offer your comeliness freely for sale. Look at me; I know nothing of omens, and I never attend to the astrologer’s sky, but I read character in a man’s face, and when I see him walk I know his thoughts. So if you will sell us what I want, there is a buyer ready: if you will be more gracious and bestow it upon us, let us be indebted to you for a favour. For when you admit that you are a slave of

low degree, you fan the passion of a lady who burns for you. Some women kindle for vile fellows, and cannot rouse any desire unless they have a slave or a servant in short garments in their eye. Some burn for a gladiator, or a muleteer smothered in dust, or an actor disgraced by exhibiting himself on the stage. My mistress is of this class; she skips fourteen rows away from the orchestra, and hunts for a lover among the low people at the back.”

With my ears full of her winning words I then said, “It is not you, I suppose, who love me so?” The girl laughed loudly at such a clumsy turn of speech, and said, “Pray do not be so conceited. I never yielded to a slave yet, and God forbid that I should throw my arms round a gallows-bird. The married women may see to that, and kiss the scars of a flogging; I may be only a lady’s maid, for all that I never sit down in any seats but the knights’.” I began to marvel at their contrary passions, and to count them as portents, the maid having the pride of a married lady, and the married lady the low tastes of a wench.

Then as our jokes proceeded further, I asked the maid to bring her mistress into the grove of planetrees. The plan pleased the girl. So she gathered her skirts up higher, and turned into the laurel grove which grew close to our path. She was not long away before she led the lady out of her hidingplace, and brought her to my side. The woman was more perfect than any artist’s dream. There are no words that can include all her beauty, and whatever I write must fall short of her. Her hair grew in natural waves and flowed all over her shoulders, her forehead was small, and the roots of her hair brushed back from it, her brows ran to the edge of her cheekbones and almost met again close beside her eyes, and those eyes were brighter than stars far from the moon, and her nose had a little curve, and her mouth was the kind that Praxiteles dreamed Diana had. And her chin and her neck, and her hands, and the gleam of her foot under a light band of gold! She had turned the marble of Paros dull. So then at last I put my old passion for Doris to despite. . . .

“What is come to pass, Jupiter, that thou hast cast away thine armour, and now art silent in heaven and become an idle tale? Now were a time for thee to let the horns sprout on thy lowering forehead, or hide thy white hair under a swan’s feathers. This is the true Danae. Dare only to touch her body, and all thy limbs shall be loosened with fiery heat.” . . .

^[127] She was happy, and smiled so sweetly that I thought the full moon had shown me her face from behind a cloud. Then she said, letting the words escape through her fingers, “If you do not despise a rich woman who has known a man first this very year, dear youth, I will give you a new sister. True, you have a

brother, too, for I made bold to inquire, but why should you not take to yourself a sister as well? I will come as the same kind of relation. Deign only to recognize my kiss also when it is your good pleasure.”

“I should rather implore you by your beauty,” I replied, “not to scorn to enrol a stranger among your worshippers. You will find me a true votary, if you allow me to kneel before you. And do not think that I would enter this shrine of Love without an offering; I will give you my own brother.”

“What,” she said, “you give me the one without whom you cannot live, on whose lips you hang, whom you love as I would have you love me?” Even as she spoke grace made her words so attractive, the sweet noise fell so softly upon the listening air, that you seemed to have the harmony of the Sirens ringing in the breeze. So as I marvelled, and all the light of the sky somehow fell brighter upon me, I was moved to ask my goddess her name. “Then my maid did not tell you that I am called Circe?” she said. “I am not the Sun-child indeed, and my mother has never stayed the moving world in its course while she will. But I shall have a debt to pay to Heaven if fate brings you and me together. Surely now, the Gods with their quiet thoughts have some plan in the making. Circe does not love Polyaenus without good reason; when these two names meet, a great fire is always set ablaze. Then take me in your embrace if you like. You need have no fear of any spy; your brother is far away from here.”

Circe was silent, folded me in two arms softer than a bird’s wing, and drew me to the ground on a carpet of coloured flowers.

“Such flowers as Earth, our mother, spread on Ida’s top when Jupiter embraced her and she yielded her love, and all his heart was kindled with fire: roses glowed there, and violets, and the tender flowering rush; and white lilies laughed from the green grass: such a soil summoned Venus to the soft grasses, and the day grew brighter and looked kindly on their hidden pleasure.”

We lay together there among the flowers and exchanged a thousand light kisses, but we looked for sterner play. . . .

[128] “Tell me,” she cried, “do you find no joy in my lips? Nor in the breath that faints with hunger? Nor in my body wet with heat? If it is none of these, are you afraid of Giton?” I crimsoned with blushes under her eyes, and lost any strength I might have had before, and cried as though there were no whole part in my body, “Dear lady, have mercy, do not mock my grief. Some poison has infected me.”

“Speak to me, Chrysis, tell me true: am I ugly or untidy? Is there some natural blemish that darkens my beauty? Do not deceive your own mistress. I know not how, but I have sinned.” She then snatched a glass from the silent girl, and after

trying every look that raises a smile to most lovers' lips, she shook out the cloak the earth had stained, and hurried into the temple of Venus. But I was lost and horror-stricken as if I had seen a ghost, and began to inquire of my heart whether I was cheated of my true delight.

As when dreams deceive our wandering eyes in the heavy slumber of night, and under the spade the earth yields gold to the light of day: our greedy hands finger the spoil and snatch at the treasure, sweat too runs down our face, and a deep fear grips our heart that maybe some one will shake out our laden bosom, where he knows the gold is hid: soon, when these pleasures flee from the brain they mocked, and the true shape of things comes back, our mind is eager for what is lost, and moves with all its force among the shadows of the past . .

"So in his name I give you thanks for loving me as true as Socrates. Alcibiades never lay so unspotted in his master's bed." . .

[129] "I tell you, brother, I do not realize that I am a man, I do not feel it. That part of my body where I was once an Achilles is dead and buried." . . .

The boy was afraid that he might give an opening for scandal if he were caught in a quiet place with me, and tore himself away and fled into an inner part of the house. . . .

Chrysis came into my room and gave me a letter from her mistress, who wrote as follows: "Circe greets Polyaenus. If I were a passionate woman, I should feel betrayed and hurt: as it is I can be thankful even for your coldness. I have amused myself too long with the shadow of pleasure. But I should like to know how you are, and whether your feet carried you safely home; the doctors say that people who have lost their sinews cannot walk. I tell you what, young man, you must beware of paralysis. I have never seen a sick person in such grave danger; I declare you are as good as dead. If the same mortal chill attacks your knees and hands, you may send for the funeral trumpeters. And what about me? Well even if I have been deeply wounded, I do not grudge a poor man a cure. If you want to get well, ask Giton. I think you will recover your sinews if you sleep for three days without your brother. So far as I am concerned, I am not afraid of finding anyone who dislikes me more. My looking-glass and my reputation do not lie. Keep as well as you can."

When Chrysis saw that I had read through the whole of this complaint, she said: "These things often happen, especially in this town, where the women can even draw down the moon from the sky, and so attention will be paid to this matter also. Only do write back more gently to my mistress, and restore her spirits

by your frank kindness. For I must tell you the truth: she has never been herself from the moment you insulted her.”

[130] I obeyed the girl with pleasure and wrote on a tablet as follows: “Polyaenus greets Circe. Dear lady, I admit my many failings; for I am human, and still young. But never before this day have I committed deadly sin. The culprit confesses to you; I have deserved whatever you may order. I have been a traitor, I have destroyed a man, and profaned a temple: demand my punishment for these crimes. If you decide on execution, I will come with my sword; if you let me off with a flogging, I will run naked to my lady. *Illud unum memento, non me sed instrumenta peccasse. Paratus miles arma non habui.* Who upset me so I know not. Perhaps my will ran on while my body lagged behind, perhaps I wasted all my pleasure in delay by desiring too much. I cannot discover what I did. But you tell me to beware of paralysis: as if the disease could grow worse, which has taken away from me the means of making you my own. But my apology amounts to this — I will do your pleasure if you allow me to mend my fault.” . . .

Chrysis was sent off with this promise, and I paid great attention to my offending body, and after leaving my bath anointed myself in moderation, and then fed on strong foods, onions, I mean, and snails’ heads without sauce, and drank sparingly of wine. I then settled myself with a gentle walk before bed, and went into my room without Giton. I was so anxious to please her that I was afraid my brother might take away my strength. [131] Next day I got up sound in mind and body, and went down to the same grove of planetrees, though I was rather afraid of the unlucky place, and began to wait among the trees for Chrysis to lead me on my way.

After walking up and down a short while, I sat where I had been the day before, and Chrysis came under the trees, bringing an old woman with her. When she had greeted me, she said, “Well, disdainful lover, have you begun to come to your senses?” Then the old woman took a twist of threads of different colours out of her dress, and tied it round my neck. Then she mixed some dust with spittle, and took it on her middle finger, and made a mark on my forehead despite my protest

After this she ordered me in a rhyme to spit three times and throw stones into my bosom three times, after she had said a spell over them and wrapped them in purple, and laid her hands on me and began to try the force of her charm. . . . *Dicto citius nervi paruerunt imperio manusque aniculae ingenti motu reple verunt.* At illa gaudio exsultans “Vides” inquit “Chrysis mea, vides, quod aliis leporem excitavi?” . . .

The stately plane-tree, and Daphne decked with berries, and the quivering cypresses, and the swaying tops of the shorn pines, cast a summer shade. Among them played the straying waters of a foamy river, lashing the pebbles with its chattering flow. The place was proper to love; so the nightingale of the woods bore witness, and Procne from the town, as they hovered about the grasses and the tender violets, and pursued their stolen loves with a song. . . .

She was stretched out there with her marble neck pressed on a golden bed, brushing her placid face with a spray of myrtle in flower. So when she saw me she blushed a little, of course remembering my rudeness the day before; then, when they had all left us, she asked me to sit by her, and I did; she laid the sprig of myrtle over my eyes, and then growing bolder, as if she had put a wall between us, "Well, poor paralytic," she said, "have you come here to-day a whole man?" "Do not ask me," I replied, "try me." I threw myself eagerly into her arms, and enjoyed her kisses unchecked by any magic until I was tired

^[132] The loveliness of her body called to me and drew us together. There was the sound of a rain of kisses as our lips met, our hands were clasped and discovered all the ways of love, then our bodies were held and bound by our embrace until even our souls were made as one soul. . . .

My open taunts stung the lady, and at last she ran to avenge herself, and called her chamber grooms, and ordered me to be hoisted for flogging. Not content With this black insult, the woman called up all her low spinsters, and the very dregs of her slaves, and invited them to spit upon me. I put my hands to my eyes and never poured forth any appeal, for I knew my deserts, and was beaten and spat upon and thrown out of doors. Proselenos was thrown out too, Chrysis was flogged, and all the slaves muttered gloomily to themselves, and asked who had upset their mistress's spirits. . . . So after considering my position I took courage, and carefully hid the marks of the lash for fear Eumolpus should exult or Giton be depressed at my disgrace. | Quod solum igitur salvo pudore poteram, contingere languorem simulavi, conditusque lectulo totum ignem furoris in eam converti, quae mihi omnium malorum causa fuerat:

ter corripui terribilem manu bipennem,
ter languidior coliculi repente thyrsos
ferrum timui, quod trepido male dabat usum.
Nee iam poteram, quod modo conficere libebat;
namque illa metu frigidior rigente bruma
confugerat in viscera mille operta rugis.
Ita non potui supplicio caput aperire,

sed furciferae mortifero timore lusus
ad verba, imagis quae poterant nocere, fugi.

Erectus igitur in cubitum hac fere oratione contumacem vexavi: “*Quid* dicis” inquam “omnium hominum deorumque pudor? Nam ne nominare quidem te inter res serias fas est. Hoc de te merui, ut me in caelo positum ad inferos traheres? | Ut traducers

L

annos primo florentes vigore senectaeque ultimae mihi lassitudinem imponeres? Rogo te, mihi apodixin defunctoriam redde.” Haec ut iratus effudi,
|illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat,

nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur
quam lentae salices lassove papavera collo.

LO

Nec minus ego tam foeda obiurgatione finita paenitentiam agere sermonis mei coepi secretoque rubore perfundi, quod oblitus verecundiae meae cum ea parte corporis verba contulerim, quam ne ad cognitionem quidem admittere severioris notae homines solerent.

Then, after rubbing my forehead for a long while, I said, “But what harm have I done if I have relieved my sorrow with some free abuse? And then there is the fact that of our bodily members we often damn our guts, our throats, even our heads, when they give us much trouble. Did not Ulysses argue with his own heart, while some tragedians curse their eyes as if they could hear? Gouty people damn their feet, people with chalk-stones their hands, blear-eyed people their eyes, and men who have often hurt their toes put down all their ills to their poor feet:

“Why do ye, Cato’s disciples, look at me with wrinkled foreheads, and condemn a work of fresh simplicity? A cheerful kindness laughs through my pure speech, and my clean mouth reports whatever the people do. All men born know of mating and the joys of love; all men are free to let their limbs glow in a warm bed. Epicurus, the true father of truth, bade wise men be lovers, and said that therein lay the crown of life.” . . .

There is nothing more insincere than people’s silly convictions, or more silly than their sham morality. . . .

[133] When my speech was over, I called Giton, and said, Now tell me, brother, on your honour. That night when Ascyrtos took you away from me, did he keep awake until he had wronged you, or was he satisfied with spending the night decently alone?" The boy touched his eyes and swore a most precise oath that Ascyrtos had used no force to him. . . .

I kneeled down on the threshold and entreated the favour of the gods in these lines:

"Comrade of the Nymphs and Bacchus, whom lovely Dione set as god over the wide forests, whom famous Lesbos and green Thasos obey, whom the Lydian worships in perpetual celebration, whose temple he has set in his own city of Hypaepa: come hither, guardian of Bacchus and the Dryads' delight, and hear my humble prayer. I come not to thee stained with dark blood, I have not laid hands on a temple like a wicked enemy, but when I was poor and worn with want I sinned, yet not with my whole body. There is less guilt in a poor man's sin. This is my prayer; take the load from my mind, forgive a light offence; and whenever fortune's season smiles upon me, I will not leave thy glory without worship. A goat shall walk to thine altars, most holy one, a horned goat that is father of the flock, and the young of a grunting sow, atender sacrifice. The new wine of the year shall foam in the bowls, and the young men full of wine shall trace their joyous steps three times round thy sanctuary." . . .

As I was doing this and making clever plans to guard my trust, an old woman in ugly black clothes, with her hair down, came into the shrine, laid hands on me, and drew me out through the porch. . . .

[134] "What screech-owl has eaten your nerve away, what foul thing or corpse have you trodden on at a cross-road in the dark? Never even in boyhood could you hold your own, but you were weakly, feeble, tired, and like a cab-horse on a hill you wasted your efforts and your sweat. And not content with failing yourself, you have roused the gods to wrath against me. . .

And she took me unresisting into the priestess's room again, and pushed me over the bed, and took a cane off the door and beat me again when I remained unresponsive. And if the cane had not broken at the first stroke and lessened the force of the blow, I daresay she would have broken my head and my arm outright. Anyhow I groaned at her dirty tricks, and wept abundantly, and covered my head with my right arm, and leaned against the pillow. She was upset, and cried too, and sat on another piece of the bed, and began to curse the delays of old age in a quavering voice, when the priestess came in.

Why have you come into my room as if you were visiting a fresh-made grave?" she said. "Especially on a holiday, when even mourners smile." "Ah, Oenothea," said the woman, "this young man was born under a bad planet; he cannot sell his treasure to boys or girls either. You never beheld such an unlucky creature: he is a piece of wash-leather, not a real man. Just to show you, what do you think of a man who can come away from Circe without a spark of pleasure?" When Oenothea heard this she sat down between us, shook her head for some time, and then said, "I am the only woman alive who knows how to cure that disease. Et ne *me* putetis perplexe agere, rogo ut adulescentulus mecum nocte dormiat. .

nisi illud tam rigidum reddidero quam cornu:

"Whatever thou seest in the world is obedient to me. The flowery earth, when I will, faints and withers as its juices dry, and, when I will, pours forth its riches, while rocks and rough crags spurt waters wide as the Nile. The great sea lays its waves lifeless before me, and the winds lower their blasts in silence at my feet. The rivers obey me, and Hyrcanian tigers, and serpents, whom I bid stand still. But I will not tell you of small things; the shape of the moon is drawn down to me by my spells, and Phoebus trembles and must turn his fiery steeds as I compel him back in his course. So great is the power of words. The flaming spirit of bulls is quenched and calmed by a maiden's rites, and Circe, the child of Phoebus, transfigured Ulysses's crew with magic songs, and Proteus can take what form he will. And I, who am cunning in these arts, can plant the bushes of Mount Ida in the sea, or set rivers back on lofty peaks."

[135] I shrank in horror from her promised miracles, and began to look at the old woman more carefully. . . ."Now," cried Oenothea, "obey my orders!" and she wiped her hands carefully, leaned over the bed, and kissed me once, twice

Oenothea put up an old table in the middle of the altar, and covered it with live coals, and repaired a wine-cup that had cracked from age with warm pitch. Then she drove in once more on the smoky wall a nail which had come away with the wooden winecup when she took it down. Then she put on a square cloak, and laid an enormous cooking-pot on the hearth, and at the same time took off the meat-hooks with a fork a bag which had in it some beans put by for use, and some very mouldy pieces of a brain smashed into a thousand fragments. After unfastening the bag she poured out some of the beans on the table, and told me to shell them carefully. I obeyed orders, and my careful fingers parted the kernels from their dirty covering of shell. But she reproved me for laziness, snatched them up in a hurry, tore off the shells with her teeth in a moment, and spat them on to the ground like the empty husks of flies. . .

I marvelled at the resources of poverty, and the art displayed in each particular. 'No Indian ivory set in gold shone here, the earth did not gleam with marble now trodden upon and mocked for the gifts she gave, but the grove of Ceres on her holiday was set round with hurdles of willow twigs and fresh cups of clay shaped by a quick turn of the lowly wheel. There was a vessel for soft honey, and wicker-work plates of pliant bark, and a jar dyed with the blood of Bacchus. And the wall round was covered with light chaff and spattered mud; on it hung rows of rude nails and slim stalks of green rushes. Besides this, the little cottage roofed with smoky beams preserved their goods, the soft service-berries hung entwined in fragrant wreaths, and dried savory and bunches of raisins; such a hostess was here as was once on Athenian soil, worthy of the worship of Hecale, of whom the Muse testified for all ages to adore her, in the years when the poet of Cyrene sang.'

[136] While she was having a small mouthful of meat as well,. . . and was replacing the brain, which must have been born on her own birthday, on the jack with her fork, the rotten stool which she was using to increase her height broke, and the old woman's weight sent her down on to the hearth. So the neck of the pot broke and put out the fire, which was just getting up. A glowing brand touched her elbow, and her whole face was covered with the ashes she scattered. I jumped up in confusion and put the old woman straight, not without a laugh. . . . She ran off to her neighbours to see to reviving the fire, to prevent anything keeping the ceremony back. . . . So I went to the door of the house,. . . when all at once three sacred geese, who I suppose generally demanded their daily food from the old woman at mid-day, made a rush at me, and stood round me while I trembled, cackling horribly like mad things. One tore my clothes, another untied the strings of my sandals and tugged them off; the third, the ringleader and chief of the brutes, lost no time in attacking my leg with his jagged bill. It was no laughing matter: I wrenched off a leg of the table and began to hammer the ferocious creature with this weapon in my hand. One simple blow did not content me. I avenged my honour by the death of the goose.

'Even so I suppose the birds of Stymphalus fled into the sky when the power of Hercules compelled them, and the Harpies whose reeking wings made the tantalizing food of Phineus run with poison. The air above trembled and shook with unwonted lamentation, and the palace of heaven was in an uproar.' .

The remaining geese had now picked up the beans, which were spilt and scattered all over the floor, and having lost their leader had gone back, I think, to the temple. Then I came in, proud of my prize and my victory, threw the dead

goose behind the bed, and bathed the wound on my leg, which was not deep, with vinegar. Then, being afraid of a scolding, I made a plan for getting away, put my things together, and started to leave the house. I had not yet got outside the room, when I saw Oenothea coming with a jar full of live coals. So I drew back and threw off my coat, and stood in the entrance as if I were waiting for her return. She made up a fire which she raised out of some broken reeds, and after heaping on a quantity of wood, began to apologize for her delay, saying that her friend would not let her go until the customary three glasses had been emptied. "What did you do while I was away?" she went on, "and where are the beans?" Thinking that I had done something which deserved a word of praise, I described the whole of my fight in detail, and to put an end to her depression I produced the goose as a set-off to her losses. When the old woman saw the bird, she raised such a great shriek that you would have thought that the geese had come back into the room again. ^[137] I was astonished and shocked to find so strange a crime at my door, and I asked her why she had flared up, and why she should be more sorry for the goose than for me. But she beat her hands together and said, "You villain, you dare to speak. Do you not know what a dreadful sin you have committed? You have killed the darling of Priapus, the goose beloved of all married women. And do not suppose that it is not serious; if any magistrate finds out, on the cross you go. My house was spotless until to-day, and you have defiled it with blood, and you have given any enemy of mine who likes the power to turn me out of my priesthood." . . .

"Not such a noise, please," I said; "I will give you an ostrich to replace the goose." . . .

I was amazed, and the woman sat on the bed and wept over the death of the goose, until Proselenos came in with materials for the sacrifice, and seeing the dead bird, inquired why we were so depressed. When she found out she began to weep loudly, too, and to compassionate me as if I had killed my own father instead of a common goose. I grew tired and disgusted, and said, "Please let me cleanse my hands by paying; it would be another thing if I had insulted you or done a murder. Look, I will put down two gold pieces. You can buy both gods and geese for that." When Oenothea saw the money, she said, "Forgive me, young man, I am troubled on your account. I am showing my love and not my ill-will. So we will do our best to keep the secret. But pray the gods to pardon what you have done."

"Whoever has money sails in a fair wind, and directs his fortune at his own pleasure. Let him take Danae to wife, and he can tell Acrisius to believe what he

told Danae. Let him write poetry, make speeches, snap his fingers at the world, win his cases and outdo Cato. A lawyer, let him have his ‘Proven’ and his Not proven,’ and be all that Servius and Labeo were. I have said enough: with money about you, wish for what you like and it will come. Your safe has Jupiter shut up in it.” . . .

She stood a jar of wine under my hands, and made me stretch all my fingers out, and rubbed them with leeks and parsley, and threw filberts into the wine with a prayer. She drew her conclusions from them according as they rose to the top or sank. I noticed that the nuts which were empty and had no kernel, but were filled with air, stayed on the surface, while the heavy ones, which were ripe and full, were carried to the bottom. . . .

She cut the goose open, drew out a very fat liver, and foretold the future to me from it. Further, to remove all traces of my crime, she ran the goose right through with a spit, and made quite a fine meal for me, though I had been at death’s door a moment ago, as she told me. . . .

Cups of neat wine went swiftly round with it. . .

[138] Profert Oenotheca scorteum fascinum, quod ut oleo et minuto pipere atque urticae trito circumdedit semine, paulatim coepit inserere ano meo. . . .

Hoc crudelissima anus spargit subinde umore femina mea . . .

Nasturcii sucum cum habrotono miscet perfusisque inguinibus meis viridis urticae fascem comprehendit omniaque infraumbilicum coepit lentam manu caedere.

..

Though the poor old things were silly with drink and passion they tried to take the same road, and pursued me through several streets, crying “Stop thief!” But I escaped, with all my toes running blood in my headlong flight . . .

“Chrysis, who despised your lot before, means to follow you now even at peril of her life.” . . .

“Ariadne and Leda had no beauty like hers. Helen and Venus would be nothing beside her. And Paris himself, who decided the quarrel of the goddesses, would have made over Helen and the goddesses too to her, if his eager gaze had seen her to compare with them. If only I were allowed a kiss, or could put my arms round the body that is heaven’s own self; maybe my body would come back to its strength, and the part of me that is drowsed with poison, I believe, might be itself again. No insult turns me back; I forget my floggings, and I think it fine sport to be flung out of doors. Only let her be kind to me again.” . . .

[139] I moved uneasily over the bed again and again, as if I sought for the ghost of my love

‘I am not the only one whom God and an inexorable doom pursues. Before me the son of Tiryns was driven from the Inachian shore and bore the burden of heaven, and Laomedon before me satisfied the ominous wrath of two gods. Pelias felt Juno’s power, Telephus fought in ignorance, and Ulysses was in awe of Neptune’s kingdom. And me too the heavy wrath of Hellespontine Priapus follows over the earth and over the waters of hoary Nereus.’ . . .

I began to inquire of Giton whether anyone had asked for me. “No one to-day,” he said, “but yesterday a rather pretty woman came in at the door, and talked to me for a long while, till I was tired of her forced conversation, and then began to say that you deserved to be hurt and would have the tortures of a slave, if your adversary persisted with his complaint.” . . .

I had not finished grumbling, when Chrysis came in, ran up and warmly embraced me, and said, “Now I have you as I hoped; you are my desire, my pleasure, you will never put out this flame unless you quench it in my blood.” . . .

One of the new slaves suddenly ran up and said that my master was furious with me because I had now been away from work two days. The best thing I could do would be to get ready some suitable excuse. It was hardly possible that his savage wrath would abate without a flogging for me . . .

[140] *Matrona inter primas honesta, Philomela nomine, quae multas saepe hereditates officio aetatis extorserat, tum anus et floris extincti, filium filiamque ingerebat orbis senibus, et per hanc successionem artem suam perseverabat extendere. Ea ergo ad Eumolpum venit et commendare liberos suos eius prudentiae bonitatisque . . . credere se et vota sua. Illum esse solum in toto orbe terrarum, qui praeceptis etiam salubribus instruere iuvenes quotidie posset. Ad summam, relinquere se pueros in domo Eumolpi, ut illum loquentem audirent . . . quae sola posset hereditas iuvenibus dari. Nec aliter fecit ac dixerat, filiamque speciosissimam cum fratre ephebo in cubiculo reliquit simulavitque se in templum ire ad vota nuncupanda. Eumolpus, qui tam frugi erat ut illi etiam ego puer viderer, non distulit puellam invitare ad pigiciaca sacra. Sed et podagricum se esse lumborumque solutorum omnibus dixerat, et si non servasset integram simulationem, periclitabatur totam paene tragoediam evertere. Itaque ut constaret mendacio fides, puellam quidem exoravit, ut sederet super commendatam bonitatem, Coraci autem imperavit, ut lectum, in quo ipse iacebat, subiret positisque in pavimento manibus dominum lumbis suis commoveret. Ille lente parebat imperio puellaeque artificium pari motu remunerabat. Cum ergo res ad effectum spectaret, clara Eumolpus voce exhortabatur Coraca, ut spissaret officium. Sic inter mercennarium amicamque positus senex veluti oscillatione*

ludebat. Hoc semel iterumque ingenti risu, etiam suo, Eumolpus fecerat. Itaque ego quoque, ne desidia consuetudinem perderem, dum frater sororis suae automata per clostellum miratur, accessi temptaturus, an pateretur iniuriam. Nec se reiciebat a blanditiis doctissimus puer, sed me numen inimicum ibi quoque invenit . . .

“Dii maiores sunt, qui me restituerunt in integrum. Mercurius enim, qui animas ducere et reducere solet, suis beneficiis reddidit mihi, quod manus irata praeciderat, ut scias me gratiosorem esse quam Protesilaum aut quemquam alium antiquorum.” Haec locutus sustuli tunicam Eumolpoque me totum approbavi. At ille primo exhorruit, deinde ut plurimum crederet, utraque manu deorum beneficia tractat . . .

“Socrates, the friend of God and man, used to boast that he had never peeped into a shop, or allowed his eyes to rest on any large crowd. So nothing is more blessed than always to converse with wisdom.”

“All that is very true,” I said, “and no one deserves to fall into misery sooner than the covetous. But how would cheats or pickpockets live, if they did not expose little boxes or purses jingling with money, like hooks, to collect a crowd? Just as dumb creatures are snared by food, human beings would not be caught unless they had a nibble of hope.” . . .

[141] “The ship from Africa with your money and slaves that you promised does not arrive. The fortunehunters are tired out, and their generosity is shrinking. So that unless I am mistaken, our usual luck is on its way back to punish you.” . . .

“All those who come into money under my will, except my own children, will get what I have left them on one condition, that they cut my body in pieces and eat it up in sight of the crowd.” . . .

“We know that in some countries a law is still observed, that dead people shall be eaten by their relations, and the result is that sick people are often blamed for spoiling their own flesh. So I warn my friends not to disobey my orders, but to eat my body as heartily as they damned my soul.” . . .

His great reputation for wealth dulled the eyes and brains of the fools. Gorgias was ready to manage the funeral. . . .

“I am not at all afraid of your stomach turning. You will get it under control if you promise to repay it for one unpleasant hour with heaps of good things. Just shut your eyes and dream you are eating up a solid million instead of human flesh. Besides, we shall find some kind of sauce which will take the taste away. No flesh at all is pleasant in itself, it has to be artificially disguised and reconciled to the unwilling digestion. But if you wish the plan to be supported by precedents,

the people of Saguntum, when Hannibal besieged them, ate human flesh without any legacy in prospect. The people of Petelia did likewise in the extremities of famine, and gained nothing by the diet, except of course that they were no longer hungry. And when Numantia was stormed by Scipio, some women were found with the half-eaten bodies of their children hidden in their bosoms.” . . .

FRAGMENTS

I

Servius on Virgil, Aeneid III, 57: “The sacred hunger for gold.” “Sacred” means “accursed.” This expression is derived from a Gallic custom. For whenever the people of Massilia were burdened with pestilence, one of the poor would volunteer to be fed for an entire year out of public funds on food of special purity. After this period he would be decked with sacred herbs and sacred robes, and would be led through the whole state while people cursed him, in order that the sufferings of the whole state might fall upon him, and so he would be cast out. This account has been given in Petronius.

II

Servius on Virgil, Aeneid XII, 159, on the feminine gender of nouns ending in -tor: But if they are not derived from a verb they are common in gender. For in these cases both the masculine and the feminine end alike in -tor, for example, senator, a male or female senator, balneator, a male or female bath attendant, though Petronius makes an exception in speaking of a “bath-woman” (*balneatricem*).

III

Pseud-Acro on Horace, Epodes 5, 48: “Canidia biting her thumb”: He expressed the appearance and movements of Canidia in a rage. Petronius, wishing to portray a furious person, says “*biting his thumb to the quick.*”

IV

Sidonius Apollinaris Carmen XXIII, 145, 155: Why should I hymn you, tuneful Latin writers, thou of Arpinum, thou of Patavium, thou of Mantua? And thou, Arbiter, who in the gardens of the men of Massilia findest a home on the hallowed tree-trunk as the peer of Hellespontine Priapus?

V

Priscian Institutiones VIII, 16 and XI, 29 (p, 567 ed. Hertz) among the examples by which he shows that the past participles of deponent verbs have a passive meaning: Petronius, “the soul locked (amplexam) in our bosoms.”

V^b

Boethius on Victorinus’s translation of Porphyry, Dialogue II (ed. Basle): I shall be very glad to do it, he said. But since *the morning sun*, in Petronius’s words, *has now smiled upon the roofs*, let us get up, and if there is any other point, it shall be treated later with more careful attention.

VI

Fulgentius Mythologiae I (ed. Muncker): You do not know . . . how women dread satire. Lawyers may retreat and scholars may not utter a syllable before the flood of a woman’s words, the rhetorician may be dumb and the herald may stop his cries; satire alone can put a limit to their madness, though it be Petronius’s *Albucia* who is hot.

VII

Fulgentius Mythologiae III, 8 (), (where he remarked that essence of myrrh is very strong): hence too Petronius Arbiter says *that he drank a cup of myrrh in order to excite his passion.*

VIII

Fulgentius in his Treatise on the Contents of Virgil’s works (): For we have already explained above the application of the myth of Cerberus with Three Heads to quarrels and litigation in the courts. Hence too Petronius says of *Euscios*, “*The barrister was a Cerberus of the courts.*”

IX

Fulgentius in his Explanation of Old Words, 42 (in Mercer's edition): Ferculum means a dish of flesh. Hence too Petronius Arbiter says, " After the dish of flesh (ferculum) was brought in."

X

Fulgentius ibid. 46 (): Valgia really means the twisting of the lips which occurs in vomiting. As Petronius also says, "With lips twisted as in a vomit (valgiter)."

XI

Fulgentius ibid. 52 (): Alucinare means to dream falsely, and is derived from alucitae, which we call conopes (mosquitoes). As Petronius Arbiter says," For the mosquitoes (alucitae) were troubling my companion."

XII

Fulgentius ibid. 60 (): Manubiae means the ornaments of kings. Hence Petronius Arbiter also says, " So many kingly ornaments (manubiae) found in the possession of a runaway."

XIII

Fulgentius ibid. 61 (): Aumatium means a private place in a public spot such as theatres or the circus. Hence Petronius Arbiter also says, " I hurled myself into the privy-place (aumatum)."

XIV

Isidorus Origines V, 26, 7: Dolus is the mental cunning on the part of the deceiver: for he does one thing and pretends another. Petronius takes a different

view when he says, “*What is a wrong (dolus), gentlemen? It occurs whenever anything offensive to the law is done. You understand what a wrong is: now take damage. . .*”

XV

Glossary of St. Dionysius: The spring-board is a kind of game. Petronius, “ Now lifted high at the will of the spring-board.”

XVI

From the Glossary of St. Dionysius: Petronius, “ ‘It was quite certainly their usual plan to go through the Grotto of Naples only with backs bent double.’”

XVII

Another Glossary:

*Suppes suppumpis, that is with feet bent backwards.
Tullia, mediator (?) or princess.*

XVIII

Nicolaus Perottus in the Cornucopia (, 26 in the Aldine Edition of 1513): Cosmus too was a superb perfumer, and ointments are called Cosmian after him. The same writer (Juvenal 8, 86) says, “and let him be plunged deep in a bronze vase of Cosmus.” Petronius, “ Bring us, he said, an alabaster box of Cosmus ointment.”

XIX

Terentianus Maurus on Metre:

We see that Horace nowhere employed verse of this rhythm continuously, but the learned Arbiter uses it often in his works. You will remember these lines,

which we are used to sing: “ *The maidens of Memphis, made ready for the rites of the Gods. The boy coloured deep as the night with speaking gestures.*”

Marius Victorinus III, 17 (Keil, Grammatici, II, 138):

We know that the lyric poets inserted some lines of this rhythm and form in their works, as we find too in Arbiter, for example: “ *The maidens of Memphis, made ready for the rites of the Gods,* “ and again”*Coloured deep as the night, [dancing] Egyptian dances.*”

XX

Terentianus Maurus on Metre:

Now the analysis, which we will explain, will give us the metre in which they say that Anacreon wrote his sweet old songs. We find that Petronius, as well as many others, used this metre, when he says that this same lyric poet sang in words harmonious to the Muses. But I will explain with what kind of caesura this verse is written. In the line “ *Iuverunt segetes meum laborem* “ (“ *The cornfields have lightened my labour* “), the word “ *iuverunt* “ is the beginning of a hexameter: the remaining words “ *segetes meum laborem* “ are in the same metre as

*“triplici vides ut ortu
Triviae rotetur ignis
volucrique Phoebus axe
rapidum pererret orbem”*

” *You see how the fire of Trivia spins round from her threefold rising, and Phoebus on his winged wheel traverses the hurrying globe “.*)

XXI

Diomede on Grammar III (Keil): Hence arises the caesura which Arbiter employed thus:

*“Anus recocta vino
tremantibus labellis”*

” *An old woman soaked in wine, with trembling lips* “

XXII

Servius on the Grammar of Donatus (Keil , 22): Again, he uses “Quirites” (“Roman citizens”) only in the plural number. But we read in Horace the accusative “hunc Quiritem” (“this Roman citizen”) making the nominative “hic Quiris.” Again, the same Horace says “Quis te Quiritem?” and there the nominative will be “*hic Quirites*,” as Petronius says.

Pompeius in his Commentary on the Art of Donatus (Keil , 9): No one says “this Roman citizen,” but “these Roman citizens,” although we find the former in books. Read Petronius, and you will find this use of the nominative singular. And Petronius says “*Hic Quirites*” (“*this Roman citizen*).”

XXIII

A Grammarian on Nouns of uncertain gender (Keil , 23): Fretum (“a strait”) is of the neuter gender, and its plural is freta, as Petronius says” *Freta Nereidum* “ (“*The straits of the Nereids*”).

XXIV

Hieronymus in his Letter to Demetriades CXXX, 19 (Vallarsius): Boys with hair curled and crimped and skins smelling like foreign musk-rats, about whom Arbiter wrote the line, “*To smell good always is not to smell good*,” showing how the virgin may avoid certain plagues and poisons of modesty.

XXV

Fulgentius Mythologiae II, 6 (, on Prometheus): Although Nicagoras. . . represents his yielding his liver to a vulture, as an allegorical picture of envy. Hence too Petronius Arbiter says: “*The vulture who explores our inmost liver, and drags out our heart and inmost nerves, is not the bird of whom our dainty poets talk, but those diseases of the soul, envy and wantonness.*”

SATYRICON: 1922 Firebaugh Translation



Translated by W. C. Firebaugh

CONTENTS

PREFACE

INTRODUCTION

VOLUME I. ADVENTURES OF ENCOLPIUS AND HIS COMPANIONS

VOLUME II. THE DINNER OF TRIMALCHIO

VOLUME III. FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ENCOLPIUS AND HIS
COMPANIONS

VOLUME IV. ENCOLPIUS, GITON AND EUMOLPUS ESCAPE BY SEA

VOLUME V. AFFAIRS AT CROTONA

VOLUME VI. NOTES

VOLUME VII. SIX NOTES BY MARCHENA.

PREFACE

Among the difficulties which beset the path of the conscientious translator, a sense of his own unworthiness must ever take precedence; but another, scarcely less disconcerting, is the likelihood of misunderstanding some allusion which was perfectly familiar to the author and his public, but which, by reason of its purely local significance, is obscure and subject to the misinterpretation and emendation of a later generation.

A translation worthy of the name is as much the product of a literary epoch as it is of the brain and labor of a scholar; and Melmouthe's version of the letters of Pliny the Younger, made, as it was, at a period when the art of English letter writing had attained its highest excellence, may well be the despair of our twentieth century apostles of specialization. Who, today, could imbue a translation of the Golden Ass with the exquisite flavor of William Adlington's unscholarly version of that masterpiece? Who could rival Arthur Golding's rendering of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, or Francis Hicke's masterly rendering of Lucian's *True History*? But eternal life means endless change and in nothing is this truth more strikingly manifest than in the growth and decadence of living languages and in the translation of dead tongues into the ever changing tissue of the living. Were it not for this, no translation worthy of the name would ever stand in need of revision, except in instances where the discovery and collation of fresh manuscripts had improved the text. In the case of an author whose characters speak in the argot proper to their surroundings, the necessity for revision is even more imperative; the change in the cultured speech of a language is a process that requires years to become pronounced, the evolution of slang is rapid and its usage ephemeral. For example Stephen Gaselee, in his bibliography of Petronius, calls attention to Harry Thurston Peck's rendering of "*bell um pomum*" by "he's a daisy," and remarks, appropriately enough, "that this was well enough for 1898; but we would now be more inclined to render it "he's a peach." Again, Peck renders "*illud erat vivere*" by "that was life," but, in the words of our lyric American jazz, we would be more inclined to render it "that was the life." "But," as Professor Gaselee has said, "no rendering of this part of the *Satyricon* can be final, it must always be in the slang of the hour."

“Some,” writes the immortal translator of Rabelais, in his preface, “have deservedly gained esteem by translating; yet not many condescend to translate but such as cannot invent; though to do the first well, requires often as much genius as to do the latter. I wish, reader, thou mayest be as willing to do the author justice, as I have strove to do him right.”

Many scholars have lamented the failure of Justus Lipsius to comment upon Petronius or edit an edition of the *Satyricon*. Had he done so, he might have gone far toward piercing the veil of darkness which enshrouds the authorship of the work and the very age in which the composer flourished. To me, personally, the fact that Laurence Sterne did not undertake a version, has caused much regret. The master who delineated Tristram Shandy’s father and the intrigue between the Widow Wadman and Uncle Toby would have drawn Trimalchio and his peers to admiration.

W. C. F.

INTRODUCTION.

Of the many masterpieces which classical antiquity has bequeathed to modern times, few have attained, at intervals, to such popularity; few have so gripped the interest of scholars and men of letters, as has this scintillating miscellany known as the *Satyricon*, ascribed by tradition to that Petronius who, at the court of Nero, acted as arbiter of elegance and dictator of fashion. The flashing, wit, the masterly touches which bring out the characters with all the detail of a fine old copper etching; the marvelous use of realism by this, its first prophet; the sure knowledge of the perspective and background best adapted to each episode; the racy style, so smooth, so elegant, so simple when the educated are speaking, beguile the reader and blind him, at first, to the many discrepancies and incoherences with which the text, as we have it, is marred. The more one concentrates upon this author, the more apparent these faults become and the more one regrets the lacunae in the text. Notwithstanding numerous articles which deal with this work, some from the pens of the most profound scholars, its author is still shrouded in the mists of uncertainty and conjecture. He is as impersonal as Shakespeare, as aloof as Flaubert, in the opinion of Charles Whibley, and, it may be added, as genial as Rabelais; an enigmatic genius whose secret will never be laid bare with the resources at our present command. As I am not writing for scholars, I do not intend going very deeply into the labyrinth of critical controversy which surrounds the author and the work, but I shall deal with a few of the questions which, if properly understood, will enhance the value of the *Satyricon*, and contribute, in some degree, to a better understanding of the author. For the sake of convenience the questions discussed in this introduction will be arranged in the following order:

1. *The Satyricon.*

2. *The Author.*

- a *His Character.*

- b *His Purpose in Writing.*

- c *Time in which the Action is placed.*

- d *Localization of the Principal Episode.*

3. *Realism.*

- a *Influence of the Satyricon upon the Literature of the World.*

4. *The Forgeries.*

I

THE SATYRICON.

Heinsius and Scaliger derive the word from the Greek, whence comes our English word satyr, but Casaubon, Dacier and Spanheim derive it from the Latin ‘satura,’ a plate filled with different kinds of food, and they refer to Porphyry’s ‘multis et variis rebus hoc carmen refertum est.’

The text, as we possess it, may be divided into three divisions: the first and last relate the adventures of Encolpius and his companions, the second, which is a digression, describes the Dinner of Trimalchio. That the work was originally divided into books, we had long known from ancient glossaries, and we learn, from the title of the Traguriensian manuscript, that the fragments therein contained are excerpts from the fifteenth and sixteenth books. An interpolation of Fulgentius (Paris 7975) attributes to Book Fourteen the scene related in Chapter 20 of the work as we have it, and the glossary of St. Benedict Floriacensis cites the passage ‘sed video te totum in illa haerere, quae Troiae halosin ostendit (Chapter 89), as from Book Fifteen. As there is no reason to suppose that the chapters intervening between the end of the Cena (Chapter 79) and Chapter 89 are out of place, it follows that this passage may have belonged to Book Sixteen, or even Seventeen, but that it could not have belonged to Book Fifteen. From the interpolation of Fulgentius we may hazard the opinion that the beginning of the fragments, as we possess them (Chapters 1 to 26), form part of Book Fourteen. The Dinner of Trimalchio probably formed a complete book, fifteen, and the continuation of the adventures of Encolpius down to his meeting with Eumolpus (end of Chapter 140) Book Sixteen. The discomfiture of Eumolpus should have closed this book but not the entire work, as the exit of the two principal characters is not fixed at the time our fragments come to an end. The original work, then, would probably have exceeded Tom Jones in length.

II

THE AUTHOR.

a— “Not often,” says Studer (Rheinisches Museum, 1843), “has there been so much dispute about the author, the times, the character and the purpose of a writing of antiquity as about the fragments of the Satyricon of Petronius.” The discovery and publication of the Trau manuscript brought about a literary

controversy which has had few parallels, and which has not entirely died out to this day, although the best authorities ascribe the work to Caius Petronius, the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* at the court of Nero. "The question as to the date of the narrative of the adventures of Encolpius and his boon companions must be regarded as settled," says Theodor Mommsen (*Hermes*, 1878); "this narrative is unsurpassed in originality and mastery of treatment among the writings of Roman literature. Nor does anyone doubt the identity of its author and the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of Nero, whose end Tacitus relates."

In any case, the author of this work, if it be the work of one brain, must have been a profound psychologist, a master of realism, a natural-born story teller, and a gentleman.

b — His principal object in writing the work was to amuse but, in amusing, he also intended to pillory the aristocracy and his wit is as keen as the point of a rapier; but, when we bear in mind the fact that he was an ancient, we will find that his cynicism is not cruel, in him there is none of the malignity of Aristophanes; there is rather the attitude of the refined patrician who is always under the necessity of facing those things which he holds most in contempt, the supreme artist who suffers from the multitude of bill-boards, so to speak, who lashes the posters but holds in pitying contempt those who know so little of true art that they mistake those posters for the genuine article. Niebuhr's estimate of his character is so just and free from prejudice, and proceeds from a mind which, in itself, was so pure and wholesome, that I will quote it:

"All great dramatic poets are endowed with the power of creating beings who seem to act and speak with perfect independence, so that the poet is nothing more than the relator of what takes place. When Goethe had conceived Faust and Margarete, Mephistopheles and Wagner, they moved and had their being without any exercise of his will. But in the peculiar power which Petronius exercises, in its application to every scene, to every individual character, in everything, noble or mean, which he undertakes, I know of but one who is fully equal to the Roman, and that is Diderot. Trimalchio and Agamemnon might have spoken for Petronius, and the nephew Rameau and the parson Papin for Diderot, in every condition and on every occasion inexhaustibly, out of their own nature; just so the purest and noblest souls, whose kind was, after all, not entirely extinct in their day.

"Diderot and a contemporary, related to him in spirit, Count Gaspar Gozzi, are marked with the same cynicism which disfigures the Roman; their age, like his, had become shameless. But as the two former were in their heart noble, upright, and benevolent men, and as in the writings of Diderot genuine virtue and a

tenderness unknown to his contemporaries breathe, so the peculiarity of such a genius can, as it seems, be given to a noble and elevated being only. The deep contempt for prevailing immorality which naturally leads to cynicism, and a heart which beats for everything great and glorious, — virtues which then had no existence, — speak from the pages of the Roman in a language intelligible to every susceptible heart.”

c — Beck, in his paper, “The Age of Petronius Arbiter,” concluded that the author lived and wrote between the years 6 A.D. and 34 A.D., but he overlooked the possibility that the author might have lived a few years later, written of conditions as they were in his own times, and yet laid the action of his novel a few years before. Mommsen and Haley place the time under Augustus, Buecheler, about 36-7 A.D., and Friedlaender under Nero.

d — La Porte du Theil places the scene at Naples because of the fact the city in which our heroes met Agamemnon must have been of some considerable size because neither Encolpius nor Asclytos could find their way back to their inn, when once they had left it, because both were tired out from tramping around in search of it and because Giton had been so impressed with this danger that he took the precaution to mark the pillars with chalk in order that they might not be lost a second time. The Gulf of Naples is the only bit of coastline which fits the needs of the novel, hence the city must be Naples. The fact that neither of the characters knew the city proves that they had been recent arrivals, and this furnishes a clue, vague though it is, to what may have gone before.

Haley, “Harvard Studies in Classical Philology,” vol. II, makes out a very strong case for Puteoli, and his theory of the old town and the new town is as ingenious as it is able. Haley also has Trimalchio in his favor, as has also La Porte du Theil. “I saw the Sibyl at Cumae,” says Trimalchio. Now if the scene of the dinner is actually at Cumae this sounds very peculiar; it might even be a gloss added by some copyist whose knowledge was not equal to his industry. On the other hand, suppose Trimalchio is speaking of something so commonplace in his locality that the second term has become a generic, then the difficulty disappears. We today, even though standing upon the very spot in Melos where the Venus was unearthed, would still refer to her as the Venus de Melos. Friedlaender, in bracketing Cumis, has not taken this sufficiently into consideration. Mommsen, in an excellent paper (Hermes, 1878), has laid the scene at Cumae. His logic is almost unanswerable, and the consensus of opinion is in favor of the latter town.

REALISM.

Realism, as we are concerned with it, may be defined as the literary effect produced by the marshaling of details in their exactitude for the purpose of bringing out character. The fact that they may be ugly and vulgar the reverse, makes not the slightest difference. The modern realist contemplates the inanimate things which surround us with peculiar complaisance, and it is right that he should as these things exert upon us a constant and secret influence. The workings of the human mind, in complex civilizations, are by no means simple; they are involved and varied: our thoughts, our feelings, our wills, associate themselves with an infinite number of sensations and images which play one upon the other, and which individualize, in some measure, every action we commit, and stamp it. The merit of our modern realists lies in the fact that they have studied the things which surround us and our relations to them, and thus have they been able to make their creations conform to human experience. The ancients gave little attention to this; the man, with them, was the important thing; the environment the unimportant. There are, of course, exceptions; the interview between Ulysses and Nausikaa is probably the most striking. From the standpoint of environment, Petronius, in the greater portion of his work, is an ancient; but one exception there is, and it is as brilliant as it is important. The entire episode, in which Trimalchio figures, offers an incredible abundance of details. The descriptions are exhaustive and minute, but the author's prime purpose was not description, it was to bring out the characters, it was to pillory the Roman aristocracy, it was to amuse! Cicero, in his prosecution of Verres, had shown up this aristocracy in all its brutality and greed, it remained for the author of the *Cena* to hold its absurdity up to the light of day, to lash an extravagance which, though utterly unbridled, was yet unable to exhaust the looted accumulations of years of political double dealing and malfeasance in office. Trimalchio's introduction is a masterstroke, the porter at the door is another, the effect of the wine upon the women, their jealousy lest either's husband should seem more liberal, their appraisal of each other's jewelry, Scintilla's remark anent the finesse of Habinnas' servant in the mere matter of pandering, the blear-eyed and black-toothed slave, teasing a little bitch disgustingly fat, offering her pieces of bread and when, from sheer inability, she refuses to eat, cramming it down her throat, the effect of the alcohol upon Trimalchio, the little old lady girded round with a filthy apron, wearing clogs which were not mates, dragging in a huge dog on a chain, the incomparable humor in the passage in which Hesus, desperately seasick, sees that which makes him believe that even worse misfortunes are in

store for him: these details are masterpieces of realism. The description of the night-prowling shyster lawyer, whose forehead is covered with sebaceous wens, is the very acme of propriety; our first meeting; with the poet Eumolpus is a beautiful study in background and perspective. Nineteen centuries have gone their way since this novel was written, but if we look about us we will be able to recognize, under the veneer of civilization, the originals of the *Satyricon* and we will find that here, in a little corner of the Roman world, all humanity was held in miniature. Petronius must be credited with the great merit of having introduced realism into the novel. By an inspiration of genius, he saw that the framework of frivolous and licentious novels could be enlarged until it took in contemporary custom and environment. It is that which assures for him an eminent place, not in Roman literature alone, but in the literature of the world.

a — INFLUENCE OF THE SATYRICON UPON LITERATURE. The vagrant heroes of Petronius are the originals from whom directly, or indirectly, later authors drew that inspiration which resulted in the great mass of picaresque fiction; but, great as this is, it is not to this that the *Satyricon* owes its powerful influence upon the literature of the world. It is to the author's recognition of the importance of environment, of the vital role of inanimate surroundings as a means for bringing out character and imbuing his episodes and the actions of his characters with an air of reality and with those impulses and actions which are common to human experience, that his influence is due. By this, the Roman created a new style of writing and inaugurated a class of literature which was without parallel until the time of Apuleius and, in a lesser degree, of Lucian. This class of literature, though modified essentially from age to age, in keeping with the dictates of moral purity or bigotry, innocent or otherwise, has come to be the very stuff of which literary success in fiction is made. One may write a successful book without a thread of romance; one cannot write a successful romance without some knowledge of realism; the more intimate the knowledge the better the book, and it is frequently to this that the failure of a novel is due, although the critic might be at a loss to explain it. Petronius lies behind *Tristram Shandy*, his influence can be detected in Smollett, and even Fielding paid tribute to him.

IV

FORGERIES OF PETRONIUS.

From the very nature of the writings of such an author as Petronius, it is evident that the gaps in the text would have a marked tendency to stimulate the curiosity

of literary forgers and to tempt their sagacity, literary or otherwise. The recovery of the Trimalchionian episode, and the subsequent pamphleteering would by no means eradicate this “cacoethes emendandi.”

When, circa 1650, the library of the unfortunate Nicolas Cippico yielded up the Trau fragment, the news of this discovery spread far and wide and about twelve years later, Statileo, in response to the repeated requests of the Venetian ambassador, Pietro Basadonna, made with his own hand a copy of the MS., which he sent to Basadonna. The ambassador, in turn, permitted this MS. to be printed by one Frambotti, a printer endowed with more industry than critical acumen, and the resultant textual conflation had much to do with the pamphlet war which followed. Had this Paduan printer followed the explicit directions which he received, and printed exactly what was given him much good paper might have been saved and a very interesting chapter in the history of literary forgery would probably never have been written. The pamphlet war did not die out until Bleau, in 1670-71, printed his exact reproduction of the Trau manuscript and the corrections introduced by that licentiousness of emendation of which we have spoken.

In October, 1690, Francois Nodot, a French soldier of fortune, a commissary officer who combined belles lettres and philosophy with his official duties, wrote to Charpentier, President of the Academy of France, calling his attention to a copy of a manuscript which he (Nodot) possessed, and which came into his hands in the following manner: one Du Pin, a French officer detailed to service with Austria, had been present at the sack of Belgrade in 1688. That this Du Pin had, while there, made the acquaintance of a certain Greek renegade, having, as a matter of fact, stayed in the house of this renegade. The Greek's father, a man of some learning, had by some means come into possession of the MS., and Du Pin, in going through some of the books in the house, had come across it. He had experienced the utmost difficulty in deciphering the letters, and finally, driven by curiosity, had retained a copyist and had it copied out. That this Du Pin had this copy in his house at Frankfort, and that he had given Nodot to understand that if he (Nodot) came to Frankfort, he would be permitted to see this copy. Owing to the exigencies of military service, Nodot had been unable to go in person to Frankfort, and that he had therefore availed himself of the friendly interest and services of a certain merchant of Frankfort, who had volunteered to find an amanuensis, have a copy made, and send it to Nodot. This was done, and Nodot concludes his letter to Charpentier by requesting the latter to lay the result before the Academy and ask for their blessing and approval. These Nodotian

Supplements were accepted as authentic by the Academics of Arles and Nimes, as well as by Charpentier. In a short time, however, the voices of scholarly skeptics began to be heard in the land, and accurate and unbiased criticism laid bare the fraud. The Latinity was attacked and exception taken to Silver Age prose in which was found a French police regulation which required newly arrived travellers to register their names in the book of a police officer of an Italian village of the first century. Although they are still retained in the text by some editors, this is done to give some measure of continuity to an otherwise interrupted narrative, but they can only serve to distort the author and obscure whatever view of him the reader might otherwise have reached. They are generally printed between brackets or in different type.

In 1768 another and far abler forger saw the light of day. Jose Marchena, a Spaniard of Jewish extraction, was destined for an ecclesiastical career. He received an excellent education which served to fortify a natural bent toward languages and historical criticism. In his early youth he showed a marked preference for uncanonical pursuits and heretical doctrines and before he had reached his thirtieth year prudence counseled him to prevent the consequences of his heresy and avoid the too pressing Inquisition by a timely flight into France. He arrived there in time to throw himself into the fight for liberty, and in 1800 we find him at Basle attached to the staff of General Moreau. While there he is said to have amused himself and some of his cronies by writing notes on what Davenport would have called "Forbidden Subjects," and, as a means of publishing his erotic lucubrations, he constructed this fragment, which brings in those topics on which he had enlarged. He translated the fragment into French, attached his notes, and issued the book. There is another story to the effect that he had been reprimanded by Moreau for having written a loose song and that he exculpated himself by assuring the general that it was but a new fragment of Petronius which he had translated. Two days later he had the fragment ready to prove his contention.

This is the account given by his Spanish biographer. In his preface, dedicated to the Army of the Rhine, he states that he found the fragment in a manuscript of the work of St. Gennadius on the Duties of Priests, probably of the XI Century. A close examination revealed the fact that it was a palimpsest which, after treatment, permitted the restoration of this fragment. It is supposed to supply the gap in Chapter 26 after the word "verberabant."

Its obscenity outrivals that of the preceding text, and the grammar, style, and *curiosa felicitas Petroniana* make it an almost perfect imitation. There is no

internal evidence of forgery. If the text is closely scrutinized it will be seen that it is composed of words and expressions taken from various parts of the *Satyricon*, “and that in every line it has exactly the Petronian turn of phrase.”

“Not only is the original edition unprocurable,” to quote again from Mr. Gaselee’s invaluable bibliography, “but the reprint at Soleure (Brussels), 1865, consisted of only 120 copies, and is hard to find. The most accessible place for English readers is in Bohn’s translation, in which, however, only the Latin text is given; and the notes were a most important part of the original work.”

These notes, humorously and perhaps sarcastically ascribed to Lallemand, Sanctae Theologiae Doctor, “are six in number (all on various forms of vice); and show great knowledge, classical and sociological, of unsavory subjects. Now that the book is too rare to do us any harm, we may admit that the pastiche was not only highly amusing, but showed a perverse cleverness amounting almost to genius.”

Marchena died at Madrid in great poverty in 1821. A contemporary has described him as being rather short and heavy set in figure, of great frontal development, and vain beyond belief. He considered himself invincible where women were concerned. He had a peculiar predilection in the choice of animal pets and was an object of fear and curiosity to the towns people. His forgery might have been completely successful had he not acknowledged it himself within two or three years after the publication of his brochure. The fragment will remain a permanent tribute to the excellence of his scholarship, but it is his Ode to Christ Crucified which has made him more generally known, and it is one of the ironies of fate that caused this deformed giant of sarcasm to compose a poem of such tender and touching piety.

Very little is known about Don Joe Antonio Gonzalez de Salas, whose connecting passages, with the exception of one which is irrelevant, are here included.

The learned editors of the Spanish encyclopedia naively preface their brief sketch with the following assertion: “no tenemos noticias de su vida.” De Salas was born in 1588 and died in 1654. His edition of Petronius was first issued in 1629 and re-issued in 1643 with a copper plate of the Editor. The Paris edition, from which he says he supplied certain deficiencies in the text, is unknown to bibliographers and is supposed to be fictitious.

To distinguish the spurious passages, as a point of interest, in the present edition, the forgeries of Nodot are printed within round brackets, the forgery of

Marchena within square brackets, and the additions of De Salas in italics {In this PG etext in curly brackets}.

The work is also accompanied by a translation of the six notes, the composition of which led Marchena to forge the fragment which first appeared in the year 1800. These have never before been translated.

Thanks are due Ralph Straus, Esq., and Professor Stephen Gaselee.

VOLUME I. ADVENTURES OF ENCOLPIUS AND HIS COMPANIONS

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

(It has been so long; since I promised you the story of my adventures, that I have decided to make good my word today; and, seeing that we have thus fortunately met, not to discuss scientific matters alone, but also to enliven our jolly conversation with witty stories. Fabricius Veiento has already spoken very cleverly on the errors committed in the name of religion, and shown how priests, animated by an hypocritical mania for prophecy, boldly expound mysteries which are too often such to themselves. But) are our rhetoricians tormented by another species of Furies when they cry, “I received these wounds while fighting for the public liberty; I lost this eye in your defense: give me a guide who will lead me to my children, my limbs are hamstrung and will not hold me up!” Even these heroics could be endured if they made easier the road to eloquence; but as it is, their sole gain from this ferment of matter and empty discord of words is, that when they step into the Forum, they think they have been carried into another world. And it is my conviction that the schools are responsible for the gross foolishness of our young men, because, in them, they see or hear nothing at all of the affairs of every-day life, but only pirates standing in chains upon the shore, tyrants scribbling edicts in which sons are ordered to behead their own fathers; responses from oracles, delivered in time of pestilence, ordering the immolation of three or more virgins; every word a honied drop, every period sprinkled with poppy-seed and sesame.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Those who are brought up on such a diet can no more attain to wisdom than a kitchen scullion can attain to a keen sense of smell or avoid stinking of the grease. With your indulgence, I will speak out: you — teachers — are chiefly responsible for the decay of oratory. With your well modulated and empty tones you have so labored for rhetorical effect that the body of your speech has lost its vigor and died. Young men did not learn set speeches in the days when Sophocles and Euripides were searching for words in which to express themselves. In the days

when Pindar and the nine lyric poets feared to attempt Homeric verse there was no private tutor to stifle budding genius. I need not cite the poets for evidence, for I do not find that either Plato or Demosthenes was given to this kind of exercise. A dignified and, if I may say it, a chaste, style, is neither elaborate nor loaded with ornament; it rises supreme by its own natural purity. This windy and high-sounding bombast, a recent immigrant to Athens, from Asia, touched with its breath the aspiring minds of youth, with the effect of some pestilential planet, and as soon as the tradition of the past was broken, eloquence halted and was stricken dumb. Since that, who has attained to the sublimity of Thucydides, who rivalled the fame of Hyperides? Not a single poem has glowed with a healthy color, but all of them, as though nourished on the same diet, lacked the strength to live to old age. Painting also suffered the same fate when the presumption of the Egyptians “commercialized” that incomparable art. (I was holding forth along these lines one day, when Agamemnon came up to us and scanned with a curious eye a person to whom the audience was listening so closely.)

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

He would not permit me to declaim longer in the portico than he himself had sweat in the school, but exclaimed, “Your sentiments do not reflect the public taste, young man, and you are a lover of common sense, which is still more unusual. For that reason, I will not deceive you as to the secrets of my profession. The teachers, who must gibber with lunatics, are by no means to blame for these exercises. Unless they spoke in accordance with the dictates of their young pupils, they would, as Cicero remarks, be left alone in the schools! And, as designing parasites, when they seek invitations to the tables of the rich, have in mind nothing except what will, in their opinion, be most acceptable to their audience — for in no other way can they secure their ends, save by setting snares for the ears — so it is with the teachers of rhetoric, they might be compared with the fisherman, who, unless he baits his hook with what he knows is most appetizing to the little fish, may wait all day upon some rock, without the hope of a catch.”

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

What, then, is there to do? The parents who are unwilling to permit their children to undergo a course of training under strict discipline, are the ones who deserve the reproof. In the first place, everything they possess, including the children, is

devoted to ambition. Then, that their wishes may the more quickly be realized, they drive these unripe scholars into the forum, and the profession of eloquence, than which none is considered nobler, devolves upon boys who are still in the act of being born! If, however, they would permit a graded course of study to be prescribed, in order that studious boys might ripen their minds by diligent reading; balance their judgment by precepts of wisdom, correct their compositions with an unsparing pen, hear at length what they ought to imitate, and be convinced that nothing can be sublime when it is designed to catch the fancy of boys, then the grand style of oratory would immediately recover the weight and splendor of its majesty. Now the boys play in the schools, the young men are laughed at in the forum, and, a worse symptom than either, no one, in his old age, will confess the errors he was taught in his school days. But that you may not imagine that I disapprove of a jingle in the Lucilian manner, I will deliver my opinions in verse, —

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

*“The man who emerges with fame, from the school of stern art,
Whose mind gropes for lofty ideals, to bring them to light,
Must first, under rigid frugality, study his part;
Nor yearn for the courts of proud princes who frown in their might:
Nor scheme with the riff-raff, a client in order to dine,
Nor can he with evil companions his wit drown in wine
Nor sit, as a hireling, applauding an actor’s grimace.
But, whether the fortress of arms-bearing Tritonis smile
Upon him, or land which the Spartan colonials grace,
Or home of the sirens, with poetry let him beguile
The years of young manhood, and at the Maeonian spring
His fortunate soul drink its fill: Then, when later, the lore
Of Socrates’ school he has mastered, the reins let him fling,
And brandish the weapons that mighty Demosthenes bore.
Then, steeped in the culture and music of Greece, let his taste
Be ripened and mellowed by all the great writers of Rome.
At first, let him haunt not the courts; let his pages be graced
By ringing and rhythmic effusions composed in his home
Next, banquets and wars be his theme, sung in soul-stirring chant,
In eloquent words such as undaunted Cicero chose.*

*Come! Gird up thy soul! Inspiration will then force a vent
And rush in a flood from a heart that is loved by the muse!"*

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

I was listening so attentively to this speech that I did not notice the flight of Ascylos, and while I was pacing the gardens, engulfed in this flood-tide of rhetoric, a large crowd of students came out upon the portico, having, it would seem, just listened to an extemporaneous declamation, of I know not whom, the speaker of which had taken exceptions to the speech of Agamemnon. While, therefore, the young men were making fun of the sentiments of this last speaker, and criticizing the arrangement of the whole speech, I seized the opportunity and went after Ascylos, on the run; but, as I neither held strictly to the road, nor knew where the inn was located, wherever I went, I kept coming back to the same place, until, worn out with running, and long since dripping with sweat, I approached a certain little old woman who sold country vegetables.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"Please, mother," I wheedled, "you don't know where I lodge, do you?" Delighted with such humorous affability, "What's the reason I don't" she replied, and getting upon her feet, she commenced to walk ahead of me. I took her for a prophetess until, when presently we came to a more obscure quarter, the affable old lady pushed aside a crazy-quilt and remarked, "Here's where you ought to live," and when I denied that I recognized the house, I saw some men prowling stealthily between the rows of name-boards and naked prostitutes. Too late I realized that I had been led into a brothel. After cursing the wiles of the little old hag, I covered my head and commenced to run through the middle of the night-house to the exit opposite, when, lo and behold! whom should I meet on the very threshold but Ascylos himself, as tired as I was, and almost dead; you would have thought that he had been brought by the self-same little old hag! I smiled at that, greeted him cordially, and asked him what he was doing in such a scandalous place.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Wiping away the sweat with his hands, he replied, "If you only knew what I have gone through!" "What was it?" I demanded. "A most respectable looking person came up to me," he made reply, "while I was wandering all over the town and could not find where I had left my inn, and very graciously offered to guide me. He led me through some very dark and crooked alleys, to this place, pulled out his tool, and commenced to beg me to comply with his appetite. A whore had already vacated her cell for an as, and he had laid hands upon me, and, but for the fact that I was the stronger, I would have been compelled to take my medicine." (While Ascylos was telling me of his bad luck, who should come up again but this same very respectable looking person, in company with a woman not at all bad looking, and, looking at Ascylos, he requested him to enter the house, assuring him that there was nothing to fear, and, since he was unwilling to take the passive part, he should have the active. The woman, on her part, urged me very persistently to accompany her, so we followed the couple, at last, and were conducted between the rows of name-boards, where we saw, in cells, many persons of each sex amusing themselves in such a manner) that it seemed to me that every one of them must have been drinking satyrion. (On catching sight of us, they attempted to seduce us with paederastic wantonness, and one wretch, with his clothes girded up, assaulted Ascylos, and, having thrown him down upon a couch, attempted to gore him from above. I succored the sufferer immediately, however,) and having joined forces, we defied the troublesome wretch. (Ascylos ran out of the house and took to his heels, leaving me as the object of their lewd attacks, but the crowd, finding me the stronger in body and purpose, let me go unharmed.)

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

(After having tramped nearly all over the city,) I caught sight of Giton, as though through a fog, standing at the end of the street, (on the very threshold of the inn,) and I hastened to the same place. When I inquired whether my "brother" had prepared anything for breakfast, the boy sat down upon the bed and wiped away the trickling tears with his thumb. I was greatly disturbed by such conduct on the part of my "brother," and demanded to be told what had happened. After I had mingled threats with entreaties, he answered slowly and against his will, "That brother or comrade of yours rushed into the room a little while ago and commenced to attempt my virtue by force. When I screamed, he pulled out his

tool and gritted out — If you're a Lucretia, you've found your Tarquin!" When I heard this, I shook my fists in Ascylos' face, "What have you to say for yourself," I snarled, "you rutting pathic harlot, whose very breath is infected?" Ascylos pretended to bristle up and, shaking his fists more boldly still, he roared: "Won't you keep quiet, you filthy gladiator, you who escaped from the criminal's cage in the amphitheatre to which you were condemned (for the murder of your host?) Won't you hold your tongue, you nocturnal assassin, who, even when you swived it bravely, never entered the lists with a decent woman in your life? Was I not a 'brother' to you in the pleasure-garden, in the same sense as that in which this boy now is in this lodging-house?" "You sneaked away from the master's lecture," I objected.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

"What should I have done, you triple fool, when I was dying of hunger? I suppose I should have listened to opinions as much to the purpose as the tinkle of broken glass or the interpretation of dreams. By Hercules, you are much more deserving of censure than I, you who will flatter a poet so as to get an invitation to dinner!" Then we laughed ourselves out of a most disgraceful quarrel, and approached more peaceably whatever remained to be done. But the remembrance of that injury recurred to my mind and, "Ascylos," I said, "I know we shall not be able to agree, so let us divide our little packs of common stock and try to defeat our poverty by our individual efforts. Both you and I know letters, but that I may not stand in the way of any undertaking of yours, I will take up some other profession. Otherwise, a thousand trifles will bring us into daily collision and furnish cause for gossip through the whole town." Ascylos made no objection to this, but merely remarked, "As we, in our capacity of scholars, have accepted an invitation to dinner, for this date, let us not lose our night. Since it seems to be the graceful thing to do, I will look out for another lodging and another 'brother,' tomorrow." "Deferred pleasures are a long time coming," I sighed. It was lust that made this separation so hasty, for I had, for a long time, wished to be rid of a troublesome chaperon, so that I could resume my old relations with my Giton. (Bearing this affront with difficulty, Ascylos rushed from the room, without uttering a word. Such a headlong outburst augured badly, for I well knew his ungovernable temper and his unbridled passion. On this account, I followed him out, desirous of fathoming his designs and of preventing their consequences, but he hid himself skillfully from my eyes, and all in vain, I searched for him for a long time.)

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

After having had the whole town under my eyes, I returned to the little room and, having claimed the kisses which were mine in good faith, I encircled the boy in the closest of embraces and enjoyed the effect of our happy vows to a point that might be envied. Nor had all the ceremonies been completed, when Ascyrtos stole stealthily up to the outside of the door and, violently wrenching off the bars, burst in upon me, toying with my "brother." He filled the little room with his laughter and hand-clapping, pulled away the cloak which covered us, "What are you up to now, most sanctimonious 'brother'?" he jeered. "What's going on here, a blanket-wedding?" Nor did he confine himself to words, but, pulling the strap off his bag, he began to lash me very thoroughly, interjecting sarcasms the while, "This is the way you would share with your comrade, is it!" (The unexpectedness of the thing compelled me to endure the blows in silence and to put up with the abuse, so I smiled at my calamity, and very prudently, too, as otherwise I should have been put to the necessity of fighting with a rival. My pretended good humor soothed his anger, and at last, Ascyrtos smiled as well. "See here, Encolpius," he said, "are you so engrossed with your debaucheries that you do not realize that our money is gone, and that what we have left is of no value? In the summer, times are bad in the city. The country is luckier, let's go and visit our friends." Necessity compelled the approval of this plan, and the repression of any sense of injury as well, so, loading Giton with our packs, we left the city and hastened to the country-seat of Lycurgus, a Roman knight. Inasmuch as Ascyrtos has formerly served him in the capacity of "brother," he received us royally, and the company there assembled, rendered our stay still more delightful. In the first place, there was Tryphaena, a most beautiful woman, who had come in company with Lycas, the master of a vessel and owner of estates near the seashore. Although Lycurgus kept a frugal table, the pleasures we enjoyed in this most enchanting spot cannot be described in words. Of course you know that Venus joined us all up, as quickly as possible.

The lovely Tryphaena pleased my taste, and listened willingly to my vows, but hardly had I had time to enjoy her favors when Lycas, in a towering rage because his preserves had been secretly invaded, demanded that I indemnify him in her stead. She was an old flame of his, so he broached the subject of a mutual exchange of favors. Burning with lust, he pressed his suit, but Tryphaena

possessed my heart, and I said Lycas nay. By refusal, however, he was only made more ardent, followed me everywhere, entered my room at night, and, after his entreaties had met with contempt, he had recourse to violence against me, at which I yelled so lustily that I aroused the entire household, and, by the help of Lycurgus, I was delivered from the troublesome assault and escaped. At last, perceiving that the house of Lycurgus was not suitable to the prosecution of his design, he attempted to persuade me to seek his hospitality, and when his suggestion was refused, he made use of Tryphaena's influence over me. She besought me to comply with Lycas' desires, and she did this all the more readily as by that she hoped to gain more liberty of action. With affairs in this posture, I follow my love, but Lycurgus, who had renewed his old relations with Ascylos, would not permit him to leave, so it was decided that he should remain with Lycurgus, but that we would accompany Lycas. Nevertheless, we had it understood among ourselves that whenever the opportunity presented itself, we would each pilfer whatever we could lay hands upon, for the betterment of the common stock. Lycas was highly delighted with my acceptance of his invitation and hastened our departure, so, bidding our friends good-bye, we arrived at his place on the very same day. Lycas had so arranged matters that, on the journey, he sat beside me, while Tryphaena was next to Giton, the reason for this being his knowledge of the woman's notorious inconstancy; nor was he deceived, for she immediately fell in love with the boy, and I easily perceived it. In addition, Lycas took the trouble of calling my attention to the situation, and laid stress upon the truth of what we saw. On this account, I received his advances more graciously, at which he was overjoyed. He was certain that contempt would be engendered from the inconstancy of my "sister," with the result that, being piqued at Tryphaena, I would all the more freely receive his advances. Now this was the state of affairs at the house of Lycas, Tryphaena was desperately in love with Giton, Giton's whole soul was aflame for her, neither of them was a pleasing sight to my eyes, and Lycas, studying to please me, arranged novel entertainments each day, which Doris, his lovely wife, seconded to the best of her ability, and so gracefully that she soon expelled Tryphaena from my heart. A wink of the eye acquainted Doris of my passion, a coquettish glance informed me of the state of her heart, and this silent language, anticipating the office of the tongue, secretly expressed that longing of our souls which we had both experienced at the same instant. The jealousy of Lycas, already well known to me, was the cause of my silence, but love itself revealed to the wife the designs which Lycas had upon me. At our first opportunity of exchanging confidences, she revealed to me what she had

discovered and I candidly confessed, telling her of the coldness with which I had always met his advances. The far-sighted woman remarked that it would be necessary for us to use our wits. It turned out that her advice was sound, for I soon found out that complacency to the one meant possession of the other. Giton, in the meantime, was recruiting his exhausted strength, and Tryphaena turned her attention to me, but, meeting with a repulse, she flounced out in a rage. The next thing this burning harlot did was to discover my commerce with both husband and wife. As for his wantonness with me, she flung that aside, as by it she lost nothing, but she fell upon the secret gratifications of Doris and made them known to Lycas, who, his jealousy proving stronger than his lust, took steps to get revenge. Doris, however, forewarned by Tryphaena's maid, looked out for squalls and held aloof from any secret assignations. When I became aware of all this, I heartily cursed the perfidy of Tryphaena and the ungrateful soul of Lycas, and made up my mind to be gone. Fortune favored me, as it turned out, for a vessel sacred to Isis and laden with prize-money had, only the day before, run upon the rocks in the vicinity. After holding a consultation with Giton, at which he gladly gave consent to my plan, as Tryphaena visibly neglected him after having sapped his virility, we hastened to the sea-shore early on the following morning, and boarded the wreck, a thing easy of accomplishment as the watchmen, who were in the pay of Lycas, knew us well. But they were so attentive to us that there was no opportunity of stealing a thing until, having left Giton with them, I craftily slipped out of sight and sneaked aft where the statue of Isis stood, and despoiled it of a valuable mantle and a silver sistrum. From the master's cabin, I also pilfered other valuable trifles and, stealthily sliding down a rope, went ashore. Giton was the only one who saw me and he evaded the watchmen and slipped away after me. I showed him the plunder, when he joined me, and we decided to post with all speed to Ascyrtos, but we did not arrive at the home of Lycurgus until the following day. In a few words I told Ascyrtos of the robbery, when he joined us, and of our unfortunate love-affairs as well. He was for prepossessing the mind of Lycurgus in our favor, naming the increasing wantonness of Lycas as the cause of our secret and sudden change of habitation. When Lycurgus had heard everything, he swore that he would always be a tower of strength between us and our enemies. Until Tryphaena and Doris were awake and out of bed, our flight remained undiscovered, for we paid them the homage of a daily attendance at the morning toilette. When our unwonted absence was noted, Lycas sent out runners to comb the sea-shore, for he suspected that we had been to the wreck, but he was still unaware of the robbery, which was yet unknown because the stern of the

wreck was lying away from the beach, and the master had not, as yet, gone back aboard. Lycas flew into a towering rage when our flight was established for certain, and railed bitterly at Doris, whom he considered as the moving factor in it. Of the hard words and the beating he gave her I will say nothing, for the particulars are not known to me, but I will affirm that Tryphaena, who was the sole cause of the unpleasantness, persuaded Lycas to hunt for his fugitives in the house of Lycurgus, which was our most probable sanctuary. She volunteered to accompany him in person, so that she could load us with the abuse which we deserved at her hands. They set out on the following day and arrived at the estate of Lycurgus, but we were not there, for he had taken us to a neighboring town to attend the feast of Hercules, which was there being celebrated. As soon as they found out about this, they hastened to take to the road and ran right into us in the portico of the temple. At sight of them, we were greatly put out, and Lycas held forth violently to Lycurgus, upon the subject of our flight, but he was met with raised eyebrows and such a scowling forehead that I plucked up courage and, in a loud voice, passed judgment upon his lewd and base attempts and assaults upon me, not in the house of Lycurgus alone, but even under his own roof: and as for the meddling Tryphaena, she received her just deserts, for, at great length, I described her moral turpitude to the crowd, our altercation had caused a mob to collect, and, to give weight to my argument, I pointed to limber-hamed Giton, drained dry, as it were, and to myself, reduced almost to skin and bones by the raging lust of that nymphomaniac harlot. So humiliated were our enemies by the guffaws of the mob, that in gloomy ill-humor they beat a retreat to plot revenge. As they perceived that we had prepossessed the mind of Lycurgus in our favor, they decided to await his return, at his estate, in order that they might wean him away from his misapprehension. As the solemnities did not draw to a close until late at night, we could not reach Lycurgus' country place, so he conducted us to a villa of his, situated near the halfway point of the journey, and, leaving us to sleep there until the next day, he set off for his estate for the purpose of transacting some business. Upon his arrival, he found Lycas and Tryphaena awaiting him, and they stated their case so diplomatically that they prevailed upon him to deliver us into their hands. Lycurgus, cruel by nature and incapable of keeping his word, was by this time striving to hit upon the best method of betraying us, and to that end, he persuaded Lycas to go for help, while he himself returned to the villa and had us put under guard. To the villa he came, and greeted us with a scowl as black as any Lycas himself had ever achieved, clenching his fists again and again, he charged us with having lied about Lycas, and, turning Ascylos out, he gave

orders that we were to be kept confined to the room in which we had retired to rest. Nor would he hear a word in our defense, from Ascyrtos, but, taking the latter with him, he returned to his estate, reiterating his orders relative to our confinement, which was to last until his return. On the way back, Ascyrtos vainly essayed to break down Lycurgus' determination, but neither prayers nor caresses, nor even tears could move him. Thereupon my "brother" conceived the design of freeing us from our chains, and, antagonized by the stubbornness of Lycurgus, he positively refused to sleep with him, and through this he was in a better position to carry out the plan which he had thought out. When the entire household was buried in its first sleep, Ascyrtos loaded our little packs upon his back and slipped out through a breach in the wall, which he had previously noted, arriving at the villa with the dawn. He gained entrance without opposition and found his way to our room, which the guards had taken the precaution to bar. It was easy to force an entrance, as the fastening was made of wood, which same he pried off with a piece of iron. The fall of the lock roused us, for we were snoring away, in spite of our unfortunate situation. On account of the long vigil, the guard was in such a deep sleep that we alone were wakened by the crashing fall of the lock, and Ascyrtos, coming in, told us in a few words what he had done for us; but as far as that goes, not many were necessary. We were hurriedly dressing, when I was seized with the notion of killing the guard and stripping the place. This plan I confided to Ascyrtos, who approved of the looting, but pointed out a more desirable solution without bloodshed: knowing all the crooks and turns, as he did, he led us to a store-room which he opened. We gathered up all that was of value and sallied forth while it was yet early in the morning. Shunning the public roads; we could not rest until we believed ourselves safe from pursuit. Ascyrtos, when he had caught his breath, gloatingly exulted of the pleasure which the looting of a villa belonging to Lycurgus, a superlatively avaricious man, afforded him: he complained, with justice of his parsimony, affirming that he himself had received no reward for his k-nightly services, that he had been kept at a dry table and on a skimpy ration of food. This Lycurgus was so stingy that he denied himself even the necessities of life, his immense wealth to the contrary notwithstanding.)

*The tortured Tantalus still stands, to parch in his shifting pool,
And starve, when fruit sways just beyond his grasp:
The image of the miser rich, when his avaricious soul
Robs him of food and drink, in Plenty's clasp.*

(Ascyltos was for going to Naples that same day, but I protested the imprudence of going to any place where they would be on the lookout for us. "Let's absent ourselves, for a while, and travel in the country. We are well supplied with means." This advice took his fancy and we set out for a part of the country noted for the beauty of its estates, and where not a few of our acquaintances were enjoying the sports of the season. Scarcely had we covered half the distance, however, before it began to pour down rain by the bucketful, compelling us to run for the nearest village. Upon entering the inn, we noticed many other wayfarers, who had put up there to escape the storm. The jam prevented our being watched, and at the same time made it easier for us to pry about with curious eyes, on the alert for something to appropriate. Ascyltos, unseen by anyone, picked up off the ground a little pouch in which he found some gold pieces. We were overjoyed with this auspicious beginning, but, fearing that some one would miss the gold, we stealthily slipped out by the back door. A slave, who was saddling a horse in the courtyard, suddenly left his work and went into the house, as if he had forgotten something, and while he was gone I appropriated a superb mantle which was tied fast to the saddle, by untying the thongs, then, utilizing a row of outbuildings for cover, we made off into the nearest wood. When we had reached the depths of the grove, where we were in safety, we thoroughly discussed the surest method of secreting our gold, so that we would neither be accused of robbery nor robbed ourselves, and we finally decided to sew it into the hem of a ragged tunic, which I threw over my shoulders, after having turned the mantle over to Ascyltos for safekeeping; we then made ready to start for the city via the unfrequented roads. We were just about to emerge from the shelter of the wood when we heard, from somewhere on our left, "They can't get away, they came into this wood; let's spread out and beat, and they will easily be caught!" On hearing this, we were thrown into such a terrible fright that Ascyltos and Giton dashed away city-ward, through the underbrush, and I retreated in such a hurry that the precious tunic slipped off my shoulders without my knowing it. At last, completely fagged out, and unable to take another step, I lay down under a tree, and there I first became aware of the loss of the tunic. Chagrin restored my strength and I leaped to my feet to look for the treasure, and for a long time I beat around in vain. Worn out with work and vexation, I forced my way into the thickest part of the grove and remained there for four mortal hours, but at last, bored to extinction by the horrible solitude, I sought a way out. As I went ahead, I caught sight of a peasant; then I had need of all my nerve, and it did not fail me. Marching boldly up to him, I asked my way

to the city, complaining that I had been lost in the wood for several hours. Seeing my condition, he took pity upon me, for I was covered with mud and paler than death, and asked me whether I had seen anyone in the place. "Not a soul," I replied, whereupon he kindly conducted me to the high road, where he met two of his companions, who informed him that they had beaten along every path in the forest without having found anything except a tunic, which they showed him. As may be readily supposed, I did not have the audacity to claim it, though well aware of its value, and my chagrin became almost insupportable as I vented many a groaning curse over my lost treasure. The peasants paid no attention to me, and I was gradually left behind, as my weakness increased my pace decreased. For this reason, it was late when I reached the city, and, entering the inn, beheld Ascyrtos, stretched out, half dead, upon a cot. Too far gone to utter a single syllable, I threw myself upon another. Ascyrtos became greatly excited at not seeing the tunic which he had entrusted to me, demanding it insistently, but I was so weak that my voice refused its office and I permitted the apathy of my eyes to answer his demand, then, by and by, regaining my strength little by little, I related the whole affair to Ascyrtos, in every detail. He thought that I was joking, and although my testimony was fortified by a copious flood of tears, it could easily be seen that he remained unconvinced, believing that I wanted to cheat him out of the gold. Giton, who was standing by during all this, was as downcast as myself, and the suffering of the lad only served to increase my own vexation, but the thing which bothered me most of all, was the painstaking search which was being made for us; I told Ascyrtos of this, but he only laughed it off, as he had so happily extricated himself from the scrape. He was convinced that, as we were unknown and as no one had seen us, we were perfectly safe. We decided, nevertheless, to feign sickness, and to keep to our room as long as possible; but, before we knew it, our money ran out, and spurred by necessity we were forced to go abroad and sell some of our plunder.)

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

Twilight was falling, as we entered the market-place, in which we noticed a quantity of things for sale, not any of much value, it is true, but such as could be disposed of to the best advantage when the semi-darkness would serve to hide their doubtful origin. As we had brought our stolen mantle, we proceeded to make use of so favorable an opportunity, and, in a secluded spot, displayed a corner of it, hoping the splendid garment would attract some purchaser. Nor was it long before a certain peasant, whose face was familiar to my eyes, came up,

accompanied by a young woman, and began to examine the garment very closely. Ascylos, in turn, cast a glance at the shoulders of our rustic customer, and was instantly struck dumb with astonishment. Nor could I myself look upon this man without some emotion, for he seemed to be the identical person who had picked up the ragged tunic in the lonely wood, and, as a matter of fact, he was! Ascylos, afraid to believe the evidence of his own eyes for fear of doing something rash, approached the man, as a prospective buyer, took the hem of the tunic from the rustic's shoulders, and felt it thoroughly.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

Oh wonderful stroke of Fortune! The peasant had not yet laid his meddling hands upon the seams, but was scornfully offering the thing for sale, as though it had been the leavings of some beggar. When Ascylos had assured himself that the hoard was intact, and had taken note of the social status of the seller, he led me a little aside from the crowd and said, "Do you know, 'brother,' that the treasure about which I was so worked up has come back to us? That is the little tunic, and it seems that the gold pieces are still untouched. What ought we to do, and how shall we make good our claim?" I was overjoyed, not so much at seeing our booty, as I was for the reason that Fortune had released me from a very ugly suspicion. I was opposed to doing anything by devious methods, thinking that should he prove unwilling to restore to the proper owner an article not his own, it ought to come to a civil action and a judgment secured.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

Not so Ascylos, who was afraid of the law, and demurred, "Who knows us here? Who will place any credence in anything we say? It seems to me that it would be better to buy, ours though it is, and we know it, and recover the treasure at small cost, rather than to engage in a doubtful lawsuit."

*Of what avail are any laws, where money rules alone,
Where Poverty can never win its cases?
Detractors of the times, who bear the Cynic's scrip, are known
To often sell the truth, and keep their faces!
So Justice is at public auction bought,
The knight gives judgement as Gold says he ought.*

But, with the exception of a two-as piece with which we had intended purchasing peas and lupines, there was nothing to hand; so, for fear our loot should escape us in the interim, we resolved to appraise the mantle at less, and, through a small sacrifice, secure a greater profit. Accordingly, we spread it out, and the young woman of the covered head, who was standing by the peasant's side, narrowly inspected the markings, seized the hem with both hands, and screamed "Thieves!" at the top of her voice. We were greatly disconcerted at this and, for fear that inactivity on our part should seem to lend color to her charges, we laid hold of the dirty ragged tunic, in our turn, and shouted with equal spite, that this was our property which they had in their possession; but our cases were by no means on an equality, and the hucksters who had crowded around us at the uproar, laughed at our spiteful claim, and very naturally, too, since one side laid claim to a very valuable mantle, while the other demanded a rag which was not worth a good patch.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

Ascyrtos, when he had secured silence, adroitly put a stop to their laughter by exclaiming, "We can see that each puts the greater value upon his own property. Let them return our tunic to us, and take back their mantle!" This exchange was satisfactory enough to the peasant and the young woman, but some night-prowling shyster lawyers, who wished to get possession of the mantle for their own profit, demanded that both articles be deposited with them, and the judge could look into the case on the morrow, for it would appear that the ownership of the articles was not so much to the point as was the suspicion of robbery that attached to both sides. The question of sequestration arose, and one of the hucksters, I do not remember which, but he was bald, and his forehead was covered with sebaceous wens, and he sometimes did odd jobs for the lawyers, seized the mantle and vowed that HE would see to it that it was produced at the proper time and place, but it was easily apparent that he desired nothing but that the garment should be deposited with thieves, and vanish; thinking that we would be afraid to appear as claimants for fear of being charged with crime. As far as we were concerned, we were as willing as he, and Fortune aided the cause of each of us, for the peasant, infuriated at our demand that his rags be shown in public, threw the tunic in Ascyrtos' face, released us from responsibility, and demanded that the mantle, which was the only object of litigation, be sequestered. As we thought we had recovered our treasure, we returned hurriedly to the inn, and fastening the door, we had a good laugh at the shrewdness of the hucksters, and

not less so at that of our enemies, for by it they had returned our money to us. (While we were unstitching the tunic to get at the gold pieces, we overheard some one quizzing the innkeeper as to what kind of people those were, who had just entered his house. Alarmed at this inquiry, I went down, when the questioner had gone, to find out what was the matter, and learned that the praetor's lictor, whose duty it was to see that the names of strangers were entered in his rolls, had seen two people come into the inn, whose names were not yet entered, and that was the reason he had made inquiry as to their names and means of support. Mine host furnished this information in such an offhand manner that I became suspicious as to our entire safety in his house; so, in order to avoid arrest, we decided to go out, and not to return home until after dark, and we sallied forth, leaving the management of dinner to Giton. As it suited our purpose to avoid the public streets, we strolled through the more unfrequented parts of the city, and just at dusk we met two women in stolas, in a lonely spot, and they were by no means homely. Walking softly, we followed them to a temple which they entered, and from which we could hear a curious humming, which resembled the sound of voices issuing from the depths of a cavern. Curiosity impelled us also to enter the temple. There we caught sight of many women, who resembled Bacchantes, each of whom brandished in her right hand an emblem of Priapus. We were not permitted to see more, for as their eyes fell upon us, they raised such a hubbub that the vault of the temple trembled. They attempted to lay hands upon us, but we ran back to our inn as fast as we could go.)

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

We had just disposed of the supper prepared by Giton, when there came a timid rapping at the door. We turned pale. "Who is there?" we asked. "Open and you will find out," came the answer. While we were speaking, the bar fell down of its own accord, the doors flew open and admitted our visitor. She was the selfsame young lady of the covered head who had but a little while before stood by the peasant's side. "So you thought," said she, "that you could make a fool of me, did you? I am Quartilla's handmaid: Quartilla, whose rites you interrupted in the shrine. She has come to the inn, in person, and begs permission to speak with you. Don't be alarmed! She neither blames your mistake nor does she demand punishment; on the contrary, she wonders what god has brought such well-bred young gentlemen into her neighborhood!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

We were still holding our tongues and refraining from any expression of opinion, when the lady herself entered the room, attended by a little girl. Seating herself upon the bed, she wept for a long time. Not even then did we interject a single word, but waited, all attention, for what was to follow these well ordered tears and this show of grief. When the diplomatic thunderstorm had passed over, she withdrew her haughty head from her mantle and, ringing her hands until the joints cracked, "What is the meaning of such audacity?" she demanded; "where did you learn such tricks? They are worthy of putting to shame the assurance of all the robbers of the past! I pity you, so help me the God of Truth, I do; for no one can look with impunity upon that which it is unlawful for him to see. In our neighborhood, there are so many gods that it is easier to meet one than it is to find a man! But do not think that I was actuated by any desire for revenge when I came here: I am more moved by your age than I am by my own injury, for it is my belief that youthful imprudence led you into committing a sacrilegious crime. That very night, I tossed so violently in the throes of a dangerous chill that I was afraid I had contracted a tertian ague, and in my dreams I prayed for a medicine. I was ordered to seek you out, and to arrest the progress of the disease by means of an expedient to be suggested by your wonderful penetration! The cure does not matter so much, however, for a deeper grief gnaws at my vitals and drags me down, almost to the very doors of death itself. I am afraid that, with the careless impulsiveness of youth, you may divulge, to the common herd, what you witnessed in the shrine of Priapus, and reveal the rites of the gods to the rabble. On this account, I stretch out my suppliant hands to your knees, and beg and pray that you do not make a mockery and a joke of our nocturnal rites, nor lay bare the secrets of so many years, into which scarcely a thousand persons are initiated."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

The tears poured forth again, after this appeal, and, shaken by deep sobs, she buried her whole face and breast in my bed; and I, moved by pity and by apprehension, begged her to be of good cheer and to make herself perfectly easy as to both of those issues, for not only would we not betray any secrets to the rabble, but we would also second divine providence, at any peril to ourselves, if any god had indicated to her any cure for her tertian ague. The woman cheered up at this promise, and smothered me with kisses; from tears she passed to laughter,

and fell to running her fingers through the long hair that hung down about my ears. "I will declare a truce with you," she said, "and withdraw my complaint. But had you been unwilling to administer the medicine which I seek, I had a troop in readiness for the morrow, which would have exacted satisfaction for my injury and reparation for my dignity!

*To be flouted is disgraceful, but to dictate terms, sublime
Pleased am I to choose what course I will,
Even sages will retort an insult at the proper tune.
Victor most is he who does not kill."*

Then she suddenly clapped her hands, and broke into such a peal of laughter that we were alarmed. The maid, who had been the first to arrive, did likewise, on one side of us, as also did the little girl who had entered with the madame herself.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

The whole place was filled with mocking laughter, and we, who could see no reason for such a change of front, stared blankly at each other and then at the women. (Then Quartilla spoke up, finally,) "I gave orders that no mortal man should be admitted into this inn, this day, so that I could receive the treatment for my ague without interruption!" Ascylos was, for the moment, struck dumb by this admission of Quartilla's, and I turned colder than a Gallic winter, and could not utter a word; but the personnel of the company relieved me from the fear that the worst might be yet to come, for they were only three young women, too weak to attempt any violence against us, who were of the male sex, at least, even if we had nothing else of the man about us, and this was an asset. Then, too, we were girded higher, and I had so arranged matters that if it came to a fight, I would engage Quartilla myself, Ascylos the maid, and Giton the girl. (While I was turning over this plan in my mind, Quartilla came to close quarters, to receive the treatment for her ague, but having her hopes disappointed, she flounced out in a rage and, returning in a little while, she had us overpowered by some unknown vagabonds, and gave orders for us to be carried away to a splendid palace.) Then our determination gave place to astonishment, and death, sure and certain, began to obscure the eyes of suffering.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

“Pray; madame,” I groaned, “if you have anything worse in store, bring it on quickly for we have not committed a crime so heinous as to merit death by torture.” The maid, whose name was Psyche, quickly spread a blanket upon the floor (and) sought to secure an erection by fondling my member, which was already a thousand times colder than death. Ascylos, well aware by now of the danger of dipping into the secrets of others, covered his head with his mantle. (In the meantime,) the maid took two ribbons from her bosom and bound our feet with one and our hands with the other. (Finding myself trussed up in this fashion, I remarked, “You will not be able to cure your mistress’ ague in this manner!” “Granted,” the maid replied, “but I have other and surer remedies at hand,” she brought me a vessel full of satyrion, as she said this, and so cheerfully did she gossip about its virtues that I drank down nearly all of the liquor, and because Ascylos had but a moment before rejected her advances, she sprinkled the dregs upon his back, without his knowing it.) When this repartee had drawn to a close, Ascylos exclaimed, “Don’t I deserve a drink?” Given away by my laughter, the maid clapped her hands and cried, “I put one by you, young man; did you drink so much all by yourself?” “What’s that you say?”, Quartilla chimed in. “Did Encolpius drink all the satyrion there was in the house?” And she laughed delightfully until her sides shook. Finally not even Giton himself could resist a smile, especially when the little girl caught him around the neck and showered innumerable kisses upon him, and he not at all averse to it.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

We would have cried aloud in our misery but there was no one to give us any help, and whenever I attempted to shout, “Help! all honest citizens,” Psyche would prick my cheeks with her hairpin, and the little girl would intimidate Ascylos with a brush dipped in satyrion. Then a catamite appeared, clad in a myrtle-colored frieze robe, and girded round with a belt. One minute he nearly gored us to death with his writhing buttocks, and the next, he befouled us so with his stinking kisses that Quartilla, with her robe tucked high, held up her whalebone wand and ordered him to give the unhappy wretches quarter. Both of us then took a most solemn oath that so dread a secret should perish with us. Several wrestling instructors appeared and refreshed us, worn out as we were, by a massage with pure oil, and when our fatigue had abated, we again donned our dining clothes and were escorted to the next room, in which were placed three

couches, and where all the essentials necessary to a splendid banquet were laid out in all their richness. We took our places, as requested, and began with a wonderful first course. We were all but submerged in Falernian wine. When several other courses had followed, and we were endeavoring to keep awake Quartilla exclaimed, "How dare you think of going to sleep when you know that the vigil of Priapus is to be kept?"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

Worn out by all his troubles, Ascylos commenced to nod, and the maid, whom he had slighted, and of course insulted, smeared lampblack all over his face, and painted his lips and shoulders with vermillion, while he drowsed. Completely exhausted by so many untoward adventures, I, too, was enjoying the shortest of naps, the whole household, within and without, was doing the same, some were lying here and there asleep at our feet, others leaned against the walls, and some even slept head to head upon the threshold itself; the lamps, failing because of a lack of oil, shed a feeble and flickering light, when two Syrians, bent upon stealing an amphora of wine, entered the dining-room. While they were greedily pawing among the silver, they pulled the amphora in two, upsetting the table with all the silver plate, and a cup, which had flown pretty high, cut the head of the maid, who was drowsing upon a couch. She screamed at that, thereby betraying the thieves and wakening some of the drunkards. The Syrians, who had come for plunder, seeing that they were about to be detected, were so quick to throw themselves down besides a couch and commence to snore as if they had been asleep for a long time, that you would have thought they belonged there. The butler had gotten up and poured oil in the flickering lamps by this time, and the boys, having rubbed their eyes open, had returned to their duty, when in came a female cymbal player and the crashing brass awoke everybody.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

The banquet began all over again, and Quartilla challenged us to a drinking-bout, the crash of the cymbals lending ardor to her revel. A catamite appeared, the stalest of all mankind, well worthy of that house. Heaving a sigh, he wrung his hands until the joints cracked, and spouted out the following verses,

*“Hither, hither quickly gather, pathic companions boon;
Artfully stretch forth your limbs and on with the dance and play!
Twinkling feet and supple thighs and agile buttocks in tune,
Hands well skilled in raising passions, Delian eunuchs gay!”*

When he had finished his poetry, he slobbered a most evil-smelling kiss upon me, and then, climbing upon my couch, he proceeded with all his might and main to pull all of my clothing off. I resisted to the limit of my strength. He manipulated my member for a long time, but all in vain. Gummy streams poured down his sweating forehead, and there was so much chalk in the wrinkles of his cheeks that you might have mistaken his face for a roofless wall, from which the plaster was crumbling in a rain.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

Driven to the last extremity, I could no longer keep back the tears. “Madame,” I burst out, “is this the night-cap which you ordered served to me?” Clapping her hands softly she cried out, “Oh you witty rogue, you are a fountain of repartee, but you never knew before that a catamite was called a k-night-cap, now did you?” Then, fearing my companion would come off better than I, “Madame,” I said, “I leave it to your sense of fairness: is Ascyrtos to be the only one in this dining-room who keeps holiday?” “Fair enough,” conceded Quartilla, “let Ascyrtos have his k-night-cap too!” On hearing that, the catamite changed mounts, and, having bestriden my comrade, nearly drove him to distraction with his buttocks and his kisses. Giton was standing between us and splitting his sides with laughter when Quartilla noticed him, and actuated by the liveliest curiosity, she asked whose boy he was, and upon my answering that he was my “brother,” “Why has he not kissed me then?” she demanded. Calling him to her, she pressed a kiss upon his mouth, then putting her hand beneath his robe, she took hold of his little member, as yet so undeveloped. “This,” she remarked, “shall serve me very well tomorrow, as a whet to my appetite, but today I’ll take no common fare after choice fish!”

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

She was still talking when Psyche, who was giggling, came to her side and whispered something in her ear. What it was, I did not catch. “By all means,”

ejaculated Quartilla, “a brilliant idea! Why shouldn’t our pretty little Pannychis lose her maidenhead when the opportunity is so favorable?” A little girl, pretty enough, too, was led in at once; she looked to be not over seven years of age, and she was the same one who had before accompanied Quartilla to our room. Amidst universal applause, and in response to the demands of all, they made ready to perform the nuptial rites. I was completely out of countenance, and insisted that such a modest boy as Giton was entirely unfitted for such a wanton part, and moreover, that the child was not of an age at which she could receive that which a woman must take. “Is that so,” Quartilla scoffed, “is she any younger than I was, when I submitted to my first man? Juno, my patroness, curse me if I can remember the time when I ever was a virgin, for I diverted myself with others of my own age, as a child then as the years passed, I played with bigger boys, until at last I reached my present age. I suppose that this explains the origin of the proverb, ‘Who carried the calf may carry the bull,’ as they say.” As I feared that Giton might run greater risk if I were absent, I got up to take part in the ceremony.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

Psyche had already enveloped the child’s head in the bridal-veil, the catamite, holding a torch, led the long procession of drunken women which followed; they were clapping their hands, having previously decked out the bridal-bed with a suggestive drapery. Quartilla, spurred on by the wantonness of the others, seized hold of Giton and drew him into the bridal-chamber. There was no doubt of the boy’s perfect willingness to go, nor was the girl at all alarmed at the name of marriage. When they were finally in bed, and the door shut, we seated ourselves outside the door of the bridal-chamber, and Quartilla applied a curious eye to a chink, purposely made, watching their childish dalliance with lascivious attention. She then drew me gently over to her side that I might share the spectacle with her, and when we both attempted to peep our faces were pressed against each other; whenever she was not engrossed in the performance, she screwed up her lips to meet mine, and pecked at me continually with furtive kisses. [A thunderous hammering was heard at the door, while all this was going on, and everyone wondered what this unexpected interruption could mean, when we saw a soldier, one of the night-watch, enter with a drawn sword in his hand, and surrounded by a crowd of young rowdies. He glared about him with savage eyes and blustering mien, and, catching sight of Quartilla, presently, “What’s up now, you shameless

woman,” he bawled; “what do you mean by making game of me with lying promises, and cheating me out of the night you promised me? But you won’t get off unpunished You and that lover of yours are going to find out that I’m a man!” At the soldier’s orders, his companion bound Quartilla and myself together, mouth to mouth, breast to breast, and thigh to thigh; and not without a great deal of laughter. Then the catamite, also at the soldier’s order, began to beslaver me all over with the fetid kisses of his stinking mouth, a treatment I could neither fly from, nor in any other way avoid. Finally, he ravished me, and worked his entire pleasure upon me. In the meantime, the satyrion which I had drunk only a little while before spurred every nerve to lust and I began to gore Quartilla impetuously, and she, burning with the same passion, reciprocated in the game. The rowdies laughed themselves sick, so moved were they by that ludicrous scene, for here was I, mounted by the stalest of catamites, involuntarily and almost unconsciously responding with as rapid a cadence to him as Quartilla did in her wriggling under me. While this was going on, Pannychis, unaccustomed at her tender years to the pastime of Venus, raised an outcry and attracted the attention of the soldier, by this unexpected howl of consternation, for this slip of a girl was being ravished, and Giton the victor, had won a not bloodless victory. Aroused by what he saw, the soldier rushed upon them, seizing Pannychis, then Giton, then both of them together, in a crushing embrace. The virgin burst into tears and plead with him to remember her age, but her prayers availed her nothing, the soldier only being fired the more by her childish charms.

Pannychis covered her head at last, resolved to endure whatever the Fates had in store for her. At this instant, an old woman, the very same who had tricked me on that day when I was hunting for our lodging, came to the aid of Pannychis, as though she had dropped from the clouds. With loud cries, she rushed into the house, swearing that a gang of footpads was prowling about the neighborhood and the people invoked the help of “All honest men,” in vain, for the members of the night-watch were either asleep or intent upon some carouse, as they were nowhere to be found. Greatly terrified at this, the soldier rushed headlong from Quartilla’s house. His companions followed after him, freeing Pannychis from impending danger and relieving the rest of us from our fear.] (I was so weary of Quartilla’s lechery that I began to meditate means of escape. I made my intentions known to Ascylos, who, as he wished to rid himself of the importunities of Psyche, was delighted; had not Giton been shut up in the bridal-chamber, the plan would have presented no difficulties, but we wished to take him with us, and out

of the way of the viciousness of these prostitutes. We were anxiously engaged in debating this very point, when Pannychis fell out of bed, and dragged Giton after her, by her own weight. He was not hurt, but the girl gave her head a slight bump, and raised such a clamor that Quartilla, in a terrible fright, rushed headlong into the room, giving us the opportunity of making off. We did not tarry, but flew back to our inn where,) throwing ourselves upon the bed, we passed the remainder of the night without fear. (Sallying forth next day, we came upon two of our kidnappers, one of whom Ascyrtos savagely attacked the moment he set eyes upon him, and, after having thrashed and seriously wounded him, he ran to my aid against the other. He defended himself so stoutly, however, that he wounded us both, slightly, and escaped unscathed.) The third day had now dawned, the date set for the free dinner (at Trimalchio's,) but battered as we were, flight seemed more to our taste than quiet, so (we hastened to our inn and, as our wounds turned out to be trifling, we dressed them with vinegar and oil, and went to bed. The ruffian whom we had done for, was still lying upon the ground and we feared detection.) Affairs were at this pass, and we were framing melancholy excuses with which to evade the coming revel, when a slave of Agamemnon's burst in upon our trembling conclave and said, "Don't you know with whom your engagement is today? The exquisite Trimalchio, who keeps a clock and a liveried bugler in his dining-room, so that he can tell, instantly, how much of his life has run out!" Forgetting all our troubles at that, we dressed hurriedly and ordered Giton, who had very willingly performed his servile office, to follow us to the bath.

VOLUME II. THE DINNER OF TRIMALCHIO

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Having put on our clothes, in the meantime, we commenced to stroll around and soon, the better to amuse ourselves, approached the circle of players; all of a sudden we caught sight of a bald-headed old fellow, rigged out in a russet colored tunic, playing ball with some long haired boys. It was not so much the boys who attracted our attention, although they might well have merited it, as it was the spectacle afforded by this beslippered paterfamilias playing with a green ball. If one but touched the ground, he never stooped for it to put it back in play; for a slave stood by with a bagful from which the players were supplied. We noted other innovations as well, for two eunuchs were stationed at opposite sides of the ring, one of whom held a silver chamber-pot, the other counted the balls; not those which bounced back and forth from hand to hand, in play, but those which fell to the ground. While we were marveling at this display of refinement, Menelaus rushed up, "He is the one with whom you will rest upon your elbow," he panted, "what you see now, is only a prelude to the dinner." Menelaus had scarcely ceased speaking when Trimalchio snapped his fingers; the eunuch, hearing the signal, held the chamber-pot for him while he still continued playing. After relieving his bladder, he called for water to wash his hands, barely moistened his fingers, and dried them upon a boy's head.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

To go into details would take too long. We entered the bath, finally, and after sweating for a minute or two in the warm room, we passed through into the cold water. But short as was the time, Trimalchio had already been sprinkled with perfume and was being rubbed down, not with linen towels, however, but with cloths made from the finest wool. Meanwhile, three masseurs were guzzling Falernian under his eyes, and when they spilled a great deal of it in their brawling, Trimalchio declared they were pouring a libation to his Genius. He was then wrapped in a coarse scarlet wrap-rascal, and placed in a litter. Four runners, whose liveries were decorated with metal plates, preceded him, as also did a

wheel-chair in which rode his favorite, a withered, blear eyed slave, even more repulsive looking than his master. A singing boy approached the head of his litter, as he was being carried along, and played upon small pipes the whole way, just as if he were communicating some secret to his master's ear. Marveling greatly, we followed, and met Agamemnon at the outer door, to the post of which was fastened a small tablet bearing this inscription:

NO SLAVE TO LEAVE THE PREMISES
WITHOUT PERMISSION FROM THE MASTER.
PENALTY ONE HUNDRED LASHES.

In the vestibule stood the porter, clad in green and girded with a cherry-colored belt, shelling peas into a silver dish. Above the threshold was suspended a golden cage, from which a black and white magpie greeted the visitors.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

I almost fell backwards and broke my legs while staring at all this, for to the left, as we entered, not far from the porter's alcove, an enormous dog upon a chain was painted upon the wall, and above him this inscription, in capitals:

BEWARE THE DOG.

My companions laughed, but I plucked up my courage and did not hesitate, but went on and examined the entire wall. There was a scene in a slave market, the tablets hanging from the slaves' necks, and Trimalchio himself, wearing his hair long, holding a caduceus in his hand, entering Rome, led by the hand of Minerva. Then again the painstaking artist had depicted him casting up accounts, and still again, being appointed steward; everything being explained by inscriptions. Where the walls gave way to the portico, Mercury was shown lifting him up by the chin, to a tribunal placed on high. Near by stood Fortune with her horn of plenty, and the three Fates, spinning golden flax. I also took note of a group of runners, in the portico, taking their exercise under the eye of an instructor, and in one corner was a large cabinet, in which was a very small shrine containing silver Lares, a marble Venus, and a golden casket by no means small, which held, so they told us, the first shavings of Trimalchio's beard. I asked the hall-porter what pictures were in the middle hall. "The Iliad and the Odyssey," he replied, "and the gladiatorial games given under Laenas." There was no time in which to examine them all.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

We had now come to the dining-room, at the entrance to which sat a factor, receiving accounts, and, what gave me cause for astonishment, rods and axes were fixed to the door-posts, superimposed, as it were, upon the bronze beak of a ship, whereon was inscribed:

TO GAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO
AUGUSTAL, SEVIR
FROM CINNAMUS HIS
STEWARD.

A double lamp, suspended from the ceiling, hung beneath the inscription, and a tablet was fixed to each door-post; one, if my memory serves me, was inscribed,
ON DECEMBER THIRTIETH AND
THIRTY FIRST
OUR
GAIUS DINES OUT

the other bore a painting of the moon in her phases, and the seven planets, and the days which were lucky and those which were unlucky, distinguished by distinctive studs. We had had enough of these novelties and started to enter the dining-room when a slave, detailed to this duty, cried out, "Right foot first." Naturally, we were afraid that some of us might break some rule of conduct and cross the threshold the wrong way; nevertheless, we started out, stepping off together with the right foot, when all of a sudden, a slave who had been stripped, threw himself at our feet, and commenced begging us to save him from punishment, as it was no serious offense for which he was in jeopardy; the steward's clothing had been stolen from him in the baths, and the whole value could scarcely amount to ten sesterces. So we drew back our right feet and intervened with the steward, who was counting gold pieces in the hall, begging him to remit the slave's punishment. Putting a haughty face on the matter, "It's not the loss I mind so much," he said, "as it is the carelessness of this worthless rascal. He lost my dinner clothes, given me on my birthday they were, by a certain client, Tyrian purple too, but it had been washed once already. But what does it amount to? I make you a present of the scoundrel!"

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

We felt deeply obligated by his great condescension, and the same slave for whom we had interceded, rushed up to us as we entered the dining-room, and to

our astonishment, kissed us thick and fast, voicing his thanks for our kindness. "You'll know in a minute whom you did a favor for," he confided, "the master's wine is the thanks of a grateful butler!" At length we reclined, and slave boys from Alexandria poured water cooled with snow upon our hands, while others following, attended to our feet and removed the hangnails with wonderful dexterity, nor were they silent even during this disagreeable operation, but they all kept singing at their work. I was desirous of finding out whether the whole household could sing, so I ordered a drink; a boy near at hand instantly repeated my order in a singsong voice fully as shrill, and whichever one you accosted did the same. You would not imagine that this was the dining-room of a private gentleman, but rather that it was an exhibition of pantomimes. A very inviting relish was brought on, for by now all the couches were occupied save only that of Trimalchio, for whom, after a new custom, the chief place was reserved.

On the tray stood a donkey made of Corinthian bronze, bearing panniers containing olives, white in one and black in the other. Two platters flanked the figure, on the margins of which were engraved Trimalchio's name and the weight of the silver in each. Dormice sprinkled with poppy-seed and honey were served on little bridges soldered fast to the platter, and hot sausages on a silver gridiron, underneath which were damson plums and pomegranate seeds.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

We Were in the midst of these delicacies when, to the sound of music, Trimalchio himself was carried in and bolstered up in a nest of small cushions, which forced a snicker from the less wary. A shaven poll protruded from a scarlet mantle, and around his neck, already muffled with heavy clothing, he had tucked a napkin having a broad purple stripe and a fringe that hung down all around. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a massive gilt ring, and on the first joint of the next finger, a smaller one which seemed to me to be of pure gold, but as a matter of fact it had iron stars soldered on all around it. And then, for fear all of his finery would not be displayed, he bared his right arm, adorned with a golden arm-band and an ivory circlet clasped with a plate of shining metal.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

Picking his teeth with a silver quill, "Friends," said he, "it was not convenient for me to come into the dining-room just yet, but for fear my absence should cause you any inconvenience, I gave over my own pleasure: permit me, however, to finish my game." A slave followed with a terebinth table and crystal dice, and I

noted one piece of luxury that was superlative; for instead of black and white pieces, he used gold and silver coins. He kept up a continual flow of various coarse expressions. We were still dallying with the relishes when a tray was brought in, on which was a basket containing a wooden hen with her wings rounded and spread out as if she were brooding. Two slaves instantly approached, and to the accompaniment of music, commenced to feel around in the straw. They pulled out some pea-hen's eggs, which they distributed among the diners. Turning his head, Trimalchio saw what was going on. "Friends," he remarked. "I ordered pea-hen's eggs set under the hen, but I'm afraid they're addled, by Hercules I am let's try them anyhow, and see if they're still fit to suck." We picked up our spoons, each of which weighed not less than half a pound, and punctured the shells, which were made of flour and dough, and as a matter of fact, I very nearly threw mine away for it seemed to me that a chick had formed already, but upon hearing an old experienced guest vow, "There must be something good here," I broke open the shell with my hand and discovered a fine fat fig-pecker, imbedded in a yolk seasoned with pepper.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

Having finished his game, Trimalchio was served with a helping of everything and was announcing in a loud voice his willingness to join anyone in a second cup of honied wine, when, to a flourish of music, the relishes were suddenly whisked away by a singing chorus, but a small dish happened to fall to the floor, in the scurry, and a slave picked it up. Seeing this, Trimalchio ordered that the boy be punished by a box on the ear, and made him throw it down again; a janitor followed with his broom and swept the silver dish away among the litter. Next followed two long-haired Ethiopians, carrying small leather bottles, such as are commonly seen in the hands of those who sprinkle sand in the arena, and poured wine upon our hands, for no one offered us water. When complimented upon these elegant extras, the host cried out, "Mars loves a fair fight: and so I ordered each one a separate table: that way these stinking slaves won't make us so hot with their crowding." Some glass bottles carefully sealed with gypsum were brought in at that instant; a label bearing this inscription was fastened to the neck of each one:

OPIMIAN FALERNIAN

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

While we were studying the labels, Trimalchio clapped his hands and cried, "Ah me! To think that wine lives longer than poor little man. Let's fill 'em up!

There's life in wine and this is the real Opimian, you can take my word for that. I offered no such vintage yesterday, though my guests were far more respectable." We were tippling away and extolling all these elegant devices, when a slave brought in a silver skeleton, so contrived that the joints and movable vertebra could be turned in any direction. He threw it down upon the table a time or two, and its mobile articulation caused it to assume grotesque attitudes, whereupon Trimalchio chimed in:

*"Poor man is nothing in the scheme of things
And Orcus grips us and to Hades flings
Our bones! This skeleton before us here
Is as important as we ever were!
Let's live then while we may and life is dear."*

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

The applause was followed by a course which, by its oddity, drew every eye, but it did not come up to our expectations. There was a circular tray around which were displayed the signs of the zodiac, and upon each sign the caterer had placed the food best in keeping with it. Ram's vetches on Aries, a piece of beef on Taurus, kidneys and lamb's fry on Gemini, a crown on Cancer, the womb of an unfarrowed sow on Virgo, an African fig on Leo, on Libra a balance, one pan of which held a tart and the other a cake, a small seafish on Scorpio, a bull's eye on Sagittarius, a sea lobster on Capricornus, a goose on Aquarius and two mullets on Pisces. In the middle lay a piece of cut sod upon which rested a honeycomb with the grass arranged around it. An Egyptian slave passed bread around from a silver oven and in a most discordant voice twisted out a song in the manner of the mime in the musical farce called Laserpitium. Seeing that we were rather depressed at the prospect of busying ourselves with such vile fare, Trimalchio urged us to fall to: "Let us fall to, gentlemen, I beg of you, this is only the sauce!"

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

While he was speaking, four dancers ran in to the time of the music, and removed the upper part of the tray. Beneath, on what seemed to be another tray, we caught sight of stuffed capons and sows' bellies, and in the middle, a hare equipped with wings to resemble Pegasus. At the corners of the tray we also noted four figures of Marsyas and from their bladders spouted a highly spiced sauce upon fish which

were swimming about as if in a tide-race. All of us echoed the applause which was started by the servants, and fell to upon these exquisite delicacies, with a laugh. “Carver,” cried Trimalchio, no less delighted with the artifice practised upon us, and the carver appeared immediately. Timing his strokes to the beat of the music he cut up the meat in such a fashion as to lead you to think that a gladiator was fighting from a chariot to the accompaniment of a water-organ. Every now and then Trimalchio would repeat “Carver, Carver,” in a low voice, until I finally came to the conclusion that some joke was meant in repeating a word so frequently, so I did not scruple to question him who reclined above me. As he had often experienced byplay of this sort he explained, “You see that fellow who is carving the meat, don’t you? Well, his name is Carver. Whenever Trimalchio says Carver, carve her, by the same word, he both calls and commands!”

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

I could eat no more, so I turned to my whilom informant to learn as much as I could and sought to draw him out with far-fetched gossip. I inquired who that woman could be who was scurrying about hither and yon in such a fashion. “She’s called Fortunata,” he replied. “She’s the wife of Trimalchio, and she measures her money by the peck. And only a little while ago, what was she! May your genius pardon me, but you would not have been willing to take a crust of bread from her hand. Now, without rhyme or reason, she’s in the seventh heaven and is Trimalchio’s factotum, so much so that he would believe her if she told him it was dark when it was broad daylight! As for him, he don’t know how rich he is, but this harlot keeps an eye on everything and where you least expect to find her, you’re sure to run into her. She’s temperate, sober, full of good advice, and has many good qualities, but she has a scolding tongue, a very magpie on a sofa, those she likes, she likes, but those she dislikes, she dislikes! Trimalchio himself has estates as broad as the flight of a kite is long, and piles of money. There’s more silver plate lying in his steward’s office than other men have in their whole fortunes! And as for slaves, damn me if I believe a tenth of them knows the master by sight. The truth is, that these stand-a-gapes are so much in awe of him that any one of them would step into a fresh dunghill without ever knowing it, at a mere nod from him!”

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

“And don’t you get the idea that he buys anything; everything is produced at home, wool, pitch, pepper, if you asked for hen’s milk you would get it. Because he wanted his wool to rival other things in quality, he bought rams at Tarentum and sent ’em into his flocks with a slap on the arse. He had bees brought from Attica, so he could produce Attic honey at home, and, as a side issue, so he could improve the native bees by crossing with the Greek. He even wrote to India for mushroom seed one day, and he hasn’t a single mule that wasn’t sired by a wild ass. Do you see all those cushions? Not a single one but what is stuffed with either purple or scarlet wool! He hasn’t anything to worry about! Look out how you criticise those other fellow-freedmen-friends of his, they’re all well heeled. See the fellow reclining at the bottom of the end couch? He’s worth his 800,000 any day, and he rose from nothing. Only a short while ago he had to carry faggots on his own back. I don’t know how true it is, but they say that he snatched off an Incubo’s hat and found a treasure! For my part, I don’t envy any man anything that was given him by a god. He still carries the marks of his box on the ear, and he isn’t wishing himself any bad luck! He posted this notice, only the other day:

CAIUS POMPONIOUS DIOGENES HAS
PURCHASED A HOUSE
THIS GARNET FOR RENT AFTER
THE KALENDS OF JULY.

“What do you think of the fellow in the freedman’s place? He has a good front, too, hasn’t he? And he has a right to. He saw his fortune multiplied tenfold, but he lost heavily through speculation at the last. I don’t think he can call his very hair his own, and it is no fault of his either, by Hercules, it isn’t. There’s no better fellow anywhere his rascally freedmen cheated him out of everything. You know very well how it is; everybody’s business is nobody’s business, and once let business affairs start to go wrong, your friends will stand from under! Look at the fix he’s in, and think what a fine trade he had! He used to be an undertaker. He dined like a king, boars roasted whole in their shaggy Bides, bakers’ pastries, birds, cooks and bakers! More wine was spilled under his table than another has in his wine cellar. His life was like a pipe dream, not like an ordinary mortal’s. When his affairs commenced to go wrong, and he was afraid his creditors would guess that he was bankrupt, he advertised an auction and this was his placard:

JULIUS PROCULUS WILL SELL AT
AUCTION HIS SUPERFLUOUS
FURNITURE”

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

Trimalchio broke in upon this entertaining gossip, for the course had been removed and the guests, happy with wine, had started a general conversation: lying back upon his couch, “You ought to make this wine go down pleasantly,” he said, “the fish must have something to swim in. But I say, you didn’t think I’d be satisfied with any such dinner as you saw on the top of that tray? ‘Is Ulysses no better known?’ Well, well, we shouldn’t forget our culture, even at dinner. May the bones of my patron rest in peace, he wanted me to become a man among men. No one can show me anything new, and that little tray has proved it. This heaven where the gods live, turns into as many different signs, and sometimes into the Ram: therefore, whoever is born under that sign will own many flocks and much wool, a hard head, a shameless brow, and a sharp horn. A great many school-teachers and rambunctious butters-in are born under that sign.” We applauded the wonderful penetration of our astrologer and he ran on, “Then the whole heaven turns into a bull-calf and the kickers and herdsmen and those who see to it that their own bellies are full, come into the world. Teams of horses and oxen are born under the Twins, and well-hung wenchers and those who bedung both sides of the wall. I was born under the Crab and therefore stand on many legs and own much property on land and sea, for the crab is as much at home on one as he is in the other. For that reason, I put nothing on that sign for fear of weighing down my own destiny. Bulldozers and gluttons are born under the Lion, and women and fugitives and chain-gangs are born under the Virgin. Butchers and perfumers are born under the Balance, and all who think that it is their business to straighten things out. Poisoners and assassins are born under the Scorpion. Cross-eyed people who look at the vegetables and sneak away with the bacon, are born under the Archer. Horny-handed sons of toil are born under Capricorn. Bartenders and pumpkin-heads are born under the Water-Carrier. Caterers and rhetoricians are born under the Fishes: and so the world turns round, just like a mill, and something bad always comes to the top, and men are either being born or else they’re dying. As to the sod and the honeycomb in the middle, for I never do anything without a reason, Mother Earth is in the centre, round as an egg, and all that is good is found in her, just like it is in a honeycomb.”

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

“Bravo!” we yelled, and, with hands uplifted to the ceiling, we swore that such fellows as Hipparchus and Aratus were not to be compared with him. At length

some slaves came in who spread upon the couches some coverlets upon which were embroidered nets and hunters stalking their game with boar-spears, and all the paraphernalia of the chase. We knew not what to look for next, until a hideous uproar commenced, just outside the dining-room door, and some Spartan hounds commenced to run around the table all of a sudden. A tray followed them, upon which was served a wild boar of immense size, wearing a liberty cap upon its head, and from its tusks hung two little baskets of woven palm fibre, one of which contained Syrian dates, the other, Theban. Around it hung little suckling pigs made from pastry, signifying that this was a brood-sow with her pigs at suck. It turned out that these were souvenirs intended to be taken home. When it came to carving the boar, our old friend Carver, who had carved the capons, did not appear, but in his place a great bearded giant, with bands around his legs, and wearing a short hunting cape in which a design was woven. Drawing his hunting-knife, he plunged it fiercely into the boar's side, and some thrushes flew out of the gash. fowlers, ready with their rods, caught them in a moment, as they fluttered around the room and Trimalchio ordered one to each guest, remarking, "Notice what fine acorns this forest-bred boar fed on," and as he spoke, some slaves removed the little baskets from the tusks and divided the Syrian and Theban dates equally among the diners.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

Getting a moment to myself, in the meantime, I began to speculate as to why the boar had come with a liberty cap upon his head. After exhausting my invention with a thousand foolish guesses, I made bold to put the riddle which teased me to my old informant. "Why, sure," he replied, "even your slave could explain that; there's no riddle, everything's as plain as day! This boar made his first bow as the last course of yesterday's dinner and was dismissed by the guests, so today he comes back as a freedman!" I damned my stupidity and refrained from asking any more questions for fear I might leave the impression that I had never dined among decent people before. While we were speaking, a handsome boy, crowned with vine leaves and ivy, passed grapes around, in a little basket, and impersonated Bacchus-happy, Bacchus-drunk, and Bacchus-dreaming, reciting, in the meantime, his master's verses, in a shrill voice. Trimalchio turned to him and said, "Dionisus, be thou Liber," whereupon the boy immediately snatched the cap from the boar's head, and put it upon his own. At that Trimalchio added, "You

can't deny that my father's middle name was Liber!" We applauded Trimalchio's conceit heartily, and kissed the boy as he went around. Trimalchio retired to the close-stool, after this course, and we, having freedom of action with the tyrant away, began to draw the other guests out. After calling for a bowl of wine, Dama spoke up, "A day's nothing at all: it's night before you can turn around, so you can't do better than to go right to the dining-room from your bed. It's been so cold that I can hardly get warm in a bath, but a hot drink's as good as an overcoat: I've had some long pegs, and between you and me, I'm a bit groggy; the booze has gone to my head."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

Here Seleucus took up the tale. "I don't bathe every day," he confided, "a bath uses you up like a fuller: water's got teeth and your strength wastes away a little every day; but when I've downed a pot of mead, I tell the cold to suck my cock! I couldn't bathe today anyway, because I was at a funeral; dandy fellow, he was too, good old Chrysanthus slipped his wind! Why, only the other day he said good morning' to me, and I almost think I'm talking to him now! Gawd's truth, we're only blown-up bladders strutting around, we're less than flies, for they have some good in them, but we're only bubbles. And supposing he had not kept to such a low diet! Why, not a drop of water or a crumb of bread so much as passed his lips for five days; and yet he joined the majority! Too many doctors did away with him, or rather, his time had come, for a doctor's not good for anything except for a consolation to your mind! He was well carried out, anyhow, in the very bed he slept in during his lifetime. And he was covered with a splendid pall: the mourning was tastefully managed; he had freed some slaves; even though his wife was sparing with her tears: and what if he hadn't treated her so well! But when you come to women, women all belong to the kite species: no one ought to waste a good turn upon one of them; it's just like throwing it down a well! An old love's like a cancer!"

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

He was becoming very tiresome, and Phileros cried out, "Let's think about the living! He has what was coming to him, he lived respectably, and respectably he died. What's he got to kick about'? He made his pile from an as, and would pick a quadrans out of a dunghill with his teeth, any old time. And he grew richer and richer, of course: just like a honeycomb. I expect that he left all of a hundred thousand, by Hercules, I do! All in cold cash, too; but I've eaten dog's tongue and

must speak the truth: he was foul-mouthed, had a ready tongue, he was a trouble maker and no man. Now his brother was a good fellow, a friend to his friend, free-handed, and he kept a liberal table. He picked a loser at the start, but his first vintage set him upon his legs, for he sold his wine at the figure he demanded, and, what made him hold his head higher still, he came into a legacy from which he stole more than had been left to him. Then that fool friend of yours, in a fit of anger at his brother, willed his property away to some son-of-a-bitch or other, who he was, I don't know, but when a man runs away from his own kin, he has a long way to go! And what's more, he had some slaves who were ear-specialists at the keyhole, and they did him a lot of harm, for a man won't prosper when he believes, on the spot, every tale that he hears; a man in business, especially. Still, he had a good time as long as he lived: for happy's the fellow who gets the gift, not the one it was meant for. He sure was Fortune's son! Lead turned to gold in his hands. It's easy enough when everything squares up and runs on schedule. How old would you think he was? Seventy and over, but he was as tough as horn, carried his age well, and was as black as a crow. I knew the fellow for years and years, and he was a lecher to the very last. I don't believe that even the dog in his house escaped his attentions, by Hercules, I don't; and what a boy-lover he was! Saw a virgin in every one he met! Not that I blame him though, for it's all he could take with him."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

Phileros had his say and Ganymedes exclaimed, "You gabble away about things that don't concern heaven or earth: and none of you cares how the price of grain pinches. I couldn't even get a mouthful of bread today, by Hercules, I couldn't. How the drought does hang on! We've had famine for a year. If the damned AEdiles would only get what's coming to them. They graft with the bakers, scratch-my-arse-and-I'll-scratch-yours! That's the way it always is, the poor devils are out of luck, but the jaws of the capitalists are always keeping the Saturnalia. If only we had such lion-hearted sports as we had when I first came from Asia! That was the life! If the flour was not the very best, they would beat up those belly-robbing grafters till they looked like Jupiter had been at them. How well I remember Safinius; he lived near the old arch, when I was a boy. For a man, he was one hot proposition! Wherever he went, the ground smoked! But he was square, dependable, a friend to a friend, you could safely play mora with him, in the dark. But how he did peel them in the town hall: he spoke no parables, not he! He did everything straight from the shoulder and his voice roared like a

trumpet in the forum. He never sweat nor spat. I don't know, but I think he had a strain of the Asiatic in him. And how civil and friendly-like he was, in returning everyone's greeting; called us all by name, just like he was one of us! And so provisions were cheap as dirt in those days. The loaf you got for an as, you couldn't eat, not even if someone helped you, but you see them no bigger than a bull's eye now, and the hell of it is that things are getting worse every day; this colony grows backwards like a calf's tail! Why do we have to put up with an AEdile here, who's not worth three Caunian figs and who thinks more of an as than of our lives? He has a good time at home, and his daily income's more than another man's fortune. I happen to know where he got a thousand gold pieces. If we had any nuts, he'd not be so damned well pleased with himself! Nowadays, men are lions at home and foxes abroad. What gets me is, that I've already eaten my old clothes, and if this high cost of living keeps on, I'll have to sell my cottages! What's going to happen to this town, if neither gods nor men take pity on it? May I never have any luck if I don't believe all this comes from the gods! For no one believes that heaven is heaven, no one keeps a fast, no one cares a hang about Jupiter: they all shut their eyes and count up their own profits. In the old days, the married women, in their stolas, climbed the hill in their bare feet, pure in heart, and with their hair unbound, and prayed to Jupiter for rain! And it would pour down in bucketfuls then or never, and they'd all come home, wet as drowned rats. But the gods all have the gout now, because we are not religious; and so our fields are burning up!"

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

"Don't be so down in the mouth," chimed in Echion, the ragman; "if it wasn't that it'd be something else, as the farmer said, when he lost his spotted pig. If a thing don't happen today, it may tomorrow. That's the way life jogs along. You couldn't name a better country, by Hercules, you couldn't, if only the men had any brains. She's in hot water right now, but she ain't the only one. We oughtn't to be so particular; heaven's as far away everywhere else. If you were somewhere else, you'd swear that pigs walked around here already roasted. Think of what's coming! We'll soon have a fine gladiator show to last for three days, no training-school pupils; most of them will be freedmen. Our Titus has a hot head and plenty of guts and it will go to a finish. I'm well acquainted with him, and he'll not stand for any frame-ups. It will be cold steel in the best style, no running away, the shambles will be in the middle of the amphitheatre where all the crowd can see. And what's more, he has the coin, for he came into thirty million when his father

had the bad luck to die. He could blow in four hundred thousand and his fortune never feel it, but his name would live forever. He has some dwarfs already, and a woman to fight from a chariot. Then, there's Glyco's steward; he was caught screwing Glyco's wife. You'll see some battle between jealous husbands and favored lovers. Anyhow, that cheap screw of a Glyco condemned his steward to the beasts and only published his own shame. How could the slave go wrong when he only obeyed orders? It would have been better if that she-piss- pot, for that's all she's fit for, had been tossed by the bull, but a fellow has to beat the saddle when he can't beat the jackass. How could Glyco ever imagine that a sprig of Hermogenes' planting could turn out well? Why, Hermogenes could trim the claws of a flying hawk, and no snake ever hatched out a rope yet! And look at Glyco! He's smoked himself out in fine shape, and as long as he lives, he'll carry that stain! No one but the devil himself can wipe that out, but chickens always come home to roost. My nose tells me that Mammaea will set out a spread: two bits apiece for me and mine! And he'll nick Norbanus out of his political pull if he does; you all know that it's to his interest to hump himself to get the best of him. And honestly, what did that fellow ever do for us? He exhibited some two cent gladiators that were so near dead they'd have fallen flat if you blew your breath at them. I've seen better thugs sent against wild beasts! And the cavalry he killed looked about as much like the real thing as the horsemen on the lamps; you would have taken them for dunghill cocks! One plug had about as much action as a jackass with a pack-saddle; another was club-footed; and a third who had to take the place of one that was killed, was as good as dead, and hamstrung into the bargain. There was only one that had any pep, and he was a Thracian, but he only fought when we egged him on. The whole crowd was flogged afterwards. How the mob did yell 'Lay it on!' They were nothing but runaways. And at that he had the nerve to say, 'I've given you a show.' 'And I've applauded,' I answered; 'count it up and you'll find that I gave more than I got! One hand washes the other.'"

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH

"Agamemnon, your looks seem to say, What's this boresome nut trying to hand us?" Well, I'm talking because you, who can talk book-foolishness, won't. You don't belong to our bunch, so you laugh in your sleeve at the way us poor people talk, but we know that you're only a fool with a lot of learning. Well, what of it? Some day I'll get you to come to my country place and take a look at my little estate. We'll have fresh eggs and spring chicken to chew on when we get there; it

will be all right even if the weather has kept things back this year. We'll find enough to satisfy us, and my kid will soon grow up to be a pupil of yours; he can divide up to four, now, and you'll have a little servant at your side, if he lives. When he has a minute to himself, he never takes his eyes from his tablets; he's smart too, and has the right kind of stuff in him, even if he is crazy about birds. I've had to kill three of his linnets already. I told him that a weasel had gotten them, but he's found another hobby, now he paints all the time. He's left the marks of his heels on his Greek already, and is doing pretty well with his Latin, although his master's too easy with him; won't make him stick to one thing. He comes to me to get me to give him something to write when his master don't want to work. Then there's another tutor, too, no scholar, but very painstaking, though; he can teach you more than he knows himself. He comes to the house on holidays and is always satisfied with whatever you pay him. Some little time ago, I bought the kid some law books; I want him to have a smattering of the law for home use. There's bread in that! As for literature, he's got enough of that in him already; if he begins to kick, I've concluded that I'll make him learn some trade; the barber's, say, or the auctioneer's, or even the lawyer's. That's one thing no one but the devil can do him out of! 'Believe what your daddy says, Primigenius,' I din into his ears every day, 'whenever you learn a thing, it's yours. Look at Phileros the attorney; he'd not be keeping the wolf from the door now if he hadn't studied. It's not long since he had to carry his wares on his back and peddle them, but he can put up a front with Norbanus himself now! Learning's a fine thing, and a trade won't starve.'"

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

Twaddle of this sort was being bandied about when Trimalchio came in; mopping his forehead and washing his hands in perfume, he said, after a short pause, "Pardon me, gentlemen, but my stomach's been on strike for the past few days and the doctors disagreed about the cause. But pomegranate rind and pitch steeped in vinegar have helped me, and I hope that my belly will get on its good behavior, for sometimes there's such a rumbling in my guts that you'd think a bellowing bull was in there. So if anyone wants to do his business, there's no call to be bashful about it. None of us was born solid! I don't know of any worse torment than having to hold it in, it's the one thing Jupiter himself can't hold in. So you're laughing, are you, Fortunata? Why, you're always keeping me awake at night yourself. I never objected yet to anyone in my dining-room relieving himself when he wanted to, and the doctors forbid our holding it in. Everything's

ready outside, if the call's more serious, water, close-stool, and anything else you'll need. Believe me, when this rising vapor gets to the brain, it puts the whole body on the burn. Many a one I've known to kick in just because he wouldn't own up to the truth." We thanked him for his kindness and consideration, and hid our laughter by drinking more and oftener. We had not realized that, as yet, we were only in the middle of the entertainment, with a hill still ahead, as the saying goes. The tables were cleared off to the beat of music, and three white hogs, muzzled, and wearing bells, were brought into the dining-room. The announcer informed us that one was a two-year-old, another three, and the third just turned six. I had an idea that some rope-dancers had come in and that the hogs would perform tricks, just as they do for the crowd on the streets, but Trimalchio dispelled this illusion by asking, "Which one will you have served up immediately, for dinner? Any country cook can manage a dunghill cock, a pentheus hash, or little things like that, but my cooks are well used to serving up calves boiled whole, in their cauldrons!" Then he ordered a cook to be called in at once, and without awaiting our pleasure, he directed that the oldest be butchered, and demanded in a loud voice, "What division do you belong too?" When the fellow made answer that he was from the fortieth, "Were you bought, or born upon my estates?" Trimalchio continued. "Neither," replied the cook, "I was left to you by Pansa's will." "See to it that this is properly done," Trimalchio warned, "or I'll have you transferred to the division of messengers!" and the cook, bearing his master's warning in mind, departed for the kitchen with the next course in tow.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

Trimalchio's threatening face relaxed and he turned to us, "If the wine don't please you," he said, "I'll change it; you ought to do justice to it by drinking it. I don't have to buy it, thanks to the gods. Everything here that makes your mouths water, was produced on one of my country places which I've never yet seen, but they tell me it's down Terracina and Tarentum way. I've got a notion to add Sicily to my other little holdings, so in case I want to go to Africa, I'll be able to sail along my own coasts. But tell me the subject of your speech today, Agamemnon, for, though I don't plead cases myself, I studied literature for home use, and for fear you should think I don't care about learning, let me inform you that I have three libraries, one Greek and the others Latin. Give me the outline of your speech if you like me."

“A poor man and a rich man were enemies,” Agamemnon began, when: “What’s a poor man?” Trimalchio broke in. “Well put,” Agamemnon conceded and went into details upon some problem or other, what it was I do not know. Trimalchio instantly rendered the following verdict, “If that’s the case, there’s nothing to dispute about; if it’s not the case, it don’t amount to anything anyhow.” These flashes of wit, and others equally scintillating, we loudly applauded, and he went on: “Tell me, my dearest Agamemnon, do you remember the twelve labors of Hercules or the story of Ulysses, how the Cyclops threw his thumb out of joint with a pig-headed crowbar? When I was a boy, I used to read those stories in Homer. And then, there’s the Sibyl: with my own eyes I saw her, at Cumae, hanging up in a jar; and whenever the boys would say to her ‘Sibyl, Sibyl, what would you?’ she would answer, ‘I would die.’”

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

Before he had run out of wind, a tray upon which was an enormous hog was placed upon the table, almost filling it up. We began to wonder at the dispatch with which it had been prepared and swore that no cock could have been served up in so short a time; moreover, this hog seemed to us far bigger than the boar had been. Trimalchio scrutinized it closely and “What the hell,” he suddenly bawled out, “this hog hain’t been gutted, has it? No, it hain’t, by Hercules, it hain’t! Call that cook! Call that cook in here immediately!” When the crestfallen cook stood at the table and owned up that he had forgotten to bowel him, “So you forgot, did you?” Trimalchio shouted, “You’d think he’d only left out a bit of pepper and cummin, wouldn’t you? Off with his clothes!” The cook was stripped without delay, and stood with hanging head, between two torturers. We all began to make excuses for him at this, saying, “Little things like that are bound to happen once in a while, let us prevail upon you to let him off; if he ever does such a thing again, not a one of us will have a word to say in his behalf.” But for my part, I was mercilessly angry and could not help leaning over towards Agamemnon and whispering in his ear, “It is easily seen that this fellow is criminally careless, is it not? How could anyone forget to draw a hog? If he had served me a fish in that fashion I wouldn’t overlook it, by Hercules, I wouldn’t.” But that was not Trimalchio’s way: his face relaxed into good humor and he said, “Since your memory’s so short, you can gut him right here before our eyes!” The cook put on his tunic, snatched up a carving knife, with a trembling hand, and slashed the hog’s belly in several places. Sausages and meat- puddings, widening the apertures, by their own weight, immediately tumbled out.

CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

The whole household burst into unanimous applause at this; “Hurrah for Gaius,” they shouted. As for the cook, he was given a drink and a silver crown and a cup on a salver of Corinthian bronze. Seeing that Agamemnon was eyeing the platter closely, Trimalchio remarked, “I’m the only one that can show the real Corinthian!” I thought that, in his usual purse-proud manner, he was going to boast that his bronzes were all imported from Corinth, but he did even better by saying, “Wouldn’t you like to know how it is that I’m the only one that can show the real Corinthian? Well, it’s because the bronze worker I patronize is named Corinthus, and what’s Corinthian unless it’s what a Corinthus makes? And, so you won’t think I’m a blockhead, I’m going to show you that I’m well acquainted with how Corinthian first came into the world. When Troy was taken, Hannibal, who was a very foxy fellow and a great rascal into the bargain, piled all the gold and silver and bronze statues in one pile and set ’em afire, melting these different metals into one: then the metal workers took their pick and made bowls and dessert dishes and statuettes as well. That’s how Corinthian was born; neither one nor the other, but an amalgam of all. But I prefer glass, if you don’t mind my saying so; it don’t stink, and if it didn’t break, I’d rather have it than gold, but it’s cheap and common now.”

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

“But there was an artisan, once upon a time, who made a glass vial that couldn’t be broken. On that account he was admitted to Caesar with his gift; then he dashed it upon the floor, when Caesar handed it back to him. The Emperor was greatly startled, but the artisan picked the vial up off the pavement, and it was dented, just like a brass bowl would have been! He took a little hammer out of his tunic and beat out the dent without any trouble. When he had done that, he thought he would soon be in Jupiter’s heaven, and more especially when Caesar said to him, ‘Is there anyone else who knows how to make this malleable glass? Think now!’ And when he denied that anyone else knew the secret, Caesar ordered his head chopped off, because if this should get out, we would think no more of gold than we would of dirt.”

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

“And when it comes to silver, I’m a connoisseur; I have goblets as big as wine-jars, a hundred of ’em more or less, with engraving that shows how Cassandra

killed her sons, and the dead boys are lying so naturally that you'd think 'em alive. I own a thousand bowls which Mummius left to my patron, where Daedalus is shown shutting Niobe up in the Trojan horse, and I also have cups engraved with the gladiatorial contests of Hermeros and Petraites: they're all heavy, too. I wouldn't sell my taste in these matters for any money!" A slave dropped a cup while he was running on in this fashion. Glaring at him, Trimalchio said, "Go hang yourself, since you're so careless." The boy's lip quivered and he immediately commenced to beg for mercy. "Why do you pray to me?" Trimalchio demanded, at this: "I don't intend to be harsh with you, I'm only warning you against being so awkward." Finally, however, we got him to give the boy a pardon and no sooner had this been done than the slave started running around the room crying, "Out with the water and in with the wine!" We all paid tribute to this joke, but Agamemnon in particular, for he well knew what strings to pull in order to secure another invitation to dinner. Tickled by our flattery, and mellowed by the wine, Trimalchio was just about drunk. "Why hasn't one of you asked my Fortunata to dance?" he demanded, "There's no one can do a better cancan, believe me," and he himself raised his arms above his head and favored us with an impersonation of Syrus the actor; the whole household chanting:

Oh bravo

Oh bravissimo

in chorus, and he would have danced out into the middle of the room before us all, had not Fortunata whispered in his ear, telling him, I suppose, that such low buffoonery was not in keeping with his dignity. But nothing could be so changeable as his humor, for one minute he stood in awe of Fortunata, but his natural propensities would break out the next.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

But his passion for dancing was interrupted at this stage by a stenographer who read aloud, as if he were reading the public records, "On the seventh of the Kalends of July, on Trimalchio's estates near Cumae, were born thirty boys and forty girls: five hundred pecks of wheat were taken from the threshing floors and stored in the granaries: five hundred oxen were put to yoke: the slave Mithridates was crucified on the same date for cursing the genius of our master, Gaius: on said date ten million sesterces were returned to the vaults as no sound investment could be found: on said date, a fire broke out in the gardens at Pompeii, said fire

originating in the house of Nasta, the bailiff.” “What’s that?” demanded Trimalchio. “When were the gardens at Pompeii bought for me?” “Why, last year,” answered the stenographer, “for that reason the item has not appeared in the accounts.” Trimalchio flew into a rage at this. “If I’m not told within six months of any real estate that’s bought for me,” he shouted, “I forbid it’s being carried to my account at all!” Next, the edicts of his aediles were read aloud, and the wills of some of his foresters in which Trimalchio was disinherited by a codicil, then the names of his bailiffs, and that of a freedwoman who had been repudiated by a night watchman, after she had been caught in bed with a bath attendant, that of a porter banished to Baioe, a steward who was standing trial, and lastly the report of a decision rendered in the matter of a lawsuit, between some valets. When this was over with, some rope dancers came in and a very boresome fool stood holding a ladder, ordering his boy to dance from rung to rung, and finally at the top, all this to the music of popular airs; then the boy was compelled to jump through blazing hoops while grasping a huge wine jar with his teeth. Trimalchio was the only one who was much impressed by these tricks, remarking that it was a thankless calling and adding that in all the world there were just two things which could give him acute pleasure, rope-dancers and horn blowers; all other entertainments were nothing but nonsense. “I bought a company of comedians,” he went on, “but I preferred for them to put on Atellane farces, and I ordered my flute-player to play Latin airs only.”

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

While our noble Gaius was still talking away, the boy slipped and fell, alighting upon Trimalchio’s arm. The whole household cried out, as did also the guests, not that they bore such a coarse fellow any good will, as they would gladly have seen his neck broken, but because such an unlucky ending to the dinner might make it necessary for them to go into mourning over a total stranger. As for Trimalchio, he groaned heavily and bent over his arm as though it had been injured: doctors flocked around him, and Fortunata was among the very first, her hair was streaming and she held a cup in her hand and screamed out her grief and unhappiness. As for the boy who had fallen, he was crawling at our feet, imploring pardon. I was uneasy for fear his prayers would lead up to some ridiculous theatrical climax, for I had not yet been able to forget that cook who had forgotten to bowel that hog, and so, for this reason, I began to scan the whole dining-room very closely, to see if an automaton would come out through the wall; and all the more so as a slave was beaten for having bound up his master’s

bruised arm in white wool instead of purple. Nor was my suspicion unjustified, for in place of punishment, Trimalchio ordered that the boy be freed, so that no one could say that so exalted a personage had been injured by a slave.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

We applauded his action and engaged in a discussion upon the instability of human affairs, which many took sides. “A good reason,” declared Trimalchio, “why such an occasion shouldn’t slip by without an epigram.” He called for his tablets at once, and after racking his brains for a little while, he got off the following:

*The unexpected will turn up;
Our whole lives Fortune bungles up.
Falernian, boy, hand round the cup.*

This epigram led up to a discussion of the poets, and for a long time, the greatest praise was bestowed upon Mopsus the Thracian, until Trimalchio broke in with: “Professor, I wish you’d tell me how you’d compare Cicero and Publilius. I’m of the opinion that the first was the more eloquent, but that the last moralizes more beautifully, for what can excel these lines?

*Insatiable luxury crumbles the walls of war;
To satiate gluttony, peacocks in coops are brought
Arrayed in gold plumage like Babylon tapestry rich.
Numidian guinea-fowls, capons, all perish for thee:
And even the wandering stork, welcome guest that he is,
The emblem of sacred maternity, slender of leg
And gloctoring exile from winter, herald of spring,
Still, finds his last nest in the — cauldron of gluttony base.
India surrenders her pearls; and what mean they to thee?
That thy wife decked with sea-spoils adorning her breast and her head
On the couch of a stranger lies lifting adulterous legs?
The emerald green, the glass bauble, what mean they to thee?
Or the fire of the ruby? Except that pure chastity shine
From the depth of the jewels: in garments of woven wind clad
Our brides might as well take their stand, their game naked to stalk,
As seek it in gossamer tissue transparent as air.”*

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

“What should we say was the hardest calling, after literature?” he asked. “That of the doctor or that of the money-changer, I would say: the doctor, because he has to know what poor devils have got in their insides, and when the fever’s due: but I hate them like the devil, for my part, because they’re always ordering me on a diet of duck soup: and the money-changer’s, because he’s got to be able to see the silver through the copper plating. When we come to the dumb beasts, the oxen and sheep are the hardest worked, the oxen, thanks to whose labor we have bread to chew on, the sheep, because their wool tricks us out so fine. It’s the greatest outrage under the sun for people to eat mutton and then wear a tunic. Then there’s the bee: in my opinion, they’re divine insects because they puke honey, though there are folks that claim that they bring it from Jupiter, and that’s the reason they sting, too, for wherever you find a sweet, you’ll find a bitter too.” He was just putting the philosophers out of business when lottery tickets were passed around in a cup. A slave boy assigned to that duty read aloud the names of the souvenirs: “Silver s — ham,” a ham was brought in with some silver vinegar cruets on top of it; “cervical” — something soft for the neck — a piece of the cervix — neck — of a sheep was brought in; “serisapia” — after wit— “and contumelia” — insult — we were given must wafers and an apple-melon — and a phallus — contus — ; “porri” — leeks— “and persica,” he picked up a whip and a knife; “passeres” — sparrows” and a fly — trap,” the answer was raisins — uva passa — and Attic honey; “cenatoria” — a dinner toga— “and forensia” — business dress — he handed out a piece of meat — suggestive of dinner — and a note-book — suggestive of business — ; “canale” — chased by a dog— “and pedale” — pertaining to the foot — , a hare and a slipper were brought out; “lamphrey” — murena— “and a letter,” he held up a mouse — mus — and a frog — rana — tied together, and a bundle of beet — beta — the Greek letter beta — . We laughed long and loud, there were a thousand of these jokes, more or less, which have now escaped my memory.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

But Ascyrtos threw off all restraint and ridiculed everything; throwing up his hands, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. At last, one of Trimalchio’s fellow-freedmen, the one who had the place next to me, flew into a rage, “What’s the joke, sheep’s-head,” he bawled, “Don’t our host’s swell entertainment suit you? You’re richer than he is, I suppose, and used to dining better! As I hope the

guardian spirit of this house will be on my side, I'd have stopped his bleating long ago if I'd been sitting next to him. He's a peach, he is, laughing at others; some vagabond or other from who-knows-where, some night-pad who's not worth his own piss: just let me piss a ring around him and he wouldn't know where to run to! I ain't easy riled, no, by Hercules, I ain't, but worms breed in tender flesh. Look at him laugh! What the hell's he got to laugh at? Is his family so damned fine-haired? So you're a Roman knight! Well, I'm a king's son! How's it come that you've been a slave, you'll ask because I put myself into service because I'd rather be a Roman citizen than a tax-paying provincial. And now I hope that my life will be such that no one can jeer at me. I'm a man among men! I take my stroll bareheaded and owe no man a copper cent. I never had a summons in my life and no one ever said to me, in the forum, pay me what you owe me. I've bought a few acres and saved up a few dollars and I feed twenty bellies and a dog. I ransomed my bedfellow so no one could wipe his hands on her bosom; a thousand dinars it cost me, too. I was chosen priest of Augustus without paying the fee, and I hope that I won't need to blush in my grave after I'm dead. But you're so busy that you can't look behind you; you can spot a louse on someone else, all right, but you can't see the tick on yourself. You're the only one that thinks we're so funny; look at your professor, he's older than you are, and we're good enough for him, but you're only a brat with the milk still in your nose and all you can prattle is 'ma' or 'mu,' you're only a clay pot, a piece of leather soaked in water, softer and slipperier, but none the better for that. You've got more coin than we have, have you? Then eat two breakfasts and two dinners a day. I'd rather have my reputation than riches, for my part, and before I make an end of this — who ever dunned me twice? In all the forty years I was in service, no one could tell whether I was free or a slave. I was only a long-haired boy when I came to this colony and the town house was not built then. I did my best to please my master and he was a digniferous and majestic gentleman whose nail-parings were worth more than your whole carcass. I had enemies in his house, too, who would have been glad to trip me up, but I swam the flood, thanks to his kindness. Those are the things that try your mettle, for it's as easy to be born a gentleman as to say, 'Come here.' Well, what are you gaping at now, like a billy-goat in a vetch-field?"

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

Giton, who had been standing at my feet, and who had for some time been holding in his laughter, burst into an uproarious guffaw, at this last figure of

speech, and when Ascyltos' adversary heard it, he turned his abuse upon the boy. "What's so funny, you curly-headed onion," he bellowed, "are the Saturnalia here, I'd like to know? Is it December now?"

"When did you pay your twentieth? What's this to you, you gallows-bird, you crow's meat? I'll call the anger of Jupiter down on you and that master of yours, who don't keep you in better order. If I didn't respect my fellow-freedmen, I'd give you what is coming to you right here on the spot, as I hope to get my belly full of bread, I would. We'll get along well enough, but those that can't control you are fools; like master like man's a true saying. I can hardly hold myself in and I'm not hot-headed by nature, but once let me get a start and I don't care two cents for my own mother. All right, I'll catch you in the street, you rat, you toadstool. May I never grow an inch up or down if I don't push your master into a dunghill, and I'll give you the same medicine, I will, by Hercules, I will, no matter if you call down Olympian Jupiter himself! I'll take care of your eight inch ringlets and your two cent master into the bargain. I'll have my teeth into you, either you'll cut out the laughing, or I don't know myself. Yes, even if you had a golden beard. I'll bring the wrath of Minerva down on you and on the fellow that first made a come-here out of you. No, I never learned geometry or criticism or other foolishness like that, but I know my capital letters and I can divide any figure by a hundred, be it in asses, pounds or sesterces. Let's have a show-down, you and I will make a little bet, here's my coin; you'll soon find out that your father's money was wasted on your education, even if you do know a little rhetoric. How's this — what part of us am I? I come far, I come wide, now guess me! I'll give you another. What part of us runs but never moves from its place? What part of us grows but always grows less? But you scurry around and are as flustered and fidgeted as a mouse in a piss-pot. Shut up and don't annoy your betters, who don't even know that you've been born. Don't think that I'm impressed by those boxwood armlets that you did your mistress out of. Occupo will back me! Let's go into the forum and borrow money, then you'll see whether this iron ring means credit! Bah! A draggled fox is a fine sight, ain't it? I hope I never get rich and die decently so that the people will swear by my death, if I don't hound you everywhere with my toga turned inside out. And the fellow that taught you such manners did a good job too, a chattering ape, all right, no schoolmaster. We were better taught. 'Is everything in its place?' the master would ask; go straight home and don't stop and stare at everything and don't be impudent to your elders. Don't loiter along looking in at the shops. No second

raters came out of that school. I'm what you see me and I thank the gods it's all due to my own cleverness."

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-NINTH.

Ascyrtos was just starting in to answer this indictment when Trimalchio, who was delighted with his fellow-freedman's tirade, broke in, "Cut out the bickering and let's have things pleasant here. Let up on the young fellow, Hermeros, he's hot-blooded, so you ought to be more reasonable. The loser's always the winner in arguments of this kind. And as for you, even when you were a young punk you used to go 'Co-co co-co,' like a hen after a rooster, but you had no pep. Let's get to better business and start the fun all over again and watch the Homerists." A troupe filed in, immediately, and clashed spears against shields. Trimalchio sat himself up on his cushion and intoned in Latin, from a book, while the actors, in accordance with their conceited custom, recited their parts in the Greek language. There came a pause, presently, and "You don't any of you know the plot of the skit they're putting on, do you?" he asked, "Diomedes and Ganymede were two brothers, and Helen was their sister; Agamemnon ran away with her and palmed off a doe on Diana, in her place, so Homer tells how the Trojans and Parentines fought among themselves. Of course Agamemnon was victorious, and gave his daughter Iphigenia, to Achilles, for a wife: This caused Ajax to go mad, and he'll soon make the whole thing plain to you." The Homerists raised a shout, as soon as Trimalchio had done speaking, and, as the whole familia stepped back, a boiled calf with a helmet on its head was brought in on an enormous platter. Ajax followed and rushed upon it with drawn sword, as if he were insane, he made passes with the flat, and again with the edge, and then, collecting the slices, he skewered them, and, much to our astonishment, presented them to us on the point of his sword.

CHAPTER THE SIXTIETH.

But we were not given long in which to admire the elegance of such service, for all of a sudden the ceiling commenced to creak and then the whole dining-room shook. I leaped to my feet in consternation, for fear some rope-walker would fall down, and the rest of the company raised their faces, wondering as much as I what new prodigy was to be announced from on high. Then lo and behold! the ceiling panels parted and an enormous hoop, which appeared to have been

knocked off a huge cask, was lowered from the dome above; its perimeter was hung with golden chaplets and jars of alabaster filled with perfume. We were asked to accept these articles as souvenirs. When my glance returned to the table, I noticed that a dish containing cakes had been placed upon it, and in the middle an image of Priapus, made by the baker, and he held apples of all varieties and bunches of grapes against his breast, in the conventional manner. We applied ourselves wholeheartedly to this dessert and our joviality was suddenly revived by a fresh diversion, for, at the slightest pressure, all the cakes and fruits would squirt a saffron sauce upon us, and even spurted unpleasantly into our faces. Being convinced that these perfumed dainties had some religious significance, we arose in a body and shouted, "Hurrah for the Emperor, the father of his country!" However, as we perceived that even after this act of veneration, the others continued helping themselves, we filled our napkins with the apples. I was especially keen on this, for I thought I could never put enough good things into Giton's lap. Three slaves entered, in the meantime, dressed in white tunics well tucked up, and two of them placed Lares with amulets hanging from their necks, upon the table, while the third carried round a bowl of wine and cried, "May the gods be propitious!" One was called Cerdo — business —, Trimalchio informed us, the other Lucrio — luck — and the third Felicio — profit — and, when all the rest had kissed a true likeness of Trimalchio, we were ashamed to pass it by.

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FIRST.

After they had all wished each other sound minds and good health, Trimalchio turned to Niceros. "You used to be better company at dinner," he remarked, "and I don't know why you should be dumb today, with never a word to say. If you wish to make me happy, tell about that experience you had, I beg of you." Delighted at the affability of his friend, "I hope I lose all my luck if I'm not tickled to death at the humor I see you in," Niceros replied. "All right, let's go the limit for a good time, though I'm afraid these scholars'll laugh at me, but I'll tell my tale and they can go as far as they like. What t'hell do I care who laughs? It's better to be laughed at than laughed down." These words spake the hero, and began the following tale: "We lived in a narrow street in the house Gavilla now owns, when I was a slave. There, by the will of the gods, I fell in love with the wife of Terentius, the innkeeper; you knew Melissa of Tarentum, that pretty round-checked little wench. It was no carnal passion, so hear me, Hercules, it wasn't; I was not in love with her physical charms. No, it was because she was such a good sport. I never asked her for a thing and had her deny me; if she had an as, I had

half. I trusted her with everything I had and never was done out of anything. Her husband up and died on the place, one day, so I tried every way I could to get to her, for you know friends ought to show up when anyone's in a pinch.

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SECOND.

“It so happened that our master had gone to Capua to attend to some odds and ends of business and I seized the opportunity, and persuaded a guest of the house to accompany me as far as the fifth mile-stone. He was a soldier, and as brave as the very devil. We set out about cock-crow, the moon was shining as bright as midday, and came to where the tombstones are. My man stepped aside amongst them, but I sat down, singing, and commenced to count them up. When I looked around for my companion, he had stripped himself and piled his clothes by the side of the road. My heart was in my mouth, and I sat there while he pissed a ring around them and was suddenly turned into a wolf! Now don't think I'm joking, I wouldn't lie for any amount of money, but as I was saying, he commenced to howl after he was turned into a wolf, and ran away into the forest. I didn't know where I was for a minute or two, then I went to his clothes, to pick them up, and damned if they hadn't turned to stone! Was ever anyone nearer dead from fright than me? Then I whipped out my sword and cut every shadow along the road to bits, till I came to the house of my mistress. I looked like a ghost when I went in, and I nearly slipped my wind. The sweat was pouring down my crotch, my eyes were staring, and I could hardly be brought around. My Melissa wondered why I was out so late. “Oh, if you'd only come sooner,” she said, “you could have helped us: a wolf broke into the folds and attacked the sheep, bleeding them like a butcher. But he didn't get the laugh on me, even if he did get away, for one of the slaves ran his neck through with a spear!” I couldn't keep my eyes shut any longer when I heard that, and as soon as it grew light, I rushed back to our Gaius' house like an innkeeper beaten out of his bill, and when I came to the place where the clothes had been turned into stone, there was nothing but a pool of blood! And moreover, when I got home, my soldier was lying in bed, like an ox, and a doctor was dressing his neck! I knew then that he was a werewolf, and after that, I couldn't have eaten a crumb of bread with him, no, not if you had killed me. Others can think what they please about this, but as for me, I hope your geniuses will all get after me if I lie.”

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-THIRD.

We were all dumb with astonishment, when “I take your story for granted,” said Trimalchio, “and if you’ll believe me, my hair stood on end, and all the more, because I know that Niceros never talks nonsense: he’s always level-headed, not a bit gossipy. And now I’ll tell you a hair-raiser myself, though I’m like a jackass on a slippery pavement compared to him. When I was a long-haired boy, for I lived a Chian life from my youth up, my master’s minion died. He was a jewel, so hear me Hercules, he was, perfect in every facet. While his sorrow-stricken mother was bewailing his loss, and the rest of us were lamenting with her, the witches suddenly commenced to screech so loud that you would have thought a hare was being run down by the hounds! At that time, we had a Cappadocian slave, tall, very bold, and he had muscle too; he could hold a mad bull in the air! He wrapped a mantle around his left arm, boldly rushed out of doors with drawn sword, and ran a woman through the middle about here, no harm to what I touch. We heard a scream, but as a matter of fact, for I won’t lie to you, we didn’t catch sight of the witches themselves. Our simpleton came back presently, and threw himself upon the bed. His whole body was black and blue, as if he had been flogged with whips, and of course the reason of that was she had touched him with her evil hand! We shut the door and returned to our business, but when the mother put her arms around the body of her son, it turned out that it was only a straw bolster, no heart, no guts, nothing! Of course the witches had swooped down upon the lad and put the straw changeling in his place! Believe me or not, suit yourselves, but I say that there are women that know too much, and night-hags, too, and they turn everything upside down! And as for the long-haired booby, he never got back his own natural color and he died, raving mad, a few days later.”

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FOURTH.

Though we wondered greatly, we believed none the less implicitly and, kissing the table, we besought the night-hags to attend to their own affairs while we were returning home from dinner. As far as I was concerned, the lamps already seemed to burn double and the whole dining-room was going round, when “See here, Plocamus,” Trimalchio spoke up, “haven’t you anything to tell us? You haven’t entertained us at all, have you? And you used to be fine company, always ready to oblige with a recitation or a song. The gods bless us, how the green figs have fallen!” “True for you,” the fellow answered, “since I’ve got the gout my sporting days are over; but in the good old times when I was a young spark, I nearly sang myself into a consumption. How I used to dance! And take my part in a farce, or

hold up my end in the barber shops! Who could hold a candle to me except, of course, the one and only Apelles?” He then put his hand to his mouth and hissed out some foul gibberish or other, and said afterwards that it was Greek. Trimalchio himself then favored us with an impersonation of a man blowing a trumpet, and when he had finished, he looked around for his minion, whom he called Croesus, a blear-eyed slave whose teeth were very disagreeably discolored. He was playing with a little black bitch, disgustingly fat, wrapping her up in a leek-green scarf and teasing her with a half-loaf of bread which he had put on the couch; and when from sheer nausea, she refused it, he crammed it down her throat. This sight put Trimalchio in mind of his own dog and he ordered Scylax, “the guardian of his house and home,” to be brought in. An enormous dog was immediately led in upon a chain and, obeying a kick from the porter, it lay down beside the table. Thereupon Trimalchio remarked, as he threw it a piece of white bread, “No one in all my house loves me better than Scylax.” Enraged at Trimalchio’s praising Scylax so warmly, the slave put the bitch down upon the floor and sicked her on to fight. Scylax, as might have been expected from such a dog, made the whole room ring with his hideous barking and nearly shook the life out of the little bitch which the slave called Pearl. Nor did the uproar end in a dog fight, a candelabrum was upset upon the table, breaking the glasses and spattering some of the guests with hot oil. As Trimalchio did not wish to seem concerned at the loss, he kissed the boy and ordered him to climb upon his own back. The slave did not hesitate but, mounting his rocking-horse, he beat Trimalchio’s shoulders with his open palms, yelling with laughter, “Buck! Buck! How many fingers do I hold up!” When Trimalchio had, in a measure, regained his composure, which took but a little while, he ordered that a huge vessel be filled with mixed wine, and that drinks be served to all the slaves sitting around our feet, adding as an afterthought, “If anyone refuses to drink, pour it on his head: business is business, but now’s the time for fun.”

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-FIFTH.

The dainties that followed this display of affability were of such a nature that, if any reliance is to be placed in my word, the very mention of them makes me sick at the stomach. Instead of thrushes, fattened chickens were served, one to each of us, and goose eggs with pastry caps on them, which same Trimalchio earnestly entreated us to eat, informing us that the chickens had all been boned. Just at that

instant, however, a lictor knocked at the dining-room door, and a reveler, clad in white vestments, entered, followed by a large retinue. Startled at such pomp, I thought that the Praetor had arrived, so I put my bare feet upon the floor and started to get up, but Agamemnon laughed at my anxiety and said, "Keep your seat, you idiot, it's only Habinnas the sevir; he's a stone mason, and if report speaks true, he makes the finest tombstones imaginable." Reassured by this information, I lay back upon my couch and watched Habinnas' entrance with great curiosity. Already drunk and wearing several wreaths, his forehead smeared with perfume which ran down into his eyes, he advanced with his hands upon his wife's shoulders, and, seating himself in the Praetor's place, he called for wine and hot water. Delighted with his good humor, Trimalchio called for a larger goblet for himself, and asked him, at the same time, how he had been entertained. "We had everything except yourself, for my heart and soul were here, but it was fine, it was, by Hercules. Scissa was giving a Novendial feast for her slave, whom she freed on his death-bed, and it's my opinion she'll have a large sum to split with the tax gatherers, for the dead man was rated at 50,000, but everything went off well, even if we did have to pour half our wine on the bones of the late lamented."

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SIXTH.

"But," demanded Trimalchio, "what did you have for dinner?" "I'll tell you if I can," answered he, "for my memory's so good that I often forget my own name. Let's see, for the first course, we had a hog, crowned with a wine cup and garnished with cheese cakes and chicken livers cooked well done, beets, of course, and whole-wheat bread, which I'd rather have than white, because it puts strength into you, and when I take a crap afterwards, I don't have to yell. Following this, came a course of tarts, served cold, with excellent Spanish wine poured over warm honey; I ate several of the tarts and got the honey all over myself. Then there were chick-peas and lupines, all the smooth-shelled nuts you wanted, and an apple apiece, but I got away with two, and here they are, tied up in my napkin; for I'll have a row on my hands if I don't bring some kind of a present home to my favorite slave. Oh yes, my wife has just reminded me, there was a haunch of bear-meat as a side dish, Scintilla ate some of it without knowing what it was, and she nearly puked up her guts when she found out. But as for me, I ate more than a pound of it, for it tasted exactly like wild boar and, says I, if a bear eats a man, shouldn't that be all the more reason for a man to eat a bear? The last course was soft cheese, new wine boiled thick, a snail apiece, a helping of tripe,

liver pate, capped eggs, turnips and mustard. But that's enough. Pickled olives were handed around in a wooden bowl, and some of the party greedily snatched three handfuls, we had ham, too, but we sent it back."

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SEVENTH.

"But why isn't Fortunata at the table, Gaius? Tell me." "What's that," Trimalchio replied; "don't you know her better than that? She wouldn't touch even a drop of water till after the silver was put away and the leftovers divided among the slaves." "I'm going to beat it if she don't take her place," Habinnas threatened, and started to get up; and then, at a signal, the slaves all called out together "Fortunata," four times or more.

She appeared, girded round with a sash of greenish yellow, below which a cherry-colored tunic could be seen, and she had on twisted anklets and sandals worked in gold. Then, wiping her hands upon a handkerchief which she wore around her neck, she seated herself upon the couch, beside Scintilla, Habinnas' wife, and clapping her hands and kissing her, "My dear," she gushed, "is it really you?" Fortunata then removed the bracelets from her pudgy arms and held them out to the admiring Scintilla, and by and by she took off her anklets and even her yellow hair-net, which was twenty-four carats fine, she would have us know! Trimalchio, who was on the watch, ordered every trinket to be brought to him. "You see these things, don't you?" he demanded; "they're what women fetter us with. That's the way us poor suckers are done! These ought to weigh six pounds and a half. I have an arm-band myself, that don't weigh a grain under ten pounds; I bought it out of Mercury's thousandths, too." Finally, for fear he would seem to be lying, he ordered the scales to be brought in and carried around to prove the weights. And Scintilla was no better. She took off a small golden vanity case which she wore around her neck, and which she called her Lucky Box, and took from it two eardrops, which, in her turn, she handed to Fortunata to be inspected. "Thanks to the generosity of my husband," she smirked, "no woman has better." "What's that?" Habinnas demanded. "You kept on my trail to buy that glass bean for you; if I had a daughter, I'll be damned if I wouldn't cut off her little ears. We'd have everything as cheap as dirt if there were no women, but we have to piss hot and drink cold, the way things are now." The women, angry though they were, were laughing together, in the meantime, and exchanging drunken kisses, the one running on about her diligence as a housekeeper, and the other about the infidelities and neglect of her husband. Habinnas got up stealthily, while they were clinging together in this fashion and, seizing Fortunata by the feet, he tipped

her over backwards upon the couch. "Let go!" she screeched, as her tunic slipped above her knees; then, after pulling down her clothing, she threw herself into Scintilla's lap, and hid, with her handkerchief, a face which was none the more beautiful for its blushes.

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-EIGHTH.

After a short interval, Trimalchio gave orders for the dessert to be served, whereupon the slaves took away all the tables and brought in others, and sprinkled the floor with sawdust mixed with saffron and vermilion, and also with powdered mica, a thing I had never seen done before. When all this was done Trimalchio remarked, "I could rest content with this course, for you have your second tables, but, if you've something especially nice, why bring it on." Meanwhile an Alexandrian slave boy, who had been serving hot water, commenced to imitate a nightingale, and when Trimalchio presently called out, "Change your tune," we had another surprise, for a slave, sitting at Habinnas' feet, egged on, I have no doubt, by his own master, bawled suddenly in a singsong voice, "Meanwhile AEneas and all of his fleet held his course on the billowy deep"; never before had my ears been assailed by a sound so discordant, for in addition to his barbarous pronunciation, and the raising and lowering of his voice, he interpolated Atellane verses, and, for the first time in my life, Virgil grated on my nerves. When he had to quit, finally, from sheer want of breath, "Did he ever have any training," Habinnas exclaimed, "no, not he! I educated him by sending him among the grafters at the fair, so when it comes to taking off a barker or a mule driver, there's not his equal, and the rogue's clever, too, he's a shoemaker, or a cook, or a baker a regular jack of all trades. But he has two faults, and if he didn't have them, he'd be beyond all price: he snores and he's been circumcised. And that's the reason he never can keep his mouth shut and always has an eye open. I paid three hundred dinars for him."

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-NINTH.

"Yes," Scintilla broke in, "and you've not mentioned all of his accomplishments either; he's a pimp too, and I'm going to see that he's branded," she snapped. Trimalchio laughed. "There's where the Cappadocian comes out," he said; "never cheats himself out of anything and I admire him for it, so help me Hercules, I do. No one can show a dead man a good time. Don't be jealous, Scintilla; we're next

to you women, too, believe me. As sure as you see me here safe and sound, I used to play at thrust and parry with Mamma, my mistress, and finally even my master got suspicious and sent me back to a stewardship; but keep quiet, tongue, and I'll give you a cake." Taking all this as praise, the wretched slave pulled a small earthen lamp from a fold in his garment, and impersonated a trumpeter for half an hour or more, while Habinnas hummed with him, holding his finger pressed to his lips. Finally, the slave stepped out into the middle of the floor and waved his pipes in imitation of a flute-player; then, with a whip and a smock, he enacted the part of a mule-driver. At last Habinnas called him over and kissed him and said, as he poured a drink for him, "You get better all the time, Massa. I'm going to give you a pair of shoes." Had not the dessert been brought in, we would never have gotten to the end of these stupidities. Thrushes made of pastry and stuffed with nuts and raisins, quinces with spines sticking out so that they looked like sea-urchins. All this would have been endurable enough had it not been for the last dish that was served; so revolting was this, that we would rather have died of starvation than to have even touched it. We thought that a fat goose, flanked with fish and all kinds of birds, had been served, until Trimalchio spoke up. "Everything you see here, my friends," said he, "was made from the same stuff." With my usual keen insight, I jumped to the conclusion that I knew what that stuff was and, turning to Agamemnon, I said, "I shall be greatly surprised, if all those things are not made out of excrement, or out of mud, at the very least: I saw a like artifice practiced at Rome during the Saturnalia."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTIETH.

I had not done speaking, when Trimalchio chimed in, "As I hope to grow fatter in fortune but not in figure, my cook has made all this out of a hog! It would be simply impossible to meet up with a more valuable fellow: he'd make you a fish out of a sow's coynte, if that's what you wanted, a pigeon out of her lard, a turtle-dove out of her ham, and a hen out of a knuckle of pork: that's why I named him Daedalus, in a happy moment. I brought him a present of knives, from Rome, because he's so smart; they're made of Noric steel, too." He ordered them brought in immediately, and looked them over, with admiration, even giving us the chance to try their edges upon our cheeks. Then all of a sudden two slaves came in, carrying on as if they had been fighting at the fountain, at least; each one had a water-jar hanging from a yoke around his neck. Trimalchio arbitrated their

difference, but neither would abide by his decision, and each one smashed the other's jar with a club. Perturbed at the insolence of these drunken ruffians, we watched both of them narrowly, while they were fighting, and then, what should come pouring out of the broken jars but oysters and scallops, which a slave picked up and passed around in a dish. The resourceful cook would not permit himself to be outdone by such refinements, but served us with snails on a silver gridiron, and sang continually in a tremulous and very discordant voice. I am ashamed to have to relate what followed, for, contrary to all convention, some long-haired boys brought in unguents in a silver basin and anointed the feet of the reclining guests; but before doing this, however, they bound our thighs and ankles with garlands of flowers. They then perfumed the wine-mixing vessel with the same unguent and poured some of the melted liquid into the lamps. Fortunata had, by this time, taken a notion that she wanted to dance, and Scintilla was doing more hand-clapping than talking, when Trimalchio called out, "Philargyrus, and you too, Carrio, you can both come to the table; even if you are green faction fans, and tell your bedfellow, Menophila, to come too." What would you think happened then? We were nearly crowded off the couches by the mob of slaves that crowded into the dining-room and almost filled it full. As a matter of fact, I noticed that our friend the cook, who had made a goose out of a hog, was placed next to me, and he stunk from sauces and pickle. Not satisfied with a place at the table, he immediately staged an impersonation of Ephesus the tragedian, and then he suddenly offered to bet his master that the greens would take first place in the next circus games.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-FIRST.

Trimalchio was hugely tickled at this challenge. "Slaves are men, my friends," he observed, "but that's not all, they sucked the same milk that we did, even if hard luck has kept them down; and they'll drink the water of freedom if I live: to make a long story short, I'm freeing all of them in my will. To Philargyrus, I'm leaving a farm, and his bedfellow, too. Carrio will get a tenement house and his twentieth, and a bed and bedclothes to boot. I'm making Fortunata my heir and I commend her to all my friends. I announce all this in public so that my household will love me as well now as they will when I'm dead." They all commenced to pay tribute to the generosity of their master, when he, putting aside his trifling, ordered a copy of his will brought in, which same he read aloud from beginning to end, to the groaning accompaniment of the whole household. Then, looking at Habinnas, "What say you, my dearest friend," he entreated; "you'll construct my monument

in keeping with the plans I've given you, won't you? I earnestly beg that you carve a little bitch at the feet of my statue, some wreaths and some jars of perfume, and all of the fights of Petraites. Then I'll be able to live even after I'm dead, thanks to your kindness. See to it that it has a frontage of one hundred feet and a depth of two hundred. I want fruit trees of every kind planted around my ashes; and plenty of vines, too, for it's all wrong for a man to deck out his house when he's alive, and then have no pains taken with the one he must stay in for a longer time, and that's the reason I particularly desire that this notice be added:

— THIS MONUMENT DOES NOT —

— DESCEND TO AN HEIR —

“In any case, I'll see to it through a clause in my will, that I'm not insulted when I'm dead. And for fear the rabble comes running up into my monument, to crap, I'll appoint one of my freedmen custodian of my tomb. I want you to carve ships under full sail on my monument, and me, in my robes of office, sitting on my tribunal, five gold rings on my fingers, pouring out coin from a sack for the people, for I gave a dinner and two dinars for each guest, as you know. Show a banquet-hall, too, if you can, and the people in it having a good time. On my right, you can place a statue of Fortunata holding a dove and leading a little bitch on a leash, and my favorite boy, and large jars sealed with gypsum, so the wine won't run out; show one broken and a boy crying over it. Put a sun-dial in the middle, so that whoever looks to see what time it is must read my name whether he wants to or not. As for the inscription, think this over carefully, and see if you think it's appropriate:

HERE RESTS G POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO
FREEDMAN OF MAECENAS DECREED
AUGUSTAL, SEVIR IN HIS ABSENCE
HE COULD HAVE BEEN A MEMBER OF
EVERY DECURIA OF ROME BUT WOULD
NOT CONSCIENTIOUS BRAVE LOYAL
HE GREW RICH FROM LITTLE AND LEFT
THIRTY MILLION SESTERCES BEHIND
HE NEVER HEARD A PHILOSOPHER
FAREWELL TRIMALCHIO
FAREWELL PASSERBY”

CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-SECOND.

When he had repeated these words, Trimalchio began to weep copiously, Fortunata was crying already, and so was Habinnas, and at last, the whole household filled the dining-room with their lamentations, just as if they were taking part in a funeral. Even I was beginning to sniffle, when Trimalchio said, "Let's live while we can, since we know we've all got to die. I'd rather see you all happy, anyhow, so let's take a plunge in the bath. You'll never regret it. I'll bet my life on that, it's as hot as a furnace!" "Fine business," seconded Habinnas, "there's nothing suits me better than making two days out of one," and he got up in his bare feet to follow Trimalchio, who was clapping his hands. I looked at Ascyltos. "What do you think about this?" I asked. "The very sight of a bath will be the death of me." "Let's fall in with his suggestion," he replied, "and while they are hunting for the bath we will escape in the crowd." Giton led us out through the porch, when we had reached this understanding, and we came to a door, where a dog on a chain startled us so with his barking that Ascyltos immediately fell into the fish-pond. As for myself, I was tipsy and had been badly frightened by a dog that was only a painting, and when I tried to haul the swimmer out, I was dragged into the pool myself. The porter finally came to our rescue, quieted the dog by his appearance, and pulled us, shivering, to dry land. Giton had ransomed himself by a very cunning scheme, for what we had saved for him, from dinner, he threw to the barking brute, which then calmed its fury and became engrossed with the food. But when, with chattering teeth, we besought the porter to let us out at the door, "If you think you can leave by the same door you came in at," he replied, "you're mistaken: no guest is ever allowed to go out through the same door he came in at; some are for entrance, others for exit."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-THIRD.

What were we miserable wretches to do, shut up in this newfangled labyrinth. The idea of taking a hot bath had commenced to grow in favor, so we finally asked the porter to lead us to the place and, throwing off our clothing, which Giton spread out in the hall to dry, we went in. It was very small, like a cold water cistern; Trimalchio was standing upright in it, and one could not escape his disgusting bragging even here. He declared that there was nothing nicer than bathing without a mob around, and that a bakery had formerly occupied this very spot. Tired out at last, he sat down, but when the echoes of the place tempted him, he lifted his drunken mouth to the ceiling, and commenced murdering the songs

of Menacrates, at least that is what we were told by those who understood his language. Some of the guests joined hands and ran around the edge of the pool, making the place ring with their boisterous peals of laughter; others tried to pick rings up from the floor, with their hands tied behind them, or else, going down upon their knees, tried to touch the ends of their toes by bending backwards. We went down into the pool while the rest were taking part in such amusements. It was being heated for Trimalchio. When the fumes of the wine had been dissipated, we were conducted into another dining-room where Fortunata had laid out her own treasures; I noticed, for instance, that there were little bronze fishermen upon the lamps, the tables were of solid silver, the cups were porcelain inlaid with gold; before our eyes wine was being strained through a straining cloth. "One of my slaves shaves his first beard today," Trimalchio remarked, at length, "a promising, honest, thrifty lad; may he have no bad luck, so let's get our skins full and stick around till morning."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-FOURTH.

He had not ceased speaking when a cock crowed! Alarmed at this omen, Trimalchio ordered wine thrown under the table and told them to sprinkle the lamps with it; and he even went so far as to change his ring from his left hand to his right. "That trumpeter did not sound off without a reason," he remarked; "there's either a fire in the neighborhood, or else someone's going to give up the ghost. I hope it's none of us! Whoever brings that Jonah in shall have a present." He had no sooner made this promise, than a cock was brought in from somewhere in the neighborhood and Trimalchio ordered the cook to prepare it for the pot. That same versatile genius who had but a short time before made birds and fish out of a hog, cut it up; it was then consigned to the kettle, and while Daedalus was taking a long hot drink, Fortunata ground pepper in a boxwood mill. When these delicacies had been consumed, Trimalchio looked the slaves over. "You haven't had anything to eat yet, have you?" he asked. "Get out and let another relay come on duty." Thereupon a second relay came in. "Farewell, Gaius," cried those going off duty, and "Hail, Gaius," cried those coming on. Our hilarity was somewhat dampened soon after, for a boy, who was by no means bad looking, came in among the fresh slaves. Trimalchio seized him and kissed him lingeringly, whereupon Fortunata, asserting her rights in the house, began to rail at Trimalchio, styling him an abomination who set no limits to his lechery, finally

ending by calling him a dog. Trimalchio flew into a rage at her abuse and threw a wine cup at her head, whereupon she screeched, as if she had had an eye knocked out and covered her face with her trembling hands. Scintilla was frightened, too, and shielded the shuddering woman with her garment. An officious slave presently held a cold water pitcher to her cheek and Fortunata bent over it, sobbing and moaning. But as for Trimalchio, “What the hell’s next?” he gritted out, “this Syrian dancing-whore don’t remember anything! I took her off the auction block and made her a woman among her equals, didn’t I? And here she puffs herself up like a frog and pukes in her own nest; she’s a blockhead, all right, not a woman. But that’s the way it is, if you’re born in an attic you can’t sleep in a palace I’ll see that this booted Cassandra’s tamed, so help me my Genius, I will! And I could have married ten million, even if I did only have two cents: you know I’m not lying! ‘Let me give you a tip,’ said Agatho, the perfumer to the lady next door, when he pulled me aside: ‘don’t let your line die out!’ And here I’ve stuck the ax into my own leg because I was a damned fool and didn’t want to seem fickle. I’ll see to it that you’re more careful how you claw me up, sure as you’re born, I will! That you may realize how seriously I take what you’ve done to me — Habinnas, I don’t want you to put her statue on my tomb for fear I’ll be nagged even after I’m dead! And furthermore, that she may know I can repay a bad turn, I won’t have her kissing me when I’m laid out!”

CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-FIFTH.

When Trimalchio had launched this thunderbolt, Habinnas commenced to beg him to control his anger. “There’s not one of us but goes wrong sometimes,” argued he; “we’re not gods, we’re men.” Scintilla also cried out through her tears, calling him “Gaius,” and entreating him by his guardian angel to be mollified. Trimalchio could restrain the tears no longer. “Habinnas,” he blubbered, “as you hope to enjoy your money, spit in my face if I’ve done anything wrong. I kissed him because he’s very thrifty, not because he’s a pretty boy. He can recite his division table and read a book at sight: he bought himself a Thracian uniform from his savings from his rations, and a stool and two dippers, with his own money, too. He’s worth my attention, ain’t he? But Fortunata won’t see it! Ain’t that the truth, you high-stepping hussy? Let me beg you to make the best of what you’ve got, you shekite, and don’t make me show my teeth, my little darling, or you’ll find out what my temper’s like! Believe me, when once I’ve made up my mind, I’m as fixed as a spike in a beam! But let’s think of the living. I hope you’ll all make yourselves at home, gentlemen: I was in your fix myself once; but rose

to what I am now by my own merit. It's the brains that makes the man, all the rest's bunk. I buy well, I sell well, someone else will tell you a different story, but as for myself, I'm fairly busting with prosperity. What, grunting-sow, still bawling? I'll see to it that you've something to bawl for, but as I started to say, it was my thrift that brought me to my fortune. I was just as tall as that candlestick when I came over from Asia; every day I used to measure myself by it, and I would smear my lips with oil so my beard would sprout all the sooner. I was my master's 'mistress' for fourteen years, for there's nothing wrong in doing what your master orders, and I satisfied my mistress, too, during that time, you know what I mean, but I'll say no more, for I'm not one of your braggarts!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-SIXTH.

"At last it came about by the will of the gods that I was master in the house, and I had the real master under my thumb then. What is there left to tell? I was made co-heir with Caesar and came into a Senator's fortune. But nobody's ever satisfied with what he's got, so I embarked in business. I won't keep you long in suspense; I built five ships and loaded them with wine — worth its weight in gold, it was then — and sent them to Rome. You'd think I'd ordered it so, for every last one of them foundered; it's a fact, no fairy tale about it, and Neptune swallowed thirty million sesterces in one day! You don't think I lost my pep, do you? By Hercules, no! That was only an appetizer for me, just as if nothing at all had happened. I built other and bigger ships, better found, too, so no one could say I wasn't game. A big ship's a big venture, you know. I loaded them up with wine again, bacon, beans, Capuan perfumes, and slaves: Fortunata did the right thing in this affair, too, for she sold every piece of jewelry and all her clothes into the bargain, and put a hundred gold pieces in my hand. They were the nest-egg of my fortune. A thing's soon done when the gods will it; I cleared ten million sesterces by that voyage, all velvet, and bought in all the estates that had belonged to my patron, right away. I built myself a house and bought cattle to resell, and whatever I touched grew just like a honeycomb. I chucked the game when I got to have an income greater than all the revenues of my own country, retired from business, and commenced to back freedmen. I never liked business anyhow, as far as that goes, and was just about ready to quit when an astrologer, a Greek fellow he was, and his name was Serapa, happened to light in our colony, and he slipped me some information and advised me to quit. He was hep to all the secrets of the gods: told me things about myself that I'd forgotten, and explained everything to me from needle and thread up; knew me inside out, he did, and only stopped short

of telling me what I'd had for dinner the day before. You'd have thought he'd lived with me always!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH.

"Habinnas, you were there, I think, I'll leave it to you; didn't he say— 'You took your wife out of a whore-house'? you're as lucky in your friends, too, no one ever repays your favor with another, you own broad estates, you nourish a viper under your wing, and — why shouldn't I tell it — I still have thirty years, four months, and two days to live! I'll also come into another bequest shortly. That's what my horoscope tells me. If I can extend my boundaries so as to join Apulia, I'll think I've amounted to something in this life! I built this house with Mercury on the job, anyhow; it was a hovel, as you know, it's a palace now! Four dining-rooms, twenty bed-rooms, two marble colonnades, a store-room upstairs, a bed-room where I sleep myself, a sitting-room for this viper, a very good room for the porter, a guest-chamber for visitors. As a matter of fact, Scaurus, when he was here, would stay nowhere else, although he has a family place on the seashore. I'll show you many other things, too, in a jiffy; believe me, if you have an as, you'll be rated at what you have. So your humble servant, who was a frog, is now a king. Stychnus, bring out my funereal vestments while we wait, the ones I'll be carried out in, some perfume, too, and a draught of the wine in that jar, I mean the kind I intend to have my bones washed in."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH.

It was not long before Stychnus brought a white shroud and a purple-bordered toga into the dining-room, and Trimalchio requested us to feel them and see if they were pure wool. Then, with a smile, "Take care, Stychnus, that the mice don't get at these things and gnaw them, or the moths either. I'll burn you alive if they do. I want to be carried out in all my glory so all the people will wish me well." Then, opening a jar of nard, he had us all anointed. "I hope I'll enjoy this as well when I'm dead," he remarked, "as I do while I'm alive." He then ordered wine to be poured into the punch-bowl. "Pretend," said he, "that you're invited to my funeral feast." The thing had grown positively nauseating, when Trimalchio, beastly drunk by now, bethought himself of a new and singular diversion and ordered some horn- blowers brought into the dining-room. Then, propped up by many cushions, he stretched himself out upon the couch. "Let on that I'm dead," said he, "and say something nice about me." The horn-blowers sounded off a loud funeral march together, and one in particular, a slave belonging to an undertaker,

made such a fanfare that he roused the whole neighborhood, and the watch, which was patrolling the vicinity, thinking Trimalchio's house was afire, suddenly smashed in the door and rushed in with their water and axes, as is their right, raising a rumpus all their own. We availed ourselves of this happy circumstance and, leaving Agamemnon in the lurch, we took to our heels, as though we were running away from a real conflagration.

VOLUME III. FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ENCOLPIUS AND HIS COMPANIONS

CHAPTER THE SEVENTY-NINTH.

There was no torch to light the way for us, as we wandered around, nor did the silence of midnight give promise of our meeting any wayfarer with a light; in addition to this, we were drunk and unfamiliar with the district, which would confuse one, even in daylight, so for the best part of a mortal hour we dragged our bleeding feet over all the flints and pieces of broken tile, till we were extricated, at last, by Giton's cleverness. This prudent youngster had been afraid of going astray on the day before, so he had taken care to mark all the pillars and columns with chalk. These marks stood out distinctly, even through the pitchy night, and by their brilliant whiteness pointed out the way for us as we wandered about. Nevertheless, we had no less cause for being in a sweat even when we came to our lodging, for the old woman herself had been sitting and swilling so long with her guests that even if one had set her afire, she would not have known it. We would have spent the night on the door-sill had not Trimalchio's courier come up in state, with ten wagons; he hammered on the door for a short time, and then smashed it in, giving us an entrance through the same breach. (Hastening to the sleeping-chamber, I went to bed with my "brother" and, burning with passion as I was, after such a magnificent dinner, I surrendered myself wholly to sexual gratification.)

*Oh Goddesses and Gods, that purple night
How soft the couch! And we, embracing tight;
With every wandering kiss our souls would meet!
Farewell all mortal woes, to die were sweet*

But my self-congratulation was premature, for I was overcome with wine, and when my unsteady hands relaxed their hold, Ascyrtos, that never-failing well-spring of iniquity, stole the boy away from me in the night and carried him to his own bed, where he wallowed around without restraint with a "brother" not his

own, while the latter, not noticing the fraud, or pretending not to notice it, went to sleep in a stranger's arms, in defiance of all human rights. Awaking at last, I felt the bed over and found that it had been despoiled of its treasure: then, by all that lovers hold dear, I swear I was on the verge of transfixing them both with my sword and uniting their sleep with death. At last, however, I adopted a more rational plan; I spanked Giton into wakefulness, and, glaring at Ascylos, "Since you have broken faith by this outrage," I gritted out, with a savage frown, "and severed our friendship, you had better get your things together at once, and pick up some other bottom for your abominations!" He raised no objection to this, but after we had divided everything with scrupulous exactitude, "Come on now," he demanded, "and we'll divide the boy!"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTIETH.

I thought this was a parting joke till he whipped out his sword, with a murderous hand. "You'll not have this prize you're brooding over, all to yourself! Since I've been rejected, I'll have to cut off my share with this sword." I followed suit, on my side, and, wrapping a mantle around my left arm, I put myself on guard for the duel. The unhappy boy, rendered desperate by our unreasoning fury, hugged each of us tightly by the knee, and in tears he humbly begged that this wretched lodging-house should not witness a Theban duel, and that we would not pollute — with mutual bloodshed the sacred rites of a friendship that was, as yet, unstained. "If a crime must be committed," he wailed, "here is my naked throat, turn your swords this way and press home the points. I ought, to be the one to die, I broke the sacred pledge of friendship." We lowered our points at these entreaties. "I'll settle this dispute," Ascylos spoke up, "let the boy follow whomsoever he himself wishes to follow. In that way, he, at least, will have perfect freedom in choosing a 'brother'." Imagining that a relationship of such long standing had passed into a tie of blood, I was not at all uneasy, so I snatched at this proposition with precipitate eagerness, and submitted the dispute to the judge. He did not deliberate long enough to seem even to hesitate, for he got up and chose Ascylos for a "brother," as soon as the last syllable had passed my lips! At this decision I was thunder-struck, and threw myself upon the bed, unarmed and just as I stood. Had I not begrudged my enemy such a triumph, I would have laid violent hands upon myself. Flushed with success, Ascylos marched out with his prize, and abandoned, in a strange town, a comrade in the depths of despair; one whom, but a little while before, he had loved most unselfishly, one whose destiny was so like his own.

*As long as is expedient, the name of friendship lives,
Just as in dicing, Fortune smiles or lowers;
When good luck beckons, then your friend his gleeful service gives
But basely flies when ruin o'er you towers.
The strollers act their farces upon the stage, each one his part,*

*The father, son, the rich man, all are here,
But soon the page is turned upon the comic actor's art,
The masque is dropped, the make-ups disappear!*

CHAPTER THE EIGHTY-FIRST.

Nevertheless, I did not indulge myself very long in tears, being afraid that Menelaus, the tutor, might drop in upon me all alone in the lodging-house, and catch me in the midst of my troubles, so I collected my baggage and, with a heavy heart, sneaked off to an obscure quarter near the seashore. There, I kept to my room for three days. My mind was continually haunted by my loneliness and desertion, and I beat my breast, already sore from blows. "Why could not the earth have opened and swallowed me," I wailed aloud, between the many deep-drawn groans, "or the sea, which rages even against the guiltless? Did I flee from justice, murder my ghost, and cheat the arena, in order that, after so many proofs of courage, I might be left lying here deserted, a beggar and an exile, in a lodging-house in a Greek town? And who condemned me to this desolation"? A boy stained by every form of vice, who, by his own confession, ought to be exiled: free, through vice, expert in vice, whose favors came through a throw of the dice, who hired himself out as a girl to those who knew him to be a boy! And as to the other, what about him? In place of the manly toga, he donned the woman's stola when he reached the age of puberty: he resolved, even from his mother's womb, never to become a man; in the slave's prison he took the woman's part in the sexual act, he changed the instrument of his lechery when he double-crossed me, abandoned the ties of a long-standing friendship, and, shame upon him, sold everything for a single night's dalliance, like any other street-walker! Now the lovers lie whole nights, locked in each other's arms, and I suppose they make a mockery of my desolation when they are resting up from the exhaustion caused by their mutual excesses. But not with impunity! If I don't avenge the wrong they have done me. in their guilty blood, I'm no free man!"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTY-SECOND.

I girded on my sword, when I had said these words, and, fortifying my strength with a heavy meal, so that weakness would not cause me to lose the battle, I presently sallied forth into the public streets and rushed through all the arcades, like a maniac. But while, with my face savagely convulsed in a frown, I was meditating nothing but bloodshed and slaughter, and was continually clapping my hand to the hilt of my sword, which I had consecrated to this, I was observed by a soldier, that is, he either was a real soldier, or else he was some night-prowling thug, who challenged me. "Halt! Who goes there? What legion are you from? Who's your centurion?" "Since when have men in your outfit gone on pass in white shoes?" he retorted, when I had lied stoutly about both centurion and legion. Both my face and my confusion proved that I had been caught in a lie, so he ordered me to surrender my arms and to take care that I did not get into trouble. I was held up, as a matter of course, and, my revenge balked, I returned to my lodging-house and, recovering by degrees from my fright, I began to be grateful to the boldness of the footpad. It is not wise to place much reliance upon any scheme, because Fortune has a method of her own.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTY-THIRD.

(Nevertheless, I found it very difficult to stifle my longing for revenge, and after tossing half the night in anxiety, I arose at dawn and, in the hope of mitigating my mental sufferings and of forgetting my wrongs, I took a walk through all the public arcades and) entered a picture-gallery, which contained a wonderful collection of pictures in various styles. I beheld works from the hand of Zeuxis, still undimmed by the passage of the years, and contemplated, not without a certain awe, the crude drawings of Protogenes, which equalled the reality of nature herself; but when I stood before the work of Apelles, the kind which the Greeks call "Monochromatic," verily, I almost worshipped, for the outlines of the figures were drawn with such subtlety of touch, and were so life-like in their precision, that you would have thought their very souls were depicted. Here, an eagle was soaring into the sky bearing the shepherd of Mount Ida to heaven; there, the comely Hylas was struggling to escape from the embrace of the lascivious Naiad. Here, too, was Apollo, cursing his murderous hand and adorning his unstrung lyre with the flower just created. Standing among these lovers, which were only painted, "It seems that even the gods are wracked by

love,” I cried aloud, as if I were in a wilderness. “Jupiter could find none to his taste, even in his own heaven, so he had to sin on earth, but no one was betrayed by him! The nymph who ravished Hylas would have controlled her passion had she thought Hercules was coming to forbid it. Apollo recalled the spirit of a boy in the form of a flower, and all the lovers of Fable enjoyed Love’s embraces without a rival, but I took as a comrade a friend more cruel than Lycurgus!” But at that very instant, as I was telling my troubles to the winds, a white-haired old man entered the picture-gallery; his face was care-worn, and he seemed, I know not why, to give promise of something great, although he bestowed so little care upon his dress that it was easily apparent that he belonged to that class of literati which the wealthy hold in contempt. “I am a poet,” he remarked, when he had approached me and stood at my side, “and one of no mean ability, I hope, that is, if anything is to be inferred from the crowns which gratitude can place even upon the heads of the unworthy! Then why, you demand, are you dressed so shabbily? For that very reason; love or art never yet made anyone rich.”

*The trader trusts his fortune to the sea and takes his gains,
The warrior, for his deeds, is girt with gold;
The wily sycophant lies drunk on purple counterpanes,
Young wives must pay debauchees or they’re cold.
But solitary, shivering, in tatters Genius stands
Invoking a neglected art, for succor at its hands.*

CHAPTER THE EIGHTY-FOURTH.

“It is certainly true that a man is hated when he declares himself an enemy to all vice, and begins to follow the right road in life, because, in the first place, his habits are different from those of other people; for who ever approved of anything to which he took exceptions? Then, they whose only ambition is to pile up riches, don’t want to believe that men can possess anything better than that which they have themselves; therefore, they use every means in their power to so buffet the lovers of literature that they will seem in their proper place — below the moneybags.” “I know not why it should be so,” (I said with a sigh), “but Poverty is the sister of Genius.” (“You have good reason,” the old man replied, “to deplore the status of men of letters.” “No,” I answered, “that was not the reason for my sigh, there is another and far weightier cause for my grief.” Then, in accordance

with the human propensity of pouring one's personal troubles into another's ears, I explained my misfortune to him, and dwelt particularly upon Ascylos' perfidy.) "Oh how I wish that this enemy who is the cause of my enforced continence could be mollified," (I cried, with many a groan,) "but he is an old hand at robbery, and more cunning than the pimps themselves!" (My frankness pleased the old man, who attempted to comfort me and, to beguile my sorrow, he related the particulars of an amorous intrigue in which he himself had played a part.)

CHAPTER THE EIGHTY-FIFTH.

"When I was attached to the Quaestor's staff, in Asia, I was quartered with a family at Pergamus. I found things very much to my liking there, not only on account of the refined comfort of my apartments, but also because of the extreme beauty of my host's son. For the latter reason, I had recourse to strategy, in order that the father should never suspect me of being a seducer. So hotly would I flare up, whenever the abuse of handsome boys was even mentioned at the table, and with such uncompromising sternness would I protest against having my ears insulted by such filthy talk, that I came to be looked upon, especially by the mother, as one of the philosophers. I was conducting the lad to the gymnasium before very long, and superintending his conduct, taking especial care, all the while, that no one who could debauch him should ever enter the house. Then there came a holiday, the school was closed, and our festivities had rendered us too lazy to retire properly, so we lay down in the dining-room. It was just about midnight, and I knew he was awake, so I murmured this vow, in a very low voice, 'Oh Lady Venus, could I but kiss this lad, and he not know it, I would give him a pair of turtle-doves tomorrow!' On hearing the price offered for this favor, the boy commenced to snore! Then, bending over the pretending sleeper, I snatched a fleeting kiss or two. Satisfied with this beginning, I arose early in the morning, brought a fine pair of turtle-doves to the eager lad, and absolved myself from my vow."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTY-SIXTH.

"Next night, when the same opportunity presented itself, I changed my petition, 'If I can feel him all over with a wanton hand,' I vowed, 'and he not know it, I will give him two of the gamest fighting-cocks, for his silence.' The lad nestled closer to me of his own accord, on hearing this offer, and I truly believe that he was afraid that I was asleep. I made short work of his apprehensions on that score, however, by stroking and fondling his whole body. I worked myself into a

passionate fervor that was just short of supreme gratification. Then, when day dawned, I made him happy with what I had promised him. When the third night gave me my chance, I bent close to the ear of the rascal, who pretended to be asleep. ‘Immortal gods,’ I whispered, ‘if I can take full and complete satisfaction of my love, from this sleeping beauty, I will tomorrow present him with the best Macedonian pacer in the market, in return for this bliss, provided that he does not know it.’ Never had the lad slept so soundly! First I filled my hands with his snowy breasts, then I pressed a clinging kiss upon his mouth, but I finally focused all my energies upon one supreme delight! Early in the morning, he sat up in bed, awaiting my usual gift. It is much easier to buy doves and game-cocks than it is to buy a pacer, as you know, and aside from that, I was also afraid that so valuable a present might render my motive subject to suspicion, so, after strolling around for some hours, I returned to the house, and gave the lad nothing at all except a kiss. He looked all around, threw his arms about my neck. ‘Tell me, master,’ he cried, ‘where’s the pacer?’ (‘The difficulty of getting one fine enough has compelled me to defer the fulfillment of my promise,’ I replied, ‘but I will make it good in a few days.’ The lad easily understood the true meaning of my answer, and his countenance betrayed his secret resentment.)”

CHAPTER THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH.

“(In the meantime,) by breaking this vow, I had cut myself off from the avenue of access which I had contrived, but I returned to the attack, all the same, when the opportunity came. In a few days, a similar occasion brought about the very same conditions as before, and the instant I heard his father snoring, I began pleading with the lad to receive me again into his good graces, that is to say, that he ought to suffer me to satisfy myself with him, and he in turn could do whatever his own distended member desired. He was very angry, however, and would say nothing at all except, ‘Either you go to sleep, or I’ll call father!’ But no obstacle is so difficult that depravity cannot twist around it and even while he threatened ‘I’ll call father,’ I slipped into his bed and took my pleasure in spite of his half-hearted resistance. Nor was he displeased with my improper conduct for, although he complained for a while, that he had been cheated and made a laughing-stock, and that his companions, to whom he had bragged of his wealthy friend, had made sport of him. ‘But you’ll see that I’ll not be like you,’ he whispered; ‘do it again, if you want to!’ All misunderstandings were forgotten and I was readmitted into the lad’s good graces. Then I slipped off to sleep, after profiting by his complaisance. But the youth, in the very flower of maturity, and just at the best

age for passive pleasure, was by no means satisfied with only one repetition, so he roused me out of a heavy sleep. ‘Isn’t there something you’d like to do?’ he whispered! The pastime had not begun to cloy, as yet, and, somehow or other, what with panting and sweating and wriggling, he got what he wanted and, worn out with pleasure, I dropped off to sleep again. Less than an hour had passed when he began to punch me with his hand. ‘Why are we not busy,’ he whispered! I flew into a violent rage at being disturbed so many times, and threatened him in his own words, ‘Either you go to sleep, or I’ll call father!’”

CHAPTER THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH.

Heartened up by this story, I began to draw upon his more comprehensive knowledge as to the ages of the pictures and as to certain of the stories connected with them, upon which I was not clear; and I likewise inquired into the causes of the decadence of the present age, in which the most refined arts had perished, and among them painting, which had not left even the faintest trace of itself behind. “Greed of money,” he replied, “has brought about these unaccountable changes. In the good old times, when virtue was her own reward, the fine arts flourished, and there was the keenest rivalry among men for fear that anything which could be of benefit to future generations should remain long undiscovered. Then it was that Democritus expressed the juices of all plants and spent his whole life in experiments, in order that no curative property should lurk unknown in stone or shrub. That he might understand the movements of heaven and the stars, Eudoxus grew old upon the summit of a lofty mountain: three times did Chrysippus purge his brain with hellebore, that his faculties might be equal to invention. Turn to the sculptors if you will; Lysippus perished from hunger while in profound meditation upon the lines of a single statue, and Myron, who almost embodied the souls of men and beasts in bronze, could not find an heir. And we, sodden with wine and women, cannot even appreciate the arts already practiced, we only criticise the past! We learn only vice, and teach it, too. What has become of logic? of astronomy? Where is the exquisite road to wisdom? Who even goes into a temple to make a vow, that he may achieve eloquence or bathe in the fountain of wisdom? And they do not pray for good health and a sound mind; before they even set foot upon the threshold of the temple, one promises a gift if only he may bury a rich relative; another, if he can but dig up a treasure, and still another, if he is permitted to amass thirty millions of sesterces in safety! The Senate itself, the exponent of all that should be right and just, is in the habit of promising a thousand pounds of gold to the capitol, and that no one may question the

propriety of praying for money, it even decorates Jupiter himself with spoils'. Do not hesitate, therefore, at expressing your surprise at the deterioration of painting, since, by all the gods and men alike, a lump of gold is held to be more beautiful than anything ever created by those crazy little Greek fellows, Apelles and Phydias!"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTY-NINTH.

"But I see that your whole attention is held by that picture which portrays the destruction of Troy, so I will attempt to unfold the story in verse:

*And now the tenth harvest beheld the beleaguered of Troia
Worn out with anxiety, fearing: the honor of Calchas
The prophet, hung wavering deep in the blackest despair.
Apollo commanded! The forested peaks of Mount Ida
Were felled and dragged down; the hewn timbers were fitted to fashion
A war-horse. Unfilled is a cavity left, and this cavern,
Roofed over, capacious enough for a camp. Here lie hidden
The raging impetuous valor of ten years of warfare.
Malignant Greek troops pack the recess, lurk in their own offering.
Alas my poor country! We thought that their thousand grim war-ships
Were beaten and scattered, our arable lands freed from warfare!
Th' inscription cut into the horse, and the crafty behavior
Of Sinon, his mind ever powerful for evil, affirmed it.
Delivered from war, now the crowd, carefree, hastens to worship
And pours from the portals. Their cheeks wet with weeping, the joy
Of their tremulous souls brings to eyes tears which terror
Had banished. Laocoon, priest unto Neptune, with hair loosed,
An outcry evoked from the mob: he drew back his javelin
And launched it! The belly of wood was his target. The weapon
Recoiled, for the fates stayed his hand, and this artifice won us.
His feeble hand nerved he anew, and the lofty sides sounded,
His two-edged ax tried them severely. The young troops in ambush
Gasped. And as long as the reverberations re-echoed
The wooden mass breathed out a fear that was not of its own.
Imprisoned, the warriors advance to take Troia a captive
And finish the struggle by strategem new and unheard of.
Behold! Other portents: Where Tenedos steep breaks the ocean*

*Where great surging billows dash high; to be broken, and leap back
To form a deep hollow of calm, and resemble the plashing
Of oars, carried far through the silence of night, as when ships pass
And drive through the calm as it smashes against their fir bows.
Then backward we look: towards the rocks the tide carries two serpents
That coil and uncoil as they come, and their breasts, which are swollen
Aside dash the foam, as the bows of tall ships; and the ocean
Is lashed by their tails, their manes, free on the water, as savage
As even their eyes: now a blinding beam kindles the billows,
The sea with their hissing is sibilant! All stare in terror!
Laocoon's twin sons in Phrygian raiment are standing
With priests wreathed for sacrifice. Them did the glistening serpents
Enfold in their coils! With their little hands shielding their faces,
The boys, neither thinking of self, but each one of his brother!
Fraternal love's sacrifice! Death himself slew those poor children
By means of their unselfish fear for each other! The father,
A helper too feeble, now throws himself prone on their bodies:
The serpents, now gluttoned with death, coil around him and drag him
To earth! And the priest, at his altar a victim, lies beating
The ground. Thus the city of Troy, doomed to sack and destruction,
First lost her own gods by profaning their shrines and their worship.
The full moon now lifted her luminous beam and the small stars
Led forth, with her torch all ablaze; when the Greeks drew the bolts
And poured forth their warriors, on Priam's sons, buried in darkness
And sodden with wine. First the leaders made trial of their weapons
Just as the horse, when unhitched from Thessalian neck-yoke,
First tosses his head and his mane, ere to pasture he rushes.
They draw their swords, brandish their shields and rush into the battle.
One slays the wine-drunken Trojans, prolonging their dreams
To death, which ends all. Still another takes brands from the altars,
And calls upon Troy's sacred temples to fight against Trojans."*

CHAPTER THE NINTIETH.

Some of the public, who were loafing in the portico, threw stones at the reciting Eumolpus and he, taking note of this tribute to his genius, covered his head and

bolted out of the temple. Fearing they might take me for a poet, too, I followed after him in his flight and came to the seashore, where we stopped as soon as we were out of range. "Tell me," I demanded, "what are you going to do about that disease of yours? You've loafed with me less than two hours, and you've talked more often like a poet than you have like a human being! For this reason, I'm not at all surprised that the rabble chases you with rocks. I'm going to load my pockets with stones, too, and whenever you begin to go out of your head, I'm going to let blood out of it!" His expression changed. "My dear young man," said he, "today is not the first time I have had such compliments showered upon me; the audience always applauds me in this fashion, when I go into the theatre to recite anything, but I'll abstain from this sort of diet for the whole day, for fear of having trouble with you." "Good," I replied, "we'll dine together if you'll swear off crankiness for the day." (So saying,) I gave the housekeeper the orders for our little supper (and we went straight off to the baths.)

CHAPTER THE NINETY-FIRST.

(There) I catch sight of Giton laden with towels and scrapers, leaning, downhearted and embarrassed, against the wall. You could see that he did not serve of his own free will. Then, that I might assure myself that I saw aright, "Take pity on me, brother," he cried, turning towards me a face lighted up with joy, "there are no arms here, I can speak freely take me away from that bloody robber, and punish your penitent judge as severely as you like. To have perished, should you wish it, will be a consolation great enough in my misery!" Fearing some one might overhear our plans, I bade him hush his complaints and, leaving Eumolpus behind — for he was reciting a poem in the bath — I pull Giton down a dark and dirty passage, after me, and fly with all speed to my lodgings. Arriving there, I slam the door shut, embrace him convulsively, and press my face against his which is all wet with tears. For a long time, neither of us could find his voice, and as for the lad, his shapely bosom was heaving continuously with choking sobs. "Oh the disgraceful inconsistency of it all," I cried, "for I love you still, although you abandoned me, and no scar from that gaping wound is left upon this breast! What can you say that will justify you in yielding your love to a stranger? Did I merit such an affront'?" He held his head higher when he found that he was loved.

*For one to love, and at the same time, blame,
That were a labor Hercules to tame!*

Conflicting passions yield in Cupid's name.

(“And furthermore,” I went on), “I was not the one that laid the cause of our love before another judge, but I will complain no more, I will remember nothing, if you will prove your penitence by keeping faith.” He wiped his face upon his mantle, while I poured out these words, with groans and tears. “Encolpius,” said he, “I beseech you, I appeal to your honest recollection, did I leave you, or did you throw me over? For my part, I admit, and openly at that, that I sought, refuge with the stronger, when I beheld two armed men.” I kissed that, bosom, so full of prudence, threw my arms around his neck and pressed him tightly against my breast, that he might see unmistakably that he had gotten back into my good graces, and that our friendship lived again in perfect confidence.

CHAPTER THE NINETY-SECOND.

Night had fallen by this time, and the woman to whom I had given my order had prepared supper, when Eumolpus knocked at the door. “How many of you are there?” I called out, and as I spoke, I peeped cautiously through a chink in the door to see if Ascyrtos had come with him; then, as I perceived that he was the only guest, I quickly admitted him. He threw himself upon the pallet and caught sight of Giton, waiting table, whereupon, he nodded his head, “I like your Ganymede,” he remarked, “this day promises a good ending!” I did not take kindly to such an inquisitive beginning, fearing that I had let another Ascyrtos into my lodging. Eumolpus stuck to his purpose. “I like you better than the whole bathful,” he remarked, when the lad had served him with wine, then he thirstily drained the cup dry and swore that never before had he tasted a wine with such a satisfying tang to it. “While I was bathing,” he went on, “I was almost beaten up for trying to recite a poem to the people sitting around the basin, and when I had been thrown out of the baths, just like I was out of the theatre, I hunted through every nook and cranny of the building, calling ‘Encolpius, Encolpius,’ at the top of my voice. A naked youth at the other end, who had lost his clothes, was bawling just as loudly and no less angrily for Giton! As for myself, the slaves took me for a maniac, and mimicked me in the most insolent manner, but a large crowd gathered around him, clapping its hands in awe-struck admiration, for so heavy and massive were his private parts, that you would have thought that the man himself was but an appendage of his own member! Oh such a man! He could do his bit all right! I haven’t a doubt but that he could begin on the day before and never finish till the day after the next! And he soon found a friend, of course:

some Roman knight or other, I don't know his name, but he bears a bad reputation, so they say, threw his own mantle around the wanderer and took him off home with himself, hoping, I suppose, to have the sole enjoyment of so huge a prize. But I couldn't get my own clothing back from the officious bath attendant till I found some one who could identify me, which only goes to show that it is more profitable to rub up the member than it is to polish the mind!" While Eumolpus was relating all this, I changed countenance continually, elated, naturally, at the mishaps of my enemy, and vexed at his good fortune; but I controlled my tongue nevertheless, as if I knew nothing about the episode, and read aloud the bill of fare. (Hardly had I finished, when our humble meal was served. The food was plain but succulent and nutritious, and the famished scholar Eumolpus, fell to ravenously.)

*Kind Providence unto our needs has tempered its decrees
And met our wants, our carping complaints to still
Green herbs, and berries hanging on their rough and brambly sprays
Suffice our hunger's gnawing pangs to kill.
What fool would thirst upon a river's brink? Or stand and freeze
In icy blasts, when near a cozy fire?
The law sits armed outside the door, adulterers to seize,
The chaste bride, guiltless, gratifies desire.
All Nature lavishes her wealth to meet our just demands;
But, spurred by lust of pride, we stop at naught to gain our ends!*

(Our philosopher began to moralize, when he had gorged himself, leveling many critical shafts at those who hold every-day things in contempt, esteeming nothing except what is rare.)

CHAPTER THE NINETY-THIRD.

("To their perverted taste," he went on,) everything one may have lawfully is held cheap and the appetite, tickled only by forbidden indulgences, delights in what is most difficult to obtain.

*The pheasant from Colchis, the wild-fowl from African shores,
Because they are dainties, the parvenu's palate adores
The white-feathered goose, and the duck in his bright-colored plumes
Must nourish the rabble; they're common, so them Fashion dooms!
The wrasse brought from dangerous Syrtis is much more esteemed*

*When fishing-boats founder! And even the mullet is deemed,
No matter how heavy, a weight on the market! The whore
Displaces the wife; and in perfumes, the cinnamon more
Is esteemed than the rose! So whatever we have, we despise,
And whatever we have not, we think a superlative prize!”*

“Is this the way in which you keep your promise not to recite a single verse today?” I demanded; “bear in mind your promise and spare us, at least, for we have thrown no rocks at you yet. If a single one of those fellows drinking under this very roof were to smell out a poet in their midst, he would arouse the whole neighborhood and involve all of us in the same misunderstanding!” Giton, who was one of the gentlest of lads, took me to task for having spoken in that manner, denying that I did rightly in criticising my elders and at the same time forgetting my duties as host by offering an affront to one whom I had invited out of kindness. And much more, full of moderation and propriety, which was in exquisite keeping with his good looks.

CHAPTER THE NINETY-FOURTH.

“Happy the mother,” cried Eumolpus, “who bore such a son as you! May your fortune be in keeping with your merit! Beauty and wisdom are rarely found mixed! And that you may not think that all your words are wasted, know that you have found a lover! I will fill my verses with your praise! I will act as your guardian and your tutor, following you even when you bid me stay behind! Nor can Encolpius take offense, he loves another.” The soldier who took my sword from me did Eumolpus a good turn, too; otherwise, the rage which I had felt against Ascyrtos would have been quenched in the blood of Eumolpus. Seeing what was in the wind, Giton slipped out of the room, pretending he was going after water, and by this diplomatic retreat he put an end to my fury. Then, as my anger cooled, little by little, “Eumolpus,” I said, “rather than have you entertain designs of such a nature, I would even prefer to have you spouting poetry! I am hot-tempered and you are lecherous; see how uncongenial two such dispositions must be! Take me for a maniac, humor my malady: in other words, get out quick!” Taken completely aback by this onslaught, Eumolpus crossed the threshold of the room without stopping to ask the reason for my wrath, and immediately slammed the door shut, penning me in, as I was not looking for any move of that kind then, having quickly removed the key, he hurried away in search of Giton. Finding that I was locked in, I decided to hang myself, and had

already fastened my belt to the bedstead which stood alongside of the wall, and was engaged in fastening the noose around my neck, when the doors were unlocked and Eumolpus came in with Giton, recalling me to light when I was just about to turn the fatal goal-post! Giton was greatly wrought up and his grief turned to fury: seizing me with both hands, he threw me upon the bed. "If you think, Encolpius," he shrieked, "that you can contrive to die before I do, you're wrong! I thought of suicide first. I hunted for a sword in Ascylos' house: I would have thrown myself from a precipice if I had not found you! You know that Death is never far from those who seek him, so take your turn and witness the spectacle you wished to see!" So saying, he snatched a razor from Eumolpus' servant, slashed his throat, once, twice, and fell down at our feet! I uttered a loud cry, rushed to him as he fell, and sought the road to death by the same steel; Giton, however, showed not the faintest trace of any wound, nor was I conscious of feeling any pain. The razor, it turned out, was untempered and dull and was used to imbue boy apprentices with the confidence of the experienced barber. Hence it was in a sheath and, for the reason given above, the servant was not alarmed when the blade was snatched nor did Eumolpus break in upon this farcical death scene.

CHAPTER THE NINETY-FIFTH.

The landlord made his appearance with a part of our little supper, while this lover's comedy was being enacted and, taking in the very disorderly spectacle which we presented, lying there and wallowing as we were, "Are you drunk," he demanded, "or are you runaway slaves, or both? Who turned up that bed there? What's the meaning of all these sneaking preparations? You didn't want to pay the room-rent, you didn't, by Hercules, you didn't; you wanted to wait till night and run away into the public streets, but that won't go here! This is no widow's joint, I'll show you that; not yet it ain't! This place belongs to Marcus Manicius!" "So you threaten, do you'?" yelled Eumolpus, giving the fellow a resounding slap in the face. At this, the latter threw a small earthenware pitcher, which had been emptied by the draughts of successive guests, at Eumolpus' head, and cut open the forehead of his cursing adversary: then he skipped out of the room. Infuriated at such an insult. Eumolpus snatched up a wooden candlestick, ran in pursuit of his retreating foeman, and avenged his broken head with a shower of blows. The entire household crowded around, as did a number of drunken lodgers, but I

seized this opportunity of retaliating and locked Eumolpus out, retorting his own trick upon the quarrelsome fellow, and found myself without a rival, as it were, able to enjoy my room and my night's pleasure as well. In the meantime, Eumolpus, locked out as he was, was being very roughly handled by the cooks and scullions of the establishment; one aimed a spitful of hissing-hot guts at his eyes; another grabbed a two-tined fork in the pantry and put himself on guard. But worst of all, a blear-eyed old hag, girded round with a filthy apron, and wearing wooden clogs which were not mates, dragged in an immense dog on a chain, and "sicked" him upon Eumolpus, but he beat off all attacks with his candlestick.

CHAPTER THE NINETY-SIXTH.

We took in the entire performance through a hole in the folding-doors: this had been made but a short time before, when the handle had been broken and jerked out, and I wished him joy of his beating. Giton, however, forgetting everything except his own compassion, thought we ought to open the door and succor Eumolpus, in his peril; but being still angry, I could not restrain my hand; clenching my fist, I rapped his pitying head with my sharp knuckles. In tears, he sat upon the bed, while I applied each eye in turn, to the opening, filling myself up as with a dainty dish, with Eumolpus' misfortunes, and gloating over their prolongation, when Bargates, agent for the building, called from his dinner, was carried into the midst of the brawl by two chair-men, for he had the gout. He carried on for some time against drunkards and fugitive slaves, in a savage tone and with a barbarous accent, and then, looking around and catching sight of Eumolpus, "What," he exclaimed, "are you here, nay prince of poets? and these damned slaves don't scatter at once and stop their brawling!" (Then, whispering in Eumolpus' ear,) "My bedfellow's got an idea that she's finer-haired than I am; lampoon her in a poem, if you think anything of me, and make 'er ashamed."

CHAPTER THE NINETY-SEVENTH.

Eumolpus was speaking privately with Bargates, when a crier attended by a public slave entered the inn, accompanied by a medium-sized crowd of outsiders. Waving a torch that gave out more smoke than light, he announced: "Strayed from the baths, a short time ago, a boy about sixteen years of age, curly headed, a minion, handsome, answers to the name of Giton. One thousand sesterces reward

will be paid to anyone bringing him back or giving information as to his whereabouts.” Ascyltos, dressed in a tunic of many colors, stood not far from the crier, holding out a silver tray upon which was piled the reward, as evidence of good faith. I ordered Giton to get under the bed immediately, telling him to stick his hands and feet through the rope netting which supported the mattress, and, just as Ulysses of old had clung to the ram, so he, stretched out beneath the mattress, would evade the hands of the hunters. And Giton did not hesitate at obeying this order, but fastened his hands in the netting for a moment, outdoing Ulysses in his own cunning! For fear of leaving room for suspicion, I piled covers upon my pallet, leaving the impression of a single person of my own stature. Meanwhile Ascyltos, in company with the magistrate’s servant, had ransacked all the rooms and had come at last to mine, where he entertained greater hopes of success, because he found the doors carefully barred. The public slave loosened the bolts by inserting the edge of his ax in the chink. I threw myself at Ascyltos’ feet, begging him, by the memory of our friendship and our companionship in suffering, to show me my “brother,” safe and sound, and furthermore, that my simulated prayers might carry conviction, I added, “I know very well, Ascyltos, that you have come here seeking my life. If not, why the axes?”

“Well, fatten your grudge, then! Here’s my neck! Pour out that blood you seek to shed under pretext of a search!” Ascyltos repelled this suspicion, affirming that he sought nothing except his own fugitive and desired the death of neither man nor suppliant, and least of all did he wish to harm one whom, now that their quarrel was over, he regarded as his dearest friend.

CHAPTER THE NINETY-EIGHTH.

The public servant, however, was not derelict in the performance of his duty for, snatching a cane from the innkeeper, he poked underneath the bed, ransacking every corner, even to the cracks in the wall. Twisting his body out of reach, and cautiously drawing a full breath, Giton pressed his mouth against the very bugs themselves. (The pair had scarcely left the room) when Eumolpus burst in in great excitement, for the doors had been broken and could keep no one out. “The thousand sesterces are mine,” he shouted, “I’ll follow that crier out and tell him Giton is in your power, and it will serve you right, too!” Seeing that his mind was made up, I embraced his knees and besought him not to kill a dying man. “You might have some reason for being excited,” I said, “if you could produce the missing boy, but you cannot, as the thing stands now, for he escaped into the crowd and I have not even a suspicion as to where he has gone! Get the lad back,

Eumolpus, for heaven's sake, even if you do restore him to Ascyltos!" I had just succeeded in persuading him to believe all this when Giton, nearly suffocated from holding his breath, suddenly sneezed three times, and shook the bed. Eumolpus turned at the commotion. "Hello, Giton," he exclaimed, "glad to see you!" Then he turned back the mattress and discovered an Ulysses who even a ravenous Cyclops might have spared; thereupon, he faced me, "You robber," said he, "what does all this mean? You hadn't the nerve to tell me the truth even when you were caught! If the god, that umpires human affairs hadn't forced a sign from this boy as he hung there, I would be wandering from one pot-house to another, like a fool!" (But) Giton was far more tactful than I: first of all, he dressed the cut upon Eumolpus' forehead, with spider's web soaked in oil; he then exchanged the poet's torn clothing for his own cloak; this done, he embraced the old gentleman, who was already somewhat mollified, and poulticed him with kisses. "Dearest of fathers," he cried, "we are entirely in your hands! In yours alone! If you love your Giton, do your best to save him. Would that some cruel flame might devour me, alone, or that the wintry sea might swallow me, for I am the cause for all these crimes. Two enemies would be reconciled if I should perish!" (Moved by our troubles, but particularly stirred by Giton's caresses, "You are fools," exclaimed Eumolpus, "you certainly are: here you are gifted with talents enough to make your fortunes and you still lead a life of misery, and every day you bring new torments upon yourselves, as the fruits of your own acts!")"

VOLUME IV. ENCOLPIUS, GITON AND EUMOLPUS ESCAPE BY SEA

CHAPTER THE NINETY-NINTH.

“I have always and everywhere lived such a life that each passing day was spent as though that light would never return; (that is, in tranquillity! Put aside those thoughts which worry you, if you wish to follow my lead. Ascyrtos persecutes you here; get out of his way. I am about to start for foreign parts, you may come with me. I have taken a berth on a vessel which will probably weigh anchor this very night. I am well known on board, and we shall be well received.)

*Leave then thy home and seek a foreign shore
Brave youth; for thee thy destiny holds more:
To no misfortune yield! The Danube far
Shall know thy spirit, and the polar star,
And placid Nile, and they who dwell in lands
Where sunrise starts, or they where sunset ends!
A new Ulysses treads on foreign sands.”*

(To me, this advice seemed both sound and practical, because it would free me from any annoyance by Ascyrtos, and because it gave promise of a happier life. I was overcome by the kindly sympathy of Eumolpus, and was especially sorry for the latest injury I had done him. I began to repent my jealousy, which had been the cause of so many unpleasant happenings) and with many tears, I begged and pled with him to admit me into favor, as lovers cannot control their furious jealousy, and vowing, at the same time, that I would not by word or deed give him cause for offense in the future. And he, like a learned and cultivated gentleman, ought to remove all irritation from his mind, and leave no trace of it behind. The snows belong upon the ground in wild and uncultivated regions, but where the earth has been beautified by the conquest of the plough, the light snow melts away while you speak of it. And so it is with anger in the heart; in savage minds it lingers long, it glides quickly away from the cultured. “That you may experience

the truth of what you say,” exclaimed Eumolpus, “see! I end my anger with a kiss. May good luck go with us! Get your baggage together and follow me, or go on ahead, if you prefer.” While he was speaking, a knock sounded at the door, and a sailor with a bristling beard stood upon the threshold. “You’re hanging in the wind, Eumolpus,” said he, “as if you didn’t know that son-of-a-bitch of a skipper!” Without further delay we all got up. Eumolpus ordered his servant, who had been asleep for some time, to bring his baggage out. Giton and I pack together whatever we have for the voyage and, after praying to the stars, we went aboard.

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDREDTH.

(We picked out a retired spot on the poop and Eumolpus dozed off, as it was not yet daylight. Neither Giton nor myself could get a wink of sleep, however. Anxiously I reflected that I had received Eumolpus as a comrade, a rival more formidable than Ascyrtos, and that thought tortured me. But reason soon put my uneasiness to flight.) “It is unfortunate,” (said I to myself,) “that the lad has so taken our friend’s fancy, but what of it? Is not nature’s every masterpiece common to all? The sun shines upon all alike! The moon with her innumerable train of stars lights even the wild beasts to their food. What can be more beautiful than water?

“Yet it flows for common use. Shall love alone, then, be stolen, rather than be regarded as a prize to be won? No, indeed I desire no possession unless the world envies me for possessing it. A solitary old man can scarcely become a serious rival; even should he wish to take advantage, he would lose it through lack of breath.” When, but without any confidence, I had arrived at these conclusions, and beguiled my uneasy spirit, I covered my head with my tunic and began to feign sleep, when all of a sudden, as though Fortune were bent upon annihilating my peace of mind, a voice upon the ship’s deck gritted out something like this— “So he fooled me after all.” — As this voice, which was a man’s, and was only too familiar, struck my ears, my heart fluttered. And then a woman, equally furious, spat out more spitefully still— “If only some god would put Giton into my hands, what a fine time I would give that runaway.” — Stunned by these unexpected words, we both turned pale as death. I was completely terrified, and, as though I were enveloped in some turbulent nightmare, was a long time finding my voice, but at last, with trembling hands, I tugged at the hem of Eumolpus’ clothing, just as he was sinking into slumber. “Father,” I quavered, “on your word of honor, can you tell me whose ship this is, and whom she has aboard?” Peeved

at being disturbed, "So," he snapped, "this was the reason you wished to have us quartered in the most inaccessible spot on deck, was it? So we could get no rest! What good will it do you when I've informed you that Lycas of Tarentum is master of this ship and that he carries Tryphaena as an exile to Tarentum?"

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST.

I shivered, horror-struck, at this thunderbolt and, beating my throat, "Oh Destiny," I wailed, "you've vanquished me completely, at last!" As for Giton, he fell in a faint upon my bosom and remained unconscious for quite a while, until a sweat finally relieved our tension, whereupon, hugging Eumolpus around the knees, "Take pity upon the perishing," I besought him, "in the name of our common learning, aid us! Death himself hangs over us, and he will come as a relief unless you help us!" Overwhelmed by this implication, Eumolpus swore by all the gods and goddesses that he knew nothing of what had happened, nor had he had any ulterior purpose in mind, but that he had brought his companions upon this voyage which he himself had long intended taking, with the most upright intentions and in the best of good faith. "But," demanded he, "what is this ambush? Who is this Hannibal who sails with us? Lycas of Tarentum is a most respectable citizen and the owner, not only of this ship, which he commands in person, but of landed estates as well as commercial houses under the management of slaves. He carries a cargo consigned to market. He is the Cyclops, the arch-pirate, to whom we owe our passage! And then, besides himself, there is Tryphaena, a most charming woman, travelling about here and there in search of pleasure." "But," objected Giton, "they are the very ones we are most anxious to avoid," whereupon he explained to the astonished Eumolpus the reasons for their enmity and for the danger which threatened us. So muddled did he become, at what had been told him, that he lost the power of thinking, and requested each of us to offer his own opinion. "Just imagine," said he, "that we are trapped in the Cyclops' cave: some way out must be found, unless we bring about a shipwreck, and free ourselves from all dangers!" "Bribe the pilot, if necessary, and persuade him to steer the ship into some port," volunteered Giton; "tell him your brother's nearly dead from seasickness: your weebegone face and streaming tears will lend color to your deception, and the pilot may be moved to mercy and grant your prayer." Eumolpus denied the practicability of this. "It is only with difficulty," affirmed he, "that large ships are warped into landlocked harbors, nor would it appear probable that my brother could have been taken so desperately in so short a time. And then, Lycas will be sure to want to visit a sick passenger, as part of

his duties! You can see for yourselves what a fine stroke it would be, bringing the captain to his own runaways! But, supposing that the ship could be put off her course, supposing that Lycas did not hold sick-call, how could we leave the ship in such a manner as not to be stared at by all the rest? With muffled heads? With bare? If muffled, who would not want to lend the sick man a hand? If bare, what would it mean if not proscribing ourselves?"

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND.

"Why would it not be better to take refuge in boldness," I asked, "slide down a rope into the ship's boat, cut the painter, and leave the rest to luck? And furthermore, I would not involve Eumolpus in this adventure, for what is the good of getting an innocent man into troubles with which he has no concern? I shall be well content if chance helps us into the boat." "Not a bad scheme," Eumolpus agreed, "if it could only be carried out: but who could help seeing you when you start? Especially the man at the helm, who stands watch all night long and observes even the motions of the stars. But it could be done in spite of that, when he dozed off for a second, that is, if you chose some other part of the ship from which to start: as it is, it must be the stern, you must even slip down the rudder itself, for that is where the painter that holds the boat in tow is made fast. And there is still something else, Encolpius. I am surprised that it has not occurred to you that one sailor is on watch, lying in the boat, night and day. You couldn't get rid of that watchman except by cutting his throat or throwing him overboard by force. Consult your own courage as to whether that can be done or not. And as far as my coming with you is concerned, I shirk no danger which holds out any hopes of success, but to throw away life without a reason, as if it were a thing of no moment, is something which I do not believe that even you would sanction — see what you think of this: I will wrap you up in two hide baggage covers, tie you up with thongs, and stow you among my clothing, as baggage, leaving the ends somewhat open, of course, so you can breathe and get your food. Then I will raise a hue and cry because my slaves have thrown themselves into the sea, fearing worse punishment; and when the ship makes port, I will carry you out as baggage without exciting the slightest suspicion!" "Oh! So you would bundle us up like we were solid," I sneered; "our bellies wouldn't make trouble for us, of course, and we'll never sneeze nor snore! And all because a similar trick turned out successfully before! Think the matter over! Being tied up could be endured for one day, but suppose it might have to be for longer? What if we should be becalmed? What if we were struck by a storm from the wrong quarter of the

heavens? What could we do then? Even clothes will cut through at the wrinkles when they are tied up too long, and paper in bundles will lose its shape. Do you imagine that we, who are young and unused to hardship, could endure the filthy rags and lashings necessary to such an operation, as statues do? No! That's settled! Some other road to safety must be found! I have thought up a scheme, see what you think of it! Eumolpus is a man of letters. He will have ink about him, of course. With this remedy, then, let's change our complexions, from hair to toenails! Then, in the guise of Ethiopian slaves, we shall be ready at hand to wait upon you, light-hearted as having escaped the torturer, and, with our altered complexions, we can impose upon our enemies!" "Yes, indeed," sneered Giton, "and be sure and circumcise us, too, so we will be taken for Jews, pierce our ears so we will look like Arabs, chalk our faces so that Gaul will take us for her own sons; as if color alone could change one's figure! As if many other details did not require consideration if a passable imposture is to result! Even granting that the stained face can keep its color for some time, suppose that not a drop of water should spot the skin, suppose that the garment did not stick to the ink, as it often does, where no gum is used, tell me! We can't make our lips so hideously thick, can we? We can't kink our hair with a curling-iron, can we? We can't harrow our foreheads with scars, can we? We can't force our legs out into the form of a bow or walk with our ankle-bones on the ground, can we? Can we trim our beards after the foreign style? No! Artificial color dirties the body without changing it. Listen to the plan which I have thought out in my desperation; let's tie our garments around our heads and throw ourselves into the deep!"

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD.

"Gods and men forbid that you should make so base an ending of your lives," cried Eumolpus. "No! It will be better to do as I direct. As you may gather, from his razor, my servant is a barber: let him shave your heads and eyebrows, too, and quickly at that! I will follow after him, and I will mark my inscription so cleverly upon your foreheads that you will be mistaken for slaves who have been branded! The same letters will serve both to quiet the suspicions of the curious and to conceal, under semblance of punishment, your real features!" We did not delay the execution of this scheme but, sneaking stealthily to the ship's side, we submitted our heads and eyebrows to the barber, that he might shave them clean. Eumolpus covered our foreheads completely, with large letters and, with a liberal hand, spread the universally known mark of the fugitive over the face of each of us. As luck would have it, one of the passengers, who was terribly seasick, was

hanging over the ship's side easing his stomach. He saw the barber busy at his unseasonable task by the light of the moon and, cursing the omen which resembled the last offering of a crew before shipwreck, he threw himself into his bunk. Pretending not to hear his puking curses, we reverted to our melancholy train of thought and, settling ourselves down in silence, we passed the remaining hours of the night in fitful slumber. (On the following morning Eumolpus entered Lycas' cabin as soon as he knew that Tryphaena was out of bed and, after some conversation upon the happy voyage of which the fine weather gave promise, Lycas turned to Tryphaena and remarked:)

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH.

“Priapus appeared to me in a dream and seemed to say — Know that Encolpius, whom you seek, has, by me, been led aboard your ship!” Tryphaena trembled violently, “You would think we had slept together,” she cried, “for a bust of Neptune, which I saw in the gallery at Baiae, said to me, in my dream — You will find Giton aboard Lycas' ship!” “From which you can see that Epicurus was a man inspired,” remarked Eumolpus; “he passed sentence upon mocking phantasms of that kind in a very witty manner.

*Dreams that delude the mind with flitting shades
By neither powers of air nor gods, are sent:
Each makes his own! And when relaxed in sleep
The members lie, the mind, without restraint
Can flit, and re-enact by night, the deeds
That occupied the day. The warrior fierce,
Who cities shakes and towns destroys by fire
Maneuvering armies sees, and javelins,
And funerals of kings and bloody fields.*

*The cringing lawyer dreams of courts and trials,
The miser hides his hoard, new treasures finds:
The hunter's horn and hounds the forests wake,
The shipwrecked sailor from his hulk is swept.
Or, washed aboard, just misses perishing.
Adultresses will bribe, and harlots write
To lovers: dogs, in dreams their hare still course;
And old wounds ache most poignantly in dreams!”*

“Still, what’s to prevent our searching the ship?” said Lycas, after he had expiated Tryphaena’s dream, “so that we will not be guilty of neglecting the revelations of Providence?” “And who were the rascals who were being shaved last night by the light of the moon?” chimed in Hesus, unexpectedly, for that was the name of the fellow who had caught us at our furtive transformation in the night. “A rotten thing to do, I swear! From what I hear, it’s unlawful for any living man aboard ship to shed hair or nails, unless the wind has kicked up a heavy sea.”

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH.

Lycas was greatly disturbed by this information, and flew into a rage. “So someone aboard my ship cut off his hair, did he?” he bawled, “and at dead of night, too! Bring the offenders aft on deck here, and step lively, so that I can tell whom to punish, from their heads, that the ship may be freed from the curse!” “I ordered it done,” Eumolpus broke in, “and I didn’t order it as an unlucky omen, either, seeing that I had to be aboard the same vessel: I did it because the scoundrels had long matted hair, I ordered the filth cleared off the wretches because I did not wish to even seem to make a prison out of your ship: besides, I did not want the seared scars of the letters to be hidden in the least, by the interference of the hair; as they ought to be in plain sight, for everyone to read, and at full length, too. In addition to their other misdemeanors, they blew in my money on a street-walker whom they kept in common; only last night I dragged them away from her, reeking with wine and perfumes, as they were, and they still stink of the remnants of my patrimony!” Thereupon, forty stripes were ordered for each of us, that the tutelary genius of the ship might be propitiated. And they were not long about it either. Eager to propitiate the tutelary genius with our wretched blood, the savage sailors rushed upon us with their rope’s ends. For my part, I endured three lashes with Spartan fortitude, but at the very first blow, Giton set up such a howling that his all too familiar voice reached the ears of Tryphaena; nor was she the only one who was in a flutter, for, attracted by this familiar voice, all the maids rushed to where he was being flogged. Giton had already moderated the ardor of the sailors by his wonderful beauty, he appealed to his torturers without uttering a word. “It’s Giton! It’s Giton!” the maids all screamed in unison. “Hold your hands, you brutes; help, Madame, it’s Giton!” Tryphaena turned willing ears, she had recognized that voice herself, and flew to the boy. Lycas, who knew me as well as if he had heard my voice, now ran up; he

glanced at neither face nor hands, but directed his eyes towards parts lower down; courteously he shook hands with them, "How do you do, Encolpius," he said. Let no one be surprised at Ulysses' nurse discovering, after twenty years, the scar that established his identity, since this man, so keenly observant, had, in spite of the most skillful disguise of every feature and the obliteration of every identifying mark upon my body, so surely hit upon the sole means of identifying his fugitive! Deceived by our appearance, Tryphaena wept bitterly, believing that the marks upon our foreheads were, in truth, the brands of prisoners: she asked us gently, into what slave's prison we had fallen in our wanderings, and whose cruel hands had inflicted this punishment. Still, fugitives whose members had gotten them into trouble certainly deserved some punishment.

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTH.

In a towering passion, Lycas leaped forward, "Oh you silly woman," he shouted, "as if those scars were made by the letters on the branding-iron! If only they had really blotched up their foreheads with those inscriptions, it would be some satisfaction to us, at least; but as it is, we are being imposed upon by an actor's tricks, and hoaxed by a fake inscription!" Tryphaena was disposed to mercy, as all was not lost for her pleasures, but Lycas remembered the seduction of his wife and the insults to which he had been subjected in the portico of the temple of Hercules: "Tryphaena," he gritted out, his face convulsed with savage passion, "you are aware, I believe, that the immortal gods have a hand in human affairs: what did they do but lead these scoundrels aboard this ship in ignorance of the owner and then warn each of us alike, by a coincidence of dreams, of what they had done? Can you then see how it would be possible to let off those whom a god has, himself, delivered up to punishment? I am not a cruel man; what moves me is this: I am afraid I shall have to endure myself whatever I remit to them!" At this superstitious plea Tryphaena veered around; denying that she would plead for quarter, she was even anxious to help along the fulfillment of this retribution, so entirely just: she had herself suffered an insult no less poignant than had Lycas, for her chastity had been called in question before a crowd.

*Primeval Fear created Gods on earth when from the sky
The lightning-flashes rent with flame the ramparts of the world,
And smitten Athos blazed! Then, Phoebus, sinking to the earth,
His course complete, and waning Luna, offerings received.
The changing seasons of the year the superstition spread*

*Throughout the world; and Ignorance and Awe, the toiling boor,
To Ceres, from his harvest, the first fruits compelled to yield
And Bacchus with the fruitful vine to crown. Then Pales came
Into her own, the shepherd's gains to share. Beneath the waves
Of every sea swims Neptune. Pallas guards the shops,
And those impelled by Avarice or Guilt, create new Gods!*

(Lycas, as he perceived that Tryphaena was as eager as himself for revenge, gave orders for our punishment to be renewed and made more drastic, whereupon Eumolpus endeavored to appease him as follows,)

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH.

(“Lycas,” said he, “these unfortunates upon whom you intend to wreak your vengeance, implore your compassion and) have chosen me for this task. I believe that I am a man, by no means unknown, and they desire that, somehow, I will effect a reconciliation between them and their former friends. Surely you do not imagine that these young men fell into such a snare by accident, when the very first thing that concerns every prospective passenger is the name of the captain to whom he intrusts his safety! Be reasonable, then; forego your revenge and permit free men to proceed to their destination without injury. When penitence manages to lead their fugitives back, harsh and implacable masters restrain their cruelty, and we are merciful to enemies who have surrendered. What could you ask, or wish for, more? These well-born and respectable young men be suppliant before your eyes and, what ought to move you more strongly still, were once bound to you by the ties of friendship. If they had embezzled your money or repaid your faith in them with treachery, by Hercules, you have ample satisfaction from the punishment already inflicted! Look! Can you read slavery on their foreheads, and see upon the faces of free men the brand-marks of a punishment which was self-inflicted!” Lycas broke in upon this plea for mercy, “Don’t try to confuse the issue,” he said, “let every detail have its proper attention and first of all, why did they strip all the hair off their heads, if they came of their own free will? A man meditates deceit, not satisfaction, when he changes his features! Then again, if they sought reconciliation through a mediator, why did you do your best to conceal them while employed in their behalf? It is easily seen that the scoundrels fell into the toils by chance and that you are seeking some device by which you could sidestep the effects of our resentment. And be careful that you do not spoil your case by over-confidence when you attempt to sow prejudice among us by

calling them well-born and respectable! What should the injured parties do when the guilty run into their own punishment? And inasmuch as they were our friends, by that, they deserve more drastic punishment still, for whoever commits an assault upon a stranger, is termed a robber; but whoever assaults a friend, is little better than a parricide!” “I am well aware,” Eumolpus replied, to rebut this damning harangue, “that nothing can look blacker against these poor young men than their cutting off their hair at night. On this evidence, they would seem to have come aboard by accident, not voluntarily. Oh how I wish that the explanation could come to your ears just as candidly as the thing itself happened! They wanted to relieve their heads of that annoying and useless weight before they came aboard, but the unexpected springing up of the wind prevented the carrying out of their wishes, and they did not imagine that it mattered where they began what they had decided to do, because they were unacquainted with either the omens or the law of seafaring men.” “But why should they shave themselves like suppliants?” demanded Lycas, “unless, of course, they expected to arouse more sympathy as bald-pates. What’s the use of seeking information through a third person, anyway? You scoundrel, what have you to say for yourself? What salamander singed off your eyebrows? You poisoner, what god did you vow your hair to? Answer!”

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH.

I was stricken dumb, and trembled from fear of punishment, nor could I find anything to say, out of countenance as I was and hideous, for to the disgrace of a shaven poll was added an equal baldness in the matter of eyebrows; the case against me was only too plain, there was not a thing to be said or done! Finally, a damp sponge was passed over my tear-wet face, and thereupon, the smut dissolved and spread over my whole countenance, blotting out every feature in a sooty cloud. Anger turned into loathing. Swearing that he would permit no one to humiliate well-born young men contrary to right and law, Eumolpus checked the threats of the savage persecutors by word and by deed. His hired servant backed him up in his protest, as did first one and then another of the feeblest of the seasick passengers, whose participation served rather to inflame the disagreement than to be of help to us. For myself I asked no quarter, but I shook my fists in Tryphaena’s face, and told her in a loud voice that unless she stopped hurting Giton, I would use every ounce of my strength against her, reprobate woman that

she was, the only person aboard the ship who deserved a flogging. Lycas was furiously angry at my hardihood, nor was he less enraged at my abandoning my own cause, to take up that of another, in so wholehearted a manner. Inflamed as she was by this affront, Tryphaena was as furious as he, so the whole ship's company was divided into two factions. On our side, the hired barber armed himself with a razor and served out the others to us; on their side, Tryphaena's retainers prepared to battle with their bare fists, nor was the scolding of female warriors unheard in the battle-line. The pilot was neutral, but he declared that unless this madness, stirred up by the lechery of a couple of vagabonds, died down, he would let go the helm! The fury of the combatants continued to rage none the less fiercely, nevertheless, they fighting for revenge, we for life. Many fell on each side, though none were mortally wounded, and more, bleeding from wounds, retreated, as from a real battle, but the fury of neither side abated. At last the gallant Giton turned the menacing razor against his own virile parts, and threatened to cut away the cause of so many misfortunes. This was too much for Tryphaena; she prevented the perpetration of so horrid a crime by the out and out promise of quarter. Time and time again, I lifted the barber's blade to my throat, but I had no more intention of killing myself than had Giton of doing what he threatened, but he acted out the tragic part more realistically than I, as it was, because he knew that he held in his hand the same razor with which he had already cut his throat. The lines still stood at the ready, and it was plain to be seen that this would be no everyday affair, when the pilot, with difficulty, prevailed upon Tryphaena to undertake the office of herald, and propose a truce; so, when pledges of good faith had been given and received, in keeping with the ancient precedent she snatched an olive-branch from the ship's figurehead and, holding it out, advanced boldly to parley.

*“What fury,” she exclaims, “turns peace to war? What evil deed
Was by these hands committed? Trojan hero there is none
Absconding in this ship with bride of Atreus’ cuckold seed
Nor crazed Medea, stained by life’s blood of her father’s son!
But passion scorned, becomes a power: alas! who courts his end
By drawing sword amidst these waves? Why die before our time?
Strive not with angry seas to vie and to their fury lend
Your rage by piling waves upon its savage floods sublime !”*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH.

The woman poured out this rhapsody in a loud excited voice, the battle-line wavered for an instant, then all hands were recalled to peace and terminated the war. Eumolpus, our commander, took advantage of the psychological moment of their repentance and, after administering a stinging rebuke to Lycas, signed a treaty of peace which was drawn up as follows: "It is hereby solemnly agreed on your part, Tryphaena, that you do forego complaint of any wrong done you by Giton; that you do not bring up anything that has taken place prior to this date, that you do not seek to revenge anything that has taken place prior to this date, that you do not take steps to follow it up in any other manner whatsoever; that you do not command the boy to perform anything to him repugnant; that you do neither embrace nor kiss the said Giton; that you do not enfold said Giton in the sexual embrace, except under immediate forfeiture of one hundred denarii. Item, it is hereby agreed on your part, Lycas, that you do refrain from annoying Encolpius with abusive word or reproachful look; that you do not seek to ascertain where he sleep at night; or, if you do so seek, that you forfeit two hundred denarii immediately for each and every such offense." The treaty was signed upon these terms, and we laid down our arms. It seemed well to wipe out the past with kisses, after we had taken oath, for fear any vestige of rancor should persist in our minds. Factioned hatreds died out amidst universal good-fellowship, and a banquet, served on the field of battle, crowned our reconciliation with joviality. The whole ship resounded with song and, as a sudden calm had caused her to lose headway, one tried to harpoon the leaping fish, another hauled in the struggling catch on baited hooks. Then some sea-birds alighted upon the yard-arms and a skillful fowler touched them with his jointed rods: they were brought down to our hands, stuck fast to the limed segments. The breeze caught up the down, but the wing and tail feathers twisted spirally as they fell into the sea-foam. Lycas was already beginning to be on good terms with me, and Tryphaena had just sprinkled Giton with the last drops in her cup, when Eumolpus, who was himself almost drunk, was seized with the notion of satirizing bald pates and branded rascals, but when he had exhausted his chilly wit, he returned at last to his poetry and recited this little elegy upon hair:

*"Gone are those locks that to thy beauty lent such lustrous charm
And blighted are the locks of Spring by bitter Winter's sway;
Thy naked temples now in baldness mourn their vanished form,
And glistens now that poor bare crown, its hair all worn away*

*Oh! Faithless inconsistency! The gods must first resume
The charms that first they granted youth, that it might lovelier bloom!*

*Poor wretch, but late thy locks did brighter glister
Than those of great Apollo or his sister!
Now, smoother is thy crown than polished grasses
Or rounded mushrooms when a shower passes!
In fear thou fliest the laughter-loving lasses.
That thou may'st know that Death is on his way,
Know that thy head is partly dead this day!"*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH.

It is my opinion that he intended favoring us with more of the same kind of stuff, sillier than the last, but Tryphaena's maid led Giton away below and fitted the lad out in her mistress' false curls; then producing some eyebrows from a vanity box, she skillfully traced out the lines of the lost features and restored him to his proper comeliness. Recognizing the real Giton, Tryphaena was moved to tears, and then for the first time she gave the boy a real love-kiss. I was overjoyed, now that the lad was restored to his own handsome self, but I hid my own face all the more assiduously, realizing that I was disfigured by no ordinary hideousness since not even Lycas would bestow a word upon me. The maid rescued me from this misfortune finally, however, and calling me aside, she decked me out with a head of hair which was none the less becoming; my face shone more radiantly still, as a matter of fact, for my curls were golden! But in a little while, Eumolpus, mouthpiece of the distressed and author of the present good understanding, fearing that the general good humor might flag for lack of amusement, began to indulge in sneers at the fickleness of women: how easily they fell in love; how readily they forgot even their own sons! No woman could be so chaste but that she could be roused to madness by a chance passion! Nor had he need to quote from old tragedies, or to have recourse to names, notorious for centuries; on the contrary, if we cared to hear it, he would relate an incident which had occurred within his own memory, whereupon, as we all turned our faces towards him and gave him our attention, he began as follows:

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH.

“There was a certain married lady at Ephesus, once upon a time, so noted for her chastity that she even drew women from the neighboring states to come to gaze upon her! When she carried out her husband she was by no means content to comply with the conventional custom and follow the funeral cortege with her hair down, beating her naked breast in sight of the onlookers! She followed the corpse, even into the tomb; and when the body had been placed in the vault, in accordance with the Greek custom, she began to stand vigil over it, weeping day and night! Neither parents nor relations could divert her from punishing herself in this manner and from bringing on death by starvation. The magistrates, the last resort, were rebuffed and went away, and the lady, mourned by all as an unusual example, dragged through the fifth day without nourishment. A most faithful maid was in attendance upon the poor woman; she either wept in company with the afflicted one or replenished the lamp which was placed in the vault, as the occasion required. Throughout the whole city there was but one opinion, men of every calling agreed that here shone the one solitary example of chastity and of love! In the meantime the governor of the province had ordered some robbers crucified near the little vault in which the lady was bewailing her recent loss. On the following night, a soldier who was standing guard over the crosses for fear someone might drag down one of the bodies for burial, saw a light shining brightly among the tombs, and heard the sobs of someone grieving. A weakness common to mankind made him curious to know who was there and what was going on, so he descended into the tomb and, catching sight of a most beautiful woman, he stood still, afraid at first that it was some apparition or spirit from the infernal regions; but he finally comprehended the true state of affairs as his eye took in the corpse lying there, and as he noted the tears and the face lacerated by the finger-nails, he understood that the lady was unable to endure the loss of the dear departed. He then brought his own scanty ration into the vault and exhorted the sobbing mourner not to persevere in useless grief, or rend her bosom with unavailing sobs; the same end awaited us all, the same last resting place: and other platitudes by which anguished minds are recalled to sanity. But oblivious to sympathy, she beat and lacerated her bosom more vehemently than before and, tearing out her hair, she strewed it upon the breast of the corpse. Notwithstanding this, the soldier would not leave off, but persisted in exhorting the unfortunate lady to eat, until the maid, seduced by the smell of the wine, I suppose, was

herself overcome and stretched out her hand to receive the bounty of their host. Refreshed by food and drink, she then began to attack the obstinacy of her mistress. ‘What good will it do you to die of hunger?’ she asked, ‘or to bury yourself alive’? Or to surrender an uncondemned spirit before the fates demand it? ‘Think you the ashes or sepultured dead can feel aught of thy woe! Would you recall the dead from the reluctant fates? Why not shake off this womanish weakness and enjoy the blessings of light while you can? The very corpse lying there ought to convince you that your duty is to live!’ When pressed to eat or to live, no one listens unwillingly, and the lady, thirsty after an abstinence of several days, finally permitted her obstinacy to be overcome; nor did she take her fill of nourishment with less avidity than had the maid who had surrendered first.”

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH.

“But to make a long story short, you know the temptations that beset a full stomach: the soldier laid siege to her virtue with the selfsame blandishments by which he had persuaded her that she ought to live. Nor, to her modest eye, did the young man seem uncouth or wanting in address. The maid pled in his behalf and kept repeating:

*Why will you fight with a passion that to you is pleasure,
Remembering not in whose lands you are taking your leisure?*

“But why should I keep you longer in suspense? The lady observed the same abstinence when it came to this part of her body, and the victorious soldier won both of his objectives; so they lay together, not only that night, in which they pledged their vows, but also the next, and even the third, shutting the doors of the vault, of course, so that anyone, acquaintance or stranger, coming to the tomb, would be convinced that this most virtuous of wives had expired upon the body of her husband. As for the soldier, so delighted was he with the beauty of his mistress and the secrecy of the intrigue, that he purchased all the delicacies his pay permitted and smuggled them into the vault as soon as darkness fell. Meanwhile, the parents of one of the crucified criminals, observing the laxness of the watch, dragged the hanging corpse down at night and performed the last rite. The soldier was hoodwinked while absent from his post of duty, and when on the following day he caught sight of one of the crosses without its corpse, he was in terror of punishment and explained to the lady what had taken place: He would await no sentence of court-martial, but would punish his neglect of duty with his own sword! Let her prepare a place for one about to die, let that fatal vault serve

both the lover and the husband! ‘Not that,’ cried out the lady, no less merciful than chaste, ‘the gods forbid that I should look at the same time upon the corpses of the two men dearest to me; I would rather hang the dead than slay the living!’ So saying, she gave orders for the body of her husband to be lifted out of the coffin and fastened upon the vacant cross! The soldier availed himself of the expedient suggested by this very ingenious lady and next day everyone wondered how a dead man had found his way to the cross!”

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH.

The sailors received this tale with roars of laughter, and Tryphaena blushed not a little and laid her face amorously upon Giton’s neck. But Lycas did not laugh; “If that governor had been a just man,” said he, shaking his head angrily, “he would have ordered the husband’s body taken down and carried back into the vault, and crucified the woman.” No doubt the memory of Hedyle haunted his mind, and the looting of his ship in that wanton excursion. But the terms of the treaty permitted the harboring of no old grudges and the joy which filled our hearts left no room for anger. Tryphaena was lying in Giton’s lap by this time, covering his bosom with kisses one minute and rearranging the curls upon his shaven head the next. Uneasy and chagrined at this new league, I took neither food nor drink but looked askance at them both, with grim eyes. Every kiss was a wound to me, every artful blandishment which the wanton woman employed, and I could not make up my mind as to whether I was more angered at the boy for having supplanted me with my mistress, or at my mistress for debauching the boy: both were hateful to my sight, and more galling than my late servitude. And to make the matter all the more aggravating, Tryphaena would not even greet me as an acquaintance, whom she had formerly received as a lover, while Giton did not think me worthy of a “Here’s-to-you” in ordinary civility, nor even speak to me in the course of the common conversation; I suppose he was afraid of reopening a tender scar at the moment when a return to her good graces had commenced to draw it together. Tears of vexation dropped upon my breast and the groan I smothered in a sigh nearly wracked my soul.

*The vulture tearing; at the liver’s deep and vital parts,
That wracks our breasts and rends our very heartstrings
Is not that bird the charming poet sings with all his arts;
‘Tis jealousy or hate that human hearts stings.*

(In spite of my ill-humor, Lycas saw how well my golden curls became me and, becoming enamoured anew, began winking his wanton eyes at me and) sought admission to my good graces upon a footing of pleasure, nor did he put on the arrogance of a master, but spoke as a friend asking a favor; (long and ardently he tried to gain his ends, but all in vain, till at last, meeting with a decisive repulse, his passion turned to fury and he tried to carry the place by storm; but Tryphaena came in unexpectedly and caught him in his wanton attempt, whereupon he was greatly upset and hastily adjusted his clothing and bolted out of the cabin. Tryphaena was fired with lust at this sight, "What was Lycas up to?" she demanded. "What was he after in that ardent assault?" She compelled me to explain, burned still more hotly at what she heard, and, recalling memories of our past familiarities, she desired me to renew our old amour, but I was worn out with so much venery and slighted her advances. She was burning up with desire by this time, and threw her arms around me in a frenzied embrace, hugging me so tightly that I uttered an involuntary cry of pain. One of her maids rushed in at this and, thinking that I was attempting to force from her mistress the very favor which I had refused her, she sprang at us and tore us apart. Thoroughly enraged at the disappointment of her lecherous passion, Tryphaena upbraided me violently, and with many threats she hurried out to find Lycas for the purpose of exasperating him further against me and of joining forces with him to be revenged upon me. Now you must know that I had formerly held a very high place in this waiting-maid's esteem, while I was prosecuting my intrigue with her mistress, and for that reason she took it very hard when she surprised me with Tryphaena, and sobbed very bitterly. I pressed her earnestly to tell me the reason for her sobs) {and after pretending to be reluctant she broke out:} "You will think no more of her than of a common prostitute if you have a drop of decent blood in your veins! You will not resort to that female catamite, if you are a man!" {This disturbed my mind but} what exercised me most was the fear that Eumolpus would find out what was going on and, being a very sarcastic individual, might revenge my supposed injury in some poetic lampoon, (in which event his ardent zeal would without doubt expose me to ridicule, and I greatly dreaded that. But while I was debating with myself as to the best means of preventing him from getting at the facts, who should suddenly come in but the man himself; and he was not uninformed as to what had taken place, for Tryphaena had related all the particulars to Giton and had tried to indemnify herself for my repulse, at the expense of my little friend. Eumolpus was furiously angry because of all this, and all the more so as lascivious advances were in open violation of the treaty which had been signed.

The minute the old fellow laid eyes upon me, he began bewailing my lot and ordered me to tell him exactly what had happened. As he was already well informed, I told him frankly of Lycas' lecherous attempt and of Tryphaena's wanton assault. When he had heard all the facts,) Eumolpus swore roundly (that he would certainly avenge us, as the Gods were just and would not suffer so many villainies to go unpunished.)

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH.

We were still discussing this and other matters when the sea grew rough, and clouds, gathering from every quarter, obscured with darkness the light of day. The panic-stricken sailors ran to their stations and took in sail before the squall was upon them, but the gale did not drive the waves in any one direction and the helmsman lost his bearings and did not know what course to steer. At one moment the wind would set towards Sicily, but the next, the North Wind, prevailing on the Italian coast, would drive the unlucky vessel hither and yon; and, what was more dangerous than all the rain-squalls, a pall of such black density blotted out the light that the helmsman could not even see as far forward as the bow. At last, as the savage fury of the sea grew more malignant, the trembling Lycas stretched out his hands to me imploringly. "Save us from destruction, Encolpius," he shouted; "restore that sacred robe and holy rattle to the ship! Be merciful, for heaven's sake, just as you used to be!" He was still shouting when a windsquall swept him into the sea; the raging elements whirled him around and around in a terrible maelstrom and sucked him down. Tryphaena, on the other hand, was seized by her faithful servants, placed in a skiff, along with the greater part of her belongings, and saved from certain death. Embracing Giton, I wept aloud: "Did we deserve this from the gods," I cried, "to be united only in death? No! Malignant fortune grudges even that. Look! In an instant the waves will capsize the ship! Think! In an instant the sea will sever this lover's embrace! If you ever loved Encolpius truly, kiss him while yet you may and snatch this last delight from impending dissolution!" Even as I was speaking, Giton removed his garment and, creeping beneath my tunic, he stuck out his head to be kissed; then, fearing some more spiteful wave might separate us as we clung together, he passed his belt around us both. "If nothing else," he cried, "the sea will at least bear us longer, joined together, and if, in pity, it casts us up upon the same shore, some passerby may pile some stones over us, out of common human

kindness, or the last rites will be performed by the drifting sand, in spite of the angry waves.” I submit to this last bond and, as though I were laid out upon my death-bed, await an end no longer dreaded. Meanwhile, accomplishing the decrees of the Fates, the storm stripped the ship of all that was left; no mast, no helm, not a rope nor an oar remained on board her; she was only a derelict, heavy and water-logged, drifting before the waves. Some fishermen hastily put off in their little boats to salvage their booty, but, seeing men alive and ready to defend their property, they changed their predatory designs into offers of help.

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH.

Just then, amid that clamor of voices we heard a peculiar noise, and from beneath the captain’s cabin there came a bellowing as of some wild beast trying to get out. We then followed up the sound and discovered Eumolpus, sitting there scribbling verses upon an immense sheet of parchment! Astounded that he could find time to write poetry at death’s very door, we hauled him out, in spite of his protests, and ordered him to return to his senses, but he flew into a rage at being interrupted; “Leave me alone until I finish this sentence,” he bawled; “the poem labors to its birth.” Ordering Giton to come to close quarters and help me drag the bellowing bard ashore, I laid hands upon the lunatic. When this job had at last been completed, we came, wet and wretched, to a fisherman’s hut and refreshed ourselves somewhat with stores from the wreck, spoiled though they were by salt water, and passed a night that was almost interminable. As we were holding a council, next day, to determine to what part of the country we had best proceed, I suddenly caught sight of a human body, turning around in a gentle eddy and floating towards the shore. Stricken with melancholy, I stood still and began to brood, with wet eyes, upon the treachery of the sea. “And perhaps,” said I, “a wife, safe in some far-away country of the earth, awaits this man, or a son who little dreams of storms or wrecks; or perhaps he left behind a father, whom he kissed good-by at parting! Such is the end of mortal’s plans, such is the outcome of great ambitions! See how man rides the waves!” Until now, I had been sorrowing for a mere stranger, but a wave turned the face, which had undergone no change, towards the shore, and I recognized Lycas; so evil-tempered and so unrelenting but a short time before, now cast up almost at my feet! I could no longer restrain the tears, at this; I beat my breast again and yet again, with my hands. “Where is your evil temper now?” I cried. “Where is your unbridled passion? You be there, a prey to fish and wild beasts, you who boasted but a little while ago of the strength of your command. Now you have not a single plank left

of your great ship! Go on, mortals; set your hearts upon the fulfillment of great ambitions: Go on, schemers, and in your wills control for a thousand years the disposal of the wealth you got by fraud! Only yesterday this man audited the accounts of his family estate, yea, even reckoned the day he would arrive in his native land and settled it in his mind! Gods and goddesses, how far he lies from his appointed destination! But the waves of the sea are not alone in thus keeping faith with mortal men: The warrior's weapons fail him; the citizen is buried beneath the ruins of his own penates, when engaged in paying his vows to the gods; another falls from his chariot and dashes out his ardent spirit; the glutton chokes at dinner; the niggard starves from abstinence. Give the dice a fair throw and you will find shipwreck everywhere! Ah, but one overwhelmed by the waves obtains no burial! As though it matters in what manner the body, once it is dead, is consumed: by fire, by flood, by time! Do what you will, these all achieve the same end. Ah, but the beasts will mangle the body! As though fire would deal with it any more gently; when we are angry with our slaves that is the punishment which we consider the most severe. What folly it is, then, to do everything we can to prevent the grave from leaving any part of us behind {when the Fates will look out for us, event against our wills.} (After these reflections we made ready to pay the last rites to the corpse,) and Lycas was burned upon a funeral pyre raised by the hands of enemies, while Eumolpus, fixing his eyes upon the far distance to gain inspiration, composed an epitaph for the dead man:

HIS FATE WAS UNAVOIDABLE

NO ROCK-HEWN TOMB NOR SCULPTURED MARBLE HIS,

HIS NOBLE CORPSE FIVE FEET OF EARTH RECEIVED,

HE RESTS IN PEACE BENEATH THIS HUMBLE MOUND.

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH.

We set out upon our intended journey, after this last office had been wholeheartedly performed, and, in a little while, arrived, sweating, at the top of a mountain, from which we made out, at no great distance, a town, perched upon the summit of a lofty eminence. Wanderers as we were, we had no idea what town it could be, until we learned from a caretaker that it was Crotona, a very ancient city, and once the first in Italy. When we earnestly inquired, upon learning this, what men inhabited such historic ground, and the nature of the business in which they were principally engaged, now that their wealth had been dissipated by the oft recurring wars, "My friends," replied he, "if you are men of business, change your plans and seek out some other conservative road to a livelihood, but if you

can play the part of men of great culture, always ready with a lie, you are on the straight road to riches: The study of literature is held in no estimation in that city, eloquence has no niche there, economy and decent standards of morality come into no reward of honor there; you must know that every man whom you will meet in that city belongs to one of two factions; they either ‘take-in,’ or else they are ‘taken-in.’ No one brings up children in that city, for the reason that no one who has heirs is invited to dinner or admitted to the games; such an one is deprived of all enjoyments and must lurk with the rabble. On the other hand, those who have never married a wife, or those who have no near relatives, attain to the very highest honors; in other words, they are the only ones who are considered soldierly, or the bravest of the brave, or even good. You will see a town which resembles the fields in time of pestilence,” he continued, “in which there is nothing but carcasses to be torn at and carrion crows tearing at them.”

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH.

Eumolpus, who had a deeper insight, turned this state of affairs over in his mind and declared that he was not displeased with a prospect of that kind. I thought the old fellow was joking in the care-free way of poets, until he complained, “If I could only put up a better front! I mean that I wish my clothing was in better taste, that my jewelry was more expensive; all this would lend color to my deception: I would not carry this scrip, by Hercules, I would not I would lead you all to great riches!” For my part, I undertook to supply whatever my companion in robbery had need of, provided he would be satisfied with the garment, and with whatever spoils the villa of Lycurgus had yielded when we robbed it; as for money against present needs, the Mother of the Gods would see to that, out of regard to her own good name! “Well, what’s to prevent our putting on an extravaganza?” demanded Eumolpus. “Make me the master if the business appeals to you.” No one ventured to condemn a scheme by which he could lose nothing, and so, that the lie would be kept safe among us all, we swore a solemn oath, the words of which were dictated by Eumolpus, to endure fire, chains, flogging, death by the sword, and whatever else Eumolpus might demand of us, just like regular gladiators! After the oath had been taken, we paid our respects to our master with pretended servility, and were informed that Eumolpus had lost a son, a young man of great eloquence and promise, and that it was for this reason the poor old man had left his native land that he might not see the companions

and clients of his son, nor even his tomb, which was the cause of his daily tears. To this misfortune a recent shipwreck had been added, in which he had lost upwards of two millions of sesterces; not that he minded the loss but, destitute of a train of servants he could not keep up his proper dignity! Furthermore, he had, invested in Africa, thirty millions of sesterces in estates and bonds; such a horde of his slaves was scattered over the fields of Numidia that he could have even sacked Carthage! We demanded that Eumolpus cough frequently, to further this scheme, that he have trouble with his stomach and find fault with all the food when in company, that he keep talking of gold and silver and estates, the incomes from which were not what they should be, and of the everlasting unproductiveness of the soil; that he cast up his accounts daily, that he revise the terms of his will monthly, and, for fear any detail should be lacking to make the farce complete, he was to use the wrong names whenever he wished to summon any of us, so that it would be plain to all that the master had in mind some who were not present. When everything had been thus provided for, we offered a prayer to the gods “that the matter might turn out well and happily,” and took to the road. But Giton could not bear up under his unaccustomed load, and the hired servant Corax, a shirker of work, often put down his own load and cursed our haste, swearing that he would either throw his packs away or run away with his load. “What do you take me for, a beast of burden?” he grumbled, “or a scow for carrying stone? I hired out to do the work of a man, not that of a pack-horse, and I’m as free as you are, even if my father did leave me poor!” Not satisfied with swearing, he lifted up his leg from time to time and filled the road with an obscene noise and a filthy stench. Giton laughed at his impudence and imitated every explosion with his lips, {but Eumolpus relapsed into his usual vein, even in spite of this.}

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH.

“Young men,” said he, “many are they who have been seduced by poetry; for, the instant a man has composed a verse in feet, and has woven a more delicate meaning into it by means of circumlocutions, he straightway concludes that he has scaled Helicon! Take those who are worn out by the distressing detail of the legal profession, for example: they often seek sanctuary in the tranquillity of poetry, as a more sheltered haven, believing themselves able more easily to compose a poem than a rebuttal charged with scintillating epigrams! But a more highly cultivated mind loves not this conceited affectation, nor can it either conceive or bring forth, unless it has been steeped in the vast flood of literature.

Every word that is what I would call ‘low,’ ought to be avoided, and phrases far removed from plebeian usage should be chosen. Let ‘Ye rabble rout avaunt,’ be your rule. In addition, care should be exercised in preventing the epigrams from standing out from the body of the speech; they should gleam with the brilliancy woven into the fabric. Homer is an example, and the lyric poets, and our Roman Virgil, and the exquisite propriety of Horace. Either the others did not discover the road that leads to poetry, or, having seen, they feared to tread it. Whoever attempts that mighty theme, the civil war, for instance, will sink under the load unless he is saturated with literature. Events, past and passing, ought not to be merely recorded in verse, the historian will deal with them far better; by means of circumlocutions and the intervention of the immortals, the free spirit, wracked by the search for epigrams having a mythological illusion, should plunge headlong and appear as the prophecy of a mind inspired rather than the attested faith of scrupulous exactitude in speech. This hasty composition may please you, even though it has not yet received its final polishing:”

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH.

*“The conquering Roman now held the whole world in his sway,
The ocean, the land; where the sun shone by day or the moon
Gleamed by night: but unsated was he. And the seas
Were roiled by the weight of his deep-laden keels; if a bay
Lay hidden beyond, or a land which might yield yellow gold
'Twas held as a foe. While the struggle for treasure went on
The fates were preparing the horrors and scourges of war.
Amusements enjoyed by the vulgar no longer can charm
Nor pleasures worn threadbare by use of the plebeian mob.
The bronzes of Corinth are praised by the soldier at sea;
And glittering gems sought in earth, vie with purple of Tyre;
Numidia curses her here, there, the exquisite silks
Of China; Arabia's people have stripped their own fields.
Behold other woes and calamities outraging peace!
Wild beasts, in the forest are hunted, for gold; and remote
African hammon is covered by beaters, for fear
Some beast that slays men with his teeth shall escape, for by that
His value to men is enhanced! The vessels receive
Strange ravening monsters; the tiger behind gilded bars*

*And pacing his cage is transported to Rome, that his jaws
May drip with the life blood of men to the plaudits of men
Oh shame! To point out our impending destruction; the crime
Of Persia enacted anew; in his puberty's bloom
The man child is kidnapped; surrenders his powers to the knife,
Is forced to the calling of Venus; delayed and hedged round
The hurrying passage of life's finest years is held back
And Nature seeks Nature but finds herself not. Everywhere
These frail-limbed and mincing effeminates, flowing of locks,
Bedecked with an infinite number of garments of silk
Whose names ever change, the wantons and lechers to snare,
Are eagerly welcomed! From African soil now behold
The citron-wood tables; their well-burnished surface reflects
Our Tyrian purples and slaves by the horde, and whose spots
Resemble the gold that is cheaper than they and ensnare
Extravagance. Sterile and ignobly prized is the wood
But round it is gathered a company sodden with wine;
And soldiers of fortune whose weapons have rusted, devour
The spoils of the world. Art caters to appetite. Wrasse
From Sicily brought to their table, alive in his own Sea water.
The oysters from Lucrine's shore torn, at the feast
Are served to make famous the host; and the appetite, cloyed,
To tempt by extravagance. Phasis has now been despoiled
Of birds, its littoral silent, no sound there is heard
Save only the wind as it rustles among the last leaves.
Corruption no less vile is seen in the campus of Mars,
Our quirites are bribed; and for plunder and promise of gain
Their votes they will alter. The people is venal; corrupt
The Senate; support has its price! And the freedom and worth
Of age is decayed, scattered largesse now governs their power;
Corrupted by gold, even dignity lies in the dust.
Cato defeated and hooted by mobs, but the victor
Is sadder, ashamed to have taken the rods from a Cato:
In this lay the shame of the nation and character's downfall,
'Twas not the defeat of a man! No! The power and the glory
Of Rome were brought low; represented in him was the honor
Of sturdy Republican Rome. So, abandoned and wretched,*

*The city has purchased dishonor: has purchased herself!
Despoiled by herself, no avenger to wipe out the stigma
Twin maelstroms of debt and of usury suck down the commons.
No home with clear title, no citizen free from a mortgage,
But as some slow wasting disease all unheralded fastens
Its hold on the vitals, destroying the vigor of manhood,
So, fear of the evils impending, impels them to madness.
Despair turns to violence, luxury's ravages needs must
Repaired be by bloodshed, for indigence safely can venture.
Can art or sane reason rouse wallowing Rome from the offal
And break the voluptuous slumber in which she is sunken?
Or must it be fury and war and the blood-lust of daggers?"*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH.

*"Three chieftains did fortune bring forth, whom the fury of battles
Destroyed; and interred, each one under a mountain of weapons;
The Parthian has Crassus, Pompeius the Great by the waters
Of Egypt lies. Julius, ungrateful Rome stained with his life blood.
And earth has divided their ashes, unable to suffer
The weight of so many tombs. These are the wages of glory!
There lies between Naples and Great Puteoli, a chasm
Deep cloven, and Cocytus churns there his current; the vapor
In fury escapes from the gorge with that lethal spray laden.
No green in the aututun is there, no grass gladdens the meadow,
The supple twigs never resound with the twittering singing
Of birds in the Springtime. But chaos, volcanic black boulders
Of pumice lie Happy within their drear setting of cypress.
Amidst these infernal surroundings the ruler of Hades
Uplifted his head by the funeral flames silhouetted
And sprinkled with white from the ashes of corpses; and challenged
Winged Fortune in words such as these: 'Oh thou fickle controller
Of things upon earth and in heaven, security's foeman,
Oh Chance! Oh thou lover eternally faithful to change, and
Possession's betrayer, dost own thyself crushed by the power
Of Rome? Canst not raise up the tottering mass to its downfall
Its strength the young manhood of Rome now despises, and staggers*

*In bearing the booty heaped up by its efforts: behold how
They lavish their spoils! Wealth run mad now brings down their destruction.
They build out of gold and their palaces reach to the heavens;
The sea is expelled by their moles and their pastures are oceans;
They war against Nature in changing the state of creation.
They threaten my kingdom! Earth yawns with their tunnels deep driven
To furnish the stone for their madmen's foundations; already
The mountains are hollowed and now but re-echoing caverns;
While man quarries marble to serve his vainglorious purpose
The spirits infernal confess that they hope to win Heaven!
Arise, then, O Chance, change thy countenance peaceful to warlike
And harry the Romans, consign to my kingdom the fallen.
Ah, long is it now since my lips were with blood cooled and moistened,
Nor has my Tisiphone bathed her blood-lusting body
Since Sulla's sword drank to repletion and earth's bristling harvest
Grew ripe upon blood and thrust up to the light of the sunshine!'"*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST.

*"He spake ... and attempted to clasp the right hand of Fortuna,
But ruptured the crust of the earth, deeply cloven, asunder.
Then from her capricious heart Fortune made answer: 'O father
Whom Cocytus' deepest abysses obey, if to forecast
The future I may, without fear, thy petition shall prosper;
For no less consuming the anger that wars in this bosom,
The flame no less poignant, that burns to my marrow All favors
I gave to the bulwarks of Rome, now, I hate them. My
Gifts I repent! The same God who built up their dominion
Shall bring down destruction upon it. In burning their manhood
My heart shall delight and its blood-lust shall slake with their slaughter.
Now Philippi's field I can see strewn with dead of two battles
And Thessaly's funeral pyres and Iberia mourning.
Already the clangor of arms thrills my ears, and rings loudly:
Thou, Lybian Nile, I can see now thy barriers groaning
And Actium's gulf and Apollo's darts quailing the warriors!
Then, open thy thirsty dominions and summon fresh spirits;
For scarce will the ferryman's strength be sufficient to carry*

*The souls of the dead in his skiff: 'tis a fleet that is needed!
Thou, Pallid Tisiphone, slake with wide ruin, thy thirsting
And tear ghastly wounds: mangled earth sinks to hell and the spirits.'"*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND.

*"But scarce had she finished, when trembled the clouds; and a gleaming
Bright flash of Jove's lightning transfixed them with flame and was gone.
The Lord of the Shades blanched with fear, at this bolt of his brother's,
Sank back, and drew closely together the gorge in Earth's bosom.
By auspices straightway the slaughter of men and the evils
Impending are shown by the gods. Here, the Titan unsightly
Blood red, veils his face with a twilight; on strife fratricidal
Already he gazed, thou hadst thought! There, silvery Cynthia
Obscuring her face at the full, denied light to the outrage.
The mountain crests riven by rock-slides roll thundering downward
And wandering rivers, to rivulets shrunk, writhed no longer
Familiar margs between. With the clangor of armor
The heavens resound; from the stars wafts the thrill of a trumpet
Sounding the call to arms. AEtna, now roused to eruption
Unwonted, darts flashes of flame to the clouds. Flitting phantoms
Appear midst the tombs and unburied bones, gibbering menace
A comet, strange stars in its diadem, leads a procession
And reddens the skies with its fire. Showers of blood fall from heaven
These portents the Deity shortly fulfilled! For now Caesar
Forsook vacillation and, spurred by the love of revenge, sheathed
The Gallic sword; brandished the brand that proclaimed civil warfare.
There, high in the Alps, where the crags, by a Greek god once trodden,
Slope down and permit of approach, is a spot ever sacred
To Hercules' altar; the winter with frozen snow seals it
And rears to the heavens a summit eternally hoary,
As though the sky there had slipped down: no warmth from the sunbeams,
No breath from the Springtime can soften the pile's wintry rigor
Nor slacken the frost chains that bind; and its menacing shoulders
The weight of the world could sustain. With victorious legions
These crests Caesar trod and selected a camp. Gazing downwards
On Italy's plains rolling far, from the top of the mountain,*

*He lifted both hands to the heavens, his voice rose in prayer:
'Omnipotent Jove, and thou, refuge of Saturn whose glory
Was brightened by feats of my armies and crowned with my triumphs,
Bear witness! Unwillingly summon I Mars to these armies,
Unwillingly draw I the sword! But injustice compels me.
While enemy blood dyes the Rhine and the Alps are held firmly
Repulsing a second assault of the Gauls on our city,
She dubs me an outcast! And Victory makes me an exile!
To triumphs three score, and defeats of the Germans, my treason
I trace! How can they fear my glory or see in my battles
A menace? But hirelings, and vile, to whom my Rome is but a
Stepmother! Methinks that no craven this sword arm shall hamper
And take not a stroke in repost. On to victory, comrades,
While anger seethes hot. With the sword we will seek a decision
The doom lowering down is a peril to all, and the treason.
My gratitude owe I to you, not alone have I conquered!
Since punishment waits by our trophies and victory merits
Disgrace, then let Chance cast the lots. Raise the standard of battle;
Again take your swords. Well I know that my cause is accomplished
Amidst such armed warriors I know that I cannot be beaten.'
While yet the words echoed, from heaven the bird of Apollo
Vouchsafed a good omen and beat with his pinions the ether.
From out of the left of a gloomy grove strange voices sounded
And flame flashed thereafter! The sun gleamed with brighter refulgence
Unwonted, his face in a halo of golden flame shining.'"*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD.

*"By omens emboldened, to follow, the battle-flags, Caesar
Commanded; and boldly led on down the perilous pathway.
The footing, firm-fettered by frost chains and ice, did not hinder
At first, but lay silent, the kindly cold masking its grimness;
But, after the squadrons of cavalry shattered the clouds, bound
By ice, and the trembling steeds crushed in the mail of the rivers,
Then, melted the snows! And soon torrents newborn, from the heights of
The mountains rush down: but these also, as if by commandment
Grow rigid, and, turn into ice, in their headlong rush downwards!*

*Now, that which rushed madly a moment before, must be hacked through!
But now, it was treacherous, baffling their steps and their footing
Deceiving; and men, horses, arms, fall in heaps, in confusion.
And see! Now the clouds, by an icy gale smitten, their burden
Discharge! Lo! the gusts of the whirlwind swirl fiercely about them;
The sky in convulsions, with swollen hail buffets them sorely.
Already the clouds themselves rupture and smother their weapons,
An avalanche icy roars down like a billow of ocean;
Earth lay overwhelmed by the drifts of the snow and the planets
Of heaven are blotted from sight; overwhelmed are the rivers
That cling to their banks, but unconquered is Caesar! His javelin
He leans on and scrunches with firm step a passage the bristling
Grim ice fields across! As, spurred on by the lust, of adventure
Amphitryon's offspring came striding the Caucasus slopes down;
Or Jupiter's menacing mien as, from lofty Olympus
He leaped, the doomed giants to crush and to scatter their weapons.
While Caesar in anger the swelling peaks treads down, winged rumor
In terror flies forth and on beating wings seeks the high summit
Of Palatine tall: every image she rocks with her message
Announcing this thunderbolt Roman! Already, the ocean
Is tossing his fleets! Now his cavalry, reeking with German
Gore, pours from the Alps! Slaughter, bloodshed, and weapons
The red panorama of war is unrolled to their vision!
By terror their hearts are divided: two counsels perplex them!
One chooses by land to seek flight: to another, the water
Appeals, and the sea than his own land is safer! Another
Will stand to his arms and advantage extort from Fate's mandate.
The depth of their fear marks the length of their flight! In confusion
The people itself — shameful spectacle — driven by terror
Is led to abandon the city. Rome glories in fleeing!
The Quirites from battle blench! Cowed by the breath of a rumor
Relinquished their firesides to mourning! One citizen, palsied
With terror, his children embraces: another, his penates
Conceals in his bosom; then, weeping, takes leave of his threshold
And slaughters the distant invader — with curses! Their spouses
Some clasp to their sorrow-wracked bosoms! Youths carry their fathers
Bowed down with old age, uninured to the bearing of burdens.*

*They seize what they dread to lose most. Inexperience drags all
Its chattels to camp and to battle: as, when powerful Auster
Piles up the churned waters and tumbles them: never a yard-arm
Nor rudder to answer the hand, here, one fashions a life-raft
Of pine planks, another steers into some bay on a lee shore,
Another will crack on and run from the gale and to Fortune
Trust all! But why sorrow for trifles? The consuls, with Pompey
The Great — he, the terror of Pontus, of savage Hydaspes
Explorer, the reef that wrecked pirates, caused Jove to turn livid,
When thrice was a triumph decreed him, whom Pontus' vexed water
And pacified billows of Bosphorus worshipped! Disgraceful their
Flight! Title and glory forsaking! Now Fortune capricious
Looks down on the back of great Pompey retreating in terror!"*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH.

*"So great a misfortune disrupted the concord of heaven
And gods swelled the rout in their panic! Behold through creation
The gentle divinities flee from the ravening earth; in
Their loathing they turn from humanity, doomed to destruction!
And first of all, Peace, with her snowy white arms, hides her visage
Defeated, her helmet beneath and, abandoning earth, flees
To seek out the realm of implacable Dis, as a refuge
Meek Faith her companion, and Justice with locks loosely flowing,
And Concord, in tears, and her raiment in tatters, attend her.
The minions of Pluto pour forth from the portals of darkness
That yawn: the serpent-haired Fury, Bellona the Savage,
Megoera with firebrands, destruction, and treachery, livid
Death's likeness! Among them is Frenzy, as, free, with her lashings
Snapped short, she now raises her gory head, shielding her features
Deep scarred by innumerable wounds 'neath her helmet blood-clotted.
Her left arm she guards with a battle-scarred shield scored by weapons,
And numberless spear-heads protrude from its surface: her right hand
A flaming torch brandishes, kindling a flame that will burn up
The world! Now the gods are on earth and the skies note their absence;
The planets disordered their orbits attempt! Into factions
The heavens divide; first Dione espouses the cause of*

*Her Caesar. Minerva next steps to her side and the great son
Of Ares, his mighty spear brandishing! Phoebus espouses
The cause of Great Pompey: his sister and Mercury also
And Hercules like unto him in his travels and labors.
The trumpets call! Discord her Stygian head lifts to heaven
Her tresses disheveled, her features with clotted blood covered,
Tears pour from her bruised eyes, her iron fangs thick coated with rust,
Her tongue distils poison, her features are haloed with serpents,
Her hideous bosom is visible under her tatters,
A torch with a blood red flame waves from her tremulous right hand.
Emerging from Cocytus dark and from Tartarus murky
She strode to the crests of the Apennines noble, the prospect
Of earth to survey, spread before her the world panorama
Its shores and the armies that march on its surface: these words then
Burst out of her bosom malignant: 'To arms, now, ye nations,
While anger seethes hot, seize your arms, set the torch to the cities,
Who skulks now is lost; neither woman nor child nor the aged
Bowed down with their years shall find quarter: the whole world will tremble
And rooftrees themselves shall crash down and take part in the struggle.
Marcellus, hold firm for the law! And thou, Curio, madden
The rabble! Thou, Lentulus, strive not to check valiant Ares!
Thou, Cesar divine, why delayest thou now thine invasion?
Why smash not the gates, why not level the walls of the cities,
Their treasures to pillage? Thou, Magnus, dost not know the secret
Of holding the hills of Rome? Take thou the walls of Dyrrachium,
Let Thessaly's harbors be dyed with the blood of the Romans!'
On earth was obeyed every detail of Discord's commandment."*

When Eumolpus had, with great volubility, poured out this flood of words, we came at last to Crotona. Here we refreshed ourselves at a mean inn, but on the following day we went in search of more imposing lodgings and fell in with a crowd of legacy hunters who were very curious as to the class of society to which we belonged and as to whence we had come. Thereupon, in accord with our mutual understanding, such ready answers did we make as to who we might be or whence we had come that we gave them no cause for doubt. They immediately fell to wrangling in their desire to heap their own riches upon Eumolpus and every fortune-hunter solicited his favor with presents.

VOLUME V. AFFAIRS AT CROTONA

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH.

For a long time affairs at Crotona ran along in this manner and Eumolpus, flushed with success so far forgot the former state of his fortunes that he even bragged to his followers that no one could hold out against any wish of his, and that any member of his suite who committed a crime in that city would, through the influence of his friends, get off unpunished. But, although I daily crammed my bloated carcass to overflowing with good things, and began more and more to believe that Fortune had turned away her face from keeping watch upon me, I frequently meditated, nevertheless, upon my present state and upon its cause. "Suppose," thought I, "some wily legacy hunter should dispatch an agent to Africa and catch us in our lie? Or even suppose the hireling servant, glutted with prosperity, should tip off his cronies or give the whole scheme away out of spite? There would be nothing for it but flight and, in a fresh state of destitution, a recalling of poverty which had been driven off. Gods and goddesses, how ill it fares with those living outside the law; they are always on the lookout for what is coming to them!" (Turning these possibilities over in my mind I left the house, in a state of black melancholy, hoping to revive my spirits in the fresh air, but scarcely had I set foot upon the public promenade when a girl, by no means homely, met me, and, calling me Polyaios, the name I had assumed since my metamorphosis, informed me that her mistress desired leave to speak with me. "You must be mistaken," I answered, in confusion, "I am only a servant and a stranger, and am by no means worthy of such an honor.")

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH.

("You yourself," she replied, "are the one to whom I was sent but,) because you are well aware of your good looks, you are proud and sell your favors instead of giving them. What else can those wavy well-combed locks mean or that face, rouged and covered with cosmetics, or that languishing, wanton expression in your eyes? Why that gait, so precise that not a footstep deviates from its place, unless you wish to show off your figure in order to sell your favors? Look at me, I

know nothing about omens and I don't study the heavens like the astrologers, but I can read men's intentions in their faces and I know what a flirt is after when I see him out for a stroll; so if you'll sell us what I want there's a buyer ready, but if you will do the graceful thing and lend, let us be under obligations to you for the favor. And as for your confession that you are only a common servant, by that you only fan the passion of the lady who burns for you, for some women will only kindle for canaille and cannot work up an appetite unless they see some slave or runner with his clothing girded up: a gladiator arouses one, or a mule-driver all covered with dust, or some actor posturing in some exhibition on the stage. My mistress belongs to this class, she jumps the fourteen rows from the stage to the gallery and looks for a lover among the gallery gods at the back." Puffed up with this delightful chatter. "Come now, confess, won't you," I queried, "is this lady who loves me yourself?" The waiting maid smiled broadly at this blunt speech. "Don't have such a high opinion of yourself," said she, "I've never given in to any servant yet; the gods forbid that I should ever throw my arms around a gallows-bird. Let the married women see to that and kiss the marks of the scourge if they like: I'll sit upon nothing below a knight, even if I am only a servant." I could not help marveling, for my part, at such discordant passions, and I thought it nothing short of a miracle that this servant should possess the hauteur of the mistress and the mistress the low tastes of the wench!

*Each one will find what suits his taste, one thing is not for all,
One gathers roses as his share, another thorns enthrall.*

After a little more teasing, I requested the maid to conduct her mistress to a clump of plane trees. Pleased with this plan, the girl picked up the skirt of her garment and turned into a laurel grove that bordered the path. After a short delay she brought her mistress from her hiding-place and conducted her to my side; a woman more perfect than any statue. There are no words with which to describe her form and anything I could say would fall far short. Her hair, naturally wavy, flowed completely over her shoulders; her forehead was low and the roots of her hair were brushed back from it; her eyebrows, running from the very springs of her cheeks, almost met at the boundary line between a pair of eyes brighter than stars shining in a moonless night; her nose was slightly aquiline and her mouth was such an one as Praxiteles dreamed Diana had. Her chin, her neck, her hands, the gleaming whiteness of her feet under a slender band of gold; she turned Parian marble dull! Then, for the first time, Doris' tried lover thought lightly of Doris!

*Oh Jove, what's come to pass that thou, thine armor cast away
Art mute in heaven; and but an idle tale?
At such a time the horns should sprout, the raging bull hold sway,
Or they white hair beneath swan's down conceal
Here's Dana's self! But touch that lovely form
Thy limbs will melt beneath thy passions' storm!*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH.

She was delighted and so bewitchingly did she smile that I seemed to see the full moon showing her face from behind a cloud. Then, punctuating her words with her fingers, "Dear boy, if you are not too critical to enjoy a woman of wealth who has but this year known her first man, I offer you a sister," said she. "You have a brother already, I know, for I didn't disdain to ask, but what is to prevent your adopting a sister, too? I will come in on the same footing only deem my kisses worthy of recognition and caress me at your own pleasure!" "Rather let me implore you by your beauty," I replied. "Do not scorn to admit an alien among your worshipers: If you permit me to kneel before your shrine you will find me a true votary and, that you may not think I approach this temple of love without a gift, I make you a present of my brother!" "What," she exclaimed, "would you really sacrifice the only one without whom you could not live"? The one upon whose kisses your happiness depends. Him whom you love as I would have you love me?" Such sweetness permeated her voice as she said this, so entrancing was the sound upon the listening air that you would have believed the Sirens' harmonies were floating in the breeze. I was struck with wonder and dazzled by I know not what light that shone upon me, brighter than, the whole heaven, but I made bold to inquire the name of my divinity. "Why, didn't my maid tell you that I am called Circe?" she replied. "But I am not the sun-child nor has my mother ever stayed the revolving world in its course at her pleasure; but if the Fates bring us two together I will owe heaven a favor. I don't know what it is, but some god's silent purpose is beneath this. Circe loves not Polyænos without some reason; a great torch is always flaming when these names meet! Take me in your arms then, if you will; there's no prying stranger to fear, and your 'brother' is far away from this spot!" So saying, Circe clasped me in arms that were softer than down and drew me to the ground which was covered with colored flowers.

*With flowers like these did Mother Earth great Ida's summit strew
When Jupiter, his heart aflame, enjoyed his lawful love;
There glowed the rose, the flowering rush, the violet's deep blue,
From out green meadows snow-white lilies laughed. Then from above,
This setting summoned Venus to the green and tender sod,
Bright day smiled kindly on the secret amour of the God.*

Side by side upon the grassy plot we lay, exchanging a thousand kisses, the prelude to more poignant pleasure, (but alas! My sudden loss of vigor disappointed Circe!)

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT.

(Infuriated at this affront,) "What's the matter," demanded she; "do my kisses offend you? Is my breath fetid from fasting? Is there any evil smelling perspiration in my armpits? Or, if it's nothing of this kind, are you afraid of Giton?" Under her eyes, I flushed hotly and, if I had any virility left, I lost it then; my whole body seemed to be inert. "My queen," I cried, "do not mock me in my humiliation. I am bewitched!" (Circe's anger was far from being appeased by such a trivial excuse; turning her eyes contemptuously away from me, she looked at her maid,) "Tell me, Chrysis, and tell me truly, is there anything repulsive about me? Anything sluttish? Have I some natural blemish that disfigures my beauty? Don't deceive your mistress! I don't know what's the matter with us, but there must be something!" Then she snatched a mirror from the silent maid and after scrutinizing all the looks and smiles which pass between lovers, she shook out her wrinkled earth-stained robe and flounced off into the temple of Venus (nearby.) And here was I, like a convicted criminal who had seen some horrible nightmare, asking myself whether the pleasure out of which I had been cheated was a reality or only a dream.

*As when, in the sleep-bringing night
Dreams sport with the wandering eyes,
And earth, spaded up, yields to light
Her gold that by day she denies,
The stealthy hand snatches the spoils;
The face with cold sweat is suffused
And Fear grips him tight in her toils*

*Lest robbers the secret have used
And shake out the gold from his breast.
But, when they depart from his brain,
These enchantments by which he's obsessed,
And Truth comes again with her train
Restoring perspective and pain,
The phantasm lives to the last,
The mind dwells with shades of the past.*

(The misfortune seemed to me a dream, but I imagined that I must surely be under a spell of enchantment and, for a long time, I was so devoid of strength that I could not get to my feet. But finally my mental depression began to abate, little by little my strength came back to me, and I returned home: arrived there, I feigned illness and threw myself upon my couch. A little later: Giton, who had heard of my indisposition, entered the room in some concern. As I wished to relieve his mind I informed him that I had merely sought my pallet to take a rest, telling him much other gossip but not a word about my mishap as I stood in great fear of his jealousy and, to lull any suspicion which he might entertain, I drew him to my side and endeavoured to give him some proofs of my love but all my panting and sweating were in vain. He jumped up in a rage and accused my lack of virility and change of heart, declaring that he had for a long time suspected that I had been expending my vigor and breath elsewhere. "No! No! Darling," I replied, "my love for you has always been the same, but reason prevails now over love and wantonness.") "And for the Socratic continence of your love, I thank you in his name," (he replied sarcastically,) "Alcibiades was never more spotless when he left his master's bed!"

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH.

"Believe me, 'brother,' when I tell you that I do not know whether I am a man or not," (I vainly protested;) "I do not feel like one, if I am! Dead and buried lies that part in which I was once an Achilles!" (Giton, seeing that I was completely enervated, and) fearing that it might give cause for scandal if he were caught in this quiet place with me, tore himself away and fled into an inner part of the house. (He had just gone when) Chrysis entered the room and handed me her mistress's tablets, in which were written the following words:

CIRCE TO POLYAENOS — GREETING.

Were I a wanton, I should complain of my disappointment, but as it is I am beholden to your impotence, for by it I dallied the longer in the shadow of pleasure. Still, I would like to know how you are and whether you got home upon your own legs, for the doctors say that one cannot walk without nerves! Young man, I advise you to beware of paralysis for I never in my life saw a patient in such great danger; you're as good as dead, I'm sure! What if the same numbness should attack your hands and knees? You would have to send for the funeral trumpeters! Still, even if I have been affronted, I will not begrudge a prescription to one as sick as you! Ask Giton if you would like to recover. I am sure you will get back your strength if you will sleep without your "brother" for three nights. So far as I am concerned, I am not in the least alarmed about finding someone to whom I shall be as pleasing as I was to you; my mirror and my reputation do not lie.

Farewell (if you can).

"Such things will happen," said Chrysis, when she saw that I had read through the entire inditement, "and especially in this city, where the women can lure the moon from the sky! But we'll find a cure for your trouble. Just return a diplomatic answer to my mistress and restore her self-esteem by frank courtesy for, truth to tell, she has never been herself from the minute she received that affront." I gladly followed the maid's advice and wrote upon the tablets as follows:

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH.

POLYAENOS TO CIRCE — GREETING.

Dear lady, I confess that I have often given cause for offense, for I am only a man, and a young one, too, but I never committed a deadly crime until today! You have my confession of guilt, I deserve any punishment you may see fit to prescribe. I betrayed a trust, I murdered a man, I violated a temple: demand my punishment for these crimes. Should it be your pleasure to slay me I will come to you with my sword; if you are content with a flogging I will run naked to my mistress; only bear in mind that it was not myself but my tools that failed me. I was a soldier, and ready, but I had no arms. What threw me into such disorder I do not know, perhaps my imagination outran my lagging body, by aspiring to too much it is likely that I spent my pleasure in delay; I cannot imagine what the trouble was. You bid me beware of paralysis; as if a disease which prevented my enjoying you could grow worse! But my apology amounts briefly to this; if you will grant me an opportunity of repairing my fault, I will give you satisfaction.

Farewell

After dismissing Chrysis with these fair promises, I paid careful attention to my body which had so evilly served me and, omitting the bath, I annointed myself, in moderation, with unguents and placed myself upon a more strengthening diet such as onions and snail's heads without condiments, and I also drank more sparingly of wine; then, taking a short walk before settling down to sleep, I went to bed without Giton. So anxious was I to please her that I feared the outcome if my "brother" lay tickling my side.

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST.

Finding myself vigorous in mind and body when I arose next morning, I went down to the same clump of plane trees, though I dreaded the spot as one of evil omen, and commenced to wait for Chrysis to lead me on my way. I took a short stroll and had just seated myself where I had sat the day before, when she came under the trees, leading a little old woman by the hand. "Well, Mr. Squeamish," she chirped, when she had greeted me, "have you recovered your appetite?" In the meantime, the old hag:

A wine-soaked crone with twitching lips

brought out a twisted hank of different colored yarns and put it about my neck; she then kneaded dust and spittle and, dipping her middle finger into the mixture, she crossed my forehead with it, in spite of my protests.

*As long as life remains, there's hope;
Thou rustic God, oh hear our prayer,
Great Priapus, I thee invoke,
Temper our arms to dare!*

When she had made an end of this incantation she ordered me to spit three times, and three times to drop stones into my bosom, each stone she wrapped up in purple after she had muttered charms over it; then, directing her hands to my privates, she commenced to try out my virility. Quicker than thought the nerves responded to the summons, filling the crone's hand with an enormous erection! Skipping for joy, "Look, Chrysis, look," she cried out, "see what a hare I've started, for someone else to course!" (This done, the old lady handed me over to Chrysis, who was greatly delighted at the recovery of her mistress's treasure; she

hastily conducted me straight to the latter, introducing me into a lovely nook that nature had furnished with everything which could delight the eye.)

*Shorn of its top, the swaying pine here casts a
summer shade
And quivering cypress, and the stately plane
And berry-laden laurel. A brook's wimpling waters strayed
Lashed into foam, but dancing on again
And rolling pebbles in their chattering flow.
'Twas Love's own nook,
As forest nightingale and urban Procne undertook
To bear true witness; hovering, the gleaming grass above
And tender violets; wooing with song, their stolen love.*

Fanning herself with a branch of flowering myrtle, she lay, stretched out with her marble neck resting upon a golden cushion. When she caught sight of me she blushed faintly; she recalled yesterday's affront, I suppose. At her invitation, I sat down by her side, as soon as the others had gone; whereupon she put the branch of myrtle over my face and emboldened, as if a wall had been raised between us, "Well, Mr. Paralytic," she teased, "have you brought all of yourself along today?" "Why ask me," I replied, "why not try me instead?" and throwing myself bodily into her arms, I revelled in her kisses with no witchcraft to stop me.

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND.

The loveliness of her form drew, me to her and summoned me to love. Our lips were pressed together in a torrent of smacking kisses, our groping hands had discovered every trick of excitation, and our bodies, clasped in a mutual embrace, had fused our souls into one, (and then, in the very midst of these ravishing preliminaries my nerves again played me false and I was unable to last until the instant of supreme bliss.) Lashed to fury by these inexcusable affronts, the lady at last ran to avenge herself and, calling her house servants, she gave orders for me to be hoisted upon their shoulders and flogged; then, still unsatisfied with the drastic punishment she had inflicted upon me, she called all the spinning women and scrubbing wenches in the house and ordered them to spit upon me. I covered my face with my hands but I uttered no complaint as I well knew what I deserved and, overwhelmed with blows and spittle, I was driven from the house.

Proselenos was kicked out too, Chrysis was beaten, and all the slaves grumbled among themselves and wondered what had upset their mistress's good humor. I took heart after having given some thought to my misfortunes and, artfully concealing the marks of the blows for fear that Eumolpus would make merry over my mishaps or, worse yet, that Giton might be saddened by my disgrace, I did the only thing I could do to save my self-respect, I pretended that I was sick and went to bed. There, I turned the full fury of my resentment against that recreant which had been the sole cause of all the evil accidents which had befallen me.

*Three times I grasped the two-edged blade
The recreant to cut away;
Three times by Fear my hand was stayed
And palsied Terror said me nay
That which I might have done before
'Twas now impossible to do;
For, cold with Fear, the wretch withdrew
Into a thousand-wrinkled mare,
And shrank in shame before my gaze
Nor would his head uncover more.
But though the scamp in terror skulked,
With words I flayed him as he sulked.*

Raising myself upon my elbow I rebuked the shirker in some such terms as these: "What have you to say for yourself, you disgrace to gods and men," I demanded, "for your name must never be mentioned among refined people. Did I deserve to be lifted up to heaven and then dragged down to hell by you? Was it right for you to slander my flourishing and vigorous years and land me in the shadows and lassitude of decrepit old age? Give me some sign, however faint, I beg of you, that you have returned to life!" I vented my anger in words such as these.

*His eyes were fixed, and with averted look
He stood, less moved by any word of mine
Than weeping willows bending o'er a brook
Or drooping poppies as at noon they pine.*

When I had made an end of this invective, so out of keeping with good taste, I began to do penance for my soliloquy and blushed furtively because I had so far forgotten my modesty as to invoke in words that part of my body which men of

dignity do not even recognize. Then, rubbing my forehead for a long time, “Why have I committed an indiscretion in relieving my resentment by natural abuse,” I mused, “what does it amount to? Are we not accustomed to swear at every member of the human body, the belly, throat, or even the head when it aches, as it often does? Did not Ulysses wrangle with his own heart? Do not the tragedians ‘Damn their eyes’ just as if they could hear?”

“Gouty patients swear at their feet, rheumatics at their hands, blear-eyed people at their eyes, and do not those who often stub their toes blame their feet for all their pain?”

*“Why will our Catos with their frowning brows
Condemn a work of fresh simplicity?
A cheerful kindness my pure speech endows;
What people do, I write, to my capacity.
For who knows not the pleasures Venus gives?
Who will not in a warm bed tease his members?
Great Epicurus taught a truth that lives;
Love and enjoy life! All the rest is embers.”*

“Nothing can be more insincere than the silly prejudices of mankind, and nothing sillier than the morality of bigotry,”

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD.

I called Giton when I had finished my meditation: “Tell me, little brother,” I demanded, “tell me, on your honor: Did Ascyrtos stay awake until he had exacted his will of you, the night he stole you away from me? Or was he content to spend the night like a chaste widow?” Wiping his eyes the lad, in carefully chosen words took oath that Ascyrtos had used no force against him. (The truth of the matter is, that I was so distraught with my own misfortunes that I knew not what I was saying. “Why recall past memories which can only cause pain,” said I to myself. I then directed all my energies towards the recovery of my lost manhood. To achieve this I was ready even to devote myself to the gods; accordingly, I went out to invoke the aid of Priapus.) {Putting as good a face upon the matter as I could} I knelt upon the threshold of his shrine and invoked the God in the following verses:

*“Of Bacchus and the nymphs, companion boon,
Whom fair Dione set o’er forests wide*

*As God: whom Lesbos and green Thasos own
For deity, whom Lydians, far and wide
Adore through all the seasons of the year;
Whose temple in his own Hypaepa placed,
Thou Dryad's joy and Bacchus', hear my prayer!
To thee I come, by no dark blood disgraced,
No shrine, in wicked lust have I profaned;
When I was poor and worn with want, I sinned
Not by intent, a pauper's sin's not banned
As of another! Unto thee I pray
Lift thou the load from off my tortured mind,
Forgive a light offense! When fortune smiles
I'll not thy glory shun and leave behind
Thy worship! Unto thee, a goat that feels
His primest vigor, father of the flocks
Shall come! And suckling pigs, the tender young
Of some fine grunting sow! New wine, in crocks
Shall foam! Thy grateful praises shall be sung
By youths who thrice shall dance around thy shrine
Happy, in youth and full of this year's wine!"*

While I was engaged in this diplomatic effort in behalf of the affected member, a hideous crone with disheveled hair, and clad in black garments which were in great disorder, entered the shrine and, laying hands upon me, led me {thoroughly frightened,} out into the portico.

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH.

"What witches" (she cried,) "have devoured your manhood? What filth did you tread upon at some crossroads, in the dark? Not even by the boy could you do your duty but, weak and effeminate, you are worn out like a cart-horse at a hill, you have lost both labor and sweat! Not content with getting yourself into trouble, you have stirred up the wrath of the gods against me {and I will make you smart for it.}" She then led me, unresisting, back into the priestess's room, pushed me down upon the bed, snatched a cane that hung upon the door, and gave me another thrashing: I remained silent and, had the cane not splintered at the first stroke, thereby diminishing the force of the blow, she might easily have broken

my arms or my head. I groaned dismally, and especially when she manipulated my member and, shedding a flood of tears, I covered my head with my right arm and huddled down upon the pillow. Nor did she weep less bitterly:

*The sailor, naked from his foundered barque,
Some shipwrecked mariner seeks out to hear his woe;
When hail beats down a farmer's crop, his cark
Seeks consolation from another, too.
Death levels caste and sufferers unites,
And weeping parents are as one in grief;
We also will beseech the starry heights,
United prayers climb best, is the belief.*

She seated herself upon the other side of the bed and in quavering tones commenced to accuse the delays of old age. At last the priestess came in. "Why," she cried, "what has brought you into my cell as if you were visiting a newly made grave? And on a feast-day, too, when even mourners ought to smile!" "OEnothea," the old hag replied, "this young man here was born under an unlucky star: he can't dispose of his goods to either boy or girl. Such an unfortunate fellow you never saw. He has no tool at all, only a piece of leather soaked in water! I wish you would tell me what you think of a man who could get up from Circe's bed without having tasted pleasure!" On hearing these words, OEnothea sat down between us and, after shaking her head for a while, "I'm the only one that knows how to cure that disease," said she, "and for fear you think I'm talking to hear myself talk, I'll just have the young fellow sleep with me for a night, and if I don't make it as hard as horn!

*All that you see in the world must give heed to my mandates;
Blossoming earth, when I will it, must languish, a desert.'
Riches pour forth, when I will it, from crags and grim boulders
Waters will spurt that will rival the Nile at its flooding
Seas calm their billows before me, gales silence their howlings,
Hearing my step! And the rivers sink into their channels;
Dragons, Hyrcanian tigers stand fast at my bidding!
Why should I tell you of small things? The image of Luna
Drawn by my spells must descend, and Apollo, atremble
Backs up his horses and turns from his course at my order!
Such is the power of my word! By the rites of a virgin*

*Quenched is the raging of bulls; and the sun's daughter Circe
Changed and transfigured the crew of the wily Ulysses.
Proteus changes his form when his good pleasure dictates,
I, who am skilled in these arts, can the shrubs of Mount Ida
Plant in the ocean; turn rivers to flow up the mountains!"*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH.

At this declaration, which was so awe-inspiring, I shuddered in terror, and commenced to scrutinize the crone more narrowly. "Come now," said OEnothea, "obey my orders," and, carefully wiping her hands, she bent over the cot and kissed me, once, twice! On the middle of the altar OEnothea placed an old table, upon which she heaped live coals, then with melted pitch she repaired a goblet which had become cracked through age. Next she replaced, in the smoke-stained wall, a peg which had come out when she took down the wooden goblet. Then, having donned a mantle, in the shape of a piece of square-cut cloth, she set a huge kettle upon the hearth and at the same time speared with a fork a cloth hanging upon the meathooks, and lifted it down. It contained some beans which had been laid away for future use, and a very small and stale piece of pig's cheek, scored with a thousand slashes. When she had untied the string which fastened the cloth, she poured some of the beans upon the table and ordered me to shell them quickly and carefully. I obey her mandate and with careful fingers separate the beans from the filthy pods which contain them; but she, accusing my clumsiness, hastily snatched them and, skillfully tearing off the pods with her teeth, spat them upon the ground, where they looked like dead flies. I wondered, then, at the ingenuity of poverty and its expedients for emergency. (So ardent a follower of this virtue did the priestess seem that it was reflected in everything around her. Her dwelling, in particular, was a very shrine of poverty.)

*No Indian ivory set in gold gleamed here,
No trodden marble glistened here; no earth
Mocked for its gifts; but Ceres' festive grove:
With willow wickerwork 'twas set around,
New cups of clay by revolutions shaped
Of lowly wheel. For honey soft, a bowl;
Platters of green bark wickerwork, a jar*

*Stained by the lifeblood of the God of Wine;
The walls around with chaff and spattered clay
Were covered. Flanging from protruding nails
Were slender stalks of the green rush; and then
Suspended from the smoky beam, the stores
Of this poor cottage. Service berries soft,
Entwined in fragrant wreaths hung down,
Dried savory and raisins by the bunch.
An hostess here like she on Attic soil,
Of Hecate's pure worship worthy she!
Whose fame Kallimachos so grandly sang
'Twill live forever through the speaking years.*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH.

In the meantime, (having shelled the beans,) she took a mouthful of the meat and with the fork was replacing the pig's cheek, which was coeval with herself, upon the meat-hook, when the rotten stool, which she was using to augment her height, broke down under the old lady's weight and let her fall upon the hearth. The neck of the pot was broken, putting out the fire, which was just getting a good start, her elbow was burned by a flaming brand, and her whole face was covered by the ashes raised by her fall. I jumped up in dismay and, not without laughing, helped the old lady to her feet. She hastily scurried out into the neighborhood to replenish the fire, for fear anything should delay the sacrifice. I was on my way to the door of the cell when lo! and behold! three sacred geese which were accustomed, I suppose, to demand their feed from the old woman at midday, made a rush at me and, surrounding me, made me nervous with their abominable rabid cackling. One tore at my tunic, another undid the lacings of my sandals and tugged at them, but one in particular, the ringleader and moving spirit of this savage attack, did not hesitate to worry at my leg with his serrated bill. Unable to see the joke, I twisted off one of the legs of the little table and, thus armed, began to belabor the pugnacious brute. Nor did I rest content with a light blow, I avenged myself by the death of the goose.

*'Twas thus, I ween, the birds of Stymphalus
To heaven fled, by Herakles impelled;
The Harpies, too, whose reeking pinions held
That poison which the feast of Phineus*

*Contaminated. All the air above
With their unwonted lamentations shook,
The heavens in uproar and confusion move
{The Stars, in dread, their orbits then forsook!}*

By this time the two remaining geese had picked up the beans which had been scattered all over the floor and bereft, I suppose, of their leader, had gone back into the temple; and I, well content with my revenge and my booty, threw the dead goose behind the cot and bathed the trifling wound in my leg with vinegar: then, fearing a scolding, I made up my mind to run away and, collecting together all my belongings, started to leave the house. I had not yet stepped over the threshold of the cell, however, when I caught sight of OEnothea returning with an earthen vessel full of live coals. Thereupon I retraced my steps and, throwing off my garments, I took my stand just inside the door, as if I were awaiting her return. She banked her fire with broken reeds, piled some pieces of wood on top, and began to excuse her delay on the ground that her friend would not permit her to leave until after the customary three drinks had been taken. "But what were you up to in my absence?" she demanded. "Where are the beans?" Thinking that I had done a thing worthy of all praise, I informed her of the battle in all its details and, that she might not be downcast any longer, I produced the dead goose in payment for her loss. When the old lady laid eyes upon that, she raised such a clamor that you would have thought that the geese had invaded the room again. Confounded and thunderstruck at the novelty of my crime, I asked her why she was so angry and why she pitied the goose rather than myself.

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY SEVENTH.

But, beating her palms together, "You villain, are you so brazen that you can speak?" she shrieked. "Don't you know what a serious crime you've committed? You have slaughtered the delight of Priapus, a goose, the very darling of married women! And for fear you think that nothing serious has happened, if the magistrates find this out you'll go to the cross! Until this day my dwelling has been inviolate and you have polluted it with blood! You have conducted yourself in such a manner that any enemy I have can turn me out of the priesthood!"

*She spoke, and from her trembling head she tore the snow-white hair,
And scratched her cheeks: her eyes shed floods of tears.
As when a torrent headlong rushes down the valleys drear,
Its icy fetters gone when Sprint appears,*

*And strikes the frozen shackles from rejuvenated earth
So down her face the tears in torrents swept
And wracking sobs convulsed her as she wept.*

“Please don’t make such a fuss,” I said, “I’ll give you an ostrich in place of your goose!” While she sat upon the cot and, to my stupefaction, bewailed the death of the goose, Proselenos came in with the materials for the sacrifice. Seeing the dead goose and inquiring the cause of her grief, she herself commenced to weep more violently still and to commiserate me, as if I had slain my own father, instead of a public goose. Growing tired of this nonsense at last, “See here,” said I, “could I not purchase immunity for a price, even though I had assaulted you”? Even though I had murdered a man? Look here! I’m laying down two gold pieces, you can buy both gods and geese with them!” “Forgive me, young man,” said OEnothea, when she caught sight of the gold, “I am anxious upon your account; that is a proof of love, not of malignity. Let us take such precautions that not a soul will find this out. As for you, pray to the gods to forgive your sacrilege!”

*The rich man can sail in a favoring gale
And snap out his course at his pleasure;
A Dance espouse, no Acrisius will rail,
His credence by hers he will measure;
Write verse, or declaim; snap the finger of scorn
At the world, yet still win all his cases,
The rabble will drink in his words with concern
When a Cato austere it displaces.
At law, his “not proven,” or “proved,” he can have
With Servius or Labeo vieing;
With gold at command anything he may crave
Is his without asking or sighing.
The universe bows at his slightest behest,
For Jove is a prisoner in his treasure chest.*

In the meantime, she scurried around and put a jar of wine under my hands and, when my fingers had all been spread out evenly, she purified them with leeks and parsley. Then, muttering incantations, she threw hazel-nuts into the wine and drew her conclusions as they sank or floated; but she did not hoodwink me, for those with empty shells, no kernel and full of air, would of course float, while those that were heavy and full of sound kernel would sink to the bottom. {She

then turned her attention to the goose,} and, cutting open the breast, she drew out a very fat liver from which she foretold my future. Then, for fear any trace of the crime should remain, she cut the whole goose up, stuck the pieces upon spits, and served up a very delectable dinner for me, whom, but a moment before, she had herself condemned to death, in her own words! Meanwhile, cups of unmixed wine went merrily around (and the crones greedily devoured the goose which they had but so lately lamented. When the last morsel had disappeared, OEnothea, half-drunk by this time, looked at me and said, “We must now go through with the mysteries, so that you may get back your virility.”)

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH.

(As she said this OEnothea brought) out a leathern dildo which, when she had smeared it with oil, ground pepper, and pounded nettle seed, she commenced to force, little by little, up my anus. The merciless old virago then anointed the insides of my thighs with the same decoction; finally mixing nasturtium juice with elixir of southern wood, she gave my genitals a bath and, picking up a bunch of green nettles, she commenced to strike me gently all over my belly below the navel. {The nettles stung me horribly and I suddenly took to my heels, with the old hags in full pursuit.} Although they were befuddled with wine and lust they followed the right road and chased me through several wards, screaming “Stop thief.” I made good my escape, however, although every toe was bleeding as the result of my headlong flight. (I got home as quickly as I could and, worn out with fatigue, I sought my couch, but I could not snatch a wink of sleep for the evil adventures which had befallen me kept running through my brain and, brooding upon them, I came to the conclusion that no one could be so abjectly unfortunate. “Has Fortune, always inimical to me, stood in need of the pangs of love, that she might torture me more cruelly still,” I cried out; “unhappy wretch that I am! Fortune and Love have joined forces to bring about my ruin. Cruel Eros himself had never dealt leniently with me, loved or lover I am put to the torture! Take the case of Chrysis: she loves me desperately, never leaves off teasing me, she who despised me as a servant, because, when she was acting as her mistress’s go-between, I was dressed in the garments of a slave: she, I say) that same Chrysis, who looked with contempt upon your former lowly lot, is now bent upon following it up even at the peril of her life; (she swore that she would never leave my side on the day when she told me of the violence of her passion: but Circe

owns me, heart and soul, all others I despise. Who could be lovelier than she?) What loveliness had Ariadne or Leda to compare with hers? What had Helen to compare with her, what has Venus? If Paris himself had seen her with her dancing eyes, when he acted as umpire for the quarreling goddesses, he would have given up Helen and the goddesses for her! If I could only steal a kiss, if only I might put my arms around that divine, that heavenly bosom, perhaps the virility would come back to this body and the parts, flaccid from witchcraft would, I believe, come into their own. Contempt cannot tire me out: what if I was flogged; I will forget it! What if I was thrown out! I will treat it as a joke! Only let me be restored to her good graces!

*At rest on my pallet, night's silence had scarce settled down
To soothe me, and eyes heavy-laden with slumber to lull
When torturing Amor laid hold of me, seizing my hair
And dragging me, wounding me, ordered a vigil till dawn.
'Oh heart of stone, how canst thou lie here alone?' said the God,
'Thou joy of a thousand sweet mistresses, how, oh my slave?'
In disarrayed nightrobe I leap to bare feet and essay
To follow all paths; but a road can discover by none.
One moment I hasten; the next it is torture to move,
It irks me again to turn back, shame forbids me to halt
And stand in the midst of the road. Lo! the voices of men,
The roar of the streets, and the songs of the birds, and the bark
Of vigilant watch-dogs are hushed! Alone, I of all
Society dread both my slumber and couch, and obey
Great Lord of the Passions, thy mandate which on me was laid."*

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH.

(Such thoughts as these, of lovely Circe's charms so wrought upon my mind that) I disordered my bed by embracing the image, as it were, of my mistress, (but my efforts were all wasted.) This obstinate (affliction finally wore out my patience, and I cursed the hostile deity by whom I was bewitched. I soon recovered my composure, however, and, deriving some consolation from thinking of the heroes of old, who had been persecuted by the anger of the gods, I broke out in these lines:)

*Hostile gods and implacable hate not me alone pursue;
Herakles once suffered the weight of heaven's displeasure too
Driven from the Inachian coast: Laomedon of old
Sated two of the heavenly host: in Pelias, behold
Juno's power to avenge an affront; and Telephus took arms
Knowing not he must bear the brunt; Ulysses feared the storms
Angry Neptune decreed as his due. Now, me to overwhelm
Outraged Priapus ever pursues on land and Nereus' realm.*

(Tortured by these cares I spent the whole night in anxiety, and at dawn, Giton, who had found out that I had slept at home, entered the room and bitterly accused me of leading a licentious life; he said that the whole household was greatly concerned at what I had been doing, that I was so rarely present to attend to my duties, and that the intrigue in which I was engaged would very likely bring about my ruin. I gathered from this that he had been well informed as to my affairs, and that someone had been to the house inquiring for me. Thereupon,) I began to ply Giton with questions as to whether anyone had made inquiry for me; "Not today," he replied, "but yesterday a woman came in at the door, not bad looking, either, and after talking to me for quite a while, and wearing me out with her far-fetched conversation, finally ended by saying that you deserved punishment, and that you would receive the scourging of a slave if the injured party pressed his complaint." (This news afflicted me so bitterly that I levelled fresh recriminations against Fortune, and) I had not yet finished grumbling when Chrysis came in and, throwing herself upon me, embraced me passionately. "I have you," she cried, "just as I hoped I would; you are my heart's desire, my joy, you can never put out this flame of mine unless you quench it in my blood!" (I was greatly embarrassed by this wantonness of Chrysis and had recourse to flattery in order that I might rid myself of her, as I feared that her passionate outcries would reach the ears of Eumolpus who, in the arrogance of success, had put on the manner of the master. So on this account, I did everything I could think of to calm Chrysis. I feigned love, whispered compliments, in short, so skillfully did I dissimulate that she believed I was Love's own captive. I showed her what pressing peril overhung us should she be caught in that room with me, as Eumolpus was only too ready to punish the slightest offense. On hearing this, she left me hurriedly, and all the more quickly, as she caught sight of Giton, who had only left me a little before she had come in, on his way to my room. She was scarcely gone when) one of the newly engaged servants rushed in and informed me that the master was furiously angry with me because of my two days' absence from duty; I would do well,

therefore, to prepare some plausible excuse, as it was not likely that his angry passion would be placated until someone had been flogged. (Seeing that I was so vexed and disheartened, Giton said not a word about the woman, contenting himself with speaking of Eumolpus, and advising me that it would be better to joke with him than to treat the matter seriously. I followed this lead and appeared before the old fellow, with so merry a countenance that, instead of showing severity, he received me with good humor and rallied me upon the success of my love affairs, praising the elegance of my figure which made me such a favorite with the ladies. "I know very well," he went on, "that a lovely woman is dying for love of you, Encolpius, and this may come in handy for us, so play your part and I'll play mine, too!")

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH.

(He was still speaking, when in came a) matron of the most exclusive social set, Philumene by name, who had often, when young, extorted many a legacy by means of her charms, but an old woman now, the flower of her beauty faded, she threw her son and daughter in the way of childless old men and through this substitution she contrived to continue her established policy. She came to Eumolpus, both to commend her children to his practical judgment and to entrust herself and her hopes to his good nature, he being the only one in all the world who could daily instruct young children in healthy precepts. In short, she left her children in Eumolpus' house in order that they might hear the words that dropped from his lips, as this was the only legacy she could leave to them. Nor did she do otherwise than as she had promised, but left in his bed chamber a very beautiful daughter and her brother, a lad, and pretended that she herself was compelled to go out to a temple to offer up her vows. Eumolpus, who was so continent that even I was a boy in his eyes, lost no time in inviting the damsel to sacrifice to the Aversa Venus; but, as he had told everyone that he was gouty and that his back was weak, and as he stood in danger of upsetting the whole farce if he did not carefully live up to the pretence, he therefore, that the imposture might be kept up, prevailed upon the young lady to seat herself upon that goodness which had been commended to her, and ordered Corax to crawl under the bed upon which he himself was lying and after bracing himself by putting his hands upon the floor, to hoist his master up and down with his own back. Corax carried out the order in full and skillfully seconded the wriggling of the girl with a corresponding seesaw.

Then, when the crisis was about due, Eumolpus, in a ringing voice, called out to Corax to increase the cadence. And thus the old lecher, suspended between his servant and his mistress, enjoyed himself just as if he were in a swing. Time and again Eumolpus repeated this performance, to the accompaniment of ringing laughter in which he himself joined. At last, fearing I might lose an opportunity through lack of application, I also made advances to the brother who was enjoying the gymnastics of his sister through the keyhole, to see if he would prove amenable to assault. Nor did this well trained lad reject my advances; but alas! I discovered that the God was still my enemy. (However, I was not so blue over this failure as I had been over those before, and my virility returned a little later and, suddenly finding myself in better fettle I cried out,) “Great are the gods who have made me whole again! In his loving kindness, Mercury, who conducts and reconducts the souls, has restored to me that which a hostile hand had cut away. Look! You will find that I am more graciously endowed than was Protestilaus or any other of the heroes of old!” So saying, I lifted up my tunic and showed Eumolpus that I was whole. At first he was startled, then, that he might believe his own eyes, he handled this pledge of the good will of the gods with both hands. (Our good humor was revived by this blessing and we laughed at the diplomacy of Philumene and at the skill with which her children plied their calling, little likely to profit them much with us, however, as it was only in hopes of coming into a legacy that she had abandoned the boy and girl to us. Meditating upon this unscrupulous method of getting around childless old men, I began to take thought of the present state of our own affairs and made use of the occasion to warn Eumolpus that he might be bitten in biting the biters. “Everything that we do,” I said, “should be dictated by Prudence.) Socrates, {whose judgment was riper than that} of the gods or of men used to boast that he had never looked into a tavern nor believed the evidence of his own eyes in any crowded assembly which was disorderly: so nothing is more in keeping than always conversing with wisdom.

*Live coals are more readily held in men's mouths than a secret!
Whatever you talk of at home will fly forth in an instant,
Become a swift rumor and beat at the walls of your city.
Nor is it enough that your confidence thus has been broken,
As rumor but grows in the telling and strives to embellish.
The covetous servant who feared to make public his knowledge
A hole in the ground dug, and therein did whisper his secret*

*That told of a king's hidden ears: this the earth straightway echoed,
And rustling reeds added that Midas was king in the story.*

“Every word of this is true,” I insisted, “and no one deserves to get into trouble more quickly than he who covets the goods of others! How could cheats and swindlers live unless they threw purses or little bags clinking with money into the crowd for bait? Just as dumb brutes are enticed by food, human beings are not to be caught unless they have something in the way of hope at which to nibble! (That was the reason that the Crotonians gave us such a satisfactory reception, but) the ship does not arrive, from Africa, with your money and your slaves, as you promised. The patience of the fortune-hunters is worn out and they have already cut down their liberality so that, either I am mistaken, or else our usual luck is about to return to punish you!”

CHAPTER THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST.

(“I have thought up a scheme,” replied Eumolpus, “which will embarrass our fortune-hunting friends sorely,” and as he said this, he drew his tablets from his wallet and read his last wishes aloud, as follows:) “All who are down for legacies under my will, my freedmen only excepted, shall come into what I bequeath them subject to this condition, that they do cut my body into pieces and devour said pieces in sight of the crowd: {nor need they be inordinately shocked} for among some peoples, the law ordaining that the dead shall be devoured by their relatives is still in force; nay, even the sick are often abused because they render their own flesh worse! I admonish my friends, by these presents, lest they refuse what I command, that they devour my carcass with as great relish as they damned my soul!” (Eumolpus had just started reading the first clauses when several of his most intimate friends entered the room and catching sight of the tablets in his hand in which was contained his last will and testament, besought him earnestly to permit them to hear the contents. He consented immediately and read the entire instrument from first to last. But when they had heard that extraordinary stipulation by which they were under the necessity of devouring his carcass, they were greatly cast down, but) his reputation for enormous wealth dulled the eyes and brains of the wretches, (and they were such cringing sycophants that they dared not complain of the outrage in his hearing. One there was, nevertheless, named) Gorgias, who was willing to comply, (provided he did not have too long to wait! To this, Eumolpus made answer:) “I have no fear that your stomach will turn, it will obey orders; if, for one hour of nausea you promise it a plethora of

good things: just shut your eyes and pretend that it's not human guts you've bolted, but ten million sesterces! And beside, we will find some condiment which will disguise the taste! No flesh is palatable of itself, it must be seasoned by art and reconciled to the unwilling stomach. And, if you desire to fortify the plan by precedents, the Saguntines ate human flesh when besieged by Hannibal, and they had no legacy in prospect! In stress of famine, the inhabitants of Petelia did the same and gained nothing from the diet except that they were not hungry! When Numantia was taken by Scipio, mothers, with the half-eaten bodies of their babes in their bosoms, were found! (Therefore, since it is only the thought of eating human flesh that makes you squeamish, you must try to overcome your aversion, with all your heart, so that you may come into the immense legacies I have put you down for!") So carelessly did Eumolpus reel off these extravagances that the fortune-hunters began to lose faith in the validity of his promises and subjected our words and actions to a closer scrutiny immediately; their suspicions grew with their experience and they came to the conclusion that we were out and out grafters, and thereupon those who had been put to the greatest expense for our entertainment resolved to seize us and take it out in just revenge; but Chrysis, who was privy to all their scheming, informed me of the designs which the Crotonians had hatched; and when I heard this news, I was so terrified that I fled instantly, with Giton, and left Eumolpus to his fate. I learned, a few days later, that the Crotonians, furious because the old fox had lived so long and so sumptuously at the public expense, had put him to death in the Massilian manner. That you may comprehend what this means, know that) whenever the Massilians were ravaged by the plague, one of the poor would offer himself to be fed for a whole year upon choice food at public charge; after which, decked out with olive branches and sacred vestments, he was led out through the entire city, loaded with imprecations so that he might take to himself the evils from which the city suffered, and then thrown headlong (from the cliff.)

VOLUME VI. NOTES

PROSTITUTION.

There are two basic instincts in the character of the normal individual; the will to live, and the will to propagate the species. It is from the interplay of these instincts that prostitution took origin, and it is for this reason that this profession is the oldest in human experience, the first offspring, as it were, of savagery and of civilization. When Fate turns the leaves of the book of universal history, she enters, upon the page devoted thereto, the record of the birth of each nation in its chronological order, and under this record appears the scarlet entry to confront the future historian and arrest his unwilling attention; the only entry which time and even oblivion can never efface.

If, prior to the time of Augustus Caesar, the Romans had laws designed to control the social evil, we have no knowledge of them, but there is nevertheless no lack of evidence to prove that it was only too well known among them long before that happy age (Livy i, 4; ii, 18); and the peculiar story of the Bacchanalian cult which was brought to Rome by foreigners about the second century B.C. (Livy xxxix, 9-17), and the comedies of Plautus and Terence, in which the pandar and the harlot are familiar characters. Cicero, *Pro Coelio*, chap. xx, says: "If there is anyone who holds the opinion that young men should be interdicted from intrigues with the women of the town, he is indeed austere! That, ethically, he is in the right, I cannot deny: but nevertheless, he is at loggerheads not only with the licence of the present age, but even with the habits of our ancestors and what they permitted themselves. For when was this NOT done? When was it rebuked? When found fault with?" The Floralia, first introduced about 238 B.C., had a powerful influence in giving impetus to the spread of prostitution. The account of the origin of this festival, given by Lactantius, while no credence is to be placed in it, is very interesting. "When Flora, through the practice of prostitution, had come into great wealth, she made the people her heir, and bequeathed a certain fund, the income of which was to be used to celebrate her birthday by the exhibition of the games they call the Floralia" (*Instit. Divin.* xx, 6). In chapter x of the same book, he describes the manner in which they were celebrated: "They were solemnized with every form of licentiousness. For in addition to the freedom of speech that pours forth every obscenity, the prostitutes, at the importunities of

the rabble, strip off their clothing and act as mimes in full view of the crowd, and this they continue until full satiety comes to the shameless lookers-on, holding their attention with their wriggling buttocks.” Cato, the censor, objected to the latter part of this spectacle, but, with all his influence, he was never able to abolish it; the best he could do was to have the spectacle put off until he had left the theatre. Within 40 years after the introduction of this festival, P. Scipio Africanus, in his speech in defense of Tib. Asellus, said: “If you elect to defend your profligacy, well and good. But as a matter of fact, you have lavished, on one harlot, more money than the total value, as declared by you to the Census Commissioners, of all the plenishing of your Sabine farm; if you deny my assertion I ask who dare wager 1,000 sesterces on its untruth? You have squandered more than a third of the property you inherited from your father and dissipated it in debauchery” (Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae*, vii, 11). It was about this time that the Oppian law came up for repeal. The stipulations of this law were as follows: No woman should have in her dress above half an ounce of gold, nor wear a garment of different colors, nor ride in a carriage in the city or in any town, or within a mile of it, unless upon occasion of a public sacrifice. This sumptuary law was passed during the public distress consequent upon Hannibal’s invasion of Italy. It was repealed eighteen years afterward, upon petition of the Roman ladies, though strenuously opposed by Cato (Livy 34, 1; Tacitus, *Annales*, 3, 33). The increase of wealth among the Romans, the spoils wrung from their victims as a portion of the price of defeat, the contact of the legions with the softer, more civilized, more sensuous races of Greece and Asia Minor, laid the foundations upon which the social evil was to rise above the city of the seven hills, and finally crush her. In the character of the Roman there was but little of tenderness. The well-being of the state caused him his keenest anxiety. One of the laws of the twelve tables, the “*Coelebes Prohibito*,” compelled the citizen of manly vigor to satisfy the promptings of nature in the arms of a lawful wife, and the tax on bachelors is as ancient as the times of Furius Camillus. “There was an ancient law among the Romans,” says Dion Cassius, lib. xliii, “which forbade bachelors, after the age of twenty-five, to enjoy equal political rights with married men. The old Romans had passed this law in hope that, in this way, the city of Rome, and the Provinces of the Roman Empire as well, might be insured an abundant population.” The increase, under the Emperors, of the number of laws dealing with sex is an accurate mirror of conditions as they altered and grew worse. The “*Jus Trium Librorum*,” under the empire, a privilege enjoyed by those who had three legitimate children, consisting, as it did, of permission to fill a

public office before the twenty-fifth year of one's age, and in freedom from personal burdens, must have had its origin in the grave apprehensions for the future, felt by those in power. The fact that this right was sometimes conferred upon those who were not legally entitled to benefit by it, makes no difference in this inference. Scions of patrician families imbibed their lessons from the skilled voluptuaries of Greece and the Levant and in their intrigues with the wantons of those climes, they learned to lavish wealth as a fine art. Upon their return to Rome they were but ill-pleased with the standard of entertainment offered by the ruder and less sophisticated native talent; they imported Greek and Syrian mistresses. 'Wealth increased, its message sped in every direction, and the corruption of the world was drawn into Italy as by a load-stone. The Roman matron had learned how to be a mother, the lesson of love was an unopened book; and, when the foreign hetairai poured into the city, and the struggle for supremacy began, she soon became aware of the disadvantage under which she contended. Her natural haughtiness had caused her to lose valuable time; pride, and finally desperation drove her to attempt to outdo her foreign rivals; her native modesty became a thing of the past, her Roman initiative, unadorned by sophistication, was often but too successful in outdoing the Greek and Syrian wantons, but without the appearance of refinement which they always contrived to give to every caress of passion or avarice. They wooed fortune with an abandon that soon made them the objects of contempt in the eyes of their lords and masters. "She is chaste whom no man has solicited," said Ovid (*Amor.* i, 8, line 43). Martial, writing about ninety years later says: "Sophronius Rufus, long have I been searching the city through to find if there is ever a maid to say 'No'; there is not one." (*Ep.* iv, 71.) In point of time, a century separates Ovid and Martial; from a moral standpoint, they are as far apart as the poles. The revenge, then, taken by Asia, gives a startling insight into the real meaning of Kipling's poem, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." In Livy (xxxiv, 4) we read: (Cato is speaking), "All these changes, as day by day the fortune of the state is higher and more prosperous and her empire grows greater, and our conquests extend over Greece and Asia, lands replete with every allurement of the senses, and we appropriate treasures that may well be called royal, — all this I dread the more from my fear that such high fortune may rather master us, than we master it." Within twelve years of the time when this speech was delivered, we read in the same author (xxxix, 6), "for the beginnings of foreign luxury were brought into the city by the Asiatic army"; and Juvenal (*Sat.* iii, 6), "Quirites, I cannot bear to see Rome a Greek city, yet how small a fraction of the whole corruption is

found in these dregs of Achaëa? Long since has the Syrian Orontes flowed into the Tiber and brought along with it the Syrian tongue and manners and cross-stringed harp and harper and exotic timbrels and girls bidden stand for hire at the circus.” Still, from the facts which have come down to us, we cannot arrive at any definite date at which houses of ill fame and women of the town came into vogue at Rome. That they had long been under police regulation, and compelled to register with the aedile, is evident from a passage in Tacitus: “for Visitilia, born of a family of praetorian rank, had publicly notified before the aediles, a permit for fornication, according to the usage that prevailed among our fathers, who supposed that sufficient punishment for unchaste women resided in the very nature of their calling.” No penalty attached to illicit intercourse or to prostitution in general, and the reason appears in the passage from Tacitus, quoted above. In the case of married women, however, who contravened the marriage vow there were several penalties. Among them, one was of exceptional severity, and was not repealed until the time of Theodosius: “again he repealed another regulation of the following nature; if any should have been detected in adultery, by this plan she was not in any way reformed, but rather utterly given over to an increase of her ill behaviour. They used to shut the woman up in a narrow room, admitting any that would commit fornication with her, and, at the moment when they were accomplishing their foul deed, to strike bells, that the sound might make known to all, the injury she was suffering. The Emperor hearing this, would suffer it no longer, but ordered the very rooms to be pulled down” (Paulus Diaconus, *Hist. Miscel.* xiii, 2). Rent from a brothel was a legitimate source of income (Ulpian, *Law as to Female Slaves Making Claim to Heirship*). Procuracy also, had to be notified before the aedile, whose special business it was to see that no Roman matron became a prostitute. These aediles had authority to search every place which had reason to fear anything, but they themselves dared not engage in any immorality there; Aulus Gellius, *Noct. Attic.* iv, 14, where an action at law is cited, in which the aedile Hostilius had attempted to force his way into the apartments of Mamilia, a courtesan, who thereupon, had driven him away with stones. The result of the trial is as follows: “the tribunes gave as their decision that the aedile had been lawfully driven from that place, as being one that he ought not to have visited with his officer.” If we compare this passage with Livy, xl, 35, we find that this took place in the year 180 B C. Caligula inaugurated a tax upon prostitutes (*vectigal ex capturis*), as a state impost: “he levied new and hitherto unheard of taxes; a proportion of the fees of prostitutes; — so much as each earned with one man. A clause was also added to the law directing that

women who had practiced harlotry and men who had practiced procuration should be rated publicly; and furthermore, that marriages should be liable to the rate" (Suetonius, Calig. xi). Alexander Severus retained this law, but directed that such revenue be used for the upkeep of the public buildings, that it might not contaminate the state treasure (Lamprid. Alex. Severus, cha). This infamous tax was not abolished until the time of Theodosius, but the real credit is due to a wealthy patrician, Florentius by name, who strongly censured this practice, to the Emperor, and offered his own property to make good the deficit which would appear upon its abrogation (Gibbon, vol. 2, , note). With the regulations and arrangements of the brothels, however, we have information which is far more accurate. These houses (lupanaria, fornices, et cet.) were situated, for the most part, in the Second District of the City (Adler, Description of the City of Rome, p et seq.), the Coelimontana, particularly in the Suburra that bordered the town walls, lying in the Carinae, — the valley between the Coelian and Esquiline Hills. The Great Market (Macellum Magnum) was in this district, and many cook-shops, stalls, barber shops, et cet. as well; the office of the public executioner, the barracks for foreign soldiers quartered at Rome; this district was one of the busiest and most densely populated in the entire city. Such conditions would naturally be ideal for the owner of a house of ill fame, or for a pandar. The regular brothels are described as having been exceedingly dirty, smelling of the gas generated by the flame of the smoking lamp, and of the other odors which always haunted these ill ventilated dens. Horace, Sat. i, 2, 30, "on the other hand, another will have none at all except she be standing in the evil smelling cell (of the brothel)"; Petronius, chap. xxii, "worn out by all his troubles, Ascyltos commenced to nod, and the maid, whom he had slighted, and, of course, insulted, smeared lamp-black all over his face"; Priapeia, xiii, 9, "whoever likes may enter here, smeared with the black soot of the brothel"; Seneca, Cont. i, 2, "you reek still of the soot of the brothel." The more pretentious establishments of the Peace ward, however, were sumptuously fitted up. Hair dressers were in attendance to repair the ravages wrought in the toilette, by frequent amorous conflicts, and aquarioli, or water boys attended at the door with bidets for ablution. Pimps sought custom for these houses and there was a good understanding between the parasites and the prostitutes. From the very nature of their calling, they were the friends and companions of courtesans. Such characters could not but be mutually necessary to each other. The harlot solicited the acquaintance of the client or parasite, that she might the more easily obtain and carry on intrigues with the rich and dissipated. The parasite was assiduous in his attention to the courtesan, as

procuring through her means, more easy access to his patrons, and was probably rewarded by them both, for the gratification which he obtained for the vices of the one and the avarice of the other. The licensed houses seem to have been of two kinds: those owned and managed by a pandar, and those in which the latter was merely an agent, renting rooms and doing everything in his power to supply his renters with custom. The former were probably the more respectable. In these pretentious houses, the owner kept a secretary, *villicus puellarum*, or superintendent of maids; this official assigned a girl her name, fixed the price to be demanded for her favors, received the money and provided clothing and other necessities: “you stood with the harlots, you stood decked out to please the public, wearing the costume the pimp had furnished you”; Seneca, *Controv.* i, 2. Not until this traffic had become profitable, did procurers and procuresses (for women also carried on this trade) actually keep girls whom they bought as slaves: “naked she stood on the shore, at the pleasure of the purchaser; every part of her body was examined and felt. Would you hear the result of the sale? The pirate sold; the pandar bought, that he might employ her as a prostitute”; Seneca, *Controv.* lib. i, 2. It was also the duty of the *villicus*, or cashier, to keep an account of what each girl earned: “give me the brothel-keeper’s accounts, the fee will suit” (*Ibid.*)

When an applicant registered with the aedile, she gave her correct name, her age, place of birth, and the pseudonym under which she intended practicing her calling. (Plautus, *Poen.*)

If the girl was young and apparently respectable, the official sought to influence her to change her mind; failing in this, he issued her a license (*licentia stupri*), ascertained the price she intended exacting for her favors, and entered her name in his roll. Once entered there, the name could never be removed, but must remain for all time an insurmountable bar to repentance and respectability. Failure to register was severely punished upon conviction, and this applied not only to the girl but to the pandar as well. The penalty was scourging, and frequently fine and exile. Notwithstanding this, however, the number of clandestine prostitutes at Rome was probably equal to that of the registered harlots. As the relations of these unregistered women were, for the most part, with politicians and prominent citizens it was very difficult to deal with them effectively: they were protected by their customers, and they set a price upon their favors which was commensurate with the jeopardy in which they always stood. The cells opened upon a court or portico in the pretentious establishments, and this court was used as a sort of reception room where the visitors waited with covered head, until the artist whose ministrations were particularly desired, as she would of course be familiar with

their preferences in matters of entertainment, was free to receive them. The houses were easily found by the stranger, as an appropriate emblem appeared over the door. This emblem of Priapus was generally a carved figure, in wood or stone, and was frequently painted to resemble nature more closely. The size ranged from a few inches in length to about two feet. Numbers of these beginnings in advertising have been recovered from Pompeii and Herculaneum, and in one case an entire establishment, even to the instruments used in gratifying unnatural lusts, was recovered intact. In praise of our modern standards of morality, it should be said that it required some study and thought to penetrate the secret of the proper use of several of these instruments. The collection is still to be seen in the Secret Museum at Naples. The mural decoration was also in proper keeping with the object for which the house was maintained, and a few examples of this decoration have been preserved to modern times; their luster and infamous appeal undimmed by the passage of centuries.

Over the door of each cell was a tablet (titulus) upon which was the name of the occupant and her price; the reverse bore the word "occupata" and when the inmate was engaged the tablet was turned so that this word was out. This custom is still observed in Spain and Italy. Plautus, *Asin.* iv, i, 9, speaks of a less pretentious house when he says: "let her write on the door that she is 'occupata.'" The cell usually contained a lamp of bronze or, in the lower dens, of clay, a pallet or cot of some sort, over which was spread a blanket or patch-work quilt, this latter being sometimes employed as a curtain, Petronius, chap 7.

The arches under the circus were a favorite location for prostitutes; ladies of easy virtue were ardent frequenters of the games of the circus and were always ready at hand to satisfy the inclinations which the spectacles aroused. These arcade dens were called "fornices," from which comes our generic fornication. The taverns, inns, lodging houses, cook shops, bakeries, spelt-mills and like institutions all played a prominent part in the underworld of Rome. Let us take them in order:

Lupanaria — Wolf Dens, from lupa, a wolf. The derivation, according to Lactantius, is as follows: "for she (Lupa, i. e., Acca Laurentia) was the wife of Faustulus, and because of the easy rate at which her person was held at the disposal of all, was called, among the shepherds, 'Lupa,' that is, harlot, whence also 'lupanar,' a brothel, is so called." It may be added, however, that there is some diversity of opinion upon this matter. It will be discussed more fully under the word "lupa."

Fornix — An arch. The arcades under the theatres.

Pergulae — *Balconies, where harlots were shown.*

Stabulae — *Inns, but frequently houses of prostitution.*

Diversorium — *A lodging house; house of assignation.*

Tugurium — *A hut. A very low den.*

Turturilla — *A dove cote; frequently in male part.*

Casuaria — *Road houses; almost invariably brothels.*

Tabernae — *Bakery shops.*

The taverns were generally regarded by the magistrates as brothels and the waitresses were so regarded by the law (Codex Theodos. lx, tit. 7, ed. Ritter; Ulpian liiii, 23, De Ritu Nupt.). The Barmaid (Copa), attributed to Virgil, proves that even the proprietress had two strings to her bow, and Horace, Sat. lib. i, v, 82, in describing his excursion to Brundisium, narrates his experience, or lack of it, with a waitress in an inn. This passage, it should be remarked, is the only one in all his works in which he is absolutely sincere in what he says of women. "Here like a triple fool I waited till midnight for a lying jade till sleep overcame me, intent on venery; in that filthy vision the dreams spot my night clothes and my belly, as I lie upon my back." In the AEserman inscription (Mommsen, Inscr. Regn. Nea, which is number 7306 in Orelli-Henzen) we have another example of the hospitality of these inns, and a dialogue between the hostess and a transient. The bill for the services of a girl amounted to 8 asses. This inscription is of great interest to the antiquary, and to the archæologist. That bakers were not slow in organizing the grist mills is shown by a passage from Paulus Diaconus, xiii, 2: "as time went on, the owners of these turned the public corn mills into pernicious frauds. For, as the mill stones were fixed in places under ground, they set up booths on either side of these chambers and caused harlots to stand for hire in them, so that by these means they deceived very many, — some that came for bread, others that hastened thither for the base gratification of their wantonness." From a passage in Festus, it would seem that this was first put into practice in Campania:— "harlots were called 'aelicariae', 'spelt-mill girls, in Campania, being accustomed to ply for gain before the mills of the spelt-millers." "Common strumpets, bakers' mistresses, refuse the spelt-mill girls," says Plautus, i, ii, 54.

There are few languages which are richer in pornographic terminology than the Latin.

Meretrix — Nomus Marcellus has pointed out the difference between this class of prostitutes and the prostibula. "This is the difference between a meretrix (harlot) and a prostibula (common strumpet): a meretrix is of a more honorable station and calling; for meretrices are so named a merendo (from earning wages)

because they plied their calling only by night; prostibulu because they stand before the stabulum (stall) for gain both by day and night.”

Prostibula — She who stands in front of her cell or stall.

Proседа — She who sits in front of her cell or stall. She who later became the Empress Theodora belonged to this class, if any credit is to be given to Procopius.

Nonariae — *She that is forbidden to appear before the ninth hour.*

Mimae — *Mime players. They were almost invariably prostitutes.*

Cymbalistriae — *Cymbal players. They were almost invariably prostitutes.*

Ambubiae — *Singing girls. They were almost invariably prostitutes.*

Citharistriae — *Harpists. They were almost invariably prostitutes.*

Scortum — *A strumpet. Secrecy is implied, but the word has a broad usage.*

Scorta erratica | *Clandestine strumpets who were street walkers. Secuteleia* |

Busturiae — *Tomb frequenters and hangers-on at funerals.*

Copae — *Bar maids.*

Delicatae — *Kept mistresses.*

Famosae — *Soiled doves from respectable families.*

Doris — *Harlots of great beauty. They wore no clothing.*

Lupae — *She wolves. Some authorities affirm that this name was given them because of a peculiar wolflike cry they uttered, and others assert that the generic was bestowed upon them because their rapacity rivalled that of the wolf. Servius, however, in his commentary on Virgil, has assigned a much more improper and filthy reason for the name; he alludes to the manner in which the wolf who mothered Rotnulus and Reinus licked their bodies with her tongue, and this hint is sufficient to confirm him in his belief that the lupa; were not less skilled in lingual gymnastics. See Lemaire's Virgil, vol. vi, ; commentary of Servius on AENEID, lib. viii, 631.*

AElicariae — *Bakers' girls.*

Noctiluae — *Night walkers.*

Blitidae — *A very low class deriving their name from a cheap drink sold in the dens they frequented.*

Forariae — *Country girls who frequented the roads.*

Gallinae — *Thieving prostitutes, because after the manner of hens, prostitutes take anything and scatter everything.*

Diobolares — *Two obol girls. So called from their price.*

Amasiae, also in the diminutive — *Girls devoted to Venus. Their best expression in modern society would be the "vamps."*

Amatrix — *Female lover, frequently in male part.*

Amica — Female friend, frequently a tribad.

Quadrantariae — The lowest class of all. Their natural charms were no longer merchantable. She of whom Catullus speaks in connection with the lofty souled descendants of Remus was of this stripe.

From many passages in the ancient authors it is evident that harlots stood naked at the doors of their cells: "I saw some men prowling stealthily between the rows of name-boards and naked prostitutes," Petronius, cha. "She entered the brothel, cozy with its crazy-quilt, and the empty cell — her own. Then, naked she stands, with gilded nipples, beneath the tablet of the pretended Lysisca," Juvenal, Sat. vi, 121 et seq. In some cases they had recourse to a gossamer tissue of silk gauze, as was formerly the custom in Paris, Chicago, and San Francisco. "The matron has no softer thigh nor has she a more beautiful leg," says Horace, Sat. I, ii, "though the setting be one of pearls and emeralds (with all due respect to thy opinion, Cerinthus), the togaed plebeian's is often the finer, and, in addition, the beauties of figure are not camouflaged; that which is for sale, if honest, is shown openly, whereas deformity seeks concealment. It is the custom among kings that, when buying horses, they inspect them in the open, lest, as is often the case, a beautiful head is sustained by a tender hoof and the eager purchaser may be seduced by shapely hocks, a short head, or an arching neck. Are these experts right in this? Thou canst appraise a figure with the eyes of Lynceus and discover its beauties; though blinder than Hypoesea herself thou canst see what deformities there are. Ah, what a leg! What arms! But how thin her buttocks are, in very truth what a huge nose she has, she's short-waisted, too, and her feet are out of proportion! Of the matron, except for the face, nothing is open to your scrutiny unless she is a Catia who has dispensed with her clothing so that she may be felt all over thoroughly, the rest will be hidden. But as for the other, no difficulty there! Through the Coan silk it is as easy for you to see as if she were naked, whether she has an unshapely leg, whether her foot is ugly; her waist you can examine with your eyes. As for the price exacted, it ranged from a quadrans to a very high figure. In the inscription to which reference has already been made, the price was eight asses. An episode related in the life of Apollonius of Tyre furnishes additional information upon this subject. The lecher who deflowered a harlot was compelled to pay a much higher price for alleged undamaged goods than was asked of subsequent purchasers.

"Master," cries the girl, throwing herself at his feet, "pity my maidenhood, do not prostitute this body under so ugly a name." The superintendent of maids replies, "Let the maid here present be dressed up with every care, let a name-

ticket be written for her, and the fellow who deflowers Tarsia shall pay half a libra; afterwards she shall be at the service of the public for one solidus per head."

The passage in Petronius (chap. viii) and that in Juvenal (Sat. vi, 125) are not to be taken literally. "Aes" in the latter should be understood to mean what we would call "the coin," and not necessarily coin of low denomination.

PAEDERASTIA.

The origin of this vice (all peoples, savage and civilized, have been infected with it) is lost in the mists which shroud antiquity. The Old Testament contains many allusions to it, and Sodom was destroyed because a long-suffering deity could not find ten men in the entire city who were not addicted to its practice. So saturated was this city of the ancient world with the vice that the very name of the city or the adjective denoting citizenship in that city have transmitted the stigma to modern times. That the fathers of Israel were quick to perceive the tortuous ramifications of this vice is proved by a passage in Deuteronomy, chap. xxi, verse 15: "the woman shall not wear that which pertaineth to a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abominations unto the Lord thy God." Here we have the first regulation against fetishism and the perverted tendencies of gynandry and androgeny. Inasmuch as our concern with this subject has to do with the Roman world alone, a lengthy discussion of the early manifestations of this vice would be out of place here; nevertheless, a brief sketch should be given to serve as a foundation to such discussion and to aid sociologists who will find themselves more and more concerned with the problem in view of the conditions in European society, induced by the late war. Their problem will, however, be more intimately concerned with homosexuality as it is manifested among women!

From remotest antiquity down to the present time, oriental nations have been addicted to this practice and it is probably from this source that the plague spread among the Greeks. I do not assert that they were ignorant of this form of indulgence prior to their association with the Persians, for Nature teaches the sage as well as the savage. Meier, the author of the article "Paederastia" in Ersch and Grueber's encyclopedia (1837) is of the opinion that the vice had its origin among the Boeotians, and John Addington Symonds in his essay on Greek Love concurs in this view. As the two scholars worked upon the same material from different angles, and as the English writer was unacquainted with the German savant's monograph until after Burton had written his Terminal Essay, it follows that the conclusions arrived at by these two scholars must be worthy of credence. The

Greeks contemporary with the Homeric poems were familiar with paederasty, and there is reason to believe that it had been known for ages, even then. Greek Literature, from Homer to the Anthology teems with references to the vice and so common was it among them that from that fact it derived its generic; "Greek Love." So malignant is tradition that the Greeks of the present time still suffer from the stigma, as is well illustrated by the proverb current among sailors: "Englisha man he catcha da boy, Johnnie da Greek he catcha da blame." The Romans are supposed to have received their first introduction to paederasty and homosexuality generally, from the Etruscans or from the Greek colonists in Italy, but Suidas (Tharnyris) charges the inhabitants of Italy; with the invention of this vice and it would appear from Athenaeus (Deipnosophists. lib. xiii) that the native peoples of Italy and the Greek colonists as well were addicted to the most revolting practices with boys. The case of Laetorius (Valerius Maximus vi, 1, 11) proves that as early as 320 B. C., the Romans were no strangers to it and also that it was not common among them, at that time.

As the character of the primitive Roman was essentially different from that of the contemporary Greek, and as his struggle for existence was severe in the extreme, there was little moral obliquity during the first two hundred and fifty years. The "coelibes prohibeto" of the Twelve Tables was also a powerful influence in preserving chastity. By the time of Plautus, however, the practice of paederasty was much more general, as is clearly proved by the many references which are found in his comedies (Cist. iv, sc. 1, line 5) and passim. By the year 169 B. C., the vice had so ravaged the populace that the Lex Scantinia was passed to control it, but legislation has never proved a success in repressing vice and the effectiveness of this law was no exception to the rule. Conditions grew steadily worse with the passage of time and the extension of the Roman power served to inoculate the legionaries with the vices of their victims. The destruction of Corinth may well have avenged itself in this manner. The accumulation of wealth and spoils gave the people more leisure, increased their means of enjoyment, and educated their taste in luxuries. The influx of slaves and voluptuaries from the Levant aided in the dissemination of the vices of the orient among the ruder Romans. As the first taste of blood arouses the tiger, so did the limitless power of the Republic and Empire react to the insinuating precepts of older and more corrupt civilizations. The fragments of Lucilius make mention of the "cinaedi," in the sense that they were dancers, and in the earlier ages, they were. Cicero, in the second Philippic calls Antonius a catamite; but in Republican Rome, it is to Catullus that we must turn to find the most decisive evidence of their almost

universal inclination to sodomy. The first notice of this passage in its proper significance is found in the Burmann Petronius (ed. 1709): here, in a note on the correct reading of “intertitulos, nudasque meretrices furtim conspatiantes,” the ancient reading would seem to have been “internuculos nudasque meretrices furtim conspatiantes” (and I am not at all certain but that it is to be preferred). Burmann cites the passage from Catullus (Epithalamium of Manlius and Julia); Burmann sees the force of the passage but does not grasp its deeper meaning. Marchena seems to have been the first scholar to read between the lines. See his third note.

A few years later, John Colin Dunlop, the author of a History of Roman Literature which ought to be better known among the teaching fraternity, drew attention to the same passage. So striking is his comment that I will transcribe it in full. “It,” the poem, “has also been highly applauded by the commentators; and more than one critic has declared that it must have been written by the hands of Venus and the Graces. I wish, however, they had excepted from their unqualified panegyrics the coarse imitation of the Fescennine poems, which leaves in our minds a stronger impression of the prevalence and extent of Roman vices, than any other passage in the Latin classics. Martial, and Catullus himself, elsewhere, have branded their enemies; and Juvenal in bursts of satiric indignation, has reproached his countrymen with the most shocking crimes. But here, in a complimentary poem to a patron and intimate friend, these are jocularly alluded to as the venial indulgences of his earliest youth” (vol. i, , second edition).

This passage clearly points to the fact that it was the common custom among the young Roman patricians to have a bed-fellow of the same sex. Cicero, in speaking of the acquittal of Clodius (Letters to Atticus, lib. i, 18), says, “having bought up and debauched the tribunal”; charges that the judges were promised the favors of the young gentlemen and ladies of Rome, in exchange for their services in the matter of Clodius’ trial. Manutius, in a note on this passage says, “bought up, because the judges took their pay and held Clodius innocent and absolved him: debauched, because certain women and youths of noble birth were introduced by night to not a few of them (there were 56 judges) as additional compensation for their attention to duty” (Variorum Notes to Cicero, vol. ii, p-340). In the Priapeia, the wayfarer is warned by Priapus to refrain from stealing fruit under penalty of being assaulted from the rear, and the God adds that, should this punishment hold no terrors, there is still the possibility that his mentule may be used as a club by the irate landowner. Again, in Catullus, 100, the Roman paederasty shows itself “Caelius loves Aufilenus and Quintus loves Aufilena —

madly.” As we approach the Christian era the picture darkens. Gibbon (vol. i,) remarks, in a note, that “of the first fifteen emperors, Claudius was the only one whose taste in love was entirely correct,” but Claudius was a moron.

We come now to the bathing establishments. Their history in every country is the same, in one respect: the spreading and fostering of prostitution and paederastia. Cicero (Pro Coelio) accuses Clodia of having deliberately chosen the site of her gardens with the purpose of having a look at the young fellows who came to the Tiber to swim. Catullus (xxxiii) speaks of the cimaedi who haunt the bathing establishments: Suetonius (Tib. 43 and 44) records the desperate expedients to which Tiberius had recourse to regain his exhausted virility: the scene in Petronius (cha). Martial (lib. i, 24)

“You invite no man but your bathing companion, Cotta, only the baths supply you with a guest. I used to wonder why you never invited me, now I know that you did not like the look of me naked.” Juvenal (ix, 32 et seq.), “Destiny rules over mankind; the parts concealed by the front of the tunic are controlled by the Fates; when Virro sees you naked and in burning and frequent letters presses his ardent suit, with lips foaming with desire; nothing will serve you so well as the unknown measure of a long member.” Lampridius (Heliogab. v), “At Rome, his principal concern was to have emissaries everywhere, charged with seeking out men with huge members; that they might bring them to him so that he could enjoy their impressive proportions.” The quotations given above furnish a sufficient commentary upon the bathing establishments and the reasons for lighting them. In happier times, they were badly lighted as the apertures were narrow and could admit but little light. Seneca (Epist. 86) describes the bath of Scipio: “In this bath of Scipio there were tiny chinks, rather than windows, cut through the stone wall so as to admit light without detriment to the shelter afforded; but men nowadays call them ‘baths-for-night-moths.’” Under the empire, however, the bathing establishments were open to the eye of the passer-by; lighted, as they were by immense windows. Seneca (Epist. 86), “But nowadays, any which are disposed in such a way as to let the sunlight enter all day long, through immense windows; men call baths-for-night-moths; if they are not sunburned as they wash, if they cannot look out on the fields and sea from the pavement. Sweet clean baths have been introduced, but the populace is only the more foul.” In former times, youth and age were not permitted to bathe together (Valer. Max. ii, 7.), women and men used the same establishments, but at different hours; later, however, promiscuous bathing was the order of the day and men and women came more and more to observe that precept, “noscetur e naso quanta sit hasta viro,” which Joan of

Naples had always in mind. Long-nosed men were followed into the baths and were the recipients of admiration wherever they were. As luxury increased, these establishments were fitted up with cells and attendants of both sexes, skilled in massage, were always kept upon the premises, in the double capacity of masseurs and prostitutes (Martial, iii, 82, 13); (Juvenal, vi, 428), “the artful masseur presses the clitoris with his fingers and makes the upper part of his mistress thigh resound under his hands.” The *aquarioli* or water boys also included pandering in their tour of duty (Juvenal, Sat. vi, 331) “some water carrier will come, hired for the purpose,” and many Roman ladies had their own slaves accompany them to the baths to assist in the toilette: (Martial, vii, 3.4) “a slave girl about the loins with a pouch of black leather stands by you whenever you are washed all over with warm water,” here, the mistress is taking no chances, her rights are as carefully guarded as though the slave were infibulated in place of having his generous virility concealed within a leather pouch. (Claudianus, 18, 106) “he combed his mistress’ hair, and often, when she bathed, naked, he would bring water, to his lady, in a silver ewer.” Several of the emperors attempted to correct these evils by executive order and legislation, Hadrian (Spartianus, Life of Hadrian, cha) “he assigned separate baths for the two sexes”; Marcus Aurelius (Capitolinus, Life of Marcus Antoninus, cha) “he abolished the mixed baths and restrained the loose habits of the Roman ladies and the young nobles,” and Alexander Severus (Lampridius, Life of Alex. Severus, cha.) “he forbade the opening of mixed baths at Rome, a practice which, though previously prohibited, Heliogabalus had allowed to be observed,” but, notwithstanding their absolute authority, their efforts along those lines met with little better success than have those of more recent times. The pages of Martial and Juvenal reek with the festering sores of the society of that period, but Charidemus and Hedylus still dishonor the cities of the modern world. Tatian, writing in the second century, says (Orat. ad Graecos): “paederastia is practiced by the barbarians generally, but is held in pre-eminent esteem by the Romans, who endeavor to get together troupes of boys, as it were of brood mares,” and Justin Martyr (Apologia, 1), has this to say: “first, because we behold nearly all men seducing to fornication, not merely girls, but males also. And just as our fathers are spoken of as keeping herds of oxen, or goats, or sheep, or brood mares, so now they keep boys, solely for the purpose of shameful usage, treating them as females, or androgynes, and doing unspeakable acts. To such a pitch of pollution has the multitude throughout the whole people come!” Another sure indication of the prevalence of the vice of sodomy is to be found in Juvenal, Sat. ii, 12-13, “but your fundament is smooth and the swollen haemorrhoids are

incised, the surgeon grinning the while,” just as the physician of the nineties grinned when some young fool came to him with a blennorrhoeal infection! The ancient jest which accounts for the shaving of the priest’s crown is an inferential substantiation of the fact that the evils of antiquity, like the legal codes, have descended through the generations; survived the middle ages, and been transmitted to the modern world. A perusal of the *Raggionamento* of Pietro Aretino will confirm this statement, in its first premise, and the experiences of Sir Richard Burton in the India of Napier, and Harry Franck’s, in Spain, in the present century, and those of any intelligent observer in the Orient, today, will but bear out this hypothesis. The native population of Manila contains more than its proportion of catamites, who seek their sponsors in the Botanical Gardens and on the Luneta. The native quarters of the Chinese cities have their “houses” where boys are kept, just as the Egyptian mignons stood for hire in the lupanaria at Rome. A scene in *Sylvia Scarlett* could be duplicated in any large city of Europe or America; there is no necessity of appeal to Krafft-Ebbing or Havelock Ellis. But there is still another and surer method of gauging the extent of paederastic perversion at Rome, and that is the richness of the Latin vocabulary in terms and words bearing upon this repulsive subject. There are, in the Latin language, no less than one hundred and fifteen words and expressions in general usage.

But it is in Martial that we are able to sense the abandoned and cynical attitude of the Roman public toward this vice: the epigram upon Cantharus, xi, 46, is an excellent example. In commenting upon the meticulous care with which Cantharus avoided being spied upon by irreverent witnesses, the poet sarcastically remarks that such precautions would never enter the head of anyone were it merely a question of having a boy or a woman, and he mentions them in the order in which they are set forth here. No one dreads the limelight like the utter debauchee, as has been remarked by Seneca. We find a parallel in the old days in Shanghai, before the depredations of the American hetairai had aroused the hostility of the American judge, in 1907-8. Men of unquestioned respectability and austere asceticism were in the habit of making periodic trips to this pornographic Mecca for the reason that they could there be accommodated with the simultaneous ministrations of two or even three soiled doves of the stripe of her of whom Martial (ix, 69) makes caustic mention:

“I passed the whole night with a lascivious girl whose naughtiness none could surpass. Tired of a thousand methods of indulgence, I begged the boyish favor: she granted my prayers before they were finished, before even the first words were out of my mouth. Smiling and blushing, I besought her for something worse

still; she voluptuously promised it at once. But to me, she was chaste. But, AEschylus, she will not be so to you; take the boon if you want it, but she will attach a condition.” In all that could pertain to accomplished skill in their profession, the “limit was the ceiling,” they were there to serve, and serve they did, as long as the recipient of their ministrations was willing to pay or as long as his chits were good. With them, secrecy was the watchword. Tiberius, probably more sinned against than sinning (he has had an able defender in Beasley) is charged, by Suetonius, with the invention of an amplification and refinement of this vice. The performers were called “spinthriae,” a word which signified “bracelet.” These copulators could be of both sexes though the true usage of the word allowed but one, and that the male. They formed a chain, each link of which was an individual in sexual contact with one or two other links: in this diversion, the preference seems to have been in favor of odd numbers (Martial, xii, 44, 5), where the chain consisted of five links, and Ausonius, Epigram 119, where it consisted of three.

THE SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS ARBITER

CHAPTER NOTES

CHAPTER 9. Gladiator obscene: —

The arena of his activities is, however, that of Venus and not Mars. Petronius is fond of figurative language, and in several other passages, he has made use of the slang of the arena: (cha), “I used to fence with my mistress herself, until even the master grew Suspicious”; and again, in chapter 19, he says: “then, too, we were girded higher, and I had so arranged matters that if we came to close quarters, I myself would engage Quartilla, Ascyltos the maid, and Giton the girl.”

Dufour, in commenting upon this expression, *Histoire de la Prostitution*, vol. III, p and 93, remarks: It is necessary to see in Petronius the abominable role which the “obscene gladiator” played; but the Latin itself is clear enough to describe all the secrets of the Roman debauch. “For some women,” says Petronius, in another passage, “will only kindle for canaille and cannot work up an appetite unless they see some slave or runner with his clothing girded up: a gladiator arouses one, or a mule driver, all covered with dust, or some actor posturing in some exhibition on the stage. My mistress belongs to this class, she

jumps the fourteen rows from the stage to the gallery and looks for a lover among the gallery gods at the back.”

On “cum fortiter faceres,” compare line 25 of the Oxford fragment of the sixth satire of Juvenal; “hic erit in lecto fortissimus,” which Housman has rendered “he is a valiant mattress-knight.”

CHAPTER 17.

“In our neighborhood there are so many Gods that it is easier to meet one of them than it is to find a man.”

Quartilla is here smarting under the sting of some former lover’s impotence. Her remark but gives color to the charge that, owing to the universal depravity of Rome and the smaller cities, men were so worn out by repeated vicious indulgences that it was no easy matter for a woman to obtain satisfaction at their hands.

“Galla, thou hast already led to the nuptial couch six or seven catamites; thou went seduced by their delicate coiffure and combed beards. Thou hast tried the loins and the members, resembling soaked leather, which could not be made to stand by all the efforts of the wearied hand; the pathic husband and effeminate bed thou desertest, but still thou fallest into similar couches. Seek out some one rough and unpolished as the Curii and Fabii, and savage in his uncouth rudeness; you will find one, but even this puritanical crew has its catamites. Galla, it is difficult to marry a real man.” Martial, vii, 57.

“No faith is to be placed in appearances. What neighborhood does not reek with filthy practices’?” Juvenal, Sat. ii, 8.

“While you have a wife such as a lover hardly dare hope for in his wildest prayers; rich, well born, chaste, you, Bassus, expend your energies on boys whom you have procured with your wife’s dowry; and thus does that penis, purchased for so many thousands, return worn out to its mistress, nor does it stand when she rouses it by soft accents of love, and delicate fingers. Have some sense of shame or let us go into court. This penis is not yours, Bassus, you have sold it.” Martial, xii, 99.

“Polytimus is very lecherous on women, Hypnus is slow to admit he is my Ganymede; Secundus has buttocks fed upon acorns. Didymus is a catamite but pretends not to be. Amphion would have made a capital girl. My friend, I would rather have their blandishments, their naughty airs, their annoying impudence, than a wife with 3,000,000 sesterces.” Martial xii, 76.

But the crowning piece of infamy is to be found in Martial's three epigrams upon his wife. They speak as distinctly as does the famous passage in Catullus' Epithalamium of Manilius and Julia, or Vibia, as later editors have it.

"Wife, away, or conform to my habits. I am no Curius, Numa, or Tatius. I like to have the hours of night prolonged in luscious cups. You drink water and are ever for hurrying from the table with a sombre mien; you like the dark, I like a lamp to witness my pleasures, and to tire my loins in the light of dawn. Drawers and night gowns and long robes cover you, but for me no girl can be too naked. For me be kisses like the cooing doves; your kisses are like those you give your grandmother in the morning. You do not condescend to assist in the performance by your movements or your sighs or your hand; (you behave) as if you were taking the sacrament. The Phrygian slaves masturbated themselves behind the couch whenever Hector's wife rode St. George; and, however much Ulysses snored, the chaste Penelope always had her hand there. You forbid my sodomising you. Cornelia granted this favor to Gracchus; Julia to Pompey, Porcia to Brutus. Juno was Jupiter's Ganymede before the Dardan boy mixed the luscious cup. If you are so devoted to propriety — be a Lucretia to your heart's content all day, I want a Lais at night." xi, 105.

"Since your husband's mode of life and his fidelity are known to you, and no woman usurps your rights, why are you so foolish as to be annoyed by his boys, (as if they were his mistresses), with whom love is a transient and fleeting affair? I will prove to you that you gain more by the boys than your lord: they make your husband keep to one woman. They give what a wife will not give. 'I grant that favor,' you say, 'sooner than that my husband's love should wander from my bed.' It is not the same thing. I want the fig of Chios, not a flavorless fig; and in you this Chian fig is flavorless. A woman of sense and a wife ought to know her place. Let the boys have what concerns them, and confine yourself to what concerns you." xii, 97.

"Wife, you scold me with a harsh voice when I'm caught with a boy, and inform me that you too have a bottom. How often has Juno said the same to the lustful Thunderer? And yet he sleeps with the tall Ganymede. The Tirynthian Hero put down his bow and sodomised Hylas. Do you think that Megaera had no buttocks? Daphne inspired Phoebus with love as she fled, but that flame was quenched by the OEbalian boy. However much Briseis lay with her bottom turned toward him, the son of AEacus found his beardless friend more congenial to his tastes. Forbear then, to give masculine names to what you have, and, wife, think that you have two vaginas." xi, 44

CHAPTER 26.

“Quartilla applied a curious eye to a chink, purposely made, watching their childish dalliance with lascivious attention.”

Martial, xi, 46, makes mention of the fact that patrons of houses of ill fame had reason to beware of needle holes in the walls, through which their misbehaviour could be appreciatively scrutinized by outsiders; and in the passage of our author we find yet another instance of the same kind. One is naturally led to recall the “peep-houses” which were a feature of city life in the nineties. There was a notorious one in Chicago, and another in San Francisco. A beautiful girl, exquisitely dressed, would entice the unwary stranger into her room: there the couple would disrobe and the hero was compelled to have recourse to the “right of capture,” before executing the purpose for which he entered the house. The entertainment usually cost him nothing beyond a moderate fee and a couple of bottles of beer, or wine, if he so desired. The “management” secured its profit from a different and more prurient source. The male actor in this drama was sublimely ignorant of the fact that the walls were plentifully supplied with “peep-holes” through which appreciative onlookers witnessed his Corybantics at one dollar a head. There would sometimes be as many as twenty such witnesses at a single performance.

CHAPTER 34. Silver Skeleton, et seq.

Philosophic dogmas concerning the brevity and uncertainty of life were ancient even in the time of Herodotus. They have left their mark upon our language in the form of more than one proverb, but in none is this so patent as “the skeleton at the feast.” In chapter lxxviii of *Euterpe*, we have an admirable citation. In speaking of the Egyptians, he says: “At their convivial banquets, among the wealthy classes, when they have finished supper, a man carries round in a coffin the image of a dead body carved in wood, made as life-like as possible in color and workmanship, and in size generally about one or two cubits in length; and showing this to each of the company, he says: ‘Look upon this, then drink and enjoy yourself; for when dead you will be like this.’ This is the practice they have at their drinking parties.” According to Plutarch, (*Isis and Osiris*, chapter 17.) the Greeks adopted this Egyptian custom, and there is, of course, little doubt that the Romans took it from the Greeks. The aim of this custom was, according to Scaliger, to bring the diners to enjoy the sweets of life while they were able to feel enjoyment, and thus to abandon themselves to pleasure before death deprived

them of everything. The verses which follow bring this out beautifully. In the *Copa* of Virgil we find the following:

“Wine there! Wine and dice! Tomorrow’s fears shall fools alone benumb! By the ear Death pulls me. ‘Live!’ he whispers softly, ‘Live! I come.’”

The practical philosophy of the indefatigable *roues* sums itself up in this sentence uttered by Trimalchio. The verb “vivere” has taken a meaning very much broader and less special, than that which it had at the time when it signified only the material fact of existence. The voluptuaries of old Rome were by no means convinced that life without license was life. The women of easy virtue, living within the circle of their friendships, after the fashion best suited to their desires, understood that verb only after their own interpretation, and the philologists soon reconciled themselves to the change. In this sense it was that Varro employed “vivere,” when he said: “Young women, make haste to live, you whom adolescence permits to enjoy, to eat, to love, and to occupy the chariot of Venus (*Veneris tenere bigas*).”

But a still better example of the extension in the meaning of this word is to be found in an inscription on the tomb of a lady of pleasure. This inscription was composed by a voluptuary of the school of Petronius.

ALIAE. RESTITVTAE. ANIMAE. DVLCISSIMAE.
BELLATOR. AVG. LIB. CONIVGI. CARISSIMAE.
AMICI. DVM. VIVIMVS. VIVAMUS.

In this inscription, it is almost impossible to translate the last three words. “While we live, let us live,” is inadequate, to say the least. So far did this doctrine go that latterly it was deemed necessary to have a special goddess as a patron. That goddess, if we may rely upon the authority of Festus, took her name “Vitula” from the word “Vita” or from the joyous life over which she was to preside.

CHAPTER 36.

“At the corners of the tray we also noted four figures of Marsyas and from their bladders spouted a highly seasoned sauce upon fish which were swimming about as if in a tide-race.”

German scholars have adopted the doctrine that Marsyas belonged to that mythological group which they designate as “Schlauch-silen” or, as we would say in English, “Wineskin-bearing Silenuses.” Their hypothesis seems to be based upon the discovery of two beautiful bas-reliefs of the age of Vespasian, which were excavated near the *Rostra Vetera* in the Forum. Sir Theodore Martin has a note on these bas-reliefs which I quote in extenso:

“In the Forum stood a statue of Marsyas, Apollo’s ill-starred rival. It probably bore an expression of pain, which Horace humorously ascribes to dislike of the looks of the Younger Novius, who is conjectured to have been of the profession and nature of Shylock. A naked figure carrying a wineskin, which appears upon each of two fine bas-reliefs of the time of Vespasian found near the Rostra Vetera in the Forum during the excavations conducted within the last few years by Signor Pietro Rosa, and which now stand in the Forum, is said, by archaeologists, to represent Marsyas. Why they arrive at this conclusion, except as arguing, from the spot where these bas-reliefs were found, that they were meant to perpetuate the remembrance of the old statue of Marsyas, is certainly not very apparent from anything in the figure itself.” Martin’s Horace, vol. 2, pp 145-6.

Hence German philologists render “utriculis” by the German equivalent for “Wineskins.”

“The Romans,” says Weitzius, “had two sources of water-supply, through underground channels, and through channels supported by arches. As adjuncts to these channels there were cisterns (or castella, as they were called). From these reservoirs the water was distributed to the public through routes more or less circuitous and left the cisterns through pipes, the diameter of which was reckoned in either twelfths or sixteenths of a Roman foot. At the exits of the pipes were placed stones or stone figures, the water taking exit from these figures either by the mouth, private parts or elsewhere, and falling either to the ground or into some stone receptacle such as a basket. Various names were given these statuettes: Marsyae, Satyri, Atlantes, Hermae, Chirones, Silani, Tulii.”

No one who has been through the Secret Museum at Naples will find much difficulty in recalling a few of these heavily endowed examples to mind, and our author, in choosing Marsyae, adds a touch of sarcastic realism, for statues of Marsyas were often set up in free cities, symbolical, as it were, of freedom. In such a setting as the present, they would be the very acme of propriety.

“The figures,” says Gonzala de Salas, “formerly placed at fountains, and from which water took exit either from the mouth or from some other part, took their forms from the several species of Satyrs. The learned Wouweren has commented long and learnedly upon this passage, and his emendation ‘veretriculis’ caused me to laugh heartily. And as a matter of fact, I affirm that such a meaning is easily possible.” Professor E. P. Crowell, the first American scholar to edit Petronius, gravely states in his preface that “the object of this edition is to provide for classroom use an expurgated text,” and I note that he has tactfully omitted the “wineskins” from his edition.

In this connection the last sentence in the remarks of Wouweren, alluded to above, is strangely to the point. After stating his emendation of “veretriculis or veretellis” for “utriculis,” he says: “Unless someone proves that images of Marsyas were fashioned in the likeness of bag-pipers,” a fine instance of clarity of vision for so dark an age.

CHAPTER 40.

“Drawing his hunting-knife, he plunged it fiercely into the boar’s side, and some thrushes flew out of the gash.”

In the winter of 1895 a dinner was given in a New York studio. This dinner, locally known as the “Girl in the Pie Dinner,” was based upon Petronius, Martial, and the thirteenth book of Athenaeus. In the summer of 1919, I had the questionable pleasure of interviewing the chef-caterer who got it up, and he was, at the time, engaged in trying to work out another masterpiece to be given in California. The studio, one of the most luxurious in the world, was transformed for the occasion into a veritable rose grotto, the statuary was Pompeian, and here and there artistic posters were seen which were nothing if not reminiscent of Boulevard Clichy and Montmartre in the palmiest days. Four negro banjo players and as many jubilee singers titillated the jaded senses of the guests in a manner achieved by the infamous saxophone syncopating jazz of the Barbary Coast of our times. The dinner was over. The four and one half bottles of champagne allotted to each Silenus had been consumed, and a well-defined atmosphere of bored satiety had begun to settle down when suddenly the old-fashioned lullaby “Four and Twenty Blackbirds” broke forth from the banjoists and singers. Four waiters came in bearing a surprisingly monstrous object, something that resembled an impossibly large pie. They, placed it carefully in the center of the table. The negro chorus swelled louder and louder— “Four and Twenty Blackbirds Baked in a Pie.”

The diners, startled into curiosity and then into interest, began to poke their noses against this gigantic creation of the baker. In it they detected a movement not unlike a chick’s feeble pecking against the shell of an egg. A quicker movement and the crust ruptured at the top.

A flash of black gauze and delicate flesh showed within. A cloud of frightened yellow canaries flew out and perched on the picture frames and even on the heads and shoulders of the guests.

But the lodestone which drew and held the eyes of all the revellers was an exquisitely slender, girlish figure amid the broken crust of the pie. The figure was

draped with spangled black gauze, through which the girl's marble white limbs gleamed like ivory seen through gauze of gossamer transparency. She rose from her crouching posture like a wood nymph startled by a satyr, glanced from one side to the other, and stepped timidly forth to the table.

CHAPTER 56. Contumelia — Contus and Melon (malum).

All translators have rendered "contus" by "pole," notwithstanding the fact that the word is used in a very different sense in *Priapeia*, x, 3: "traiectus conto sic extendere pedali," and contrary to the tradition which lay behind the gift of an apple or the acceptance of one. The truth of this may be established by many passages in the ancient writers.

In the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, Just Discourse, in prescribing the rules and proprieties which should govern the education and conduct of the healthy young man says:

"You shall rise up from your seat upon your elders' approach; you shall never be pert to your parents or do any other unseemly act under the pretence of remodelling the image of Modesty. You will not rush off to the dancing-girl's house, lest while you gaze upon her charms, some whore should pelt you with an apple and ruin your reputation."

"This were gracious to me as in the story old to the maiden fleet of foot was the apple golden fashioned which unloosed her girdle long-time girt." Catullus ii.

"I send thee these verses recast from Battiades, lest thou shouldst credit thy words by chance have slipped from my mind, given o'er to the wandering winds, as it was with that apple, sent as furtive love token by the wooer, which out-leaped from the virgin's chaste bosom: for, placed by the hapless girl 'neath her soft vestment, and forgotten — when she starts at her mother's approach, out 'tis shaken: and down it rolls headlong to the ground, whilst a tell-tale flush mantles the cheek of the distressed girl." Catullus lxv.

"But I know what is going on, and I intend presently to tell my master; for I do not want to show myself less grateful than the dogs which bark in defence of those who feed and take care of them. An adulterer is laying siege to the household — a young man from Elis, one of the Olympian fascinators; he sends neatly folded notes every day to our master's wife, together with faded bouquets and half-eaten apples." Alciphron, iii, 62. The words are put into the mouth of a rapacious parasite who feels that the security of his position in the house is about to be shaken.

“I didn’t mind your kissing Cymbalium half-a-dozen times, you only disgraced yourself; but — to be always winking at Pyrallis, never to drink without lifting the cup to her, and then to whisper to the boy, when you handed it to him, not to fill it for anyone but her — that was too much! And then — to bite a piece off an apple, and when you saw that Duphilus was busy talking to Thraso, to lean forward and throw it right into her lap, without caring whether I saw it or not; and she kissed it and put it into her bosom under her girdle! It was scandalous! Why do you treat me like this?” Lucian, Dial. Hetairae, 12. These words are spoken by another apostle of direct speech; a jealous prostitute who is furiously angry with her lover, and in no mood to mince matters in the slightest.

Aristxnetus, xxv, furnishes yet another excellent illustration. The prostitute Philanis, in writing to a friend of the same ancient profession, accuses her sister of alienating her lover’s affections. I avail myself of Sheridan’s masterly version.

PHILANIS TO PETALA.

*As yesterday I went to dine
With Pamphilus, a swain of mine,
I took my sister, little heeding
The net I for myself was spreading
Though many circumstances led
To prove she’d mischief in her head.
For first her dress in every part
Was studied with the nicest art
Deck’d out with necklaces and rings,
And twenty other foolish things;*

*And she had curl’d and bound her hair
With more than ordinary care
And then, to show her youth the more,
A light, transparent robe she wore —
From head to heel she seemed t’admire
In raptures all her fine attire:
And often turn’d aside to view
If others gazed with rapture too.
At dinner, grown more bold and free,
She parted Pamphilus and me;*

*For veering round unheard, unseen,
She slyly drew her chair between.
Then with alluring, am'rous smiles
And nods and other wanton wiles,
The unsuspecting youth insnared,
And rivall'd me in his regard. —
Next she affectedly would sip
The liquor that had touched his lip.
He, whose whole thoughts to love incline,
And heated with th' enliv'ning wine,
With interest repaid her glances,
And answer'd all her kind advances.
Thus sip they from the goblet's brink
Each other's kisses while they drink;
Which with the sparkling wine combin'd,
Quick passage to the heart did find.
Then Pamphilus an apple broke,
And at her bosom aim'd the stroke,
While she the fragment kiss'd and press'd,
And hid it wanton in her breast.
But I, be sure, was in amaze,
To see my sister's artful ways:
“These are returns,” I said, “quite fit
To me, who nursed you when a chit.
For shame, lay by this envious art;
Is this to act a sister's part?”
But vain were words, entreaties vain,
The crafty witch secured my swain.
By heavens, my sister does me wrong;
But oh! she shall not triumph long.
Well Venus knows I'm not in fault
'Twas she who gave the first assault
And since our peace her treach'ry broke,
Let me return her stroke for stroke.
She'll quickly feel, and to her cost,
Not all their fire my eyes have lost*

*And soon with grief shall she resign
Six of her swains for one of mine."*

The myth of Cydippe and Acontius is still another example, as is the legend of Atalanta and Hippomenes or Meilanion, to which Suetonius (Tiberius, cha) has furnished such an unexpected climax. The emperor Theodosius ordered the assassination of a gallant who had given the queen an apple. As beliefs of this type are an integral part of the character of the lower orders, I am certain that the passage in Petronius is not devoid of sarcasm; and if such is the case, "contus" cannot be rendered "pole." The etymology of the word contumely is doubtful but I am of the opinion that the derivation suggested here is not unsound. A recondite rendering of "contus" would surely give a sharper point to the joke and furnish the riddle with the sting of an epigram.

CHAPTER 116.

"You will see a town that resembles the fields in time of pestilence."

In tracing this savage caricature, Petronius had in mind not Crotona alone; he refers to conditions in the capital of the empire. The descriptions which other authors have set down are equally remarkable for their powerful coloring, and they leave us with an idea of Rome which is positively astounding in its unbridled luxury. 'We will rest content with offering to our readers the following portrayal, quoted from Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv, cha, and lib. xxviii, cha. will not presume to attempt any translation after having read Gibbon's version of the combination of these two chapters.

"The greatness of Rome was founded on the rare and almost incredible alliance of virtue and of fortune. The long period of her infancy was employed in a laborious struggle against the tribes of Italy, the neighbors and enemies of the rising city. In the strength and ardor of youth she sustained the storms of war, carried her victorious arms beyond the seas and the mountains, and brought home triumphal laurels from every country of the globe. At length, verging towards old age, and sometimes conquering by the terror only of her name, she sought the blessings of ease and tranquillity. The venerable city, which had trampled on the necks of the fiercest nations, and established a system of laws, the perpetual guardians of justice and freedom, was content, like a wise and wealthy parent, to devolve on the Caesars, her favorite sons, the care of governing her ample patrimony. A secure and profound peace, such as had been once enjoyed in the reign of Numa, succeeded to the tumults of a republic; while Rome was still

adored as the queen of the earth, and the subject nations still revered the name of the people and the majesty of the senate. But this native splendor is degraded and sullied by the conduct of some nobles, who, unmindful of their own dignity, and of that of their country, assume an unbounded license of vice and folly. They contend with each other in the empty vanity of titles and surnames, and curiously select or invent the most lofty and sonorous appellations — Reburus or Fabunius, Pagonius or Tarrasius — which may impress the ears of the vulgar with astonishment and respect. From a vain ambition of perpetuating their memory, they affect to multiply their likeness in statues of bronze and marble; nor are they satisfied unless those statues are covered with plates of gold, an honorable distinction, first granted to Achilius the consul, after he had subdued by his arms and counsels the power of King Antiochus. The ostentation of displaying, of magnifying perhaps, the rent-roll of the estates which they possess in all the provinces, from the rising to the setting sun, provokes the just resentment of every man who recollects that their poor and invincible ancestors were not distinguished from the meanest of the soldiers by the delicacy of their food or the splendor of their apparel. But the modern nobles measure their rank and consequence according to the loftiness of their chariots and the weighty magnificence of their dress. Their long robes of silk and purple float in the wind; and as they are agitated, by art or accident, they occasionally discover the under-garments, the rich tunics, embroidered with the figures of various animals. Followed by a train of fifty servants, and tearing up the pavement, they move along the streets with the same impetuous speed as if they travelled with post-horses, and the example of the senators is boldly imitated by the matrons and ladies, whose covered carriages are continually driving round the immense space of the city and suburbs. Whenever these persons of high distinction condescend to visit the public baths, they assume, on their entrance, a tone of loud and insolent command, and appropriate to their own use the conveniences which were designed for the Roman people. If, in these places of mixed and general resort, they meet any of the infamous ministers of their pleasures, they express their affection by a tender embrace, while they proudly decline the salutations of their fellow-citizens, who are not permitted to aspire above the honor of kissing their hands or their knees. As soon as they have indulged themselves in the refreshment of the bath, they resume their rings and the other ensigns of their dignity, select from their private wardrobe of the finest linen, such as might suffice for a dozen persons, the garments the most agreeable to their fancy, and maintain till their departure the same haughty demeanor which perhaps might

have been excused in the great Marcellus after the conquest of Syracuse. Sometimes, indeed, these heroes undertake more arduous achievements. They visit their estates in Italy, and procure themselves, by the toil of servile hands, the amusements of the chase. If at any time, but more especially on a hot day, they have courage to sail in their galleys from the Lucrine lake to their elegant villas on the seacoast of Puteoli and the Caieta, they compare their own expeditions to the marches of Caesar and Alexander. Yet should a fly presume to settle on the silken folds of their gilded umbrellas, should a sunbeam penetrate through some unguarded and imperceptible chink, they deplore their intolerable hardships, and lament in affected language that they were not born in the land of the Cimmerians, the regions of eternal darkness. In these journeys into the country the whole body of the household marches with their master. In the same order as the cavalry and infantry, the heavy and the light armed troops, the advanced guard and the rear, are marshalled by the skill of their military leaders, so the domestic officers, who bear a rod as an ensign of authority, distribute and arrange the numerous train of slaves and attendants. The baggage and wardrobe move in the front, and are immediately followed by a multitude of cooks and inferior ministers employed in the service of the kitchens and of the table. The main body is composed of a promiscuous crowd of slaves, increased by the accidental concourse of idle or dependent plebeians. The rear is closed by the favorite band of eunuchs, distributed from age to youth, according to the order of seniority. Their numbers and their deformity excite the horror of the indignant spectators, who are ready to execrate the memory of Semiramis for the cruel art which she invented of frustrating the purposes of nature, and of blasting in the bud the hopes of future generations. In the exercise of domestic jurisdiction the nobles of Rome express an exquisite sensibility for any personal injury, and a contemptuous indifference for the rest of the human species. When they have called for warm water, if a slave has been tardy in his obedience, he is instantly chastised with three hundred lashes; but should the same slave commit a wilful murder, the master will mildly observe that he is a worthless fellow, but that, if he repeats the offense, he shall not escape punishment. Hospitality was formerly the virtue of the Romans; and every stranger who could plead either merit or misfortune was relieved or rewarded by their generosity. At present, if a foreigner, perhaps of no contemptible rank, is introduced to one of the proud and wealthy senators, he is welcomed indeed in the first audience with such warm professions and such kind inquiries that he retires enchanted with the affability of his illustrious friend, and full of regret that he had so long delayed his journey to Rome, the native seat of

manners as well as of empire. Secure of a favorable reception, he repeats his visit the ensuing day, and is mortified by the discovery that his person, his name, and his country are already forgotten. If he still has resolution to persevere, he is gradually numbered in the train of dependents, and obtains the permission to pay his assiduous and unprofitable court to a haughty patron, incapable of gratitude or friendship, who scarcely deigns to remark his presence, his departure, or his return. Whenever the rich prepare a solemn and popular entertainment, whenever they celebrate with profuse and pernicious luxury their private banquets, the choice of the guests is the subject of anxious deliberation. The modest, the sober, and the learned are seldom preferred; and the nomenclators, who are commonly swayed by interested motives, have the address to insert in the list of invitations the obscure names of the most worthless of mankind. But the frequent and familiar companions of the great are those parasites who practice the most useful of all arts, the art of flattery; who eagerly applaud each word and every action of their immortal patron, gaze with rapture on his marble columns and variegated pavements, and strenuously praise the pomp and elegance which he is taught to consider as a part of his personal merit. At the Roman tables the birds, the dormice, or the fish, which appear of an uncommon size, are contemplated with curious attention; a pair of scales is accurately applied to ascertain their real weight; and, while the more rational guests are disgusted by the vain and tedious repetition, notaries are summoned to attest by an authentic record the truth of such a marvellous event. Another method of introduction into the houses and society of the great is derived from the profession of gaming, or, as it is more politely styled, of play. The confederates are united by a strict and indissoluble bond of friendship, or rather of conspiracy; a superior degree of skill in the Tesserarian art is a sure road to wealth and reputation. A master of that sublime science who in a supper or an assembly is placed below a magistrate displays in his countenance the surprise and indignation which Cato might be supposed to feel when he was refused the praetorship by the votes of a capricious people. The acquisition of knowledge seldom engages the curiosity of the nobles, who abhor the fatigue and disdain the advantages of study; and the only books which they peruse are the Satires of Juvenal and the verbose and fabulous histories of Marius Maximus. The libraries which they have inherited from their fathers are secluded, like dreary sepulchres, from the light of day. But the costly instruments of the theatre-flutes, and enormous lyres, and hydraulic organs — are constructed for their use; and the harmony of vocal and instrumental music is incessantly repeated in the palaces of Rome. In those palaces sound is preferred to sense, and the care of the body to

that of the mind. It is allowed as a salutary maxim that the light and frivolous suspicion of a contagious malady is of sufficient weight to excuse the visits of the most intimate friends and even the servants who are dispatched to make the decent inquiries are not suffered to return home till they have undergone the ceremony of a previous ablution. Yet this selfish and unmanly delicacy occasionally yields to the more imperious passion of avarice. The prospect of gain will urge a rich and gouty senator as far as Spoleto; every sentiment of arrogance and dignity is subdued by the hopes of an inheritance, or even of a legacy; and a wealthy childless citizen is the most powerful of the Romans. The art of obtaining the signature of a favorable testament, and sometimes of hastening the moment of its execution, is perfectly understood; and it has happened that in the same house, though in different apartments, a husband and a wife, with the laudable design of overreaching each other, have summoned their respective lawyers to declare at the same time their mutual but contradictory intentions. The distress which follows and chastises extravagant luxury often reduces the great to the use of the most humiliating expedients. When they desire to borrow, they employ the base and supplicating style of the slave in the comedy; but when they are called upon to pay, they assume the royal and tragic declamation of the grandsons of Hercules. If the demand is repeated, they readily procure some trusty sycophant, instructed to maintain a charge of poison or magic against the insolent creditor, who is seldom released from prison till he has signed a discharge for the whole debt. These vices, which degrade the moral character of the Romans, are mixed with a puerile superstition that disgraces their understanding. They listen with confidence to the predictions of haruspices, who pretend to read in the entrails of victims the signs of future greatness and prosperity; and there are many who do not presume either to bathe or to dine, or to appear in public, till they have diligently consulted, according to the rules of astrology, the situation of Mercury and the aspect of the moon. It is singular enough that this vain credulity may often be discovered among the profane sceptics who impiously doubt or deny the existence of a celestial power.”

CHAPTER 116.

“They either take in or else they are taken in.”

“Captare” may be defined as to get the upper hand of someone; and “captari” means to be the dupe of someone, to be the object of interested flattery; “captator” means a succession of successful undertakings of the sort referred to

above. Martial, lib. VI, 63, addresses the following verses to a certain Marianus, whose inheritance had excited the avarice of one of the intriguers:

*“You know you’re being influenced,
You know the miser’s mind;
You know the miser, and you sensed
His purpose; still, you’re blind.”*

Pliny the Elder, *Historia Naturalis*, lib. XIV, chap. i, writes in scathing terms against the infamous practice of paying assiduous court to old people for the purpose of obtaining a legacy under their wills. “Later, childlessness conferred advantages in the shape of the greatest authority and Lower; undue influence became very insidious in its quest of wealth, and in grasping the joyous things alone, debasing the true rewards of life; and all the liberal arts operating for the greatest good were turned to the opposite purpose, and commenced to profit by sycophantic subservience alone.”

And Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. XVIII, cha, remarks: “Some there are that grovel before rich men, old men or young, childless or unmarried, or even wives and children, for the purpose of so influencing their wishes and them by deft and dextrous finesse.”

That this profession of legacy hunting is not one of the lost arts is apparent even in our day, for the term “undue influence” is as common in our courts as Ambrose Bierce’s definition of “husband,” or refined cruelty, or “injunctions” restraining husbands from disposing of property, or separate maintenance, or even “heart balm” and the consequent breach of promise.

CHAPTER 119. The rite of the Persians:

Castration has been practiced from remote antiquity, and is a feature of the harem life of the Levant to the present day. Semiramis is accused of having been the first to order the emasculation of a troupe of her boy slaves.

“Whether the first false likeness of men came to the Assyrians through the ingenuity of Semiramis; for these wanton wretches with high timbered voices could not have produced themselves, those smooth cheeks could not reproduce themselves; she gathered their like about her: or, Parthian luxury forbade with its knife, the shadow of down to appear, and fostered long that boyish bloom, compelling art-retarded youth to sink to Venus’ calling,” Claudianus, *Eutrop.* i, 339 seq.

“And last of all, the multitude of eunuchs, ranging in age, from old men to boys, pale and hideous from the twisted deformity of their features; so that, go where one will, seeing groups of mutilated men, he will detest the memory of Semiramis, that ancient queen who was the first to emasculate young men of tender age; thwarting the intent of Nature, and forcing her from her course.” Ammianus Marcellinus, book xiv, chap. vi.

The Old Testament proves that the Hebrew authorities of the time were no strangers to the abomination, but no mention of eunuchs in Judea itself is to be found prior to the time of Josiah. Castration was forbidden the Jews, Deuteronomy, xxiii, 1, but as this book was probably unknown before the time of Josiah, we can only conjecture as to the attitude of the patriarchs in regard to this subject; we are safe, however, in inferring that it was hostile. “Periander, son of Cypselus, had sent three hundred youths of the noblest young men of the Corcyraeans to Alyattes, at Sardis; for the purpose of emasculation.” Herodotus, iii, chapter 48.

“Hermotimus, then, was sprung from these Pedasians; and, of all men we know, revenged himself in the severest manner for an injury he had received; for, having been captured by an enemy and sold, he was purchased by one Panionius, a Chian, who gained a livelihood by the most infamous practices; for whenever he purchased boys remarkable for their beauty, having castrated them, he used to take them to Sardis and Ephesus and sell them for large sums; for with the barbarians, eunuchs are more valued than others, on account of their perfect fidelity. Panionius, therefore, had castrated many others, as he made his livelihood by this means, and among them, this man.

“Hermotimus, however, was not in every respect unfortunate, for he went to Sardis, along with other presents for the king, and in process of time was the most esteemed by Xerxes of all his eunuchs.

“When the king was preparing to march his Persian army against Athens, Hermotimus was at Sardis, having gone down at that time, upon some business or other, to the Mysian territory which the Chians possess, and is called Atarneus, he there met with Panionius. Having recognized him, he addressed many friendly words to him, first recounting the many advantages he had acquired by this means, and secondly, promising him how many favors he would confer upon him in requital, if he would bring his family and settle there; so that Panionius joyfully accepted the proposal and brought his wife and children. But when Hermotimus got him with his whole family into his power, he addressed him as follows:

“O thou, who, of all mankind, hast gained thy living by the most infamous acts, what harm had either I, or any of mine, done to thee, or any of thine, that of a man thou hast made me nothing?

“Thou didst imagine, surely, that thy machinations would pass unnoticed by the Gods, who, following righteous laws, have enticed thee, who hath committed unholy deeds, into my hands, so that thou canst not complain of the punishment I shall inflict upon thee.’

“When he had thus upbraided him, his sons being brought into his presence, Panionius was compelled to castrate his own sons, who were four in number; and, being compelled, he did it; and after he had finished it, his sons, being compelled, castrated him. Thus did vengeance and Hermodotus overtake Panionius.” Herodotus, viii, ch. 105-6.

Mention of the Galli, the emasculated priests of Cybele should be made. Emasculation was a necessary first condition of service in her worship. (Catullus, Attys.) The Latin literature of the silver and bronze ages contains many references to castration. Juvenal and Martial have lavished bitter scorn upon this form of degradation, and Suetonius and Statius inform us that Domitian prohibited the practice, but it is in the “Amores” attributed to Lucian that we find a passage so closely akin to the one forming a basis of this note, that it is inserted in extenso:

“Some pushed their cruelty so far as to outrage Nature with the sacrilegious knife, and, after depriving men of their virility, found in them the height of pleasure. These miserable and unhappy creatures, that they may the longer serve the purposes of boys, are stunted in their manhood, and remain a doubtful riddle of a double sex, neither preserving that boyhood in which they were born, nor possessing that manhood which should be theirs. The bloom of their youth withers away in a premature old age: while yet boys, they suddenly become old, without any interval of manhood. For impure sensuality, the mistress of every vice, devising one shameless pleasure after another, insensibly plunges into unmentionable debauchery, experienced in every form of brutal lust.” The jealous Roman husband’s furious desire to prevent the consequences of his wife’s incontinence was by no means well served by the use of such agents; on the contrary, the women themselves profited by the arrangement. By means of these eunuchs, they edited the morals of their maids and hampered the sodomitical hankerings, active or otherwise, of their husbands: Martial, xii, 54: but when the passions and suspicions of both heads of the family were mutually aroused, the eunuchs fanned them into flame and gained the ascendancy in the home. They even went so far as to marry: Martial, xi, 82, and Juvenal, i, 22.

In the third century a certain Valesius formed a sect which, following the example set by Origen, acted literally upon the text of Matthew, v, 28, 30, and Matthew, xix, 12. Of this sect, Augustine, *De Heres. cha*, said: "the Valesians castrate themselves and those who partake of their hospitality, thinking that after this manner, they ought to serve God." That injustice was done upon the wrong member is very evident, yet in an age so dark, so dominated by austere asceticism, this clean cut perception of the best interests of suffering humanity, is only to be rivalled by the French physician in the time of the black plague. He had observed that sthenic patients, when bled, died: the superstition and medical usage of the age prescribed bleeding, and when the fat abbots came to be bled, he bled them freely and with satisfaction. Justinian decreed that anyone guilty of performing the operation which deprived an individual of virility should be subjected to a similar operation, and this crime was later punished with death. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we encounter another and even viler reason for this practice: that "the voice of such a person" (one castrated in boyhood) "after arriving at adult age, combines the high range and sweetness of the female with the power of the male voice," had long been known, and Italian singing masters were not slow in putting this hint to practical use. The poor sometimes sold their children for this purpose, and the *castrati* and *soprani* are terms well known to the musical historian.

These artificial voices disgraced the Italian stage until literally driven from it by public hostility, and the punishment of death was the reward of the individual bold enough to perform such an operation. The papal authority excommunicated those guilty of the crime and those upon whom such an operation had been performed, but received artificial voices, which were the result of accident, into the Sistine choir. This pretext served the church well and, until the year 1878, when the disgrace was wiped out by Pope Leo XIII, the Sistine choir was an eloquent commentary upon the attitude of an institution placed, as it were, "between love and duty." It should be recorded that this choir, in its recent visit to the United States, had but one artificial voice, and its owner was the oldest member of the choir.

Young home-born slaves were bought up by the dealers, castrated, because of the increased price they brought when in this condition, and sold for huge sums: Seneca, *Controv. x, cha*; and kidnapping was frequently resorted to, just as it is in Africa today.

In Russia there is a sect called the "skoptzi," whose tenets, in this respect, are indicated by their name. This sect is first mentioned in the person of a certain

Adrian, a monk, who came to Russia about the year 1001. In 1041, 1090 to 1096, 1138 to 1147, 1326, they are noticed, and in 1721 to 1724 they are prominent. They call themselves “white doves” and are divided into smaller congregations which, in their allegorical terminology, they call “ships”; the leader of each congregation is called the “pilot” and the female leader, the “pilot’s mate.” Their tenets provide for two degrees of emasculation: complete and incomplete, and, in the case of the former, he who submitted to the operation had the “royal seal” affixed to him, this being their name for complete emasculation: in the case of the latter, the neophyte had reached the “Second Degree of Purity.” The operation was performed with a red-hot knife or a hot iron, and this was known as the “baptism by fire.”

In the case of female converts, the breasts were amputated, either with a red-hot knife or a pair of red-hot shears (Kudrin trial, Moscow, 1871; testimony of physicians and examination of the accused) which served the double purpose of checking haemorrhage, as would a thermo-cautery, and avoiding infection. Another method consisted in searing the orifice of the vagina so that the scar tissue would contract it in such a manner as to effectually prevent the entrance of the male.

A peculiar attribute of this sect is the character of many of its members: bankers, civil service officials, navy officers, army officers and others of the finest professions. Leroy-Beaulieu, in discussing their methods of obtaining converts says: “they prefer boys and youths, whom they strive to convince of the necessity of ‘killing the flesh.’” They sometimes succeed so well, that cases are known of boys of fifteen or so resorting to self-mutilation, to save themselves from the temptations of early manhood. These apostles of purity do not always scruple to have recourse to violence or deceit. They ensnare their victims by equivocal forms of speech, and having thus obtained their consent virtually upon false pretences, they reveal to the confiding dupes the real meaning of the engagement they have entered into only at the last moment, when it is too late for them to escape the murderous knife. One evening, two men, one of them young and blooming, the other old, with sallow and unnaturally smooth face, were conversing, while sipping their tea, in a house in Moscow. ‘Virgins will alone stand before the throne of the Most High,’ said the elder man. ‘He who looks on a woman with desire commits adultery in his heart, and adulterers shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.’ ‘What then should we sinners do?’ asked the young man. ‘Knowest thou not,’ replied the elder, ‘the word of the Lord? If thy right eye leadeth thee into temptation, pluck it out and cast it from thee; if thy right hand

leadeth thee into temptation, cut it off and cast it from thee. What ye must do is to kill the flesh. Ye must become like unto the disembodied angels, and that may be attained only, through being made white as snow.’ ‘And how can we be made thus white?’ further inquired the young man. ‘Come and see,’ said the old man. ‘He took his companion down many stairs, into a cellar resplendent with lights. Some fifteen white robed men and women were gathered there. In a corner was a stove, in which blazed a fire. After some prayers and dances, very like those in use among the Flagellants, the old man announced to his companion: ‘now shalt thou learn how sinners are made white as snow.’ And the young man, before he had time to ask a single question, was seized and gagged, his eyes were bandaged, he was stretched out on the ground, and the apostle, with a red-hot knife, stamped him with the ‘seal of purity.’ This happened to a peasant, Saltykov by name, and certainly not to him alone. He fainted away under the operation, and when he came to himself, he heard the voices of his chaste sponsors give him the choice between secrecy and death.”

Catherine II signed the first edict against this sect in 1772, but agitation was more or less constant until the Imperial government began vigorous prosecutions in 1871, and many were sentenced to hard labor in Siberia. When prosecutions were instituted, large numbers emigrated to Roumania and there took the name of “Lipovans.” Women, especially one of the name of Anna Romanovna, have had a great share in the invention and diffusion of the doctrine. Not infrequently it is the women who, with their own hands, transform the men to angels.

In 1871 their number was estimated to be about 3000, in 1874 they numbered 5444, including 1465 women, and in 1847, 515 men and 240 women were transported to Siberia. The sect still holds its own in Russia. They are millennarians and the messiah will not come for them until their sect numbers 144,000.

Antiquity knew three varieties of eunuch:

Castrati: Scrotum and testicles were amputated.

Spadones: Testicles were torn out.

Thlibiae: Testicles were destroyed by crushing.

CHAPTER 127.

“Such sweetness permeated her voice as she said this, so entrancing was the sound upon the listening air that you would have believed the Sirens’ harmonies were floating in the breeze.”

Many scholars have drawn attention to the ethereal beauty of this passage. Probably the finest parallel is to be found in Horace's ode to Calliope. After the invocation to the muse he thinks he hears her playing:

*"Hark! Or is this but frenzy's pleasing dream?
Through groves I seem to stray
Of consecrated bay,
Where voices mingle with the babbling stream,
And whispering breezes play."
Sir Theodore Martin's version.*

Another exquisite and illuminating passage occurs in Catullus, 51, given in Marchena's fourth note.

CHAPTER 131.

"Then she kneaded dust and spittle and, dipping her middle finger into the mixture, she crossed my forehead with it."

Since the Fairy Tale Era of the human race, sputum has been employed to give potency to charms and to curses. It was anciently used as anathema and that use is still in force to this day. Let the incredulous critic spit in some one's face if he doubts my word.

But sputum had also a place in the Greek and Roman rituals. Trimalchio spits and throws wine under the table when he hears a cock crowing unseasonably. This, in the first century. Any Jew in Jerusalem hearing the name of Titus mentioned, spits: this in 1903. In the ceremony of naming Roman children spittle had its part to play: it was customary for the nurse to touch the lips and forehead of the child with spittle. The Catholic priest's ritual, which prescribes that the ears and nostrils of the infant or neophyte, as the case may be, shall be touched with spittle, comes, in all probability from Mark, vii, 33, 34, viii, 23, and John, ix, 6, which, in turn are probably derived from a classical original. It should be added that fishermen spit upon their bait before casting in their hooks.

CHAPTER 131. Medio sustulit digito:

There is more than a suggestion in the choice of the middle finger, in this instance. Among the Romans, the middle finger was known as the "infamous finger."

*Infami digito et lustralibus ante salivis
Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita.
Persius, Sat. ii*

See also Dio Chrysostom, xxxiii. “Neither,” says Lampridius, Life of Heliogabalus, “was he given to demand infamies in words when he could indicate shamelessness with his fingers,” Chapter 10. “With tears in his eyes, Cestos often complains to me, Mamurianus, of being touched by your finger. You need not use your finger, merely: take Cestos all to yourself, if nothing else is wanting in your establishment,” Martial, i, 93

To touch the posteriors lewdly with the finger, that is, the middle finger put forth and the two adjoining fingers bent down, so that the hand might form a sort of Priapus, was an obscene sign to attract catamites. That this position of the fingers was an indecent symbol is attested by numerous passages in the classical writers. “He would extend his hand, bent into an obscene posture, for them to kiss,” Suetonius, Caligula, 56. It may be added that one of that emperor’s officers assassinated him for insulting him in that manner. When this finger was thus applied it signified that the person was ready to sodomise him whom he touched. The symbol is still used by the lower orders.

“We are informed by our younger companions that gentlemen given to sodomitical practices are in the habit of frequenting some public place, such as the Pillars of the County Fire Office, Regent St., and placing their hands behind them, raising their fingers in a suggestive manner similar to that mentioned by our epigrammatist. Should any gentleman place himself near enough to have his person touched by the playful fingers of the pleasure-seeker, and evince no repugnance, the latter turns around and, after a short conversation, the bargain is struck. In this epigram, however, Martial threatens the eye and not the anus.” The Romans used to point out sodomites and catamites by thus holding out the middle finger, and so it was used as well in ridicule (or chaff, as we say) as to denote infamy in the persons who were given to these practices.

“If anyone calls you a catamite, Sextillus,” says Martial, ii, 28, “return the compliment and hold out your middle finger to him.” According to Ramiresius, this custom was still common in the Spain of his day (1600), and it still persists in Spanish and Italian countries, as well as in their colonies. This position of the fingers was supposed to represent the buttocks with a priapus inserted up the fundament; it was called “Iliga,” by the Spaniards. From this comes the ancient custom of suspending little priapi from boys’ necks to avert the evil eye.

Aristophanes, in the “Clouds,” says:

SOCRATES: First they will help you to be pleasant in company, and to know what is meant by OEnoplian rhythm and what by the Dactylic.

STREPSIADES: Of the Dactyl (finger)? I know that quite well.

SOCRATES: What is it then?

STREPSIADES: Why, 'tis this finger; formerly, when a child, I used this one.

(Daktulos means, of course, both Dactyl (name of a metrical foot) and finger. Strepsiadēs presents his middle finger with the other fingers and thumb bent under in an indecent gesture meant to suggest the penis and testicles. It was for this reason that the Romans called this finger the “unseemly finger.”)

SOCRATES: You are as low minded as you are stupid.

[See also Suetonius. Tiberius, chapter 68.]

CHAPTER 138.

“OEnothea brought out a leathern dildo.”

This instrument, made from glass, wax, leather, or other suitable material such as ivory or the precious metals (Ezekiel xvi, 17), has been known from primitive times; and the spread of the cult of Priapus was a potent factor in making the instrument more common in the western world. Numerous Greek authors make mention of it: Aristophanes, Lucian, Herondas, Suidas and others. That it was only too familiar to the Romans is shown by their many references to it: Catullus, Martial, the apostle Paul, Tertullian, and others.

Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*: (Lysistrata speaking) “And not so much as the shadow of a lover! Since the day the Milesians betrayed us, I have never once caught sight of an eight-inch-long dildo even, to be a leathern consolation to us poor widows.” Her complaint is based upon the fact that all the men were constantly absent upon military duty and the force of the play lies in her strategic control of a commodity in great demand among the male members of society. Quoting again from the same play: Calonice: “And why do you summon us, Lysistrata dear? What is it all about?” Lysistrata: “About a big affair.” Calonice: “And is it thick, too?” Lysistrata: “Indeed it is, great and big too.” Calonice: “And we are not all on the spot!” Lysistrata: “Oh! If it were what you have in mind, there would never be an absentee. No, no, it concerns a thing I have turned about and about, this way and that, for many sleepless nights.” When the plot has been explained, viz.: that the women refuse intercourse to their husbands until after peace has been declared — Calonice: “But suppose our poor devils of husbands go away and leave us” Lysistrata: “Then, as Pherecrates says, ‘we must flay a skinned dog,’ that’s all.”

Lucian, Arnoures, says: “but, if it is becoming for men to have intercourse with men, for the future let women have intercourse with women. Come, O new generation, inventor of strange pleasures! as you have devised new methods to satisfy male lust, grant the same privilege to women; let them have intercourse with one another like men, girding themselves with the infamous instruments of lust, an unholy imitation of a fruitless union.”

Herondas, Mime vi

:

KORITTO

Two women friends METRO and A Female Domestic.

Time, about 300 B. C.

Scene, Koritto's sitting room.

KORITTO: (Metro has just come to call) Take a seat, Metro; (to the slave girl) Get up and get the lady a chair; I have to tell you to do everything; you're such a fool you never do a thing of your own accord. You're only a stone in the house, you're not a bit like a slave except when you count up your daily allowance of bread: you count the crumbs when you do that, though, and whenever the tiniest bit happens to fall upon the floor, the very walls get tired of listening to your grumbling and boiling over with temper, as you do all day long — now, when we want to use that chair you've found time to dust it off and rub up the polish — you may thank the lady that I don't give you a taste of my hand.

METRO: You have as hard a time as I do, Koritto, dear — day and night these low servants make me gnash my teeth and bark like a dog, just like they do you. — But I came to see you about — (to the slave girl) get out of here, get out of my sight, you trouble maker, you're all ears and tongue and nothing else, all you do is to sit around Koritto — dear, now please don't tell me a fib, who stitched that red dildo of yours?

KORITTO: Metro, where did you see that?

METRO: Why Nossis, the daughter of Erinna, had it three days ago. Oh but it was a beauty!

KORITTO: So Nossis had it, did she? Where did she get it, I wonder?

METRO: I'm afraid you'll say something if I tell you.

KORITTO: My dear Metro, if anybody hears anything you tell me, from Koritto's mouth, I hope I go blind.

METRO: It was given to her by Eubole of Bitas, and she cautioned her not to let a soul hear of it.

KORITTO: That woman will be my undoing, one of these days; I yielded to her importunity and gave it to her before I had used it myself, Metro dear, but to her it was a godsend — , now she takes it and gives it to some one who ought not to have it. I bid a long farewell to such a friend as she; let her look out for another friend instead of me. As for Nossis, Adrasteia forgive me. I don't want to talk bigger than a lady should — I wouldn't give her even a rotten dildo; no, not even if I had a thousand!

METRO: Please don't flare up so quickly when you hear something unpleasant. A good woman must put up with everything. It's all my fault for gossiping. My tongue ought to be cut out; honestly it should: but to get back to the question I asked you a moment ago: who stitched the dildo? Tell me if you love me! What makes you laugh when you look at me? What does your coyness mean? Have you never set eyes on me before? Don't fib to me now, Koritto, I beg of you.

KORITTO: Why do you press me so? Kerdon stitched it.

METRO: Which Kerdon? Tell me, because there are two Kerdons, one is that blue-eyed fellow, the neighbor of Myrtaline the daughter of Kylaithis; but he couldn't even stitch a plectron to a lyre — the other one, who lives near the house of Hermodorus, after you have left the street, was pretty good once, but he's too old, now; the late lamented Kylaithis — may her kinsfolk never forget her — used to patronize him.

KORITTO: He's neither of those you've mentioned, Metro; this fellow is bald headed and short, he comes from Chios or Erythrai, I think — you would mistake him for another Prexinos, one fig could not look more like another, but just hear him talk, and you'll know that he is Kerdon and not Prexinos. He does business at home, selling his wares on the sly because everyone is afraid of the tax gatherers. My dear! He does do such beautiful work! You would think that what you see is the handiwork of Athena and not that of Kerdon! Do you know that he had two of them when he came here! And when I got a look at them my eyes nearly burst from their sockets through desire. Men never get — I hope we are alone — their tools so stiff; and not only that, but their smoothness was as sweet as sleep and their little straps were as soft as wool. If you went looking for one you would never find another ladies' cobbler cleverer than he!

METRO: Why didn't you buy the other one, too?

KORITTO: What didn't I do, Metro dear'? And what didn't I do to persuade him'? I kissed him, I patted his bald head, I poured out some sweet wine for him to drink, I fondled him, the only thing I didn't do was to give him my body.

METRO: But you should have given him that too, if he asked it.

KORITTO: Yes, and I would have, but Bitas slave girl commenced grinding in the court, just at the wrong moment; she has reduced our hand mill nearly to powder by grinding day and night for fear she might have four obols to pay for having her own sharpened.

METRO: But how did he happen to come to your house, Koritto dear? You'll tell me the truth won't you, now?

KORITTO: Artemis the daughter of Kandas directed him to me by pointing out the roof of the tanner's house as a landmark.

METRO: That Artemis is always discovering something new to help her make capital out of her skill as a go-between. But anyhow, when you couldn't buy them both you should have asked who ordered the other one.

KORITTO: I begged him to tell me but he swore he wouldn't, that's how much he thought of me, Metro dear.

METRO: You mean that I must go and find Artemis now to learn who the Kerdon is — good-bye KORITTO. He (my husband) is hungry by now, so it's time I was going.

KORITTO: (To the slave girl) Close the doors, there, chicken keeper, and count the chickens to see if they're all there; throw them some grain, too, for the chicken thieves will steal them out of one's very lap.

THE CORDAX.

A lascivious dance of the old Greek comedy. Any person who performed this dance except upon the stage was considered drunk or dissolute. That the dance underwent changes for the worse is manifest from the representation of it found on a marble tazza in the Vatican (Visconti, Mus. Pio-Clem. iv, 29), where it is performed by ten figures, five Finns and five Bacchanals, but their movements, though extremely lively and energetic, are not marked by any particular indelicacy. Many ancient authors and scholiasts have commented upon the looseness and sex appeal of this dance. Meursius, *Orchest.*, article Kordax, has collected the majority of passages in the classical writers, bearing upon this subject, but from this disorderly collection it is impossible to arrive at any definite description of the cordax. The article in Coelius Rhodiginus. *Var. Lect. lib. iv*, is conventional. The cordax was probably not unlike the French "chalhut," danced in the wayside inns, and it has been preserved in the Spanish "bolero" and the Neapolitan "tarantella." When the Romans adopted the Greek customs, they did not neglect the dances and it is very likely that the Roman Nuptial Dance, which portrayed the most secret actions of marriage had its origin in the Greek cordax.

The craze for dancing became so menacing under Tiberius that the Senate was compelled to run the dancers and dancing masters out of Rome but the evil had become so deep rooted that the very precautions by which society was to be safeguarded served to inflame the passion for the dance and indulgence became so general and so public that great scandal resulted. Domitian, who was by no means straight laced, found it necessary to expel from the Senate those members who danced in public. The people imitated the nobles, and, as fast as the dancers were expelled, others from the highest and lowest ranks of society took their places, and there soon came to be no distinction, in this matter, between the noblest names of the patricians and the vilest rabble from the Suburra. There is no comparison between the age of Cicero and that of Domitian. "One could do a man no graver injury than to call him a dancer," says Cicero, *Pro Murena*, and adds: "a man cannot dance unless he is drunk or insane."

Probably the most realistic description of the cordax, conventional, of course, is to be found in Merejkovski's "Death of the Gods." The passage occurs in chapter vi. I have permitted myself the liberty of supplying the omissions and euphemisms in Trench's otherwise excellent and spirited version of the novel. "At this moment hoarse sounds like the roarings of some subterranean monster came from the market square. They were the notes, now plaintive, now lively, of a hydraulic organ. At the entrance to a showman's travelling booth, a blind Christian slave, for four obols a day, was pumping up the water which produced this extraordinary harmony. Agamemnon dragged his companions into the booth, a great tent with blue awnings sprinkled with silver stars. A lantern lighted a black-board on which the order of the program was chalked up in Syriac and Greek. It was stifling within, redolent of garlic and lamp oil soot. In addition to the organ, there struck up the wailing of two harsh flutes, and an Ethiopian, rolling the whites of his eyes, thrummed upon an Arab drum. A dancer was skipping and throwing somersaults on a tightrope, clapping his hands to the time of the music, and singing a popular song:

*Hue, huc, convenite nunc
Spatalocinaedi!
Pedem tendite
Cursum addite*

"This starveling snub-nosed dancer was old, repulsive, and nastily gay. Drops of sweat mixed with paint were trickling from his shaven forehead; his wrinkles, plastered with white lead, looked like the cracks in some wall when rain has

washed away the lime. The flutes and organ ceased when he withdrew, and a fifteen-year-old girl ran out upon the stage. She was to perform the celebrated cordax, so passionately adored by the mob. The Fathers of the Church called down anathema upon it, the Roman laws prohibited it, but all in vain. The cordax was danced everywhere, by rich and poor, by senators' wives and by street dancers, just as it had been before.

“‘What a beautiful girl,’ whispered Agamemnon enthusiastically. Thanks to the fists of his companions, he had reached a place in the front rank of spectators. The slender bronze body of the Nubian was draped only about the hips with an almost airy colorless scarf. Her hair was wound on the top of her head, in close fine curls like those of Nubian woven. Her face was of the severest Egyptian type, recalling that of the Sphinx.

“She began to dance languidly, carelessly, as if already weary. Above her head she swung copper bells, castanets or ‘crotals,’ — swung them lazily, so that they tinkled very faintly. Gradually her movements became more emphatic, and suddenly under their long lashes, yellow eyes shone out, clear and bright as the eyes of a leopardess. She drew her body up to her full height and the copper castanets began to tinkle with such challenge in their piercing sound that the whole crowd trembled with emotion. Vivid, slender, supple as a serpent, the damsel whirled rapidly, her nostrils dilated, and a strange cry came crooning from her throat. With each impetuous movement, two dark little breasts held tight by a green silk net, trembled like two ripe fruits in the wind, and their sharp, thickly painted nipples were like rubies, as they protruded from the net.

“The crowd was beside itself with passion. Agamemnon, nearly mad, was held back by his companions. Suddenly the girl stopped as if exhausted. A slight shudder ran through her, from her head down the dark limbs to her feet. Deep silence prevailed. The head of the Nubian was thrown back as if in a rigid swoon but above it the crotals still tinkled with an extraordinary languor, a dying vibration, quick and soft as the wing flutterings of a captured butterfly. Her eyes grew dim but in their inner depths glittered two sparks; the face remained severe, impersonal, but upon the sensuous red lips of that sphinx-like mouth a smile trembled, faint as the dying sound of the crotals.”

VOLUME VII. SIX NOTES BY MARCHENA.

TO THE ARMY OF THE RHINE.

The conquests of the French have resulted, during this war, in a boon to knowledge and to letters. Egypt has furnished us with monuments of its aboriginal inhabitants, which the ignorance and superstition of the Copts and Mussulmans kept concealed from civilized countries. The libraries of the convents of the various countries have been ransacked by savants and precious manuscripts have been brought to light.

By no means the least interesting of the acquisitions is a fragment of Petronius, which we offer to the public, taken from an ancient manuscript which our soldiers, in conquering St. Gall, have sent to us for examination. We have made an important discovery in reading a parchment which contains the work of St. Gennadius on the Duties of Priests, and which, judging from the form of the letters employed, we should say was written in the eleventh century. A most careful examination led us to perceive that the work by this saint had been written on pages containing written letters, which had been almost effaced. We know that in the dark ages it was customary to write ecclesiastical works on the manuscripts containing the best authors of Latinity.

At a cost of much labor we have been able to decipher a morsel which we give to the public: and of the authenticity of which there can be no doubt. We render homage to the brave French army to which we owe this acquisition.

It is easy to notice that there is a lacuna in that passage of Petronius in which Encolpius is left with Quartilla, looking through a chink in the door, at the actions of Giton and little Pannychis. A few lines below, it relates, in effect, that he was fatigued by the voluptuous enjoyment of Quartilla, and in that which remains to us, there is no mention of the preliminaries to this enjoyment. The style of the Latin so closely resembles the original of Petronius that it is impossible to believe that the fragment was forged.

For the benefit of those who have not read the author, it is well to state that this Quartilla was a priestess of Priapus, at whose house they celebrated the mysteries of that god. Pannychis is a young girl of seven years who had been handed over to Giton to be deflowered. This Giton is the “good friend” of Encolpius, who is supposed to relate the scene. Encolpius, who had drunk an aphrodisiacal

beverage, is occupied with Quartilla in peeping through the door to see in what manner Giton was acquitting himself in his role. At that moment a soldier enters the house.

Finally an old woman, about whom there is some question in the fragment, is the same as the one who had unexpectedly conducted Encolpius to the house of the public women and of whom mention is made in the beginning of the work.

Ipsa Venus magico religatum brachia nodo

Perdocuit, multis non sine verberibus.

Tibullus viii, 5.

I.

Vous verrez que vous avez affaire a un homme.

You will learn that you have to deal with a man.

Fighting men have in all times been distinguished on account of the beauty of their women. The charming fable of the loves of Venus and Mars, described by the most ancient of poets, expresses allegorically, this truth. All the demi-gods had their amorous adventures; the most valiant were always the most passionate and the happiest. Hercules took the maidenheads of fifty girls, in a single night. Theseus loved a thousand beauties, and slept with them. Jason abandoned Hypsipyle for Medea, and her, for Creusa. Achilles, the swift of foot, forgot the tender Deidamia in the arms of his Briseis.

It has been remarked that the lovers did not have very scrupulous tastes in their methods of attaining satisfaction from the women they loved. The most common method was abduction and the women always submitted to this without a murmur of any sort. Helen was carried off by Theseus, after having also been abducted by Paris. The wife of Atreus was abducted by Thyestus, and from that arose the implacable hatred between the two families. Rape was no less common. Goddesses themselves and the favorites of the Gods were at the risk of falling prey to strong mortals. Pirithous, aided by Theseus, even attempted to snatch Proserpina from the God of the under-world. Juno herself was compelled to painful submission to the pursuit of Ixion, and Thetis succumbed despite herself, to the assaults of Peleus. The gift of foretelling the future, with which Apollo endowed Cassandra, did not insure her against the brutal caresses of Ajax, son of Oileus.

In the infancy of society, there was never known any other distinction except between the weak and the strong: the strong commanded and the weak obeyed. For that reason, women were regarded in the light of beings destined by nature, to serve the pleasures and even the caprices of men. Never did her suitors express a tender thought for Penelope, and, instead of making love to her, they squandered her property, slept with her slaves, and took charge of things in her house.

Circe gave herself to Ulysses who desired to slay her, and Calypso, full blown goddess as she was, was obliged to make his advances for him. The fine sentiments that Virgil puts into the mouth of the shade of Creusa, content with having died while serving against the Greeks, “she was a Trojan, and she wedded the son of Venus”; the confession with which Andromache, confronted by the murderer of her first husband, responds to the question of Aeneas; these ideas, I say, and these sentiments, appertained to the polished century of Augustus and not to the epoch or, scene of the Trojan War. Virgil, in his Aeneid, had never subscribed to the precepts of Horace, and of common sense:

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge

Horace Ars Poet. 119.

From this manner of dealing with women arose another reason for the possession of beauty by the valiant. One coveted a woman much as one would covet a fine flock of sheep, and, in the absence of laws, the one in possession of either the one or the other of these desirable objects would soon be dispossessed of them if he was not courageous enough to guard them against theft. Wars were as much enterprises for ravishing women as they were for taking other property, and one should remember that Agamemnon promised to retire from before Troy if the Trojans would restore Helen and his riches to Menelaus; things which Paris had despoiled him of.

Also, there was never any of that thing we call “conjugal honor” among the Greeks; that idea was far too refined; it was a matter too complex ever to have entered the heads of these semi-barbarous people. This is exemplified in the fact that, after the taking of Troy, Helen, who had, of her own free will, belonged successively to Paris, and to Deiphobus, afterwards returned to Menelaus, who never offered her any reproach. That conduct of Menelaus was so natural that Telemachus, who, in his trip to Sparta found Helen again with Menelaus, just as she was before her abduction, did not show the least astonishment.

The books which bear the most remarkable resemblance to each other are the Bible and Homer, because the people they describe and the men about whom they speak are forerunners of civilization in pretty much the same degree. Sarah was

twice snatched from the bosom of Abraham and he was never displeased with his wife and continued to live on good terms with her. David, a newcomer on the throne, hastened to have Michol brought to him although she had already married another man.

The best proof that, during the time of the Romans the women preferred soldiers to other men is in the claims to successful enterprises by the bragging soldier of Plautus. Pyrgopolinices thought it was only necessary to pose as a great warrior, to have all the women chasing after him; therefore, his parasite and his slave spoke of nothing but the passions he inspired in women. Tradition has it that among the Samnites, the bravest men had the choice of the fairest women, and to this custom is attributed one of the reasons these people were so warlike.

In the times of chivalry the greatest exploits were achieved for the pleasure of one's Lady-Love, and there were even such valiant knights, as Don Quixote, who went about the world proving by force of arms that their ladies had no peer. The poverty-stricken troubadours singing harmoniously about their beautiful women found them flying away in the arms of knights who had broken lances at tournaments, or had performed the greatest feats of arms. In fine, all the peoples of the world have said with Dryden:

“None but the brave deserves the fair.”

II.

Ses camarades se saisissent de moi et de Quartilla.
His comrades seized hold of Quartilla and me.

The profession of Quartilla corresponded to that which is followed by our ladies of the Palace Royal. This Palace Royal is a sort of Babylon, with this difference; that the former prostitute themselves all the year round, and that they are not quite so attractive as the Chaldean beauties. For the rest, one of the incontestable facts of ancient history is this prostitution of the women of Babylon in honor of Venus, and I cannot understand why Voltaire refused to believe it, since religions have always been responsible for the most abominable actions, and because religious wars, the horrors of intolerance, the impostures of priests, the despotism of kings, the degradation and stupidity of the people, have been the direct fatal effects of religions; and seeing that the blind fanaticism of martyrs and the brutal cruelty of tyrants is a hundred times more deplorable than a sacrifice equally agreeable to the victim and to the one who officiates at the sacrifice; and

seeing that the enjoyment and giving of life is no less holy than the maceration and caging of innocent animals.

The origin of courtesans is lost in the deepest antiquity. It appears that it was one of the patriarchal customs to enjoy them, for Judah slept with Tamar, widow of his two sons, and who, to seduce him, disguised herself as a courtesan. Another courtesan, Rahab, played a great role in the first wars of the people of the Lord: it was this same Rahab who married Solomon, father of Boaz, fourth forefather of David, and thirty-second forefather of Jesus Christ, our divine Savior. Yet the eternal sagacity of man has failed to take notice of this profession and to resent the injustice done it by the scorn of men. The elected kings of the people, the man who adopts the word father according to the flesh, are descendants of a courtesan.

For the rest, it must be admitted that many who follow this noble profession are unworthy of it and only too well justify the ignominy which is levelled against the entire class. You see these miserable creatures with livid complexions and haggard eyes, with voices of Stentor, breathing out at the same time the poisons which circulate in their veins and the liquors with which they are intoxicated; you see on their blemished and emaciated bodies, the marks of beings more hideous than they (twenty come to satisfy their brutal passions for every one of them); you listen to their vile language, you hear their oaths and revolting expressions: to go to these Megeres is often to encounter brigands and assassins: what a spectacle! It is the deformity of vice in the rags of indigence.

Ah! But these are not courtesans, they are the dregs of cities. A courtesan worthy of the name is a beautiful woman, gracious and amiable, at whose home gather men of letters and men of the world; the first magistrates, the greatest captains: and who keeps men of all professions in a happy state of mind because she is pleasing to them, she inspires in them a desire for reciprocal pleasure: such an one was Aspasia who, after having charmed the cultured people of Athens was for a long time the good companion of Pericles, and contributed much, perhaps, towards making his century what it was, the age of taste in arts and letters. Such an one also was Phryne, Lais, Glycera, and their names will always be celebrated; such, also, was Ninon d'Enclos, one of the ornaments of the century of Louis XIV, and Clairon, the first who realized all the grandeur of her art; such an one art thou, C ——, French Thalia, who commands attentions, I do not say this by way of apology but to share the opinion of Alceste.

A courtesan such as I have in mind may have all the public and private virtues. One knows the severe probity of Ninon, her generosity, her taste for the arts, her attachment to her friends. Epicharis, the soul of the conspiracy of Piso against the

execrable Nero, was a courtesan, and the severe Tacitus, who cannot be taxed with a partiality for gallantry, has borne witness to the constancy with which she resisted the most seductive promises and endured the most terrible tortures, without revealing any of the details of the conspiracy or any of the names of the conspirators.

These facts should be recognized above that ascetic moral idea which consists of the sovereign virtue of abstinence in defiance of nature's commands and which places weakness in these matters along with the most odious crimes. Can one see without indignation Suetonius' reproach of Caesar for his gallantries with Servilia, with Tertia, and other Roman ladies, as a thing equal to his extortions and his measureless ambitions, and praising his warlike ardor against peoples who had never furnished room for complaint to Rome? The source of these errors was the theory of emanations. The first dreamers, who were called philosophers imagined that matter and light were co-eternal; they supposed that was all one unformed and tenebrous mass; and from the former they established the principle of evil and of all imperfection, while they regarded the latter as sovereign perfection. Creation, or, one might better say co-ordination, was only the emanation of light which penetrated chaos, but the mixture of light and matter was the cause of all the inevitable imperfections of the universe. The soul of man was part and parcel of divinity or of increased light; it would never attain happiness until it was re-united to the source of all light; but for it, we would be free from all things we call gross and material, and we would be taken into the ethereal regions by contemplation and by abstinence from the pleasures of the flesh. When these absurdities were adopted for the regulation of conduct, they necessarily resulted in a fierce morality, inimical to all the pleasures of life, such, in a word, as that of the Gymnosophists or, in a lesser measure, of the Trappists.

But despite the gloomy nonsense of certain atrabilious dreamers, the wonderful era of the Greeks was that of the reign of the courtesans. It was about the houses of these that revolved the sands of Pactolus, their fame exceeded that of the first men of Greece. The rich offerings that decorated the temples of the Gods were the gifts of these women, and it must be remembered that most of them were foreigners, originating, for the most part, in Asia Minor. It happened that an Athenian financier, who resembled the rest of his tribe as much as two drops of water, proposed once to levy an impost upon the courtesans. As he spoke eloquently of the incalculable advantages which would accrue to the Government by this tax, a certain person asked him by whom the courtesans were paid. "By the Athenians," replied our orator, after deliberation. "Then it would be the

Athenians who would pay the impost,” replied the questioner, and the people of Athens, who had a little more sense than certain legislative assemblies, hooted the orator down, and there was never any more question about a tax upon courtesans.

Corinth was famous for the number and beauty of its courtesans, from which comes the proverb: “It is not given to every man to go to Corinth”; there they ran the risk of losing their money and ruining their health. The cause of this great vogue of courtesans in Greece was not the supposed ugliness of the sex, as the savant Paw imagined, and contradicted by the unanimous evidence of ancient authors and of modern travellers; but rather, the retired and solitary life which the women of the country led. They lived in separate apartments and never had any communication with the streets or with the residences of men “the inner part of the house which was called the women’s apartments,” said Cornelius Nepos (preface). Strangers never visited them; they rarely visited their nearest relations. This was why marriage between brothers and sisters was authorized by law and encouraged by usage; the sisters were exposed to the attacks of their brothers because they lived separated from them.

With the Romans, as with us, the virtuous women corrupted somewhat the profession of the courtesans. The absolute seclusion of women was never the fashion at Rome and the stories we have on the authority of Valerius Maximus on the chastity and modesty of the first Roman matrons merit the same degree of belief as the legend of Romulus and Remus being brought up by a wolf, the rape of Lucretia or the tragic death of Virginia. On the contrary, in Livy, a great admirer of the customs of the early days of Rome, we find that in those times a great number of Roman women of the noblest families were convicted of having poisoned their husbands and condemned to death for this hideous crime: that, by no means shows a very exquisite and tender conjugal sentiment. During the period of the second Punic War with what energy they went about the city seeking the repeal of the law which took out of their hands the custody of jewels and precious stones! A repeal which they obtained despite the opposition of Cato the Censor. It appears that the profession of the courtesan was generally practised by the freed-women; their manner necessarily showed the results of their education. But the young sparks of Rome never paid much attention to them, they preferred to have love affairs with the wives of their friends. For one Sallust who ruined himself with freedwomen, there were five Cupienniuses; “Cupiennius, that admirer of the pudenda garbed in white,” Hor. Sat. I, ii, 36. Delia, Lesbia, Ipsythillia, Corinna, Nemesis, Neeria, Cynthia, Sulpitia, Lycimnia, and almost all the women to whom, under real or assumed names, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius,

Ovid, Horace, and others, addressed their erotic compositions, were Roman married women. Horace is the only one who celebrated a freedwoman in some of his odes. This is due, however, to his taste for variety and perhaps also, to his birth, for he himself was the son of a freedwoman. Ovid's Art of Love and the Satires of Juvenal reveal the extent to which gallantry was the fashion at Rome and Cato would never have praised the conduct of that young man who had recourse to a public house if that had been an ordinary course of procedure.

In Europe of the middle ages, the priests and abbots helped to some extent in reviving the profession of the courtesans. Long before, Saint Paul had stated in his Epistles that it was permitted to the apostles of the Lord to take with them everywhere a sister for charity. The deaconesses date from the first century of the church. But the celibacy of the clergy was not universally and solidly established until about the eleventh century, under the pontificate of Gregory VII. During the preceding century, the celebrated Marozie and Theodore had put their lovers successively upon the chair of St. Peter, and their sons and grandsons, as well. But after the priests had submitted to celibacy they ostensibly took the concubines of which, alas! our housekeepers of today are but feeble vestiges. The Spanish codes of the middle ages were often concerned with the rights of the concubines of priests (*mancebas de los clerigos*) and these chosen ones of the chosen ones of the Lord invariably appeared worthy of envy. Finally the courtesans appeared in all their magnificence in the Holy City, and modern Rome atoned for the rebuffs and indignities these women had been compelled to endure in ancient Rome. The princes of the church showered them with gifts, they threw at their feet the price of redemption from sin, paid by the faithful, and the age of Leo X was for Rome a wonderful epoch of fine arts, belles lettres, and beautiful women. But a fanatical monk from Lower Germany fell upon this calm of the church and this happy era of the harlots; since then the revenues of the sacred college have continued to decrease, the beautiful courtesans have abandoned the capital of the Christian world, and their pleasures have fled with them. And can anyone longer believe in the perfection of the human race, since the best, the most holy of human institutions has so visibly degenerated!

III.

*Le Soldat ordonne a embasietas de m'accabler de ses impurs baisers.
[The soldier ordered the catamite to beslaver me with his stinking kisses.]*

One of the reasons which caused the learned and paradoxical Hardouin to assert that all the works which have been attributed to the ancients, with the exception of the Georgics and the Natural History of Pliny, were the compositions of monks, was doubtless the very frequent repetition of scenes of love for boys, which one notices in most of these writings: this savant was a Jesuit. But this taste is not peculiar to convents; it is to be found among all peoples and in all climates; its origin is lost in the night of the centuries; it is common in the most polished nations and it is common among savage tribes. Profound philosophers have argued in favor of it; poets have sung the objects of this sort of love in their tender and passionate compositions, and these compositions have always been the delight of posterity. What stupid or unfeeling reader can read without emotion that beautiful eclogue of Virgil where Corydon sighs his hopeless love for the beautiful Alexis? The most passionate ode of Horace is that one in which he complains of the harshness of Ligurinus. The tender Tibullus, deceived by his Marathus, brings tears to all who have hearts. The delicate Anacreon, praising his Bathylle, and the valiant Alceus giving himself up after his labors in war to sing of the dark eyes and black hair of Lycus . . . “with dark eyes and black hair beautiful.” It is not to over-civilized refinements of society which, according to certain misanthropists, degrade nature and corrupt it, that this taste is due; it is found among the south sea islanders, and the evidence of the first Spaniards attests that it was common among the hordes of American Indians before the discovery of the new world. Paw had attempted to explain this as resulting from defects in the formation of the organs of pleasure among the natives; but a peculiar cause is not sufficient explanation for a universal effect.

At the time of the Patriarchs, Greek love was so general that in the four cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Adama, and Seboim, it was impossible to find ten men exempt from the contagion; that number would have sufficed, said the Lord, to withhold the punishment which he inflicted upon those cities.

It should be noted here that most of the assertions about the morals of the Israelites which are to be found in the Erotica Biblon of Mirabeau are either false or pure guesswork. It is a bizarre method of judging the morals of a people, that of taking their legal code and inferring that the people were accustomed to break all the laws which are forbidden by that code. Nevertheless, that is the method which the author of the Erotica Biblon adopts for portraying the morals of the Jewish people. Again, he has not even understood this code; he has believed that the law against giving one's seed to the idol Moloch meant giving the human semen; and he is ignorant of the fact that this seed, as spoken of in the Bible,

means the children and descendants. Thus it is that the land of Canaan is promised to the seed of Abraham, and the perpetuity of the reign on Sion to that of David. Moloch was a Phoenician deity, the same one to which, in Carthage, they sacrificed children; the Romans believed him to be a reincarnation of their Saturn, but Saturn was an Etruscan divinity who could never have had any connection with the Gods of Phoenicia. He (Mirabeau) has translated “those who polluted the temple” as meaning those who were guilty of some obscenity in the temple; and he does not know that the temple was “polluted” by a thousand acts, declared impure by law, and which were not obscene. The entrance of a woman into a sacred place, less than forty days after her accouchement, or the entrance of a man who had touched an impure animal, constituted a pollution of the House of the Lord. When one wishes to make a parade of erudition he should make some attempt to understand the things which he pretends to make clear to others. Or is it that this Mirabeau was merely careless?

The love of boys was so thoroughly the fashion in Greece that we have today given it the name “Greek Love.” Orestes was regarded as the “good friend” of Pylades and Patroclus as the lover of Achilles. In this taste, the Gods set the example for mortals, and the abduction of Ganymede for the service of the master of thunder, was not the least cause for annoyance given the chaste but over-prudish Juno. Lastly, Hercules was not content with the loves of Omphale and Dejanira, he also loved the beautiful Hylas, who was brought up by the nymphs.

The Greeks boasted, without blushing, of this love, which they considered the only passion worthy of men, and they did blush at loving a woman, intimacy with whom, they said, only rendered her adorers soft and effeminate. In the Dialogue of Plato, entitled “The Banquet,” which is concerned entirely with discussions of the various forms of love, they dismiss love for women as unworthy of occupying the attention of sensible men. One of the speakers, I believe it was Aristophanes, explaining the cause of this fire which we kindle in the bosoms of our loved ones, affirms that the first men were doubles which multiplied their force and their power. This, they abused and, as punishment, Jupiter struck them with lightning and separated them. By their love for each other they came together again to regain their primitive state. But the effeminates sought out only the women because they were only half men, half women; while those whose tastes were masculine and courageous wanted to become double men again.

Phedre has put into the mouth of AESop an explanation of that love which would certainly not have been relished by the Greeks. He says that while Prometheus was occupied with modelling his man and woman, he was invited to

a feast given by Jupiter, to the Gods; he came back intoxicated and, by mistake, applied the sexual parts of one to the body of the other.

For the rest, the Greeks were all in accord in their profound contempt for women. The theatrical writers, especially, who studied more particularly the general opinions and catered to them in order to obtain the applause of the public, were distinguished by their bitterness against the sex. Euripides maintained that Prometheus deserved to be chained to Mount Caucasus with the vulture gnawing at his entrails, because he had fashioned a being so pernicious and hateful as woman. The shade of Agamemnon, in the *Odyssey* advised Ulysses not to put any faith in Penelope and did not stop talking until he had enumerated the entire list of the vices of the sex. The first Latin authors imitated the Greeks in their invectives against women; the comedies of Plautus, especially, teem with virulent attacks upon them.

At Rome, however, the great freedom permitted to women, soon brought about other opinions in regard to them; they often played an important role in public and private affairs, and the men convinced themselves that, like men, women were capable of the greatest crimes and of the most heroic virtues. The noble stoicism of Arria is not the only example of courageous virtue displayed by the Roman women at a time when crowned monsters governed the empire. The young Paulina opened her veins with her husband, the philosopher, Seneca; Mallonia preferred to die in torments rather than give herself up to the odious he-goat of Capri. Who does not admire the noble independence, the conjugal love, and the matronly virtues of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus?

Moreover, men began to avow their love for women, and we have here occasion to observe the rapid progress of gallantry among the Romans. However, the love for boys was no less universally in vogue in Rome, and Cicero charges, in his letters to Atticus, that the judges who had so scandalously white-washed Clodius of the accusation of having profaned the mysteries of the "Good Goddess," had been publicly promised the favors of the most illustrious women and the finest young men of the first families. Caesar himself, in his early youth had yielded to the embraces of Nicomedes, King of Bithynia; moreover, after his triumph over the Gauls, on the solemn occasion when it was customary to twit the victor with all his faults, the soldiers sang: "Caesar subdued the Gauls, Nicomedes subdued Caesar. But Caesar who subdued the Gauls, triumphed, and Nicomedes, who subdued Caesar did not." Cato said of him that he was loved by the King, in his youth and that, when he was older, he loved the queen and, one day, in the senate, while he was dwelling on I know not what request of the

daughter of Nicomedes, and recounting the benefits which Rome owed to that monarch, Cicero silenced him by replying: "We know very well what he has given, and what thou hast given him!" At last, during the time when the first triumvirate divided all the power, a bad joker remarked to Pompey: "I salute thee, O King," and, addressing Caesar, "I salute thee, O Queen!" His enemies maintained that he was the husband of all the women and the wife of all the husbands. Catullus, who detested him, always called him "the bald catamite," in his epigrams: he set forth that his friendship with Mamurra was not at all honorable; he called this Mamurra "pathicus," a name which they bestowed upon those who looked for favors among mature men or among men who had passed the stage of adolescence.

The masters of the empire never showed any hesitancy in trying and even in overdoing the pleasures which all their subjects permitted themselves. Alas! A crown is such a weighty burden! The road of domination is strewn with so many briars that one would never be able to pass down it if he did not take care that they were pressed down under the roses. The Roman emperors adopted that plan; they longed for pleasures and they took the pleasures which offered themselves without delay and in a spirit of competition. Caligula was so little accustomed to waiting that, while occupied in offering a sacrifice to the Gods, and the figure of a priest having pleased him, he did not take time to finish the sacred ceremonies before taking his pleasure of him.

A remarkable thing is that among almost all peoples, the baths are the places where the prostitution of men by their own sex is the most common. We see in Catullus that the "cinaedi" (catamites), a noun which my chaste pen refuses to translate into French, haunted the baths incessantly to carry out their practices. Among the Orientals, of all modern peoples who have retained this taste most generally, this same fact holds good. It was at the bath that Tiberius, impotent through old age and debauchery, was made young again by the touch little children applied to his breasts; these children he called "little fishes," they sucked his withered breasts, his infected mouth, his livid lips, and finally his virile parts. Hideous spectacle of a tyrant disgraced by nature and struggling against her maledictions! But in vain did he invent new pleasures, in vain did he take part in these scenes in which groups of young men by threes and fours assumed all sorts of lascivious postures, and were at the same time active and passive; the sight of these indulgences of the "sprintriae" (for that is the name which was given there) did not enable him to resuscitate his vigor any more than

the glamor of the throne or the servile submission of the senate served to mitigate his remorse.

But of all the emperors, the ones who carried their taste for young boys to the greatest lengths were, Nero, Domitian and Hadrian. The first publicly wedded the young eunuch Sporus, whom he had had operated upon so that he might serve him like a young woman. He paid court to the boy as he would to a woman and another of his favorites dressed himself up in a veil and imitated the lamentations which women were accustomed to utter on nuptial nights. The second consecrated the month of September to his favorite and the third loved Antinous passionately and caused him to be deified after death.

The most ample proof of the universality of the taste for young boys among the Romans is found in the Epithalamium of Manilius and Julia, by Catullus, and it might be cause for surprise that this has escaped all the philologists, were it not a constant thing that men frequently reading about these centuries fail to perceive the most palpable facts in their authors, just as they pass over the most striking phenomena of nature without observing them. It appears, from this epithalamium, that young men, before their marriage, had a favorite selected from among their slaves and that this favorite was charged with the distribution of nuts among his comrades, on the day, they in turn, treated him with contempt and hooted him. Here follows an exact translation of this curious bit. The favorite could not refuse the nuts to the slaves when by giving them it appeared that he owned that his master had put away his love for hire.

*“Lest longer mute tongue stays that
In festal jest, from Fescennine,
Nor yet deny their nuts to boys,
He-Concubine! who learns in fine
His lordling’s love is fled.*

*Throw nuts to boys thou idle all
He-Concubine! wast fain full long
With nuts to play: now pleased as thrall
Be thou to swell Talasios’ throng
He-Concubine throw nuts.*

*Wont thou as peasant-girls to jape
He-whore! Thy Lord’s delight the while:*

*Now shall hair-curling chattel scrape
Thy cheeks: poor wretch, ah' poor and vile: —
He-Concubine, throw nuts."*

and further on, addressing the husband:

*"'Tis said from smooth-faced ingle train
(Anointed bridegroom!) hardly fain
Hast e'er refrained; now do refrain!
O Hymen Hymenaeus io,
O Hymen Hymenaeus!*

*We know that naught save licit rites
Be known to thee, but wedded wights
No more deem lawful such delights.
O Hymen Hymenaeus io,
O Hymen Hymenaeus."*
(LXI. Burton, tr.)

The Christian religion strongly prohibits this love; the theologians put it among the sins which directly offend against the Holy Ghost. I have not the honor of knowing just why this thing arouses his anger so much more than anything else; doubtless there are reasons. But the wrath of this honest person has not prevented the Christians from having their "pathici," just as they have in countries where they are authorized by the reigning deities. We have even noticed that they are the priests of the Lord and especially the monks who practice this profession most generally amongst us. The children of Loyola have acquired well-merited renown in this matter: when they painted "Pleasure" they never failed to represent him wearing trousers. Those disciples of Joseph Calasanz who took their places in the education of children, followed their footsteps with zeal and fervor. Lastly, the cardinals, who have a close acquaintance with the Holy Ghost, are so prejudiced in favor of Greek love that they have made it the fashion in the Holy City of Rome; this leads me to wonder whether the Holy Ghost has changed His mind in regard to this matter and is no longer shocked by it; or whether the theologians were not mistaken in assuming an aversion against sodomy which He never had. The cardinals who are on such familiar terms with him would know better than to give all their days over to this pleasure if He really objected to it.

I shall terminate this over-long note with an extract from a violent diatribe against this love which Lucian puts into the mouth of Charicles. He is addressing Callicratidas, a passionate lover of young boys, with whom he had gone to visit the temple of Venus at Cnidus.

“O Venus, my queen! to thee I call; lend me your aid while I plead your cause. For everything over which you deign to shed, be it ever so little, the persuasion of your charms, reaches absolute perfection, above all, erotic discourses need your presence, for you are their lawful mother. In your womanhood, defend the cause of woman, and grant to men to remain men as they have been born. At the beginning of my discourse, I call as witness to the truth of my arguments the first mother of all created things, the source of all generation, the holy Nature of this universe, who, gathering into one and uniting the elements of the world — earth, air, fire and water — and mingling them together, gave life to everything that breathes. Knowing that we are a compound of perishable matter, and that the span of life assigned to each of us was short, she contrived that the death of one should be the birth of another, and meted out to the dying, by way of compensation, the coming into being of others, that by mutual succession we might live forever. But, as it was impossible for anything to be born from a single thing alone, she created two different sexes, and bestowed upon the male the power of emitting semen, making the female the receptacle of generation. Having inspired both with mutual desires, she joined them together, ordaining, as a sacred law of necessity, that each sex should remain faithful to its own nature — that the female should not play the male unnaturally, nor the male degrade himself by usurping the functions of the female. Thus intercourse of men with women has preserved the human race by never-ending succession: no man can boast of having been created by man alone; two venerable names are held in equal honor, and men revere their mother equally with their father. At first, when men were filled with heroic thoughts, they revered those virtues which bring us nearer to the Gods, obeyed the laws of Nature, and, united to women of suitable age, became the sires of noble offspring. But, by degrees, human life, degenerating from that nobility of sentiment, sank to the lowest depths of pleasure, and began to carve out strange and corrupt ways in the search after enjoyment. Then sensuality, daring all, violated the laws of Nature herself. Who was it who first looked upon the male as female, violating him by force or villainous persuasion? One sex entered one bed, and men had the shamelessness to look at one another without a blush for what they did or for what they submitted to, and, sowing seed, as it were, upon barren rocks, they enjoyed a short-lived pleasure at the cost of undying shame.

“Some pushed their cruelty so far as to outrage Nature with the sacrilegious knife, and, after depriving men of their virility, found in them the height of pleasure. These miserable and unhappy creatures, that they may the longer serve the purposes of boys, are stunted in their manhood, and remain a doubtful riddle of a double sex, neither preserving that boyhood in which they were born, nor possessing that manhood which should be theirs. The bloom of their youth withers away in a premature old age: while yet boys they suddenly become old, without any interval of manhood. For impure sensuality, the mistress of every vice, devising one shameless pleasure after another, insensibly plunges into unmentionable debauchery, experienced in every form of brutal lust. Whereas, if each would abide by the laws prescribed by Providence, we should be satisfied with intercourse with women, and our lives would be undefiled by shameful practices. Consider the animals, which cannot corrupt by innate viciousness, how they observe the law of Nature in all its purity. He-lions do not lust after he-lions, but, in due season, passion excites them towards the females of their species: the bull that rules the herd mounts cows, and the ram fills the whole flock of ewes with the seed of generation. Again, boars mate with sows, he-wolves with shewolves, neither the birds that fly through the air, nor the fish that inhabit the deep, or any living creatures upon earth desire male intercourse, but amongst them the laws of Nature remain unbroken. But you men, who boast idly of your wisdom, but are in reality worthless brutes, what strange disease provokes you to outrage one another unnaturally? What blind folly fills your minds, that you commit the two-fold error of avoiding what you should pursue, and pursuing what you should avoid? If each and all were to pursue such evil courses, the race of human beings would become extinct on earth. And here comes in that wonderful Socratic argument, whereby the minds of boys, as yet unable to reason clearly, are deceived, for a ripe intellect could not be misled. These followers of Socrates pretend to love the soul alone, and, being ashamed to profess love for the person, call themselves lovers of virtue, whereat I have often been moved to laughter. How comes it, O grave philosophers, that you hold in such slight regard a man who, during a long life, has given proofs of merit, and of that virtue which old age and white hairs become? How is it that the affections of the philosophers are all in a flutter after the young; who cannot yet make up their minds which path of life to take? Is there a law, then, that all ugliness is to be condemned as vice, and that everything that is beautiful is to be extolled without further examination? But, according to Homer, the great interpreter of truth— ‘One man is meaner than another in looks, but God crowns his words with beauty, and his hearers gaze

upon him with delight, while he speaks unfalteringly with winning modesty, and is conspicuous amongst the assembled folk, who look upon him as a God when he walks through the city.’ And again he says: ‘Your beauteous form is destitute of intelligence; the wise Ulysses is praised more highly than the handsome Nireus.’ How then comes it that the love of wisdom, justice, and the other virtues, which are the heritage of the full-grown man, possess no attraction for you, while the beauty of boys excites the most vehement passion! What! should one love Phaedrus, remembering Lysias, whom he betrayed? Could one love the beauty of Alcibiades, who mutilated the statues of the Gods, and, in the midst of a debauch, betrayed the mysteries of the rites of Eleusis? Who would venture to declare himself his admirer, after Athens was abandoned, and Decelea fortified by the enemy — the admirer of one whose sole aim in life was tyranny? But, as the divine Plato says, as long as his chin was beardless, he was beloved by all; but, when he passed from boyhood to manhood, when his imperfect intelligence had reached its maturity, he was hated by all. Why, then, giving modest names to immodest sentiments, do men call personal beauty virtue, being in reality lovers of youth rather than lovers of wisdom? However, it is not my intention to speak evil of distinguished men. But, to descend from graver topics to the mere question of enjoyment, I will prove that connection with women is far more enjoyable than connection with boys. In the first place, the longer enjoyment lasts, the more delight it affords; too rapid pleasure passes quickly away, and it is over before it is thoroughly appreciated; but, if it lasts, it is thereby enhanced. Would to heaven that grudging Destiny had allotted us a longer lease of life, and that we could enjoy perpetual health without any sorrow to spoil our pleasure; then would our life be one continual feast. But, since jealous Fortune has grudged us greater blessings, those enjoyments that last the longest are the sweetest. Again, a woman, from puberty to middle age, until the last wrinkles furrow her face, is worth embracing and fit for intercourse; and, even though the prime of her beauty be past, her experience can speak more eloquently than the love of boys.

“I should consider anyone who attempted to have intercourse with a youth of twenty years to be the slave of unnatural lust. The limbs of such, like those of a man, are hard and coarse; their chins, formerly so smooth, are rough and bristly, and their well-grown thighs are disfigured with hairs. As for their other parts, I leave those of you who have experience to decide. On the other hand, a woman’s charms are always enhanced by an attractive complexion, flowing locks, dark as hyacinths, stream down her back and adorn her shoulders, or fall over her ears and temples, more luxuriant than the parsley in the fields. The rest of her person,

without a hair upon it, shines more brilliantly than amber or Sidonian crystal. Why should we not pursue those pleasures which are mutual, which cause equal enjoyment to those who receive and to those who afford them? For we are not, like animals, fond of solitary lives, but, united in social relations, we consider these pleasures sweeter, and those pains easier to bear, which we share with others. Hence, a common table was instituted, the mediator of friendship. When we minister to the wants of the belly, we do not drink Thasian wine, or consume costly food by ourselves alone, but in company: for our pleasures and enjoyments are increased when shared with others. In like manner, the intercourse of men with women causes enjoyment to each in turn, and both are alike delighted; unless we accept the judgment of Tiresias, who declared that the woman's pleasure was twice as great as the man's. I think that those who are not selfish should not consider how they may best secure the whole enjoyment for themselves, but should share what they have with others. Now, in the case of boys, no one would be mad enough to assert that this is the case; for, while he who enjoys their person reaches the height of pleasure — at least, according to his way of thinking — the object of his passion at first feels pain, even to tears, but when, by repetition, the pain becomes less keen, while he no longer hurts him, he will feel no pleasure himself. To mention something still more curious — as is fitting within the precincts of Venus — you may make the same use of a woman as of a boy, and thereby open a double avenue to enjoyment; but the male can never afford the same enjoyment as the female.

“Therefore, if you are convinced by my arguments, let us, men and women, keep ourselves apart, as if a wall divided us; but, if it is becoming for men to have intercourse with men, for the future let women have intercourse with women. Come, O new generation, inventor of strange pleasures! As you have devised new methods to satisfy male lust, grant the same privilege to women; let them have intercourse with one another like men, girding themselves with the infamous instruments of lust, an unholy imitation of a fruitless union; in a word, let our wanton Tribads reign unchecked, and let our women's chambers be disgraced by hermaphrodites. Far better that a woman, in the madness of her lust, should usurp the nature of a man, than that man's noble nature should be so degraded as to play the woman!”

IV.

Embasicetas fut bientôt au comble de ses vœux.
The Catamite soon reached the height of his passion.

The theologians class this species of lascivious feeling with pollution which is complete when it produces a result. The Holy Scripture tells us of Onan, son of Judas, grandson of Jacob, and husband of Thamar, who was slain by the Lord because he spilled his semen, “he poured his semen upon the ground.” We may be reproached, perhaps, for citing the Holy Bible too frequently, but that book contains the knowledge of salvation, and those who wish to be saved should not fail to study it with assiduity. That this study has occupied a good part of our life, we admit, and we have always found that study profitable. To vigorous minds that admission may seem ridiculous, but we are writing only for pious souls, and they will willingly applaud this courageous profession of our piety.

The theologians have also classified onanism and pollution among the sins against the Holy Ghost, and this being the case, there is no being in the world who has been sinned against so often. A medium indulgence in this sin furnished the pleasure of a queen, the severity of one Lucretia does not repel a thousand Tarquins. Men with vivid imaginations create for themselves a paradise peopled with the most beautiful houris, more seductive than those of Mahomet; Lycoris had a beautiful body but it was unfeeling; the imagination of her lover pictured her as falling before his caresses, he led her by the hand over pressed flowers, through a thick grove and along limpid streams; in that sweet reverie his life slipped by.

Here icy cold fountains, here flower covered meadows, Lycoris;
Here shady groves; life itself here would I dream out with thee.
Virgil Bucol. Ecl. X, 41.

In the minds of the theologians pollution is synonymous with all pleasures with persons of the opposite or the same sex, which result in a waste of the elixir of life. In this sense, love between woman and woman is pollution and Sappho is a sinner against the Holy Ghost.

(Notwithstanding), however (these caprices of the third person of the trinity) I cannot see why pleasure should be regulated, or why a woman who has surveyed all the charms of a young girl of eighteen years should give herself up to the rude embraces of a man. What comparisons can be made between those red lips, that mouth which breathes pleasure for the first time, those snowy and purplous cheeks whose velvet smoothness is like the Venus flower, half in bloom, that new-

born flesh which palpitates softly with desire and voluptuousness, that hand which you press so delicately, those round thighs, those plastic buttocks, that voice sweet and touching, — what comparison can be made between all this and pronounced features, rough beard, hard breast, hairy body, and the strong disagreeable voice of man? Juvenal has wonderfully expended all his bile in depicting, as hideous scenes, these mysteries of the Bona Dea, where the young and beautiful Roman women, far from the eyes of men, give themselves up to mutual caresses. Juvenal has painted the eyes of the Graces with colors which are proper to the Furies; his tableau, moreover, revolts one instead of doing good.

The only work of Sappho's which remains to us is an ode written to one of her loved ones and from it we may judge whether the poetess merited her reputation. It has been translated into all languages; Catullus put it into Latin and Boileau into French. Here follows an imitation of that of Catullus:

*Peer of a God meseemeth he,
Nay passing Gods (and that can be!)
Who all the while sits facing thee
Sees thee and hears
Thy low sweet laughs which (ah me!) daze
Mine every sense, and as I gaze
Upon thee (Lesbia!) o'er me strays*

*My tongue is dulled, limbs adown
Flows subtle flame; with sound its own
Rings either ear, and o'er are strown
Mine eyes with night.*

(Ll. Burton, tr.)

After that we should never again exhort the ministers and moralists to inveigh against love of women for women; never was the interest of men found to be so fully in accord with the precepts of divine law.

Here I should like to speak of the brides of the Lord; but I remember "The Nun" of Diderot, and my pen falls from my hand. Oh, who would dare to touch a subject handled by Diderot?

Giton venait de la deflorer, et de remporter une victoire sanglante.
Giton the victor had won a not bloodless victory.

All people have regarded virginity as something sacred, and God has so honored it that he willed that his son be born of a virgin, fecundated, however, by the Holy Ghost. Still, it appears problematical whether the Virgin Mary, complete virgin that she was, did not have the same pleasure as those who are not virgins, when she received the divine annunciation. Father Sanchez has discussed the question very fully “whether the Virgin Mary ‘spent’ in copulation with the Holy-Ghost,” unhappily, he decided in the negative, and I have too much veneration for Father Sanchez not to submit to his decision; but because of it, I am vexed with the Virgin Mary and the Holy Ghost.

Notwithstanding this, the daughters of the people of the Lord were not content to remain virgins; a state of being which, at bottom has not much to recommend it. The daughter of Jephtha before being immolated for the sake of the Lord, demanded of her father a reprieve of two months in which to weep for her virginity upon the mountains of Gelboe; it seems it should not have taken so long had she had nothing to regret. Ruth had recourse to the quickest method when she wished to cease being a virgin; she simply went and lay down upon the bed with Boaz. The spirit of God has deemed it worth while to transmit this story to us, for the instruction of virgins from century to century.

The pagan Gods thought highly of maidenheads, they often took them and always, they set aside the virgins for themselves. The Phtyian, from whose organ Apollo was foreordained to come, proved to be only a virgin; the spirit of God did not communicate itself to anyone who had ever been sullied by contact with a mortal. It was to virgins that the sacred fires of Vesta were entrusted, and the violation of their virginity was a capital crime which all Rome regarded as a scourge from wrathful heaven.

The Sybils lived and died virgins; in addressing the Cumaean Sybil, AEneas never failed to bestow that title upon her.

Most of the immortals have preserved their virginity, Diana, Minerva, et cet. But what is the most astonishing is that the companions of Venus and Amor, the most lovable of all divinities, the Graces, were also virgins. Juno became a virgin again every year, by bathing in the waters of a magic fountain; that must have rendered Jupiter’s duties rather onerous.

There are some reasons for this passion of mankind for maidenheads. It is so wonderful to give the first lessons of voluptuousness to a pure and innocent heart, to feel under one’s hand the first palpitations of the virginal breasts which arouses

unknown delights, to dry the first tears of tenderness, to inspire that first mixture of fear and hope, of vague desires and expectant inquietude; whoever has never had that satisfaction has missed the most pleasurable of all the delights of love. But taken in that sense, virginity is rather a moral inclination, as Buffon says, than a physical matter, and nothing can justify the barbarous precautions against amorous theft which were taken by unnatural fathers and jealous husbands.

In those unhappy countries which are bent under oppression, in those countries where heaven shows its heat in the beauty of the sex, and where beauty is only an object of speculation for avid parents; in such countries, I say, they resort to the most odious methods for preserving the virginity of the young and beautiful daughters who are destined to be sold like common cattle. They put a lock over the organ of pleasure and never permit it to be opened except when it is strictly necessary for carrying out those animal functions for which nature destined them.

The locks of chastity were long known in Europe; the Italians are accused with this terrible invention. Nevertheless, it is certain that they were used upon men, at least, in the time of the first Roman emperors. Juvenal, in his satire against women, VI, says: "If the singers please them there is no need for locks of chastity for those who have sold their voices to the praetors, who keep them."

*Si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat
Vocem vendentis praetoribus.
Sat. VI, 379.*

*If pleased by the song of the singer employed by the praetor
No fibula long will hold out, free, the actor will greet her.*

Christianity, most spiritual, most mystical of ancient religions, attempts to make out a great case for celibacy. Its founder never married, although the Pharisees reproached him for frequenting gay women, and had, perhaps, some reason for so doing. Jesus showed a particular affection for Mary Magdalen, to the point of exciting the jealousy of Martha, who complained that her sister passed her time in conversation with Jesus and left her with all the housework to do. "Mary has chosen the better part," said the Savior. A good Christian must not doubt that the colloquies were always spiritual.

St. Paul counseled virginity and most of the apostolic fathers practiced it. Among others, St. Jerome lived his whole life among women and never lost his purity. He answered his enemies who reproached him with his very great intimacy with the Saintly Sisters, that the irrefutable proof of his chastity was that he stank.

That stinking of St. Jerome, which is not a veritable article of faith in the Church, is, however, an object of pious belief; and my readers will very gladly assent to it.

When the Christian clergy wishes to form a body of doctrines to be submitted to by all the common people it thinks that by separating its interests and those of the common people as far as possible it must tighten those ropes by which it binds its fellow citizens. Also the Pope who was the most jealous of ecclesiastical power and the one who abused it most, Hildebrand, rigorously prohibited the marriage of priests and enunciated the most terrible warnings against those who did not retain their celibacy. However, although neither priests nor monks were permitted to marry, the epithet “virgins” cannot be justly applied to all priests and all monks without exception. Nor shall I repeat here the naughty pleasantries of Erasmus, of Boccaccio, and all the others, against the monks; without doubt maliciousness has developed more “satirical” traits that they have brought out; beyond that, I have nothing to say.

VI.

Alors une vieille. . . .

[Finally an old woman . . .]

The question here has to do with a procurers or go-between. That profession has gradually fallen into discredit by I know not what fatality, which befalls the most worthy things. Cervantes the only philosophic author Spain has produced, wanted that calling to be venerated in cities above all others. And truly, when one thinks how much finesse is necessary to pursue that profession with success, when one considers that those who practice that truly liberal art are the repositories of the most important as well as the most sacred secrets, one would never fail to have the greatest respect for them. The tranquillity of homes, the civil state of persons they hold at their discretion, and still, though they drink in insults, though they endure abuse, very rarely do these beings, true stoics, compromise those who have confided in them.

In their Mercury, the ancients realized their beau ideal or archetype of go-between which they called; in vulgar language “pimp”. That God, as go-between for Jupiter, was often involved in the most hazardous enterprises, such as abducting Io, who was guarded by Argus of the hundred eyes; Mercury I say, was the God of concord, or eloquence, and of mystery. Except to inspire them with friendly feeling and kind affections, Mercury never went among mortals. Touched by his wand, venomous serpents closely embraced him. Listening to him,

Achilles forgot his pride, extended hospitality to Priam and permitted him to take away the body of Hector. The ferocious Carthaginians were softened through the influence of this God of peace, and received the Trojans in friendship. Mercury it was who gathered men into society and substituted social customs for barbarism. He invented the lyre and was the master of Amphion, who opened the walls of Thebes by the charm of his singing. Mercury or Hermes gave the first man knowledge; but it was enveloped in a mysterious veil which it was never permitted the profane to penetrate, which signifies that all that he learned from God, concerning amorous adventures, should be wrapped in profound silence. How beautiful all these allegories are! And how true! How insipid life would be without these mysterious liaisons, by which Nature carries out her designs, eluding the social ties, without breaking them! Disciples of Mercury, I salute you, whatever be your sex; to your discretion, to your persuasive arts are confided our dearest interests, the peace of mind of husbands, the happiness of lovers, the reputation of women, the legitimacy of children. Without you, this desolated earth would prove to be, in reality, a vale of tears; the young and beautiful wife united to decrepit husband, would languish and grow weak, like the lonely flower which the sun's rays never touch. Thus did Mexence bind in thine indissoluble bands the living and the dead.

Fate, however, has often avenged the go-betweens on account of the misunderstandings from which they suffer at the hands of the vulgar. Otho opened the way to the empire of the world by his services as a go-between for Nero. And the go-betweens of princes, and even of princesses, are always found in the finest situations. Even Otho did not lose all his rights; Nero exiled him with a commission of honor, "because he was caught in adultery with his own wife, Poppaea." "Uxoris moechus coeperate esse suae" (Suet. Otho, cha), said malicious gossip at Rome.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

To the scholar contemplating an exhaustive study of Petronius, the masterly bibliography compiled by Gaselee is indispensable, and those of my readers who desire to pursue the subject are referred to it. The following is a list of editions, translations, criticisms and miscellaneous publications and authors from which I have derived benefit in the long and pleasant hours devoted to Petronius.

EDITIONS, *Opera Omnia*.

—— ———	Lyons	1615.
Hadrianides	Amsterdam	1669.

Bourdelot	Paris	1677.
Boschius	Amsterdam	1677.
Burmann	Utrecht	1709.
Anton	Leipzig	1781.
Buecheler	Berlin	1862.
Herxus(Buecheler)	Berlin	1911.

TRAU FRAGMENT.

Amsterdam (Containing Frambotti's corrections)	1670
Gaselee (Cambridge)	1915.

ETEXT EDITOR'S BOOKMARKS FOR THE ENTIRE "SATYRICON"

*Affairs start to go wrong, your friends will stand from under
Believes, on the spot, every tale*

Boys play in the schools, the young men are laughed at

Cardinals prejudiced in favor of Greek love

Death is never far from those who seek him

Death levels caste and sufferers unites

Deferred pleasures are a long time coming

Desire no possession unless the world envies me for possessing

Doctor's not good for anything except for a consolation

Double capacity of masseurs and prostitutes

Egyptians "commercialized" that incomparable art

Either 'take-in,' or else they are 'taken-in'

Empress Theodora belonged to this class

Errors committed in the name of religion

Esteeming nothing except what is rare

Everybody's business is nobody's business

Everything including the children, is devoted to ambition

Face, rouged and covered with cosmetics

Fierce morality, inimical to all the pleasures of life

For one hour of nausea you promise it a plethora of good things

Hardouin on homosexuality in priests

He can teach you more than he knows himself

High fortune may rather master us, than we master it

In the arrogance of success, had put on the manner of the master

*Laughed ourselves out of a most disgraceful quarrel
Learning's a fine thing, and a trade won't starve
Legislation has never proved a success in repressing vice
Live coals are more readily held in men's mouths than a secret
Love or art never yet made anyone rich
Man is hated when he declares himself an enemy to all vice
Men are lions at home and foxes abroad
No one will confess the errors he was taught in his school days
No one can show a dead man a good time
One could do a man no graver injury than to call him a dancer
Platitudes by which anguished minds are recalled to sanity
Priests, animated by an hypocritical mania for prophecy
Propensity of pouring one's personal troubles into another's ear
Putting as good a face upon the matter as I could
Religions responsible for the most abominable actions
Remarkable resemblance to each other are the Bible and Homer
Rumor but grows in the telling and strives to embellish
Russia there is a sect called the skoptzi
See or hear nothing at all of the affairs of every-day life
She is chaste whom no man has solicited — Ovid
Something in the way of hope at which to nibble
Stained by the lifeblood of the God of Wine
Stinking of St. Jerome
Tax on bachelors
The loser's always the winner in arguments
The teachers, who must gibber with lunatics
They secure their ends, save by setting snares for the ears
They seize what they dread to lose most
To follow all paths; but a road can discover by none
Too many doctors did away with him
Wars were as much enterprises for ravishing women
We know that you're only a fool with a lot of learning
Whatever we have, we despise
Whatever you talk of at home will fly forth in an instant
Whenever you learn a thing, it's yours
While we live, let us live
You can spot a louse on someone else*

POEMS



Translated by Michael Heseltine

[1] Every man shall find his own desire; there is no one thing which pleases all: one man gathers thorns and another roses.

[2] Now autumn had brought its chill shades, and Phoebus was looking winterwards with cooler reins. Now the plane-tree had begun to shed down her leaves, now the young shoots had withered on the vine, and she had begun to number her grapes: the whole promise of the year was standing before our eyes.

[3] It was fear first created gods in the world, when the lightning fell from high heaven, and the ramparts of the world were rent with flame, and Athos was smitten and blazed. Soon 'twas Phoebus sank to earth, after he had traversed earth from his rising; the Moon grew old and once more renewed her glory; next the starry signs were spread through the firmament, and the year divided into changing seasons. The folly spread, and soon vain superstition bade the labourer yield to Ceres the harvest's chosen firstfruits, and garland Bacchus with the fruitful vine, and made Pales to rejoice in the shepherd's work; Neptune swims deepplunged beneath all the waters of the world, Pallas watches over shops, and the man who wins his prayer or has betrayed the world for gold now strives greedily to create gods of his own.

[4] I would not always steep my head with the same sweet nard, nor strive to win my stomach with familiar wine. The bull loves to change his valley-pasture, and the wild beast maintains his zest by change of food. Even to be bathed in the light of day is pleasant only because the night-hour races back with altered steeds.

[5] A wife is a burden imposed by law, and should be loved like one's fortune. But I do not wish to love even my fortune for ever.

[6] Leave thine home, O youth, and seek out alien shores: a larger range of life is ordained for thee. Yield not to misfortune; the far-off Danube shall know thee, the cold North-wind, and the untroubled kingdoms of Canopus, and the men who gaze on the new birth of Phoebus or upon his setting: he that disembarks on distant sands, becomes thereby the greater man.

[7] For there is naught that may not serve the need of mortal men, and in adversity despised things help us. So when a ship sinks, yellow gold weighs down its possessor, while a flimsy oar bears up the shipwrecked body. When the trumpets sound, the savage's knife stands drawn at the rich man's throat; the poor man's rags wear the amulet of safety.

[8] My little house is covered by a roof that fears no harm, and the grape swollen with wine hangs from the fruitful elm. The boughs yield cherries, the orchards ruddy apples, and the trees sacred to Pallas break under the wealth of their branches. And now where the smooth soil drinks from the runnels of the spring, Corycian kale springs up for me and creeping mallows, and the poppy with promise of untroubled sleep. Moreover, if my pleasure is to lay snares for birds, or if I choose rather to entrap the timid deer, or draw out the quivering fish on slender line, so much deceit is all that is known to my humble fields. Go, then, and barter the hours of flying life for rich banquets. My prayer is that since at the last the same end waits for me, it may find me here, here call me to account for the time that I have spent.

[9] Is it not enough that mad youth engulfs us, and our good name is sunk in reproach and sweeps us astray? Behold! even bondmen and the rabble that is kindred to the mire wanton amid our gathered hoards! The low slave enjoys the treasure of a kingdom, and the thrall's room shames Vesta and the cottage of Romulus. So goodness lies obscured in the deep mud, and the fleet of the unrighteous carries snowy sails.

[10] So, too, the body will shut in the belly's wind, which, when it labours to come forth again from its deep dungeon, prizes forth a way by sharp blows: and

there is no end to the cold shiver which rules the cramped frame, till a warm sweat bedews and loosens the body.

[11] O sea-shore and sea more sweet to me than life! Happy am I who may come at once to the lands I love. O beauteous day! In this country long ago I used to rouse the Naiads with my hands' alternate stroke. Here is the fountain's pool, there the sea washes up its weeds: here is a sure haven for quiet love. I have had life in full; for never can harder fortune take away what was given us in time overpast.

[12] With these words he tore the white hair from his trembling head, and rent his cheeks; his eyes filled with tears, and as the impetuous river sweeps down the valleys when the cold snow has perished, and the gentle south-wind will not suffer the ice to live on the unfettered earth, so was his face wet with a full stream, and his heart rang with the troubled murmur of deep groaning.

[13] For sooner will men hold fire in their mouths than keep a secret. Whatever you let escape you in your hall flows forth and beats at city walls in sudden rumours. Nor is the breach of faith the end. The work of betrayal issues forth with increase, and strives to add weight to the report. So was it that the greedy slave, who feared to unlock his knowledge, dug in the ground and betrayed the secret of the king's hidden ears. For the earth brought forth sounds, and the whispering reeds sang how Midas was even such an one as the tell-tale had revealed.

[14] There sea and sky struggle and buffet each other, here the tiny stream runs through smooth and smiling country. There the sailor laments for his sunken ship, here the shepherd dips his flock in the gentle river. There death confronts and chokes the vast gape of greed, here the earth laughs to lie low before the curved sickle. There, with water everywhere, dry thirst burns the throat, here kisses are given in plenty to faithless man. Let Ulysses go sail and weary the waters in beggar's rags: the chaste Penelope dwells on land.

[15] The man that would not haste to die, nor force the Fates to snap the tender threads with impetuous hand, should know only this much of the sea's anger. Lo! where the tide flows back, and the wave bathes his feet without peril! Lo! where the mussel is thrown up among the green sea-weed, and the hoarse whorl of the

slippery shell is rolled along! Lo! where the wave turns the sands to rush back in the eddy, there pebbles of many a hue appear on the wave-worn floor. Let the man who may have these things under his feet, play safely on the shore, and count this alone to be the sea.

[16] Outward beauty is not enough, and the woman who would appear fair must not be content with any common manner. Words, wit, play, sweet talk and laughter, surpass the work of too simple nature. For all expense of art seasons beauty, and naked loveliness is wasted all in vain, if it have not the will to please.

[17] So, contrary to the known operations of nature, the raven lays her eggs when the crops are ripe. So the she-bear shapes her cubs with her tongue, and the fish is ignorant of love's embrace, yet brings forth young. So the tortoise, sacred to Phoebus, delivered by the will of mother Lucina, hatches her eggs with the warmth of her nostrils. So the bee, begotten without wedlock from the woven cells, throbs with life and fills her camp with bold soldiery. The strength of nature lies not in holding on one even way, but she loves to change the fashion of her laws.

[18] My birthplace was India's glowing shore, where the day returns in brilliance with fiery orb. Here I was born amid the worship of the gods, and exchanged my barbaric speech for the Latin tongue. O healer of Delphi, now dismiss thy swans; here is a voice more worthy to dwell within thy temple.

[19] The sailor, naked from the shipwreck, seeks out a comrade stricken by the same blow to whom he may bewail his fate. The farmer who has lost his crops and the whole year's fruits in the hail, weeps his sad lot on a bosom wounded like his own. Death draws the unhappy together; bereaved parents utter their groans with one voice, and the moment makes them equal. We too will strike the stars with words in unison; the saying is that prayers travel more strongly when united.

[20] You send me golden apples, my sweet Martia, and you send me the fruit of the shaggy chestnut. Believe me, I would love them all; but should you choose rather to come in person, lovely girl, you would beautify your gift. Come, if you will, and lay sour apples to my tongue, the sharp flavour will be like honey as I

bite. But if you feign you will not come, dearest, send kisses with the apples; then gladly will I devour them.

[21] If you are sister to Phoebus, Delia, I entrust my petition to you, that you may carry to your brother the words of my prayer. "God of Delphi, I have built for you a temple of Sicilian marble, and have given you fair words of song from a slender pipe of reed. Now if you hear us, Apollo, and are indeed divine, tell me where a man who has no money is to find it."

[22] Honest Heaven ordained that all things which can end our wretched complaints should be ready to hand. Common green herbs and the berries that grow on rough brambles allay the gnawing hunger of the belly. A fool is he who goes thirsty with a river close by, and shivers in the east wind while a blazing fire roars on the warm hearth. The law sits armed by the threshold of a wanton bride; the girl who lies on a lawful bed knows no fear. The wealth of nature gives us enough for our fill: that which unbridled vanity teaches us to pursue has no end to it.

[23] Doves have made a nest in the soldier's helmet: see how Venus loveth Mars.

[24] The Jew may worship his pig-god and clamour in the ears of high heaven, but unless he also cuts back his foreskin with the knife, he shall go forth from the holy city cast forth from the people, and transgress the sabbath by breaking the law of fasting.

[25] This is the one nobility and proof of honourable estate, that a man's hands have shown no fear.

[26] At rest in bed, I had scarce begun to enjoy the first silence of night, and to give up my conquered eyes to sleep, when fierce Love took hold of me and drew me up by the hair, and tore me, bidding me watch till day. "Ah, my slave," he said, "thou lover of a thousand girls, canst thou lie alone here, alone, oh hard of heart?" I leaped up, and with bare feet and disordered raiment started on every path and found a way by none. Now I run, now to move is weariness: I repent of turning back, and am ashamed to halt in the midst of the road. Lo, the voices of

men and the roar of the streets, the singing of birds and the faithful company of watchdogs are all silent. I alone of all men dread both sleep and my bed, and follow thy command, great Lord of desire.

[27] Long may that night be dear to us, Neals, that first laid you to rest upon my heart. Dear be the bed and the genius of the couch, and the silent lamp that saw you come softly to do our pleasure. Come, then, let us endure though we have grown older, and employ the years which a brief delay will blot out. It is lawful and right to prolong an old love: grant that what we began in haste may not hastily be ended.

[28] The pleasure of the act of love is gross and brief, and love once consummated brings loathing after it. Let us then not rush blindly thither straightway like lustful beasts, for love sickens and the flame dies down; but even so, even so, let us keep eternal holiday, and lie with thy lips to mine. No toil is here and no shame: in this, delight has been, and is, and long shall be; in this there is no diminution, but a beginning everlastingly.

[29] To love and accuse at one time were a labour Hercules himself could scarce have borne.

[30] Our eyes deceive us, and our wandering senses weigh down our reason and tell us falsehoods. For the tower which stands almost four-square has its corners blunted at a distance and becomes rounded. The full stomach turns from the honey of Hybla, and the nose often hates the scent of cinnamon. One thing could not please us more or less than another, unless the senses strove in set conflict with wavering balance.

[31] It is not the shrines of the gods, nor the powers of the air, that send the dreams which mock the mind with flitting shadows; each man makes dreams for himself. For when rest lies about the limbs subdued by sleep, and the mind plays with no weight upon it, it pursues in the darkness whatever was its task by daylight. The man who makes towns tremble in war, and overwhelms unhappy cities in flame, sees arms, and routed hosts, and the deaths of kings, and plains streaming with outpoured blood. They whose life is to plead cases have statutes and the courts before their eyes, and look with terror upon the judgement-seat

surrounded by a throng. The miser hides his gains and discovers buried treasure. The hunter shakes the woods with his pack. The sailor snatches his shipwrecked bark from the waves, or grips it in death-agony. The woman writes to her lover, the adulteress yields herself: and the dog follows the tracks of the hare as he sleeps. The wounds of the unhappy endure into the night-season.

The Latin Text



Pozzuoli (ancients Puteoli), a city and comune in Campania — believed to be the opening setting of Satyricon

CONTENTS OF THE LATIN TEXT



In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Latin text of Petronius' Satyricon. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

CONTENTS

SATIRICON
FRAGMENTA

SATIRICON

[I] “Num alio genere Furiarum declamatores inquietantur, qui clamant: ‘Haec vulnera pro libertate publica excepi; hunc oculum pro vobis impendi: date mihi ducem, qui me ducat ad liberos meos, nam succisi poplites membra non sustinent’? Haec ipsa tolerabilia essent, si ad eloquentiam ituris viam facerent. Nunc et rerum tumore et sententiarum vanissimo strepitu hoc tantum proficiunt ut, cum in forum venerint, putent se in alium orbem terrarum delatos. Et ideo ego adulescentulos existimo in scholis stultissimos fieri, quia nihil ex his, quae in usu habemus, aut audiunt aut vident, sed piratas cum catenis in litore stantes, sed tyrannos edicta scribentes quibus imperent filiis ut patrum suorum capita praecedant, sed responsa in pestilentiam data, ut virgines tres aut plures immolentur, sed mellitos verborum globulos, et omnia dicta factaque quasi papavere et sesamo sparsa.

[II] “Qui inter haec nutriuntur, non magis sapere possunt quam bene olere qui in culina habitant. Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis. Levibus enim atque inanibus sonis ludibria quaedam excitando, effecistis ut corpus orationis enervaretur et caderet. Nondum iuvenes declamationibus continebantur, cum Sophocles aut Euripides invenerunt verba quibus deberent loqui. Nondum umbraticus doctor ingenia deleverat, cum Pindarus novemque lyrici Homericis versibus canere timuerunt. Et ne poetas quidem ad testimonium citem, certe neque Platona neque Demosthenen ad hoc genus exercitationis accessisse video. Grandis et, ut ita dicam, pudica oratio non est maculosa nec turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. Nuper ventosa istaec et enormis loquacitas Athenas ex Asia commigravit animosque iuvenum ad magna surgentes veluti pestilenti quodam sidere adflavit, semelque corrupta regula eloquentia stetit et obmutuit. Ad summam, quis postea Thucydidis, quis Hyperidis ad famam processit? Ac ne carmen quidem sani coloris enituit, sed omnia quasi eodem cibo pasta non potuerunt usque ad senectutem canescere. Pictura quoque non alium exitum fecit, postquam Aegyptiorum audacia tam magnae artis compendiariam invenit.”

[III] Non est passus Agamemnon me diutius declamare in porticu, quam ipse in schola sudaverat, sed: “Adulescens, inquit, quoniam sermonem habes non publici saporis et, quod rarissimum est, amas bonam mentem, non fraudabo te arte secreta. <Nihil> nimirum in his exercitationibus doctores peccant qui necesse

habent cum insanientibus furere. Nam nisi dixerint quae adulescentuli probent, ut ait Cicero, ‘soli in scholis relinquentur’. Sicut ficti adulescentes cum cenas divitum captant, nihil prius meditantur quam id quod putant gratissimum auditoribus fore — nec enim aliter impetrabunt quod petunt, nisi quasdam insidias auribus fecerint — sic eloquentiae magister, nisi tanquam piscator eam imposuerit hamis escam, quam scierit appetituros esse pisciculos, sine spe praedae morabitur in scopulo.

[IV] “Quid ergo est? Parentes obiurgatione digni sunt, qui nolunt liberos suos severa lege proficere. Primum enim sic ut omnia, spes quoque suas ambitioni donant. Deinde cum ad vota properant, cruda adhuc studia in forum impellunt, et eloquentiam, qua nihil esse maius confitentur, pueris induunt adhuc nascentibus. Quod si paterentur laborum gradus fieri, ut sapientiae praeceptis animos componerent, ut verba atroci stilo effoderent, ut quod vellent imitari diti audirent, <ut persuaderent> sibi nihil esse magnificum quod pueris placeret: iam illa grandis oratio haberet maiestatis suae pondus. Nunc pueri in scholis ludunt, iuvenes ridentur in foro, et quod utroque turpius est, quod quisque <puer> perperam didicit, in senectute confiteri non vult. Sed ne me putes improbasse schedium Lucilianae humilitatis, quod sentio, et ipse carmine effingam:

[V] “Artis severae si quis ambit effectus
mentemque magnis applicat, prius mores
frugalitatis lege poliat exacta.
Nec curet alto regiam trucem vultu
cliensve cenas inpotentium captet,
nec perditis addictus obruat vino
mentis calorem; neve plausor in scenam
sedeat redemptus histrioniae addictus.
Sed sive armigerae rident Tritonidis arces,
seu Lacedaemonio tellus habitata colono
Sirenumque domus, det primos versibus annos
Maeoniumque bibat felici pectore fontem.
Mox et Socratico plenus grege mittat habenas
liber, et ingentis quatiat Demosthenis arma.
Hinc Romana manus circumfluat, et modo Graio
exonerata sono mutet suffusa saporem.
Interdum subducta foro det pagina cursum,
et fortuna sonet celeri distincta meatu.
Dent epulas et bella truci memorata canore,
grandiaque indomiti Ciceronis verba minentur.

Hi animum succinge bonis: sic flumine largo
plenus Pierio defundes pectore verba.”

[VI] Dum hunc diligentius audio, non notavi mihi Ascyli fugam < . . . > Et dum in hoc dictorum aestu in hortis incedo, ingens scolasticorum turba in porticum venit, ut apparebat, ab extemporali declamatione nescio cuius, qui Agamemnonis suasoriam exceperat. Dum ergo iuvenes sententias rident ordinemque totius dictionis infamant, opportune subdixi me et cursim Ascyton persequi coepi. Sed nec viam diligenter tenebam quia < . . . > nec quo loco stabulum esset sciebam. Itaque quocumque ieram, eodem revertabar, donec et cursu fatigatus et sudore iam madens accedo aniculam quandam, quae agreste holus vendebat et:

[VII] “Rogo, inquam, mater, numquid scis ubi ego habitem?” Delectata est illa urbanitate tam stulta et: “Quidni sciam?” inquit, consurrexitque et coepit me praecedere. Divinam ego putabam et subinde ut in locum secretiorem venimus, centonem anus urbana reiecit et: “Hic, inquit, debes habitare.” Cum ego negarem me agnoscere domum, video quosdam inter titulos nudasque meretrices furtim spatiantes. Tarde, immo iam sero intellexi me in fornicem esse deductum. Execratus itaque aniculae insidias operui caput et per medium lupanar fugere coepi in alteram partem, cum ecce in ipso aditu occurrit mihi aequae lassus ac moriens Ascylos: putares ab eadem anicula esse deductum. Itaque ut ridens eum consalutavi, quid in loco tam deformi faceret quaesivi.

[VIII] Sudorem ille manibus detersit et: “Si scires, inquit, quae mihi acciderunt. — Quid novi?” inquam ego. At ille deficiens: “Cum errarem, inquit, per totam civitatem nec invenirem quo loco stabulum reliquissem, accessit ad me pater familiae et ducem se itineris humanissime promisit. Per anfractus deinde obscurissimos egressus in hunc locum me perduxit, prolatoque peculis coepit rogare stuprum. Iam pro cella meretrix assem exegerat, iam ille mihi iniecerat manum et nisi valentior fuisset, dedissem poenas. < . . . > adeo ubique omnes mihi videbantur satureum bibisse < . . . > iunctis viribus molestum contempsimus.

< . . . >

[IX] Quasi per caliginem vidi Gitona in crepidine semitae stantem et in eundem locum me conieci. Cum quaererem numquid nobis in prandium frater parasset, consedit puer super lectum et manantes lacrimas pollice extersit. Perturbatus ego habitu fratris, quid accidisset quaesivi. Et ille tarde quidem et invitatus, sed postquam precibus etiam iracundiam miscui: “Tuus, inquit, ist frater seu comes paulo ante in conductum accucurrit, coepitque mihi velle pudorem extorquere. Cum ego proclamarem, gladium strinxit et ‘Si Lucretia es, inquit, Tarquinius invenisti’”. Quibus ego auditis intentavi in oculos Ascyli manus et: “Quid dicis,

inquam, muliebris patientiae scortum, cuius ne spiritus purus est?” Inhorrescere se finxit Ascyltos, mox sublati fortius manibus longe maiore nisu clamavit: “Non taces, inquit, gladiator obscene, quem de ruina harena dimisit? Non taces, nocturne percussor, qui ne tum quidem, cum fortiter faceres, cum pura muliere pugnasti, cuius eadem ratione in viridario frater fui, qua nunc in deversorio puer es. — Subduxisti te, inquam, a praeceptoris colloquio.

[X] — Quid ego, homo stultissime, facere debui, cum fame morerer? An videlicet audirem sententias, id est vitrea fracta et somniorum interpretamenta? Multo me turpior es tu hercule, qui ut foris cenares, poetam laudasti”. Itaque ex turpissima lite in risum diffusi pacatius ad reliqua secessimus. < . . >

Rursus in memoriam revocatus iniuriae: “Ascylte, inquam, intellego nobis convenire non posse. Itaque communes sarcinulas partiamur ac paupertatem nostram privatis questibus temptemus expellere. Et tu litteras scis et ego. Ne quaestibus tuis obstem, aliud aliquid promittam; alioqui mille causae quotidie nos collident et per totam urbem rumoribus different.”

Non recusavit Ascyltos et: “Hodie, inquit, quia tanquam scholastici ad cenam promisimus, non perdamus noctem. Cras autem, quia hoc libet, et habitationem mihi prospiciam et aliquem fratrem. — Tardum est, inquam, differre quod placet.”

Hanc tam praecipitem divisionem libido faciebat; iam dudum enim amoliri cupiebam custodem molestum, ut veterem cum Gitone meo rationem reducerem. < . . >

[XI] Postquam lustravi oculis totam urbem, in cellulam redii, osculisque tandem bona fide exactis alligo artissimis complexibus puerum, fruorque votis usque ad invidiam felicibus. Nec adhuc quidem omnia erant facta, cum Ascyltos furtim se foribus admovit, discussisque fortissime claustris invenit me cum fratre ludentem. Risu itaque plausuque cellulam implevit, opertum me amiculo evoluit et: “Quid agebas, inquit, frater sanctissime? Quid? Vesticontubernium facis?” Nec se solum intra verba continuit, sed lorum de pera soluit et me coepit non perfunctorie verberare, adiectis etiam petulantibus dictis: “Sic dividere cum fratre nolito.” < . . >

[XII] Veniebamus in forum deficiente iam die, in quo notavimus frequentiam rerum venalium, non quidem pretiosarum sed tamen quarum fidem male ambulanti obscuritas temporis facillime tegeret. Cum ergo et ipsi raptum latrocinio pallium detulissemus, uti occasione opportunissima coepimus atque in quodam angulo laciniam extremam concutere, si quem forte emptorem splendor vestis posset adducere. Nec diu moratus rusticus quidam familiaris oculis meis cum muliercula comite propius accessit ac diligentius considerare pallium coepit.

Invicem Ascyltos iniecit contemplationem super umeros rustici emptoris, ac subito exanimatus conticuit. Ac ne ipse quidem sine aliquo motu hominem conspexi, nam videbatur ille mihi esse, qui tunicam in solitudine invenerat. Plane is ipse erat. Sed cum Ascyltos timeret fidem oculorum, ne quid temere faceret, prius tanquam emptor propius accessit detraxitque umeris laciniam et diligentius temptavit.

[XIII] O lusum fortunae mirabilem! Nam adhuc ne suturae quidem attulerat rusticus curiosas manus, sed tanquam mendici spolium etiam fastidiose venditabat. Ascyltos postquam depositum esse inviolatum vidit et personam vendentis contemptam, seduxit me paululum a turba et: “Scis, inquit, frater, rediisse ad nos thesaurum de quo querebar? Illa est tunicula adhuc, ut apparet, intactis aureis plena. Quid ergo facimus, aut quo iure rem nostram vindicamus?” Exhilaratus ego non tantum quia praedam videbam, sed etiam quod fortuna me a turpissima suspicione dimiserat, negavi circuitu agendum sed plane iure civili dimicandum, ut si nollet alienam rem domino reddere, ad interdictum veniret.

[XIV] Contra Ascyltos leges timebat et: “Quis, aiebat, hoc loco nos novit, aut quis habebit dicentibus fidem? Mihi plane placet emere, quamvis nostrum sit, quod agnoscimus, et parvo aere recuperare potius thesaurum, quam in ambiguam litem descendere:

Quid faciant leges, ubi sola pecunia regnat,
aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla potest?
Ipsi qui Cynica traducunt tempora pera,
non numquam nummis vendere vera solent.
Ergo iudicium nihil est nisi publica merces,
atque eques in causa qui sedet, empta probat.”

Sed praeter unum dipondium, quo cicer lupinosque destinaveramus mercari, nihil ad manum erat. Itaque ne interim praeda discederet, vel minoris pallium addicere placuit ut pretium maioris compendii leviolem faceret iacturam. Cum primum ergo explicuimus mercem, mulier operto capite, quae cum rustico steterat, inspectis diligentius signis iniecit utramque laciniae manum magnaue vociferatione latrones tenere clamavit. Contra nos perturbati, ne videremur nihil agere, et ipsi scissam et sordidam tenere coepimus tunicam atque eadem invidia proclamare, nostra esse spolia quae illi possiderent. Sed nullo genere par erat causa, et cociones qui ad clamorem confluxerant, nostram scilicet de more ridebant invidiam, quod pro illa parte vindicabant pretiosissimam vestem, pro hac

pannuciam ne centonibus quidem bonis dignam. Hinc Ascyltos bene risum discussit, qui silentio facto:

[XV] “Videmus, inquit, suam cuique rem esse carissimam; reddant nobis tunicam nostram et pallium suum recipiant.” Etsi rustico mulierique placebat permutatio, advocati tamen iam paene nocturni, qui volebant pallium lucri facere, flagitabant uti apud se utraque deponerentur ac postero die iudex querelam inspiceret. Neque enim res tantum, quae viderentur in controversiam esse, sed longe aliud quaeri, <quod> in utraque parte scilicet latrocinii suspicio haberetur. Iam sequestri placebant, et nescio quis ex cocionibus, calvus, tuberosissimae frontis, qui solebat aliquando etiam causas agere, invaserat pallium exhibiturumque crastino die affirmabat. Ceterum apparebat nihil aliud quaeri nisi ut semel deposita vestis inter praedones strangularetur, et nos metu criminis non veniremus ad constitutum. <. . .> Idem plane et nos volebamus. Itaque utriusque partis votum casus adiuvit. Indignatus enim rusticus quod nos centonem exhibendum postularem, misit in faciem Ascylti tunicam et liberatos querela iussit pallium deponere, quod solum litem faciebat, et recuperato, ut putabamus, thesauro in deversorium praecipites abimus, praeclusisque foribus ridere acumen non minus cocionum quam calumniantium coepimus, quod nobis ingenti calliditate pecuniam reddidissent.

Nolo quod cupio statim tenere,
nec victoria mi placet parata.

[XVI] Sed ut primum beneficio Gitonis praeparata nos implevimus cena, ostium satis audaci strepitu impulsum exsonuit. Cum et ipsi ergo pallidi rogarem, quis esset: “Aperi, inquit, iam scies.” Dumque loquimur, sera sua sponte delapsa cecidit reclusaeque subito fores admiserunt intrantem. Mulier autem erat operto capite, et: “Me derisisse, inquit, vos putabatis? Ego sum ancilla Quartillae, cuius vos sacrum ante cryptam turbastis. Ecce ipsa venit ad stabulum petitque ut vobiscum loqui liceat. Nolite perturbari. Nec accusat errorem vestrum nec punit, immo potius miratur, quis deus iuvenes tam urbanos in suam regionem detulerit.”

[XVII] Tacentibus adhuc nobis et ad neutram partem adsentationem flectentibus intravit ipsa, una comitata virgine, sedensque super torum meum diu flevit. Ac ne tunc quidem nos ullum adiecimus verbum, sed attoniti expectavimus lacrimas ad ostentationem doloris paratas. Vt ergo tam ambitiosus detonuit imber, retextit superbum pallio caput, et manibus inter se usque ad articulorum strepitum constrictis: “Quaenam est, inquit, haec audacia, aut ubi fabulas etiam antecessura

latrocinia didicistis? Misereor mediusfidius vestri; neque enim impune quisquam quod non licuit, aspexit. Vtique nostra regio tam praesentibus plena est numinibus, ut facilius possis deum quam hominem invenire. Ac ne me putetis ultionis causa huc venisse; aetate magis vestra commoveor quam iniuria mea. Imprudentes enim, ut adhuc puto, admisistis inexpiabile scelus. Ipsa quidem illa nocte vexata tam periculoso inhorruī frigore, ut tertianae etiam impetum timeam. Et ideo medicinam sommo petiī, iussaque sum vos perquirere atque impetum morbi monstrata subtilitate lenire. Sed de remedio non tam valde laboro; maior enim in praecordiis dolor saenit, qui me usque ad necessitatem mortis deducit, ne scilicet iuvenili impulsī licentia quod in sacello Priapi vidistis vulgetis, deorumque consilia proferatis in populum. Protendo igitur ad genua vestra supinas manus, petoque et oro ne nocturnas religiones iocum risumque faciatis, neve traducere velitis tot annorum secreta, quae vix mille homines noverunt.”

[XVIII] Secundum hanc deprecationem lacrimas rursus effudit gemitibusque largis concussa tota facie ac pectore torum meum pressit. Ego eodem tempore et misericordia turbatus et metu, bonum animum habere eam iussi et de utroque esse securam: nam neque sacra quemquam vulgaturum, et si quod praeterea aliud remedium ad tertianam deus illi monstrasset, adiuvaturos nos divinam providentiam vel periculo nostro. Hilarior post hanc pollicitationem facta mulier basiavit me spissius, et ex lacrimis in risum mota descendentes ab aure capillos meos lenta manu duxit et: “Facio, inquit, indutias vobiscum, et a constituta lite dimitto. Quod si non adnuissetis de hac medicina quam peto, iam parata erat in crastinum turba, quae et iniuriam meam vindicaret et dignitatem:

Contemni turpe est, legem donare superbum;
hoc amo, quod possum qua libet ire via.
Nam sane et sapiens contemptus iurgia nectit,
et qui non iugulat, victor abire solet.

Complosis deinde manibus in tantum repente risum effusa est, ut timeremus. Idem ex altera parte et ancilla fecit, quae prior venerat, idem virguncula, quae una intraverat.

[XIX] Omnia mimico risu exsonuerant, cum interim nos quae tam repentina esset mutatio animorum facta ignoraremus, ac modo nosmetipsos, modo mulieres intueremur. <. . .>

“Ideo vetui hodie in hoc deversorio quemquam mortalium admitti, ut remedium tertianae sine ulla interpellatione a vobis acciperem.” Vt haec dixit Quartilla, Ascyrtos quidem paulisper obstupuit, ego autem frigidior hieme Gallica factus

nullum potui verbum emittere. Sed ne quid tristius expectarem, comitatus faciebat. Tres enim erant mulierculae, si quid vellent conari, infirmissimae, scilicet contra nos, <quibus> si nihil aliud, virilis sexus esset. At praecincti certe altius eramus. Immo ego sic iam paria composueram ut, si depugnandum foret, ipse cum Quartilla consisterem, Ascylos cum ancilla, Giton cum virgine. <. . .> Tunc vero excidit omnis constantia attonitis, et mors non dubia miserorum oculos coepit obducere. <. . .>

[XX] “Rogo, inquam, domina, si quid tristius paras, celerius confice: neque enim tam magnum facinus admisimus, ut debeamus torti perire.” Ancilla, quae Psyche vocabatur, lodiculam in pavimento diligenter extendit. Sollicitavit inguina mea mille iam mortibus frigida. Operuerat Ascylos pallio caput, admonitus scilicet periculosum esse alienis intervenire secretis. Duas institas ancilla protulit de sinu alteraque pedes nostros alligavit, altera manus. <. . .>

Ascylos, iam deficiente fabularum contextu: “Quid? Ego, inquit, non sum dignus qui bibam?” Ancilla risu meo prodita complosit manus et: “Apposui: quidem adulescens, solus tantum medicamentum ebibisti? — Itane est? inquit Quartilla, quicquid saturei fuit, Encolpius ebibit?” Non indecenti risu latera commovit. Ac ne Giton quidem ultimo risum tenuit, utique postquam virguncula cervicem eius invasit et non repugnanti puero innumerabilia oscula dedit.

[XXI] Volebamus miseri exclamare, sed nec in auxilio erat quisquam, et hinc Psyche acu comatoria cupienti mihi invocare Quiritum fidem malas pungebat, illinc puella penicillo, quod et ipsum satureo tinxerat, Ascylos opprimebat. <. . .>

Vltimo cinaedus supervenit myrtea subornatus gausapa cinguloque succinctus . . . modo extortis nos clunibus cecidit, modo basiis olidissimis inquinavit, donec Quartilla, ballaenaceam tenens virgam alteque succincta, iussit infelicibus dari missionem. <. . .>

Vterque nostrum religiosissimis iuravit verbis inter duos perituum esse tam horribile secretum. Intraverunt palaestritae quamplures et nos legitimo perfusos oleo refecerunt. Vtunque ergo lassitudine abiecta cenatoria repetimus et in proximam cellam ducti sumus, in qua tres lecti strati erant et reliquus lautitiarum apparatus splendidissime eitus. Iussi ergo discubuimus, et gustatione mirifica initiati vino etiam Falerno inundamur. Excepti etiam pluribus ferculis cum laberemur in somnum: “Itane est? inquit Quartilla, etiam dormire vobis in mente est, cum sciatis Priapi genio pervigilium deberi?” <. . .>

[XXII] Cum Ascylos gravatus tot malis in somnum laberetur, illa quae iniuria depulsa fuerat ancilla totam faciem eius fuligine longa perfricuit, et non sentientis labra umerosque sopitionibus pinxit.

Iam ego etiam tot malis fatigatus minimum veluti gustum hauseram somni; idem et tota intra forisque familia fecerat, atque alii circa pedes discumbentium sparsi iacebant, alii parietibus appliciti, quidam in ipso limine coniunctis manebant capitibus; lucernae quoque umore defectae tenue et extremum lumen spargebant, cum duo Syri expilaturi lagoenam triclinium intraverunt, dumque inter argentum avidius rixantur, diductam fregerunt lagoenam. Cecidit etiam mensa cum argento, et ancillae super torum marcentis excussum forte altius poculum caput <fere> fregit.

Ad quem ictum exclamavit illa, pariterque et fures prodidit et partem ebriorum excitavit. Syri illi qui venerant ad praedam, postquam deprehensos se intellexerunt, pariter secundum lectum conciderunt, ut putares hoc convenisse, et stertere tanquam olim dormientes coeperunt.

Iam et tricliniarches experrectus lucernis occidentibus oleum infuderat, et pueri detergis paulisper oculis redierant ad ministerium, cum intrans cymbalistria et concrepans aera omnes excitavit.

[XXIII] Refectum igitur est convivium et rursus Quartilla ad bibendum revocavit. Adiuvit hilaritatem comissantis cymbalistria.

Intrat cinaedus, homo omnium insulsissimus et plane illa domo dignus, qui ut infractis manibus congemuit, eiusmodi carmina effudit:

Huc huc convenite nunc, spatolocinaedi,
pede tendite, cursum addite, convolate planta,
femore facili, clune agili et manu procaces,
molles, veteres, Deliaci manu recisi.

Consumptis versibus suis immundissimo me basio conspuat. Mox et super lectum venit atque omni vi detexit recusantem. Super inguina mea diu multumque frustra moluit. Profluebant per frontem sudantis acaciae rivi, et inter rugas malarum tantum erat cretae, ut putares detectum parietem nimbo laborare.

[XXIV] Non tenui ego diutius lacrimas, sed ad ultimam perductus tristitiam: “Quaeso, inquam, domina, certe embasicoetan iusseras dari.” Complosit illa tenerius manus et: “O, inquit, hominem acutum atque urbanitatis vernaculae fontem! Quid? Tu non intellexeras cinaedum embasicoetan vocari?” Deinde ne contubernali meo melius succederet: “Per fidem, inquam, vestram, Ascyltos in hoc triclinio solus ferias agit? — Ita, inquit Quartilla, et Ascylto embasicoetas detur”. Ab hac voce equum cinaedus mutavit, transituque ad comitem meum facto clunibus eum basiisque distrivit. Stabat inter haec Giton et risu dissolvebat ilia sua. Itaque conspicata eum Quartilla, cuius esset puer diligentissima sciscitatione

quaesivit. Cum ego fratrem meum esse dixissem: “Quare ergo, inquit, me non basiavit?” vocatumque ad se in osculum adplicuit. Mox manum etiam demisit in sinum et pertractato vasculo tam rudi: “Haec, inquit, belle cras in promulside libidinis nostrae militabit; hodie enim post asellum diaria non sumo”.

[XXV] Cum haec diceret, ad aurem eius Psyche ridens accessit et cum dixisset nescio quid: “Ita, ita, inquit Quartilla, bene admonuisti. Cur non, quia bellissima occasio est, devirginatur Pannychis nostra?” Continuoque producta est puella satis bella et quae non plus quam septem annos habere videbatur, ea ipsa quae primum cum Quartilla in cellam venerat nostram. Plaudentibus ergo universis et postulantibus nuptias, obstupui ego et nec Gitona, verecundissimum puerum, sufficere huic petulantiae adfirmavi, nec puellam eius aetatis esse, ut muliebris patientiae legem posset accipere.” Ita, inquit Quartilla, minor est ista quam ego fui, cum primum virum passa sum? Iunonem meam iratam habeam, si unquam me meminerim virginem fuisse. Nam et infans cum paribus inquinata sum, et subinde procedentibus annis maioribus me pueris adplicui, donec ad hanc aetatem perveni. Hinc etiam puto proverbium natum illud, ut dicatur posse taurum tollere, qui vitulum sustulerit.” Igitur ne maiorem iniuriam in secreto frater acciperet, consurrexi ad officium nuptiale.

[XXVI] Iam Psyche puellae caput involverat flammeo, iam embasicoetas praeferebat facem, iam ebriae mulieres longum agmen plaudentes fecerant, thalamumque incesta exornaverant veste. Tum Quartilla quoque iocantium libidine accensa et ipsa surrexit, correptumque Gitona in cubiculum traxit.

Sine dubio non repugnauerat puer, ac ne puella quidem tristis expaverat nuptiarum nomen. Itaque cum inclusi iacerent, consedimus ante limen thalami, et in primis Quartilla per rimam improbe diductam adplicuerat oculum curiosum, lusumque puerilem libidiosa speculabatur diligentia. Me quoque ad idem spectaculum lenta manu traxit, et quia considerantium <co>haeserant vultus, quicquid a spectaculo vacabat, commovebat obiter labra et me tamquam furtivis subinde oculis verberabat. <. . .>

Abiecti in lectis sine metu reliquam exegimus noctem. <. . .>

Venerat iam tertius dies, id est expectatio liberae cenae, sed tot vulneribus confossis fuga magis placebat quam quies. Itaque cum maesti deliberaremus quonam genere praesentem evitaremus procellam, unus servus Agamemnonis interpellavit trepidantes et: “Quid? vos, inquit, nescitis hodie apud quem fiat? Trimalchio, lautissimus homo. Horologium in triclinio et bucinatorem habet subornatum, ut subinde sciat quantum de vita perdiderit!”

Amicimur ergo diligenter obliti omnium malorum et Gitona libentissime servile officium tuentem iubemus in balneum sequi.

[XXVII] Nos interim vestiti errare coepimus, immo iocari magis et circulis accedere, cum subito videmus senem calvum, tunica vestitum russea, inter pueros capillatos ludentem pila. Nec tam pueri nos, quamquam erat operae pretium, ad spectaculum duxerant, quam ipse pater familiae, qui soleatus pila prasina exercebatur. Nec amplius eam repetebat quae terram contigerat, sed follem plenum habebat servus sufficebatque ludentibus. Notavimus etiam res novas: nam duo spadones in diversa parte circuli stabant, quorum alter matellam tenebat argenteam, alter numerabat pilas, non quidem eas quae inter manus lusu expellente vibrabant, sed eas quae in terram decidebant.

Cum has ergo miraremur lautitias, accurrit Menelaus: “Hic est, inquit, apud quem cubitum ponitis, et quidem iam principium cenae videtis. Et iam non loquebatur Menelaus cum Trimalchio digitos concrepuit, ad quod signum matellam spado ludenti subiecit. Exonerata ille vesica aquam poposcit ad manus, digitosque paululum adpersos in capite pueri tersit.

[XXVIII] Longum erat singula excipere. Itaque intravimus balneum, et sudore calfacti momento temporis ad frigidam eximus. Iam Trimalchio unguento perfusus tergebatur, non linteis, sed palliis ex lana mollissima factis. Tres interim iatraliptae in conspectu eius Falernum potabant, et cum plurimum rixantes effunderent, Trimalchio hoc suum propinasse dicebat. Hinc involutus coccina gausapa lecticae impositus est praecedentibus phaleratis cursoribus quattuor et chiramaxio, in quo deliciae eius vehebantur, puer vetulus, lippus, domino Trimalchione deformior. Cum ergo auferretur, ad caput eius symphonicus cum minimis tibiis accessit et tanquam in aurem aliquid secreto diceret, toto itinere cantavit.

Sequimur nos admiratione iam saturi et cum Agamemnone ad ianuam pervenimus, in cuius poste libellus erat cum hac inscriptione fixus:

QVISQVIS SERVVS SINE DOMINICO IVSSV FORAS EXIERIT
ACCIPIET PLAGAS CENTVM.

In aditu autem ipso stabat ostiarius prasinatus, cerasino succinctus cingulo, atque in lance argentea pisum purgabat. Super limen autem cavea pendebat aurea in qua pica varia intrantes salutabat.

[XXIX] Ceterum ego dum omnia stupeo, paene resupinatus crura mea fregi. Ad sinistram enim intrantibus non longe ab ostiarii cella canis ingens, catena vinctus, in pariete erat pictus superque quadrata littera scriptum CAVE CANEM. Et collegae quidem mei riserunt. Ego autem collecto spiritu non destiti totum

parietem persequi. Erat autem venaliciū <cum> titulis pictis, et ipse Trimalchio capillatus caduceum tenebat Minervamque ducente Romam intrabat. Hinc quemadmodum ratiocinari didicisset, deinceps dispensator factus esset, omnia diligenter curiosus pictor cum inscriptione reddiderat. In deficiente vero iam porticu levatum mento in tribunal excelsum Mercurius rapiebat. Praesto erat Fortuna cornu abundanti copiosa et tres Parcae aurea pensa torquentes. Notavi etiam in porticu gregem cursorum cum magistro se exercentem. Praeterea grande armarium in angulo vidi, in cuius aedícula erant Lares argentei positi Venerisque signum marmoreum et pyxis aurea non pusilla, in qua barbam ipsius conditam esse dicebant. Interrogare ergo atriensem coepi, quas in medio picturas haberent.” Iliada et Odyssian, inquit, ac Laenatis gladiatorium munus.”

[XXX] Non licebat <tam multa otiose> considerare. Nos iam ad triclinium perveneramus, in cuius parte prima procurator rationes accipiebat. Et quod praecipue miratus sum, in postibus triclinii fascēs erant cum securibus fixi, quorum imam partem quasi embolum navis aeneum finiebat, in quo erat scriptum: C. POMPEIO TRIMALCHIONI SEVIRO AVGVSTALI CINNAMVS DISPENSATOR. Sub eodem titulo et lucerna bilychnis de camera pendebat, et duae tabulae in utroque poste defixae, quarum altera, si bene memini, hoc habebat inscriptum: III ET PRIDIE KALENDAS IANVARIAS C. NOSTER FORAS CENAT, altera lunae cursum stellarumque septem imagines pictas; et qui dies boni quique incommodi essent, distinguente bulla notabantur.

His repleti voluptatibus cum conaremur in triclinium intrare, exclamavit unus ex pueris, qui super hoc officium erat positus: “Dextro pede!” Sine dubio paulisper trepidavimus, ne contra praeceptum aliquis nostrum limen transiret.

Ceterum ut pariter movimus dextros gressus, servus nobis despoliatus procubuit ad pedes ac rogare coepit, ut se poenae eriperemus: nec magnum esse peccatum suum, propter quod periclitaretur; subducta enim sibi vestimenta dispensatoris in balneo, quae vix fuissent decem sestertiorum. Retulimus ergo dextros pedes, dispensatoremque in atrio aureos numerantem deprecari sumus ut servo remitteret poenam. Superbus ille sustulit vultum et: “Non tam iactura me movet, inquit, quam negligentia nequissimi servi. Vestimenta mea cubitoria perdidit, quae mihi natali meo cliens quidam donaverat, Tyria sine dubio, sed iam semel lota. Quid ergo est? dono vobis eum.”

[XXXI] Obligati tam grandi beneficio cum intrassemus triclinium, occurrit nobis ille idem servus, pro quo rogaveramus, et stupentibus spississima basia impegit gratias agens humanitati nostrae.” Ad summam, statim scietis, ait, cui dederitis beneficium. Vinum dominicum ministratoris gratia est.”

Tandem ergo discubuimus, pueris Alexandrinis aquam in manus nivatam infundentibus, aliisque insequentibus ad pedes ac paronychia cum ingenti subtilitate tollentibus. Ac ne in hoc quidem tam molesto tacebant officio, sed obiter cantabant. Ego experiri volui an tota familia cantaret, itaque potionem poposci. Paratissimus puer non minus me acido cantico excepit, et quisquis aliquid rogatus erat ut daret. Pantomimi chorum, non patris familiae triclinium crederes.

Allata est tamen gustatio valde lauta; nam iam omnes discubuerant praeter ipsum Trimachionem, cui locus novo more primus servabatur. Ceterum in promulsidari asellus erat Corinthius cum bisaccio positus, qui habebat olivas in altera parte albas, in altera nigras. Tegebant asellum duae lances, in quarum marginibus nomen Trimalchionis inscriptum erat et argenti pondus. Ponticuli etiam ferruminati sustinebant glires melle ac papavere sparsos. Fuerunt et tomacula supra craticulam argenteam ferventia posita et infra craticulam Syriaca pruna cum granis Punici mali.

[XXXII] In his eramus lautitiis, cum Trimalchio ad symphoniam allatus est, positusque inter cervicalia minutissima expressit imprudentibus risum. Pallio enim coccineo adrasum excluserat caput, circaque oneratas veste cervices laticlaviam immiserat mappam fimbriis hinc atque illinc pendentibus. Habebat etiam in minimo digito sinistrae manus anulum grandem subauratum, extremo vero articulo digiti sequentis minorem, ut mihi videbatur, totum aureum, sed plane ferreis veluti stellis ferruminatum. Et ne has tantum ostenderet divitias, dextrum nudavit lacertum armilla aurea cultum et eboreo circulo lamina splendente conexo.

[XXXIII] Vt deinde pinna argentea dentes perfodit: “Amici, inquit, nondum mihi suave erat in triclinium venire, sed ne diutius absentivos morae vobis essem, omnem voluptatem mihi negavi. Permittetis tamen finiri lusum.” Sequebatur puer cum tabula terebinthina et crystallinis tesseris, notavique rem omnium delicatissimam. Pro calculis enim albis ac nigris aureos argenteosque habebat denarios.

Interim dum ille omnium textorum dicta inter lusum consumit, gustantibus adhuc nobis repositorium allatum est cum corbe, in quo gallina erat lignea patentibus in orbem alis, quales esse solent quae incubant ova. Accessere continuo duo servi et symphonia strepente scrutari paleam coeperunt, erutaque subinde pavonina ova divisere convivis. Convertit ad hanc scenam Trimalchio vultum et: “Amici, ait, pavonis ova gallinae iussi supponi. Et mehercules timeo ne iam concepti sint. Temptemus tamen, si adhuc sorbilia sunt.” Accipimus nos

cochlearia non minus selibras pendentia, ovaque ex farina pingui figurata pertundimus. Ego quidem paene proieci partem meam, nam videbatur mihi iam in pullum coisse. Deinde ut audivi veterem convivam: “Hic nescio quid boni debet esse”, persecutus putamen manu, pinguissimam ficedulam inveni piperato vitello circumdatam.

[XXXIV] Iam Trimalchio eadem omnia lusu intermisso poposcerat feceratque potestatem clara voce, siquis nostrum iterum vellet mulsum sumere, cum subito signum symphonia datur et gustatoria pariter a choro cantante rapiuntur. Ceterum inter tumultum cum forte paropsis excidisset et puer iacentem sustulisset, animadvertit Trimalchio colaphisque obiurgari puerum ac proicere rursus paropsidem iussit. Insecutus est supellecticarius argentumque inter reliqua purgamenta scopis coepit everrere. Subinde intraverunt duo Aethiopes capillati cum pusillis utribus, quales solent esse qui harenam in amphitheatro spargunt, vinumque dederunt in manus; aquam enim nemo porrexit.

Laudatus propter elegantias dominus: “Aequum, inquit, Mars amat. Itaque iussi suam cuique mensam assignari. Obiter et putidissimi servi minorem nobis aestum frequentia sua facient.”

Statim allatae sunt amphorae vitreae diligenter gypsatae, quarum in cervicibus pittacia erant affixa cum hoc titulo: FALERNVM OPIMIANVM ANNORVM CENTVM. Dum titulos perlegimus, complosit Trimalchio manus et: “Eheu, inquit, ergo diutius vivit vinum quam homuncio. Quare tangomenas faciamus. Vita vinum est. Verum Opimianum praesto. Heri non tam bonum posui, et multo honestiores cenabant.” Potantibus ergo nobis et accuratissime lautitias mirantibus larvam argenteam attulit servus sic aptatam ut articuli eius vertebraeque laxatae in omnem partem flecterentur. Hanc cum super mensam semel iterumque abiecisset, et catenatio mobilis aliquot figuras exprimeret, Trimalchio adiecit:

Eheu nos miseros, quam totus homuncio nil est!
Sic erimus cuncti, postquam nos auferet Orcus.
Ergo vivamus, dum licet esse bene.

[XXXV] Laudationem ferculum est insecutum plane non pro expectatione magnum, novitas tamen omnium convertit oculos. Rotundum enim repositorium duodecim habebat signa in orbe disposita, super quae proprium convenientemque materiae structor imposuerat cibum: super arietem cicer arietinum, super taurum bubulae frustum, super geminos testiculos ac rienes, super cancrum coronam, super leonem ficum Africanam, super virginem steriliculam, super libram stateram in cuius altera parte scriblita erat, in altera placenta, super scorpionem

pisciculum marinum, super sagittarium oclopetam, super capricornum locustam marinam, super aquarium anserem, super pisces duos mullos. In medio autem caespes cum herbis excisus favum sustinebat. Circumferebat Aegyptius puer clibano argenteo panem. <. . .> Atque ipse etiam taeterrima voce de Laserpiciario mimo canticum extorsit. Nos ut tristiores ad tam viles accessimus cibos: “Suadeo, inquit Trimalchio, cenemus; hoc est ius cenae”.

[XXXVI] Haec ut dixit, ad symphoniam quattuor tripudiantes procurrerunt superioremque partem repositorii abstulerunt. Quo facto, videmus infra altitia et sumina leporemque in medio pinnis subornatum, ut Pegasus videretur. Notavimus etiam circa angulos repositorii Marsyas quattuor, ex quorum utriculis garum piperatum currebat super pisces, qui <tamquam> in euripo natabant. Damus omnes plausum a familia inceptum et res electissimas ridentes aggredimur. Non minus et Trimalchio eiusmodi methodio laetus: “Carpe!”, inquit. Processit statim scissor et ad symphoniam gesticulatus ita laceravit obsonium, ut putares essedarium hydraule cantante pugnare. Ingerebat nihilo minus Trimalchio lentissima voce: “Carpe! Carpe!” Ego suspicatus ad aliquam urbanitatem totiens iteratam vocem pertinere, non erubui eum qui supra me accumbebat, hoc ipsum interrogare. At ille, qui saepius eiusmodi ludos spectaverat: “Vides illum, inquit, qui obsonium carpit: Carpus vocatur. Ita quotiescumque dicit ‘Carpe’, eodem verbo et vocat et imperat”.

[XXXVII] Non potui amplius quicquam gustare, sed conversus ad eum, ut quam plurima exciperem, longe accersere fabulas coepi sciscitarique, quae esset mulier illa quae huc atque illuc discurreret.” Vxor, inquit, Trimalchionis, Fortunata appellatur, quae nummos modio metitur. Et modo, modo quid fuit? Ignoscet mihi genius tuus, noluisses de manu illius panem accipere. Nunc, nec quid nec quare, in caelum abiit et Trimalchionis topanta est. Ad summam, mero meridie si dixerit illi tenebras esse, credet. Ipse nescit quid habeat, adeo saplutus est; sed haec lupatria providet omnia, et ubi non putes. Est sicca, sobria, bonorum consiliorum: tantum auri vides. Est tamen malae linguae, pica pulvinaris. Quem amat, amat; quem non amat, non amat. Ipse Trimalchio fundos habet, quantum milvi volant, nummorum nummos. Argentum in ostiarii illius cella plus iacet, quam quisquam in fortunis habet. Familia vero — babae babae! — non mehercules puto decumam partem esse quae dominum suum noverit. Ad summam, quemvis ex istis babaecalis in rutae folium coniciet.

[XXXVIII] “Nec est quod putes illum quicquam emere. Omnia domi nascuntur: lana, credrae, piper; lacte gallinaceum si quaesieris, invenies. Ad summam, parum illi bona lana nascebatur; arietes a Tarento emit, et eos culavit in

gregem. Mel Atticum ut domi nasceretur, apes ab Athenis iussit afferri; obiter et vernaculae quae sunt, meliusculae a Graeculis fient. Ecce intra hos dies scripsit, ut illi ex India semen boletorum mitteretur. Nam mulam quidem nullam habet, quae non ex onagro nata sit. Vides tot culcitrae: nulla non aut conchyliatum aut coccineum tomentum habet. Tanta est animi beatitudo! Reliquos autem collibertos eius cave contemnas. Valde sucossi sunt. Vides illum qui in imo imus recumbit: hodie sua octingenta possidet. De nihilo crevit. Modo solebat collo suo ligna portare. Sed quomodo dicunt — ego nihil scio, sed audivi — quom Incuboni pilleum rapuisset, et thesaurum invenit. Ego nemini invideo, si quid deus dedit. Est tamen sub alapa et non vult sibi male. Itaque proxime cum hoc titulo proscripsit: C. POMPEIVS DIOGENES EX KALENDIS IVLIIS CENACVLVM LOCAT; IPSE ENIM DOMVM EMIT. Quid ille qui libertini loco iacet? Quam bene se habuit! Non impropero illi. Sestertium suum vidit decies, sed male vacillavit. Non puto illum capillos liberos habere. Nec mehercules sua culpa; ipso enim homo melior non est; sed liberti scelerati, qui omnia ad se fecerunt. Scito autem: sociorum olla male fervet, et ubi semel res inclinata est, amici de medio. Et quam honestam negotiationem exercuit, quod illum sic vides! Libitinarius fuit. Solebat sic cenare, quomodo rex: apros gausapatos, opera pistoria, avis, cocos, pistores. Plus vini sub mensa effundebatur, quam aliquis in cella habet. Phantasia, non homo. Inclinatis quoque rebus suis, cum timeret ne creditores illum conturbare existimarent, hoc titulo auctionem proscripsit: C. IVLIVS PROCVLVS AVCTIONEM FACIET RERVVM SVPERVACVARVM.”

[XXXIX] Interpellavit tam dulces fabulas Trimalchio; nam iam sublatum erat ferculum, hilaresque convivae vino sermonibusque publicatis operam coeperant dare. Is ergo reclinatus in cubitum: “Hoc vinum, inquit, vos oportet suave faciatis: pisces natere oportet. Rogo, me putatis illa cena esse contentum, quam in theca repositorii videratis?

Sic notus Vlixes?

Quid ergo est? Oportet etiam inter cenandum philologiam nosse. Patrono meo ossa bene quiescant, qui me hominem inter homines voluit esse. Nam mihi nihil novi potest afferri, sicut ille tericulus iam se mel habuit praxim. Caelus hic, in quo duodecim dii habitant, in totidem se figuras convertit, et modo fit aries. Itaque quisquis nascitur illo signo, multa pecora habet, multum lanae, caput praeterea durum, frontem expudoratam, cornum acutum. Plurimi hoc signo scolastici nascuntur et arietilli.” Laudamus urbanitatem mathematici; itaque adiecit: “Deinde totus caelus taurulus fit. Itaque tunc calcitrosi nascuntur et bubulci et qui se ipsi pascunt. In geminis autem nascuntur bigae et boves et cole

et qui utrosque parietes linunt. In cancro ego natus sum: ideo multis pedibus sto, et in mari et in terra multa possideo; nam cancer et hoc et illoc quadrat. Et ideo iam dudum nihil super illum posui, ne genesim meam premerem. In leone cataphagae nascuntur et imperiosi. In virgine mulieres et fugitivi et compediti; in libra laniones et unguentarii et quicumque aliquid expendunt; in scorpione venenarii et percussores; in sagittario strabones, qui holera spectant, lardum tollunt; in capricorno aerumnosi, quibus prae mala sua cornua nascuntur; in aquario copones et cucurbitae; in piscibus obsonatores et rhetores. Sic orbis vertitur tanquam mola, et semper aliquid mali facit, ut homines aut nascantur aut pereant. Quod autem in medio caespitem videtis et super caespitem favum, nihil sine ratione facio. Terra mater est in medio quasi ovum corrotundata, et omnia bona in se habet tanquam favus.”

[XL] “Sophos!” universi clamamus, et sublatis manibus ad camaram iuramus Hipparchum Aratumque comparandos illi homines non fuisse, donec advenerunt ministri ac toralia praeposuerunt toris, in quibus retia erant picta subsestatoresque cum venabulis et totus venationis apparatus. Necdum sciebamus <quo> mitteremus suspiciones nostras, cum extra triclinium clamor sublatus est ingens, et ecce canes Laconici etiam circa mensam discurrere coeperunt. Secutum est hos repositorium, in quo positus erat primae magnitudinis aper, et quidem pilleatus, e cuius dentibus sportellae dependebant duae palmulis textae, altera caryatis, altera thebaicis repleta. Circa autem minores porcelli ex coptoplacentis facti, quasi uberibus imminerent, scrofam esse positam significabant. Et hi quidem apophoreti fuerunt.

Ceterum ad scindendum aprum non ille Carpus accessit, qui altilia laceraverat, sed barbatus ingens, fasciis cruralibus alligatus et alicula subornatus polymita, strictoque venatorio cultro latus apri vehementer percussit, ex cuius plaga turdi evolaverunt. Parati aucupes cum harundinibus fuerunt, et eos circa triclinium volitantes momento exceperunt. Inde cum suum cuique iussisset referri, Trimalchio adiecit: “Etiam videte, quam porcus ille silvaticus lotam comederit glandem.” Statim pueri ad sportellas accesserunt quae pendebant e dentibus, thebaicasque et caryatas ad numerum divisere cenantibus.

[XLI] Interim ego, qui privatum habebam secessum, in multas cogitationes diductus sum, quare aper pilleatus intrasset. Postquam itaque omnis bacalusias consumpsi, duravi interrogare illum interpretem meum, quod me torqueret. At ille: “Plane etiam hoc servus tuus indicare potest: non enim aenigma est, sed res aperta. Hic aper, cum heri summa cena eum vindicasset, a convivii dimissus <est>; itaque hodie tamquam libertus in convivium revertitur.” Damnavi ego

stuporem meum et nihil amplius interrogavi, ne viderer nunquam inter honestos cenasse.

Dum haec loquimur, puer speciosus, vitibus hederisque redimitus, modo Bromium, interdum Lyaeum Euhiumque confessus, calathisco uvas circumtulit, et poemata domini sui acutissima voce traduxit. Ad quem sonum conversus Trimalchio: “Dionyse, inquit, liber esto.” Puer detraxit pilleum apro capiti que suo imposuit. Tum Trimalchio rursus adiecit: “Non negabitis me, inquit, habere Liberum patrem.” Laudamus dictum Trimalchionis, et circumeuntem puerum sane perbasiamus.

Ab hoc ferculo Trimalchio ad lasanum surrexit. Nos libertatem sine tyranno nacti coepimus invitare convivarum sermones.

Dama itaque primus cum pataracina poposcisset: “Dies, inquit, nihil est. Dum versas te, nox fit. Itaque nihil est melius quam de cubiculo recta in triclinium ire. Et mundum frigus habuimus. Vix me balneus calfecit. Tamen calda potio vestiarius est. Staminatas duxi, et plane matus sum. Vinus mihi in cerebrum abiit.”

[XLII] Excepit Seleucus fabulae partem et: “Ego, inquit, non cotidie labor; baliscus enim fullo est: aqua dentes habet, et cor nostrum cotidie liquescit. Sed cum mulsi pultarium obduxi, frigori laecasin dico. Nec sane lavare potui; fui enim hodie in funus. Homo bellus, tam bonus Chrysanthus animam ebulliit. Modo, modo me appellavit. Videor mihi cum illo loqui. Heu, eheu! Vtres inflati ambulamus. Minoris quam muscae sumus. <Illae> tamen aliquam virtutem habent; nos non pluris sumus quam bullae. Et quid si non abstinox fuisset! Quinque dies aquam in os suum non coniecit, non micam panis. Tamen abiit ad plures. Medici illum perdiderunt, immo magis malus fatus; medicus enim nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio. Tamen bene elatus est, vitali lecto, stragulis bonis. Planctus est optime — manu misit aliquot — etiam si maligne illum ploravit uxor. Quid si non illam optime accepisset? Sed mulier quae mulier milvinum genus. Neminem nihil boni facere oportet; aequae est enim ac si in puteum conicias. Sed antiquus amor cancer est.”

[XLIII] Molestus fuit, Philerosque proclamavit: “Vivorum meminerimus. Ille habet, quod sibi debebatur: honeste vixit, honeste obiit. Quid habet quod queratur? Ab asse crevit et paratus fuit quadrantem de stercore mordicus tollere. Itaque crevit, quicquid crevit, tanquam favus. Puto mehercules illum reliquisse solida centum, et omnia in nummis habuit. De re tamen ego verum dicam, qui linguam caninam comedi: durae buccae fuit, linguosus, discordia, non homo. Frater eius fortis fuit, amicus amico, manu plena, uncta mensa. Et inter initia

malam parram pilavit, sed recorrexit costas illius prima vindemia: vendidit enim vinum quantum ipse voluit. Et quod illius mentum sustulit, hereditatem accepit, ex qua plus involavit quam illi relictum est. Et ille stips, dum fratri suo irascitur, nescio cui terrae filio patrimonium elegavit. Longe fugit, quisquis suos fugit. Habuit autem oracularios servos, qui illum pessum dederunt. Nunquam autem recte faciet, qui cito credit, utique homo negotians. Tamen verum quod frunitus est, quam diu vixit. <Datum est> cui datum est, non cui destinatum. Plane Fortunae filius. In manu illius plumbum aurum fiebat. Facile est autem, ubi omnia quadrata currunt. Et quot putas illum annos secum tulisse? Septuaginta et supra. Sed corneolus fuit, aetatem bene ferebat, niger tanquam corvus. Noveram hominem olim oliorum, et adhuc salax erat. Non mehercules illum puto domo canem reliquisse. Immo etiam puellarius erat, omnis Minervae homo. Nec improbo, hoc solum enim secum tulit.”

[XLIV] Haec Phileros dixit, illa Ganymedes: “Narrat is quod nec ad terram pertinet, cum interim nemo curat quid annona mordet. Non mehercules hodie buccam panis invenire potui. Et quomodo siccitas perseverat! Iam annum esuritio fuit. Aediles male eveniat, qui cum pistoribus colludunt: ‘Serva me, servabo te.’ Itaque populus minutus laborat; nam isti maiores maxillae semper Saturnalia agunt. O si haberemus illos leones, quos ego hic inveni, cum primum ex Asia veni. Illud erat vivere. <Si mila Siciliae si inferior esset> larvas sic istos percolopabant, ut illis Iuppiter iratus esset. Sed memini Safinium; tunc habitabat ad arcum veterem, me puero: piper, non homo. Is quacunque ibat, terram adurebat. Sed rectus, sed certus, amicus amico, cum quo audacter posses in tenebris micare. In curia autem quomodo singulos pilabat. Nec schemas loquebatur sed directum. Cum ageret porro in foro, sic illius vox crescebat tanquam tuba. Nec sudavit unquam nec expuit; puto enim nescio quid Asiadis habuisse. Et quam benignus resalutare, nomina omnium reddere, tanquam unus de nobis! Itaque illo tempore annona pro luto erat. Asse panem quem emissas, non potuisses cum altero devorare. Nunc oculum bublum vidi maiorem. Heu heu, quotidie peius! Haec colonia retroversus crescit tanquam coda vituli. Sed quare nos habemus aedilem trium cauniarum, qui sibi mavult assem quam vitam nostram? Itaque domi gaudet, plus in die nummorum accipit quam alter patrimonium habet. Iam scio unde acceperit denarios mille aureos. Sed si nos coleos haberemus, non tantum sibi placeret. Nunc populus est domi leones, foras vulpes. Quod ad me attinet, iam pannos meos comedi, et si perseverat haec annona, casulas meas vendam. Quid enim futurum est, si nec dii nec homines eius coloniae miserentur? Ita meos fruniscar, ut ego puto omnia illa a diibus fieri.

Nemo enim caelum caelum putat, nemo ieiunium servat, nemo Iovem pili facit, sed omnes opertis oculis bona sua computant. Antea stolatae ibant nudis pedibus in clivum, passis capillis, mentibus puris, et Iovem aquam exrabant. Itaque statim urceatim plovebat: aut tunc aut nunquam, et omnes ridebant udi tanquam mures. Itaque dii pedes lanatos habent, quia nos religiosi non sumus. Agri iacent. . .

[XLV] — Oro te, inquit Echion centonarius, melius loquere. ‘Modo sic, modo sic’, inquit rusticus: varium porcum perdiderat. Quod hodie non est, cras erit: sic vita truditur. Non mehercules patria melior dici potest, si homines haberet. Sed laborat hoc tempore, nec haec sola. Non debemus delicati esse; ubique medius caelus est. Tu si aliubi fueris, dices hic porcos coctos ambulare. Et ecce habituri sumus munus eccellente in triduo die festa; familia non lanisticia, sed plurimi liberti. Et Titus noster magnum animum habet, et est caldicerebrius. Aut hoc aut illud erit, quid utique. Nam illi domesticus sum, non est miscix. Ferrum optimum daturus est, sine fuga, carnarium in medio, ut amphitheater videat. Et habet unde. Relictum est illi sestertium tricenties: decessit illius pater male. Vt quadringenta impendat, non sentiet patrimonium illius, et sempiterno nominabitur. Iam Manios aliquot habet et mulierem essedariam et dispensatorem Glyconis, qui deprehensus est cum dominam suam delectaretur. Videbis populi rixam inter zelot et amasiunculos. Glyco autem, sestertiarius homo, dispensatorem ad bestias dedit. Hoc est se ipsum traducere. Quid servus peccavit, qui coactus est facere? Magis illa matella digna fuit quam taurus iactaret. Sed qui asinum non potest, stratum caedit. Quid autem Glyco putabat Hermogenis filicem unquam bonum exitum facturam? Ille miluo volanti poterat ungues resecare; colubra restem non parit. Glyco, Glyco dedit suas; itaque quamdiu vixerit, habebit stigmam, nec illam nisi Orcus delebit. Sed sibi quisque peccat. Sed subolfacio quia nobis epulum daturus est Mammaea, binos denarios mihi et meis. Quod si hoc fecerit, eripiat Norbano totum favorem. Scias oportet plenis velis hunc vinciturum. Et revera, quid ille nobis boni fecit? Dedit gladiatores sestertiarios iam decrepitos, quos si sufflasses, cecidissent; iam meliores bestiarios vidi. Occidit de lucerna equites; putares eos gallos gallinaceos: alter burdubasta, alter loripes, tertarius mortuus pro mortuo, qui haberet nervia praecisa. Vnus licuius flaturae fuit Thraex, qui et ipse ad dictata pugnavit. Ad summam, omnes postea secti sunt; adeo de magna turba ‘Adhibete’ acceperant: plane fugae merae. ‘Munus tamen, inquit, tibi dedi — et ego tibi plodo.’ Computa, et tibi plus do quam accepi. Manus manum lavat.

[XLVI] “Videris mihi, Agamemnon, dicere: ‘Quid iste argutat molestus?’ Quia tu, qui potes loquere, non loquis. Non es nostrae fasciae, et ideo pauperorum verba derides. Scimus te prae litteras fatuum esse. Quid ergo est? Aliqua die te

persuadeam, ut ad villam venias et videas casulas nostras. Inveniemus quod manducemus, pullum, ova: belle erit, etiam si omnia hoc anno tempestas dispare pallavit. Inveniemus ergo unde saturi fiamus. Et iam tibi discipulus crescit cicaro meus. Iam quattuor partis dicit; si vixerit, habebis ad latus servulum. Nam quicquid illi vacat, caput de tabula non tollit. Ingeniosus est et bono filo, etiam si in aves morbosus est. Ego illi iam tres cardeles occidi, et dixi quia mustella comedit. Invenit tamen alias nenias, et libentissime pingit. Ceterum iam Graeculis calcem impingit et Latinas coepit non male appetere, etiam si magister eius sibi placens sit. Nec uno loco consistit, sed venit <raro; scit qui>dem litteras, sed non vult laborare. Est et alter non quidem doctus, sed curiosus, qui plus docet quam scit. Itaque feriatis diebus solet domum venire, et quicquid dederis, contentus est. Emi ergo nunc puero aliquot libra rubricata, quia volo illum ad domusionem aliquid de iure gustare. Habet haec res panem. Nam litteris satis inquinatus est. Quod si resilierit, destinavi illum artificii docere, aut tonstreinum aut praeconem aut certe causidicum, quod illi auferre non possit nisi Orcus. Ideo illi cotidie clamo: “Primigeni, crede mihi, quicquid discis, tibi discis. Vides Phileronem causidicum: si non didicisset, hodie famem a labris non abigeret. Modo, modo, collo suo circumferebat onera venalia; nunc etiam adversus Norbanum se extendit.” Litterae thesaurum est, et artificium nunquam moritur”.

[XLVII] Eiusmodi tabulae vibrabant, cum Trimalchio intravit et deteresa fronte unguento manus lavit; spatiumque minimo interposito: “Ignoscite mihi, inquit, amici, multis iam diebus venter mihi non respondit. Nec medici se inveniunt. Profuit mihi tamen maleicorium et taeda ex aceto. Spero tamen, iam veterem pudorem sibi imponet. Alioquin circa stomachum mihi sonat, putes taurum. Itaque si quis vestrum voluerit sua re causa facere, non est quod illum pudeatur. Nemo nostrum solide natus est. Ego nullum puto tam magnum tormentum esse quam continere. Hoc solum vetare ne Iovis potest. Rides, Fortunata, quae soles me nocte desomnem facere? Nec tamen in triclinio ullum vetuo facere quod se iuvet, et medici vetant continere. Vel si quid plus venit, omnia foras parata sunt: aqua, lasani et cetera minutalia. Credite mihi, anathymiasis si in cerebrum it, et in toto corpore fluctum facit. Multos scio periisse, dum nolunt sibi verum dicere.” Gratias agimus liberalitati indulgentiaeque eius, et subinde castigamus crebris potiunculis risum.

Nec adhuc sciebamus nos in medio lautitiarum, quod aiunt, clivo laborare. Nam mundatis ad symphoniam mensis tres albi sues in triclinium adducti sunt capistris et tintinnabulis culti, quorum unum bimum nomenclator esse dicebat, alterum trimum, tertium vero iam sexennem. Ego putabam petauristarios intrasse et

porcos, sicut in circulis mos est, portenta aliqua facturos. Sed Trimalchio expectatione discussa: “Quem, inquit, ex eis vultis in cenam statim fieri? Gallum enim gallinaceum, Penthiacum et eiusmodi nenias rustici faciunt: mei coci etiam vitulos aeno coctos solent facere.” Continuoque cocum vocari iussit, et non expectata electione nostra maximum natu iussit occidi, et clara voce: “Ex quota decuria es?” Cum ille se ex quadragesima respondisset: “Empticius an, inquit, domi natus? — Neutrum, inquit cocus, sed testamento Pansae tibi relictus sum. — Vide ergo, ait, ut diligenter ponas; si non, te iubebo in decuriam viatorum conici.” Et cocum quidem potentiae admonitum in culinam obsonium duxit.

[XLVIII] Trimalchio autem miti ad nos vultu respexit et: “Vinum, inquit, si non placet, mutabo; vos illud oportet bonum faciatis. Deorum beneficio non emo, sed nunc quicquid ad salivam facit, in suburbano nascitur eo, quod ego adhuc non novi. Dicitur confine esse Tarraciniensibus et Tarentinis. Nunc coniungere agellis Siciliam volo, ut cum Africam libuerit ire, per meos fines navigem. Sed narra tu mihi, Agamemnon, quam controversiam hodie declamasti? Ego autem si causas non ago, in domusionem tamen litteras didici. Et ne me putes studia fastiditum, tres bybliothechas habeo, unam Graecam, alteram Latinam. Dic ergo, si me amas, peristasim declamationis tuae.”

Cum dixisset Agamemnon: “Pauper et dives inimici erant. . .”, ait Trimalchio: “Quid est pauper? — Vrbane”, inquit Agamemnon et nescio quam controversiam euit. Statim Trimalchio: “Hoc, inquit, si factum est, controversia non est; si factum non est, nihil est.” Haec aliaque cum effusissimis prosequeremur laudationibus: “Rogo, inquit, Agamemnon mihi carissime, numquid duodecim aerumnas Herculis tenes, aut de Vluxe fabulam, quemadmodum illi Cyclops pollicem poricino extorsit? Solebam haec ego puer apud Homerum legere. Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: “Sibilla, ti thelis?”, respondebat illa: “apothanin thelo”.

[XLIX] Nondum efflaverat omnia, cum repositorium cum sue ingenti mensam occupavit. Mirari nos celeritatem coepimus, et iurare ne gallum quidem gallinaceum tam cito percoqui potuisse, tanto quidem magis, quod longe maior nobis porcus videbatur esse, quam paulo ante aper fuerat. Deinde magis magisque Trimalchio intuens eum: “Quid? quid? inquit, porcus hic non est exinteratus? Non mehercules est. Voca, voca cocum in medio.” Cum constitisset ad mensam cocus tristis et diceret se oblitum esse exinterare: “Quid, oblitus? Trimalchio exclamat, putes illum piper et cuminum non coniecisse! Despolia!” Non fit mora, despoliatur cocus atque inter duos tortores maestus consistit. Deprecari tamen omnes coeperunt et dicere: “Solet fieri. — Rogamus mittas. — Postea si fecerit,

nemo nostrum pro illo rogabit.” Ego crudelissimae severitatis, non potui me tenere, sed inclinatus ad aurem Agamemnonis: “Plane, inquam, hic debet servus esse nequissimus: aliquis oblivisceretur porcum exinterare? Non mehercules illi ignoscerem, si piscem praeterisset.” At non Trimalchio, qui relaxato in hilaritatem vultu: “Ergo, inquit, quia tam malae memoriae es, palam nobis illum exintera.” Recepta cocus tunica cultrum arripuit, porcique ventrem hinc atque illinc timida manu secuit. Nec mora, ex plagis ponderis inclinatione crescentibus tomacula cum botulis effusa sunt.

[L] Plausum post hoc automatum familia dedit et “Gaio feliciter!” conclamavit. Nec non cocus potione honoratus est, etiam argentea corona poculumque in lance accepit Corinthia. Quam cum Agamemnon propius consideraret, ait Trimalchio: “Solutus sum qui vera Corinthia habeam.” Expectabam ut pro reliqua insolentia diceret sibi vasa Corintho afferri. Sed ille melius: “Et forsitan, inquit, quaeris quare solus Corinthia vera possideam: quia scilicet aerarius, a quo emo, Corinthus vocatur. Quid est autem Corinthum, nisi quis Corinthum habeat? Et ne me putetis nesapientem esse, valde bene scio, unde primum Corinthia nata sint. Cum Ilium captum est, Hannibal, homo vafer et magnus stelius, omnes statuas aeneas et aureas et argenteas in unum rogi coniecit et eas incendit; factae sunt in unum aera miscellanea. Ita ex hac massa fabri sustulerunt et fecerunt catilla et paropsides <et> statuncula. Sic Corinthia nata sunt, ex omnibus in unum, nec hoc nec illud. Ignoscetis mihi quod dixero: ego malo mihi vitrea, certe non olunt. Quod si non frangerentur, malletem mihi quam aurum; nunc autem vilia sunt.

[LI] “Fuit tamen faber qui fecit phialam vitream, quae non frangebatur. Admissus ergo Caesarem est cum suo munere, deinde fecit reporrigere Caesari et illam in pavimentum proiecit. Caesar non pote valdius quam expavit. At ille sustulit phialam de terra; collisa erat tamquam vasum aeneum. Deinde martiolus de sinu protulit et phialam otio belle correxit. Hoc facto putabat se coleum Iovis tenere, utique postquam illi dixit: ‘Numquid alius scit hanc condituram vitreorum?’ Vide modo. Postquam negavit, iussit illum Caesar decollari: quia enim, si scitum esset, aurum pro luto haberemus.

[LII] “In argento plane studiosus sum. Habeo scyphos urnales plus minus <C> <. . . videtur> quemadmodum Cassandra occidit filios suos, et pueri mortui iacent sic uti vivere putes. Habeo capidem quam <mi> reliquit patronorum <meorum> unus, ubi Daedalus Niobam in equum Troianum includit. Nam Hermerotis pugnas et Petraitis in poculis habeo, omnia ponderosa; meum enim intelligere nulla pecunia vendo.”

Haec dum refert, puer calicem proiecit. Ad quem respiciens Trimalchio: “Cito, inquit, te ipsum caede, quia nugax es.” Statim puer demisso labro orare. At ille: “Quid me, inquit, rogas? Tanquam ego tibi molestus sim. Suadeo, a te impetres, ne sis nugax.” Tandem ergo exoratus a nobis missionem dedit puero. Ille dimissus circa mensam percucurrit. Et “Aquam foras, vinum intro “ clamavit <Trimalchio>. Excipimus urbanitatem iocantis, et ante omnes Agamemnon, qui sciebat quibus meritis revocaretur ad cenam. Ceterum laudatus Trimalchio hilarius bibit et iam ebrio proximus: “Nemo, inquit, vestrum rogat Fortunatam meam, ut saltet? Credite mihi: cordacem nemo melius ducit”.

Atque ipse erectis super frontem manibus Syrum histrionem exhibebat concinente tota familia: “madeia perimadeia.” Et prodisset in medium, nisi Fortunata ad aurem accessisset; et credo, dixerit non decere gravitatem eius tam humiles ineptias. Nihil autem tam inaequale erat; nam modo Fortunatam suam <verebatur>, revertibat modo ad naturam.

[LIII] Et plane interpellavit saltationis libidinem actuarius, qui tanquam Urbis acta recitavit: “VII kalendas Sextiles: in praedio Cumano, quod est Trimalchionis, nati sunt pueri XXX, puellae XL; sublata in horreum ex area tritici milia modium quingenta; boves domiti quingenti. Eodem die: Mithridates servus in crucem actus est, quia Gai nostri genio male dixerat. Eodem die: in arcam relatum est, quod collocari non potuit, sestertium centies. Eodem die: incendium factum est in hortis Pompeianis, ortum ex aedibus Nastae vilici. — Quid, inquit Trimalchio, quando mihi Pompeiani horti empti sunt? — Anno priore, inquit actuarius, et ideo in rationem nondum venerunt.” Excanduit Trimalchio et: “Quicumque, inquit, mihi fundi empti fuerint, nisi intra sextum mensem sciero, in rationes meas inferri vetuo.” Iam etiam edicta aedilium recitabantur et saltuariorum testamenta, quibus Trimalchio cum elogio exheredabatur; iam nomina vilicorum et repudiata a circumitore liberta in balneatoris contubernio deprehensa, et atriensis Baias relegatus; iam reus factus dispensator, et iudicium inter cubicularios actum.

Petauristarii autem tandem venerunt. Baro insulsissimus cum scalis constitit puerumque iussit per gradus et in summa parte odaria saltare, circulos deinde arduos transire et dentibus amphoram sustinere. Mirabatur haec solus Trimalchio dicebatque ingratum artificium esse: ceterum duo esse in rebus humanis, quae libentissime spectaret, petauristarios et cornicines; reliqua, animalia, acroemata, tricas meras esse.” Nam et comoedos, inquit, emeram, sed malui illos Atella<na>m facere, et choraulen meum iussi Latine cantare”.

[LIV] Cum maxime haec dicente Gaio puer <in lectum> Trimalchionis delapsus est. Conclamavit familia, nec minus convivae, non propter hominem tam

putidum, cuius etiam cervices fractas libenter vidissent, sed propter malum exitum cenae, ne necesse haberent alienum mortuum plorare. Ipse Trimalchio cum graviter ingemisset superque brachium tanquam laesum incubuisset, concurrere medici, et inter primos Fortunata crinibus passis cum scypho, miseramque se atque infelicem proclamavit. Nam puer quidem, qui ceciderat, circumibat iam dudum pedes nostros et missionem rogabat. Pessime mihi erat, ne his precibus per ridiculum aliquid catastropha quaeretur. Nec enim adhuc exciderat cocus ille, qui oblitus fuerat porcum exinterare. Itaque totum circumspicere triclinium coepi, ne per parietem automatum aliquod exiret, utique postquam servus verberari coepit, qui brachium domini contusum alba potius quam conchyliata involverat lana. Nec longe aberravit suspicio mea; in vicem enim poenae venit decretum Trimalchionis, quo puerum iussit liberum esse, ne quis posset dicere tantum virum esse a servo vulneratum.

[LV] Comprobamus nos factum et quam in praecipiti res humanae essent, vario sermone garrimus.”Ita, inquit Trimalchio, non oportet hunc casum sine inscriptione transire; statimque codicillos poposcit et non diu cogitatione distorta haec recitavit:

“Quod non expectes, ex transverso fit
et supra nos Fortuna negotia curat:
quare da nobis vina Falerna puer.”

Ab hoc epigrammate coepit poetarum esse mentio <. . .> diuque summa carminis penes Mopsum Thracem commorata est <. . .> donec Trimalchio: “Rogo, inquit, magister, quid putas inter Ciceronem et Publilium interesse? Ego alterum puto disertiolem fuisse, alterum honestiolem. Quid enim his melius dici potest?

Luxuriae ructu Martis marcent moenia.
Tuo palato clausus pavo pascitur
plumato amictus aureo Babylonico,
gallina tibi Numidica, tibi gallus spado.
Ciconia etiam, grata peregrina hospita
pietaticultrix, gracilipes, crotalistria,
avis exul hiemis, titulus tepidi temporis,
nequitiae nidum in caccabo fecit modo.
Quo margarita cara tibi, bacam Indicam?
An ut matrona ornata phaleris pelagiis

tollat pedes indomita in strato extraneo?
Smaragdum ad quam rem viridem, pretiosum vitrum?
Quo Carchedonios optas ignes lapideos?
Nisi ut scintillet probitas e carbunculis?
Aequum est induere nuptam ventum textilem,
palam prostare nudam in nebula linea?

[LVI] “Quod autem, inquit, putamus secundum litteras difficillimum esse artificium? Ego puto medicum et nummularium: medicus, qui scit quid homunciones intra praecordia sua habeant et quando febris veniat, etiam si illos odi pessime, quod mihi iubent saepe anatinam parari; nummularius, qui per argentum aes videt. Nam mutae bestiae laboriosissimae boves et oves: boves, quorum beneficio panem manducamus; oves, quod lana illae nos gloriosos faciunt. Et facinus indignum, aliquis ovillam est et tunicam habet. Apes enim ego divinas bestias puto, quae mel vomunt, etiam si dicuntur illud a Iove afferre. Ideo autem pungunt, quia ubicunque dulce est, ibi et acidum invenies.”

Iam etiam philosophos de negotio deiciebat, cum pittacia in scypho circumferri coeperunt, puerque super hoc positus officium apophoreta recitavit. “Argentum sceleratum”: allata est perna, supra quam acetabula erant posita. “Cervical”: offla collaris allata est. “Serisapia et contumelia”: <xerophagiae ex sale> datae sunt et contus cum malo. “Porri et persica”: flagellum et cultrum accepit. “Passeres et muscarium”: uvam passam et mel Atticum. “Cenatoria et forensia”: offlam et tabulas accepit. “Canale et pedale”: lepus et solea est allata. “Muraena et littera”: murem cum rana alligatum fascemque betae accepit. Diu risimus. Sexcenta huiusmodi fuerunt, quae iam exciderunt memoriae meae.

[LVII] Ceterum Ascyltos, intemperantis licentiae, cum omnia sublatis manibus eluderet et usque ad lacrimas rideret, unus ex conlibertis Trimalchionis excanduit, is ipse qui supra me discumbebat, et:

“Quid rides, inquit, berbex? An tibi non placent lautitiae domini mei? Tu enim beatior es et convivare melius soles. Ita Tutelam huius loci habeam propitiam, ut ego si secundum illum discumberem, iam illi balatum cluissem. Bellum pomum, qui rideatur alios; larifuga nescio quis, nocturnus, qui non valet lotium suum. Ad summam, si circumminxero illum, nesciet qua fugiat. Non mehercules soleo cito fervere, sed in molle carne vermes nascuntur. Ridet! Quid habet quod rideat? Numquid pater fetum emit lamna? Eques Romanus es? Et ego regis filius. Quare ergo servivisti? Quia ipse me dedi in servitutem et malui civis Romanus esse quam tributarius. Et nunc spero me sic vivere, ut nemini iocus sim. Homo inter homines sum, capite aperto ambulo; assem aerarium nemini debeo; constitutum

habui nunquam; nemo mihi in foro dixit: ‘Redde quod debes’. Glebularum emi, lamellulas paravi; viginti ventres pasco et canem; contubernalem meam redemi, ne qui in illius capillis manus tergeret; mille denarios pro capite solvi; sevir gratis factus sum; spero, sic moriar, ut mortuus non erubescam. Tu autem tam laboriosus es, ut post te non respicias! In alio peduculum vides, in te ricinum non vides. Tibi soli ridiculi videmur; ecce magister tuus, homo maior natus: placemus illi. Tu lacticulosus, nec ‘mu’ nec ‘ma’ argutas, vasus fictilis, immo lorus in aqua: lentior, non melior. Tu beatior es: bis prande, bis cena. Ego fidem meam malo quam thesauros. Ad summam, quisquam me bis poposcit? Annis quadraginta servivi; nemo tamen scit utrum servus essem an liber. Et puer capillatus in hanc coloniam veni; adhuc basilica non erat facta. Dedi tamen operam ut domino satis facerem, homini maiesto et dignitosso, cuius pluris erat unguis quam tu totus es. Et habebam in domo qui mihi pedem opponerent hac illac; tamen — genio illius gratias! — enatavi. Haec sunt vera athla; nam in ingenuum nasci tam facile est quam ‘Accede istoc’. Quid nunc stupes tanquam hircus in ervilia?”

[LVIII] Post hoc dictum Giton, qui ad pedes stabat, risum iam diu compressum etiam indecenter effudit. Quod cum animadvertisset adversarius Ascyli, flexit convicium in puerum et: “Tu autem, inquit, etiam tu rides, caepa cirrata? O? Saturnalia? rogo, mensis December est? Quando vicesimam numerasti? Quid faciat crucis offla, corvorum cibaria. Curabo iam tibi Iovis iratus sit, et isti qui tibi non imperat. Ita satur pane fiam, ut ego istud conliberto meo dono, alioquin iam tibi depraesentiarum reddidissem. Bene nos habemus, at isti nugae, qui tibi non imperant. Plane qualis dominus, talis et servus. Vix me teneo, nec sum natura caldicerebrius, <sed> cum coepi, matrem meam dupundii non facio. Recte, videbo te in publicum, mus, immo terrae tuber: nec sursum nec deorsum non cresco, nisi dominum tuum in rutae folium non conieci, nec tibi parsero, licet mehercules Iovem Olympium clames. Curabo longe tibi sit comula ista besalis et dominus dupunduarius. Recte, venies sub dentem: aut ego non me novi, aut non deridebis, licet barbam auream habeas. Athana tibi irata sit curabo, et qui te primus deurode fecit. Non didici geometrias, critica et alogas naenias, sed lapidarias litteras scio, partes centum dico ad aes, ad pondus, ad nummum. Ad summam, si quid vis, ego et tu sponsiunculam: exi, defero lamnam. Iam scies patrem tuum mercedes perdidisse, quamvis et rhetoricam scis. Ecce:

‘Qui de nobis? longe venio, late venio: solve me’.

Dicam tibi, qui de nobis currit et de loco non movetur; qui de nobis crescit et minor fit. Curris, stupes, satagis, tanquam mus in matella. Ergo aut tace aut meliorem noli molestare, qui te natum non putat, nisi si me iudicas anulos buxeos

curare, quos amicae tuae involasti. Occuponem propitium! Eamus in forum et pecunias mutuemur: iam scies hoc ferrum fidem habere. Vah, bella res est volpis uda! Ita lucrum faciam et ita bene moriar ut populus per exitum meum iuret, nisi te toga ubique perversa fuero persecutus. Bella res et iste, qui te haec docet: mufrius, non magister. <Nos aliter> didicimus. Dicebat enim magister: ‘Sunt vestra salva? Recta domum. Cave circumspicias, cave maiorem maledicas’. At nunc mera mapalia: nemo dupondii evadit. Ego, quod me sic vides, propter artificium meum diis gratias ago.”

[LIX] Coeperat Ascyrtos respondere convicio, sed Trimalchio delectatus colliberti eloquentia: “Agite, inquit, scordalias de medio. Suaviter sit potius, et tu, Hermeros, parce adulescentulo. Sanguen illi fervet, tu melior esto. Semper in hac re qui vincitur, vincit. Et tu cum esses capo, cocococo, atque cor non habebas. Simus ergo, quod melius est, a primitiis hilares et Homeristas spectemus.” Intravit factio statim hastisque scuta concrepuit. Ipse Trimalchio in pulvino consedit, et cum Homeristae Graecis versibus colloquerentur, ut insolenter solent, ille canora voce Latine legebat librum. Mox silentio facto: “Scitis, inquit, quam fabulam agant? Diomedes et Ganymedes duo fratres fuerunt. Horum soror erat Helena. Agamemnon illam rapuit et Dianae cervam subiecit. Ita nunc Homeros dicit, quemadmodum inter se pugnent Troiani et Parentini. Vicit scilicet, et Iphigeniam, filiam suam, Achilli dedit uxorem. Ob eam rem Ajax insanit, et statim argumentum explicabit.” Haec ut dixit Trimalchio, clamorem Homeristae sustulerunt, interque familiam discurrentem vitulus in lance ducenaria elixus allatus est, et quidem galeatus. Secutus est Ajax strictoque gladio, tanquam insaniret, concidit, ac modo versa modo supina gesticulatus, mucrone frustra collegit mirantibusque vitulum partitus est.

[LX] Nec diu mirari licuit tam elegantes strophas; nam repente lacunaria sonare coeperunt totumque triclinium intremuit. Consternatus ego exsurrexi, et timui ne per tectum petauristarius aliquis descenderet. Nec minus reliqui convivae mirantes erexere vultus expectantes quid novi de caelo nuntiaretur. Ecce autem diductis lacunaribus subito circulus ingens, de cupa videlicet grandi excussus, demittitur, cuius per totum orbem coronae aureae cum alabastris unguenti pendebant. Dum haec apophoreta iubemur sumere, respiciens ad mensam <. . >.

Iam illic repositorium cum placentis aliquot erat positum, quod medium Priapus a pistore factus tenebat, gremioque satis amplo omnis generis poma et uvas sustinebat more vulgato. Avidius ad pompam manus porreximus, et repente nova ludorum remissio hilaritatem hic refecit. Omnes enim placentae omniaque poma etiam minima vexatione contacta coeperunt effundere crocum, et usque ad

nos molestus umor accedere. Rati ergo sacrum esse fericulum tam religioso apparatu perfusum, consurreximus altius et “Augusto, patri patriae, feliciter “ diximus. Quibusdam tamen etiam post hanc venerationem poma rapientibus, et ipsi mappas implevimus, ego praecipue, qui nullo satis amplo munere putabam me onerare Gitonis sinum.

Inter haec tres pueri candidas succincti tunicas intraverunt, quorum duo Lares bullatos super mensam posuerunt, unus pateram vini circumferens “dii propitii “ clamabat.

Aiebat autem unum Cerdonem, alterum Felicionem, tertium Lucronem vocari. Nos etiam veram imaginem ipsius Trimalchionis, cum iam omnes basiarent, erubuimus praeterire.

[LXI] Postquam ergo omnes bonam mentem bonamque valitudinem sibi optarunt, Trimalchio ad Nicerotem respexit et: “Solebas, inquit, suavius esse in convictu; nescio quid nunc taces nec muttis. Oro te, sic felicem me videas, narra illud quod tibi usu venit.” Niceros delectatus affabilitate amici: “Omne me, inquit, lucrum transeat, nisi iam dudum gaudimonio dissilio, quod te talem video. Itaque hilaria mera sint, etsi timeo istos scolasticos ne me rideant. Viderint: narrabo tamen, quid enim mihi aufert, qui ridet? satius est rideri quam derideri.”

Haec ubi dicta dedit
talem fabulam exorsus est:

“Cum adhuc servirem, habitabamus in vico angusto; nunc Gavillae domus est. Ibi, quomodo dii volunt, amare coepi uxorem Terentii coponis: noveratis Melissam Tarentinam, pulcherrimum bacciballum. Sed ego non mehercules corporaliter aut propter res venerias curavi, sed magis quod benemoria fuit. Si quid ab illa petii, nunquam mihi negatum; fecit assem, semissem habui; in illius sinum demandavi, nec unquam fefellit sum. Huius contubernalis ad villam supremum diem obiit. Itaque per scutum per ocream egi aginavi, quemadmodum ad illam pervenirem: nam, ut aiunt, in angustiis amici apparent.

[LXII] “Forte dominus Capuae exierat ad scruta scita expedienda. Nactus ego occasionem persuadeo hospitem nostrum, ut mecum ad quintum miliarium veniat. Erat autem miles, fortis tanquam Orcus. Apoculamur nos circa gallicinia; luna lucebat tanquam meridie. Venimus inter monimenta: homo meus coepit ad stelas facere; sedeo ego cantabundus et stelas numero. Deinde ut respexi ad comitem, ille exuit se et omnia vestimenta secundum viam posuit. Mihi anima in naso esse; stabam tanquam mortuus. At ille circumminxit vestimenta sua, et subito lupus factus est. Nolite me iocari putare; ut mentiar, nullius patrimonium tanti facio.

Sed, quod coeperam dicere, postquam lupo factus est, ululare coepit et in silvas fugit. Ego primitus nesciebam ubi essem; deinde accessi, ut vestimenta eius tollerem: illa autem lapidea facta sunt. Qui mori timore nisi ego? Gladium tamen strinxi et <in tota via> umbras cecidi, donec ad villam amicae meae pervenirem. In larvam intravi, paene animam ebullivi, sudor mihi per bifurcum volabat, oculi mortui; vix unquam refectus sum. Melissa mea mirari coepit, quod tam sero ambulares, et: ‘Si ante, inquit, venisses, saltem nobis adiutasses; lupo enim villam intravit et omnia pecora tanquam lanius sanguinem illis misit. Nec tamen derisit, etiamsi fugit; senius enim noster lancea collum eius traiecit’. Haec ut audivi, operire oculos amplius non potui, sed luce clara Gai nostri domum fugi tanquam copo compilatus; et postquam veni in illum locum, in quo lapidea vestimenta erant facta, nihil inveni nisi sanguinem. Vt vero domum veni, iacebat miles meus in lecto tanquam bovis, et collum illius medicus curabat. Intellexi illum versipellem esse, nec postea cum illo panem gustare potui, non si me occidisses. Viderint quid de hoc alii exopinissent; ego si mentior, genios vestros iratos habeam.”

[LXIII] Attonitis admiratione universis: “Salvo, inquit, tuo sermone, Trimalchio, si qua fides est, ut mihi pili inhorruerunt, quia scio Niceronem nihil nugarum narrare: immo certus est et minime linguosus. Nam et ipse vobis rem horribilem narrabo. Asinus in tegulis.

“Cum adhuc capillatus essem, nam a puero vitam Chiam gessi, ipsimi nostri delicatus decessit, mehercules margaritum, <sacritus> et omnium numerum. Cum ergo illum mater misella plangeret et nos tum plures in tristimonio essemus, subito <stridere> strigae coeperunt; putares canem leporem persequi. Habebamus tunc hominem Cappadocem, longum, valde audaculum et qui valebat: poterat bovem iratum tollere. Hic audacter stricto gladio extra ostium procucurrit, involuta sinistra manu curiose, et mulierem tanquam hoc loco — salvum sit, quod tango! — mediam traiecit. Audimus gemitum, et — plane non mentiar — ipsas non vidimus. Baro autem noster introversus se proiecit in lectum, et corpus totum lividum habebat quasi flagellis caesus, quia scilicet illum tetigerat mala manus. Nos cluso ostio redimus iterum ad officium, sed dum mater amplexaret corpus filii sui, tangit et videt manuciolum de stramentis factum. Non cor habebat, non intestina, non quicquam: scilicet iam puerum strigae involaverant et supposuerant stramenticium vavatonem. Rogo vos, oportet credatis, sunt mulieres plussciae, sunt Nocturnae, et quod sursum est, deorsum faciunt. Ceterum baro ille longus post hoc factum nunquam coloris sui fuit, immo post paucos dies freneticus periit.”

[LXIV] Miramur nos et pariter credimus, osculatique mensam rogamus Nocturnas, ut suis se teneant, dum redimus a cena.

Et sane iam lucernae mihi plures videbantur ardere totumque triclinium esse mutatum, cum Trimalchio: “Tibi dico, inquit, Plocame, nihil narras? nihil nos delectaris? Et solebas suavius esse, canturire belle deverbia, adicere melicam. Heu, heu, abistis dulces caricae. — Iam, inquit ille, quadrigae meae decucurrerunt, ex quo podagricus factus sum. Alioquin cum essem adolescentulus, cantando paene tisticus factus sum. Quid saltare? quid deverbia? quid tonstrinum? Quando parem habui nisi unum Apelletem?”

Appositaque ad os manu, nescio quid taetrum exhibilavit quod postea Graecum esse affirmabat. Nec non Trimalchio ipse cum tubicines esset imitatus, ad delicias suas respexit, quem Croesum appellabat. Puer autem lippus, sordidissimis dentibus, catellam nigram atque indecenter pinguem prasina involuebat fascia, panemque semissem ponebat supra torum, ac nausia recusantem saginabat. Quo admonitus officio Trimalchio Scylacem iussit adduci “praesidium domus familiaeque”. Nec mora, ingentis formae adductus est canis catena vinctus, admonitusque ostiarii calce ut cubaret, ante mensam se posuit. Tum Trimalchio iactans candidum panem: “Nemo, inquit, in domo mea me plus amat.” Indignatus puer, quod Scylacem tam effuse laudaret, catellam in terram deposuit hortatusque <est> ut ad rixam properaret. Scylax, canino scilicet usus ingenio, taeterrimo latratu triclinium implevit Margaritamque Croesi paene laceravit. Nec intra rixam tumultus constitit, sed candelabrum etiam supra mensam eversum et vasa omnia crystallina comminuit, et oleo ferventi aliquot convivas respersit. Trimalchio, ne videretur iactura motus, basiavit puerum ac iussit supra dorsum ascendere suum. Non moratus ille usus est equo, manuque plena scapulas eius subinde verberavit, interque risum proclamavit: “Bucco, bucco, quot sunt hic?” Repressus ergo aliquamdiu Trimalchio camellam grandem iussit misceri potiones<que> dividi omnibus servis, qui ad pedes sedebant, adiecta exceptione: “Si quis, inquit, noluerit accipere, caput illi perfunde. Interdium severa, nunc hilaria”.

[LXV] Hanc humanitatem insecutae sunt matteae, quarum etiam recordatio me, si qua est dicenti fides, offendit. Singulae enim gallinae a tiles pro turdis circumlatae sunt et ova anserina pilleata, quae ut comessemus, ambitiosissime <a> nobis Trimalchio petiit dicens exossatas esse gallinas. Inter haec triclinii valvas lictor percussit, amictusque veste alba cum ingenti frequentia comissator intravit. Ego maiestate conterritus praetorem putabam venisse. Itaque temptavi assurgere et nudos pedes in terram deferre. Risit hanc trepidationem Agamemnon

et: “Contine te, inquit, homo stultissime. Habinnas sevir est idemque lapidarius, qui videtur monumenta optime facere.”

Recreatus hoc sermone reposui cubitum, Habinnamque intrans eam cum admiratione ingenti spectabam. Ille autem iam ebrius uxoris suae umeris imposuerat manus, oneratusque aliquot coronis et unguento per frontem in oculos fluente, praetorio loco se posuit, continuoque vinum et caldam poposcit. Delectatus hac Trimalchio hilaritate et ipse capaciorem poposcit scyphum, quaesivitque quomodo acceptus esset. “Omnia, inquit, habuimus praeter te; oculi enim mei hic erant. Et mehercules bene fuit. Scissa lautum novendialem servo suo misello faciebat, quem mortuum manu miserat. Et, puto, cum vicensimariis magnam mantissam habet; quinquaginta enim millibus aestimant mortuum. Sed tamen suaviter fuit, etiam si coacti sumus dimidias potiones super ossucula eius effundere.”

[LXVI] — Tamen, inquit Trimalchio, quid habuistis in cena? — Dicam, inquit, si potuero; nam tam bonae memoriae sum, ut frequenter nomen meum obliviscar. Habuimus tamen in primo porcum botulo coronatum et circa sangunculum et gizeria optime facta et certe betam et panem autopyrum de suo sibi, quem ego malo quam candidum; <nam> et vires facit, et cum mea re causa facio, non ploro. Sequens ferculum fuit sciribilita frigida et supra mel caldum infusum eccellente Hispanum. Itaque de sciribilita quidem non minimum edi, de melle me usque tetigi. Circa cicer et lupinum, calvae arbitrato et mala singula. Ego tamen duo sustuli et ecce in mappa alligata habeo; nam si aliquid muneris meo vernulae non tulero, habebo convicium. Bene me admonet domina mea. In prospectu habuimus ursinae frustum, de quo cum imprudens Scintilla gustasset, paene intestina sua vomuit; ego contra plus libram comedi, nam ipsum aprum sapiebat. Et si, inquam, ursus homuncionem comest, quanto magis homuncio debet ursum comesse? In summo habuimus caseum mollem et sapam et cocleas singulas et cordae frusta et hepatica in catillis et ova pilleata et rapam et senape et catillum concacatum — pax Palamedes! — Etiam in alveo circumlata sunt oxycomina, unde quidam etiam improbi ternos pugnos sustulerunt. Nam pernae missionem dedimus.

[LXVII] “Sed narra mihi, Gai, rogo, Fortunata quare non recumbit? — Quomodo nosti, inquit, illam, Trimalchio, nisi argentum composuerit, nisi reliquias pueris diviserit, aquam in os suum non coniciet. — Atqui, respondit Habinnas, nisi illa discumbit, ego me apoculo.” Et coeperat surgere, nisi signo dato Fortunata quater amplius a tota familia esset vocata. Venit ergo galbino succincta cingillo, ita ut infra cerasina appareret tunica et periscelides tortae phaecasiaeque inauratae. Tunc sudario manus tergens, quod in collo habebat,

applicat se illi toro, in quo Scintilla Habinnae discumbibat uxor, osculataque plaudentem: “Est te, inquit, videre?”

Eo deinde perventum est, ut Fortunata armillas suas crassissimis detraheret lacertis Scintillaeque miranti ostenderet. Ultimo etiam periscelides resolvit et reticulum aureum, quem ex obrussa esse dicebat. Notavit haec Trimalchio iussitque afferri omnia et: “Videtis, inquit, mulieris compedes: sic nos barcalae despoliamur. Sex pondo et selibram debet habere. Et ipse nihilo minus habeo decem pondo armillam ex millesimis Mercurii factam.” Ultimo etiam, ne mentiri videretur, stateram iussit afferri et circulatum approbari pondus. Nec melior Scintilla, quae de cervice sua capsellam detraxit aureolam, quam Felicionem appellabat. Inde duo crotalia protulit et Fortunatae invicem considerata dedit et: “Domini, inquit, mei beneficio nemo habet meliora. — Quid? inquit Habinnas, excatarissasti me, ut tibi emerem fabam vitream. Plane si filiam haberem, auriculas illi praeciderem. Mulieres si non essent, omnia pro luto haberemus; nunc hoc est caldum meiere et frigidum potare.”

Interim mulieres sauciae inter se riserunt ebriaeque iunxerunt oscula, dum altera diligentiam matris familiae iactat, altera delicias et indiligentiam viri. Dumque sic cohaerent, Habinnas furtim consurrexit, pedesque Fortunatae correptos super lectum immisit. “Au! au!” illa proclamavit aberrante tunica super genua. Composita ergo in gremio Scintillae indecentissimam rubore faciem sudario abscondit.

[LXVIII] Interposito deinde spatio cum secundas mensas Trimalchio iussisset afferri, sustulerunt servi omnes mensas et alias attulerunt, scobemque croco et minio tinctam sparserunt et, quod nunquam ante videram, ex lapide speculari pulverem tritum. Statim Trimalchio: “Poteram quidem, inquit, hoc fericulo esse contentus; secundas enim mensas habetis. <Sed> si quid belli habes, affer”.

Interim puer Alexandrinus, qui caldam ministrabat, lusciniis coepit imitari clamante Trimalchione subinde: “Muta!”. Ecce alius ludus. Servus qui ad pedes Habinnae sedebat, iussus, credo, a domino suo proclamavit subito canora voce:

Interea medium Aeneas iam classe tenebat. . .

Nullus sonus unquam acidior percussit aures meas; nam praeter errantis barbariae aut adiectum aut deminutum clamorem, miscebat Atellanicos versus, ut tunc primum me etiam Vergilius offenderit. Lassus tamen cum aliquando desisset, adiecit Habinnas et “Nunquam, inquit, didicit, sed ego ad circulatorum eum mittendo erudibam. Itaque parem non habet, sive muliones volet sive circulatorum imitari. Desperatum valde ingeniosus est: idem sutor est, idem cocus, idem pistor, omnis Musae mancipium. Duo tamen vitia habet, quae si non haberet, esset

omnium numerum: recutitus est et stertit. Nam quod strabonus est, non curo; sicut Venus spectat. Ideo nihil tacet, vix oculo mortuo unquam. Illum emi trecentis denariis. . .”

[LXIX] Interpellavit loquentem Scintilla et: “Plane, inquit, non omnia artificia servi nequam narras. Agaga est; at curabo stigmam habeat.” Risit Trimalchio et: “Adcognosco, inquit, Cappadocem: nihil sibi defraudit, et mehercules laudo illum; hoc enim nemo parentat. Tu autem, Scintilla, noli zelotypa esse. Crede mihi, et vos novimus. Sic me salvum habeatis, ut ego sic solebam ipsumam meam debattuere, ut etiam dominus suspicaretur; et ideo me in vilicationem relegavit. Sed tace, lingua, dabo panem.” Tanquam laudatus esset nequissimus servus, lucernam de sinu fictilem protulit et amplius semihora tubicines imitatus est succinente Habinna et inferius labrum manu deprimente. Vltimo etiam in medium processit et modo harundinibus quassis choraulas imitatus est, modo lacernatus cum flagello mulionum fata egit, donec vocatum ad se Habinnas basiavit, potionemque illi porrexit et: “Tanto melior, inquit, Massa, dono tibi caligas”.

Nec ullus tot malorum finis fuisset, nisi epidipnis esset allata, turdi siligine<i> uvis passis nucibusque farsis. Insecuta sunt Cydonia etiam mala spinis confixa, ut echinos efficerent. Et haec quidem tolerabilia erant, si non fericulum longe monstrosius effecisset ut vel fame perire malleamus. Nam cum positus esset, ut nos putabamus, anser altilis circaque pisces et omnium genera avium: “<Amici> , inquit Trimalchio, quicquid videtis hic positum, de uno corpore est factum.” Ego scilicet homo prudentissimus, statim intellexi quid esset, et respiciens Agamemnon: “Mirabor, inquam, nisi omnia ista de <fimo> facta sunt aut certe de luto. Vidi Romae Saturnalibus eiusmodi cenarum imaginem fieri”.

[LXX] Necdum finieram sermonem, cum Trimalchio ait: “Ita crescram patrimonio, non corpore, ut ista cocus meus de porco fecit. Non potest esse pretiosior homo. Volueris, de vulva faciet piscem, de lardo palumbam, de perna turturem, de colaepio gallinam. Et ideo ingenio meo impositum est illi nomen bellissimum; nam Daedalus vocatur. Et quia bonam mentem habet, attuli illi Roma munus cultros Norico ferro.” Quos statim iussit afferri, inspectosque miratus est. Etiam nobis potestatem fecit ut mucronem ad buccam probaremus.

Subito intraverunt duo servi, tanquam qui rixam ad lacum fecissent; certe in collo adhuc amphoras habebant. Cum ergo Trimalchio ius inter litigantes diceret, neuter sententiam tulit decernentis, sed alterius amphoram fuste percussit. Consternati nos insolentia ebriorum intentavimus oculos in proeliantes, notavimusque ostrea pectinesque e gastris labentia, quae collecta puer lance

circumtulit. Has lautitias aequavit ingeniosus cocus; in craticula enim argentea coeleas attulit et tremula taeterrimae voce cantavit.

Pudet referre quae secuntur: inaudito enim more pueri capillati attulerunt unguentum in argentea pelve pedesque recumbentium unxerunt, cum ante crura talosque corollis vinxissent. Hinc ex eodem unguento in vinarium atque lucernam aliquantum est infusum.

Iam coeperat Fortunata velle saltare, iam Scintilla frequentius plaudebat quam loquebatur, cum Trimalchio: “Permitto, inquit, Philargyre et Cario, etsi prasinianus es famosus, dic et Menophilae, contubernali tuae, discumbat. “Quid multa? Paene de lectis deiecti sumus, adeo totum triclinium familia occupaverat. Certe ego notavi super me positum cocum, qui de porco anserem fecerat, muria condimentisque fetentem. Nec contentus fuit recumbere, sed continuo Ephesum tragoedum coepit imitari et subinde dominum suum sponsione provocare si prasinus proximis circensibus primam palmam”.

[LXXI] Diffusus hac contentione Trimalchio: “Amici, inquit, et servi homines sunt et aequae unum lactem biberunt, etiam si illos malus fatus oppresserit. Tamen me salvo cito aquam liberam gustabunt. Ad summam, omnes illos in testamento meo manu mitto. Philargyro etiam fundum lego et contubernalem suam, Carioni quoque insulam et vicesimam et lectum stratum. Nam Fortunatam meam heredem facio, et commendo illam omnibus amicis meis. Et haec ideo omnia publico, ut familia mea iam nunc sic me amet tanquam mortuum”.

Gratias agere omnes indulgentiae coeperant domini, cum ille oblitus nugarum exemplar testamenti iussit afferri et totum a primo ad ultimum ingemescens familia recitavit. Respiciens deinde Habinnam: “Quid dicis, inquit, amice carissime? Aedificas monumentum meum quemadmodum te iussi? Valde te rogo, ut secundum pedes statuae meae catellam pingas et coronas et unguenta et Petraitis omnes pugas, ut mihi contingat tuo beneficio post mortem vivere; praeterea ut sint in fronte pedes centum, in agrum pedes ducenti. Omne genus enim poma volo sint circa cineres meos, et vinearum largiter. Valde enim falsum est vivo quidem domos cultas esse, non curari eas, ubi diutius nobis habitandum est. Et ideo ante omnia adici volo: HOC MONUMENTUM HEREDEM NON SEQUATUR. Ceterum erit mihi curae, ut testamento caveam ne mortuus iniuriam accipiam. Praeponam enim unum ex libertis sepulchro meo custodiae causa, ne in monumentum meum populus cacatum currat. Te rogo, ut naves etiam <in fronte> monumenti mei facias plenis velis euntes, et me in tribunali sedentem praetextatum cum anulis aureis quinque et nummos in publico de sacculo effundentem; scis enim, quod epulum dedi binos denarios. Faciatur, si tibi videtur,

et triclinia. Facies et totum populum sibi suaviter facientem. Ad dexteram meam pones statuam Fortunatae meae columbam tenentem, et catellam cingulo alligatam ducat, et cicaronem meum, et amphoras copiosas gypsatas, ne effluent vinum. Et urnam licet fractam sculpas, et super eam puerum plorantem. Horologium in medio, ut quisquis horas inspiciet, velit nolit, nomen meum legat. Inscriptio quoque vide diligenter si haec satis idonea tibi videtur:

C. POMPEIVS TRIMALCHIO MAECENATIANVS HIC REQVIESCIT
HVIC SEVIRATVS ABSENTI DECRETVS EST
CVM POSSET IN OMNIBVS DECVRIIS ROMAE ESSE TAMEN NOLVIT
PIVS FORTIS FIDELIS EX PARVO CREVIT SESTERTIVM RELIQVIT
TRECENTIES
NEC VNQVAM PHILOSOPHVM AVDIVIT
VALE
ET TV”

[LXXII] Haec ut dixit Trimalchio, flere coepit ubertim. Flebat et Fortunata, flebat et Habinnas, tota denique familia, tanquam in funus rogata, lamentatione triclinium implevit. Immo iam coeperam etiam ego plorare, cum Trimalchio: “Ergo, inquit, cum sciamus nos morituros esse, quare non vivamus? Sic nos felices videam, coniciamus nos in balneum, meo periculo, non paenitebit. Sic calet tanquam furnus. — Vero, vero, inquit Habinnas, de una die duas facere, nihil malo “; nudisque consurrexit pedibus et Trimalchionem gaudentem subsequi.

Ego respiciens ad Ascylton: “Quid cogitas? inquam, ego enim si videro balneum, statim expirabo. — Assentemur, ait ille, et dum illi balneum petunt, nos in turba exeamus”.

Cum haec placuissent, ducente per porticum Gitone ad ianuam venimus, ubi canis catenarius tanto nos tumultu excepit, ut Ascyltos etiam in piscinam ceciderit. Nec non ego quoque ebrius, qui etiam pictum timueram canem, dum natanti opem fero, in eundem gurgitem tractus sum. Servavit nos tamen atriensis, qui interventu suo et canem placavit et nos trementes extraxit in siccum. At Giton quidem iam dudum <se> servatione acutissima redemerat a cane: quicquid enim a nobis acceperat de cena, latranti sparserat, et ille avocatus cibo furorem suppresserat. Ceterum cum argentes utique petissemus ab atriense ut nos extra ianuam emitteret: “Erras, inquit, si putas te exire hac posse, qua venisti. Nemo unquam convivarum per eandem ianuam emissus est; alia intrant, alia exeunt.”

[LXXIII] Quid faciamus homines miserrimi et novi generis labyrintho inclusi, quibus lavari iam coeperat votum esse? Vltro ergo rogavimus ut nos ad balneum

duceret, proiectisque vestimentis, quae Giton in aditu siccare coepit, balneum intravimus, angustum scilicet et cisternae frigidariae simile, in qua Trimalchio rectus stabat. Ac ne sic quidem putidissimam eius iactationem licuit effugere; nam nihil melius esse dicebat quam sine turba lavari, et eo ipso loco aliquando pistrinum fuisse. Deinde ut lassatus consedit, invitatus balnei sono diduxit usque ad cameram os ebrium et coepit Menecratis cantica lacerare, sicut illi dicebant, qui linguam eius intellegebant. Ceteri convivae circa labrum manibus nexis currebant, et gingilipho ingenti clamore exsonabant. Alii autem aut restrictis manibus anulos de pavimento conabantur tollere, aut posito genu cervices post terga flectere, et pedum extremos pollices tangere. Nos, dum alii sibi ludos faciunt, in solium, quod Trimalchioni parabatur, descendimus.

Ergo ebrietate discussa in aliud triclinium deducti sumus ubi Fortunata disposuerat lautitias ita ut supra lucernas <vidi . . .> aeneolosque piscatores notaverim et mensas totas argenteas calicesque circa fictiles inauratos et vinum in conspectu sacco defluens. Tum Trimalchio: “Amici, inquit, hodie servus meus barbatoriam fecit, homo praefiscini frugi et micarius. Itaque tangomenas faciamus et usque in lucem cenemus”.

[LXXIV] Haec dicente eo gallus gallinaceus cantavit. Qua voce confusus Trimalchio vinum sub mensa iussit effundi lucernamque etiam mero spargi. Immo anulum traiecit in dexteram manum et: “Non sine causa, inquit, hic bucinus signum dedit; nam aut incendium oportet fiat, aut aliquis in vicinia animam abiciat. Longe a nobis! Itaque quisquis hunc indicem attulerit, corollarium accipiet.” Dicto citius de vicinia gallus allatus est, quem Trimalchio iussit ut aeno coctus fieret. Laceratus igitur ab illo doctissimo coco, qui paulo ante de porco aves piscesque fecerat, in caccabum est coniectus. Dumque Daedalus potionem ferventissimam haurit, Fortunata mola buxea piper trivit.

Sumptis igitur matteis, respiciens ad familiam Trimalchio: “Quid vos, inquit, adhuc non cenastis? Abite, ut alii veniant ad officium.” Subiit igitur alia classis, et illi quidem exclamavere: “Vale Gai”, hi autem: “Ave Gai.” Hinc primum hilaritas nostra turbata est; nam cum puer non inspeciosus inter novos intrasset ministros, invasit eum Trimalchio et osculari diutius coepit. Itaque Fortunata, ut ex aequo ius firmum approbaret, male dicere Trimalchionem coepit et purgamentum dedecusque praedicare, qui non contineret libidinem suam. Ultimo etiam adiecit: “canis!”. Trimalchio contra offensus convicio calicem in faciem Fortunatae immisit. Illa tanquam oculum perdidisset, exclamavit manusque trementes ad faciem suam admovit. Consternata est etiam Scintilla trepidantemque sinu suo textit. Immo puer quoque officiosus urceolum frigidum ad malam eius admovit,

super quem incumbens Fortunata gemere ac flere coepit. Contra Trimalchio: “Quid enim, inquit, ambubaia non meminit se? de machina illam sustuli, hominem inter homines feci. At inflat se tanquam rana, et in sinum suum non spuit, codex, non mulier. Sed hic, qui in pergula natus est, aedes non somniatur. Ita genium meum propitium habeam, curabo domata sit Cassandra caligaria. Et ego, homo dipundiarius, sestertium centies accipere potui. Scis tu me non mentiri. Agatho unguentarius here proxime seduxit me et: ‘Suadeo, inquit, non patiaris genus tuum interire.’ At ego dum bonatus ago et nolo videri levis, ipse mihi asciam in crus impegi. Recte, curabo me unguibus quaeras. Et, ut depraesentiarum intelligas quid tibi feceris: Habinna, nolo statuam eius in monumento meo ponas, ne mortuus quidem lites habeam. Immo, ut sciat me posse malum dare, nolo me mortuum basiet.”

[LXXV] Post hoc fulmen Habinnas rogare coepit ut iam desineret irasci, et: “Nemo, inquit, nostrum non peccat. Homines sumus, non dei.” Idem et Scintilla flens dixit, ac per genium eius Gaium appellando rogare coepit ut se frangeret. Non tenuit ultra lacrimas Trimalchio et: “Rogo, inquit, Habinna, sic peculium tuum fruniscaris: si quid perperam feci, in faciem meam inspue. Puerum basiavi frugalissimum, non propter formam, sed quia frugi est: decem partes dicit, librum ab oculo legit, thraecium sibi de diariis fecit, arcisellium de suo paravit et duas trullas. Non est dignus quem in oculis feram? Sed Fortunata vetat. Ita tibi videtur, fulcipedia? Suadeo, bonum tuum concoquas, milva, et me non facias ringentem, amasiuncula: alioquin experieris cerebrum meum. Nosti me: quod semel destinavi, clavo tabulari fixum est. Sed vivorum meminerimus. Vos rogo, amici, ut vobis suaviter sit. Nam ego quoque tam fui quam vos estis, sed virtute mea ad hoc perveni. Corcillum est quod homines facit, cetera quisquilia omnia. Bene emo, bene vendo; alius alia vobis dicet. Felicitate dissilio. Tu autem, sterteia, etiamnum ploras? Iam curabo fatum tuum plores. Sed ut coeperam dicere, ad hanc me fortunam frugalitas mea perduxit.

“Tam magnus ex Asia veni, quam hic candelabrus est. Ad summam, quotidie me solebam ad illum metiri, et ut celerius rostrum barbatum haberem, labra de lucerna ungebam. Tamen ad delicias ipsimi annos quattuordecim fui. Nec turpe est, quod dominus iubet. Ego tamen et ipsimae satis faciebam. Scitis quid dicam: taceo, quia non sum de gloriosis.

[LXXVI] “Ceterum, quemadmodum di volunt, dominus in domo factus sum, et ecce cepi ipsimi cerebellum. Quid multa? coheredem me Caesari fecit, et accepi patrimonium laticlavium. Nemini tamen nihil satis est. Concupivi negotiari. Ne multis vos morer, quinque naves aedificavi, oneravi vinum — et tunc erat contra

aurum — misi Romam. Putares me hoc iussisse: omnes naves naufragarunt. Factum, non fabula. Vno die Neptunus trecenties sestertium devoravit. Putatis me defecisse? Non mehercules mi haec iactura gusti fuit, tanquam nihil facti. Alteras feci maiores et meliores et feliciores, ut nemo non me virum fortem diceret. Scis, magna navis magnam fortitudinem habet. Oneravi rursus vinum, lardum, fabam, sepladium, mancipia. Hoc loco Fortunata rem piam fecit: omne enim aurum suum, omnia vestimenta vendidit et mi centum aureos in manu posuit. Hoc fuit peculii mei fermentum. Cito fit quod di volunt. Vno cursu centies sestertium corrotundavi. Statim redemi fundos omnes, qui patroni mei fuerant. Aedifico domum, venalicia coemo, iumenta; quicquid tangebam, crescebat tanquam favus. Postquam coepi plus habere quam tota patria mea habet, manum de tabula: sustuli me de negotiatione et coepi libertos fenerare. Et sane nolente me negotium meum agere exhortavit mathematicus, qui venerat forte in coloniam nostram, Graeculio, Serapa nomine, consiliator deorum. Hic mihi dixit etiam ea, quae oblitus eram; ab acia et acu mi omnia euit; intestinas meas noverat; tantum quod mihi non dixerat, quid pridie cenaveram. Putasses illum semper mecum habitasse.

[LXXVII] “Rogo, Habinna — puto, interfuisti — : ‘Tu dominam tuam de rebus illis fecisti. Tu parum felix in amicos es. Nemo unquam tibi parem gratiam refert. Tu latifundia possides. Tu viperam sub ala nutricas’ et — quid vobis non dixerim — etiam nunc mi restare vitae annos triginta et menses quattuor et dies duos. Praeterea cito accipiam hereditatem. Hoc mihi dicit fatus meus. Quod si contigerit fundos Apuliae iungere, satis vivus pervenero. Interim dum Mercurius vigilat, aedificavi hanc domum. Vt scitis, casula erat; nunc templum est. Habet quattuor cenationes, cubicula viginti, porticus marmoratos duos, susum cellationem, cubiculum in quo ipse dormio, viperae huius sessorium, ostiarii cellam perbonam; hospitium hospites capit. Ad summam, Scaurus cnm huc venit, nusquam mavoluit hospitari, et habet ad mare paternum hospitium. Et multa alia sunt, quae statim vobis ostendam. Credite, mihi: assem habeas, assem valeas; habes, habeberis. Sic amicus vester, qui fuit rana, nunc est rex. Interim, Stiche, profer vitalia, in quibus volo me efferri. Profer et unguentum et ex illa amphora gustum, ex qua iubeo lavari ossa mea.”

[LXXVIII] Non est moratus Stichus, sed et stragulam albam et praetextam in triclinium attulit. <Vitalia Trimalchio accepit> iussitque nos temptare, an bonis lanis essent confecta. Tum subridens: “Vide tu, inquit, Stiche, ne ista mures tangant aut tineae; alioquin te vivum conburam. Ego gloriosus volo efferri, ut totus mihi populus bene imprecetur.” Statim ampullam nardi aperuit omnesque nos unxit et: “Spero, inquit, futurum ut aequae me mortuum iuvet tanquam

vivum.” Nam vinum quidem in vinarium iussit infundi et: “Putate vos, ait, ad parentalia mea invitatos esse”.

Ibat res ad summam nauseam, cum Trimalchio ebrietate turpissima gravis novum acroama, cornicines, in triclinium iussit adduci, fultusque cervicalibus multis extendit se super torum extremum et: “Fingite me, inquit, mortuum esse. Dicite aliquid belli.” Consonuere cornicines funebri strepitu. Vnus praecipue servus libitinarii illius, qui inter hos honestissimus erat, tam valde intonuit, ut totam concitaret viciniam.

Itaque vigiles, qui custodiebant vicinam regionem, rati ardere Trimalchionis domum, effregerunt ianuam subito et cum aqua securibusque tumultuari suo iure coeperunt. Nos occasionem opportunissimam nacti Agamemnoni verba dedimus, raptimque tam plane quam ex incendio fugimus.

[LXXIX] Neque fax ulla in praesidio erat, quae iter aperiret errantibus, nec silentium noctis iam mediae promittebat occurrentium lumen. Accedebat huc ebrietas et imprudentia locorum etiam interdum obscura. Itaque cum hora paene tota per omnes scrupos gastrarumque eminentium fragmenta traxissemus cruentos pedes, tandem expliciti acumine Gitonis sumus. Prudens enim pridie, cum luce etiam clara timeret errorem, omnes pilas columnasque notaverat creta, quae lineamenta evicerunt spississimam noctem, et notabili candore ostenderunt errantibus viam. Quamvis non minus sudoris habuimus etiam postquam ad stabulum pervenimus. Anus enim ipsa inter deversitores diutius ingurgitata ne ignem quidem admotum sensisset, et forsitan pernoctassemus in limine, ni tabellarius Trimalchionis intervenisset X vehiculis <deviis>. Non diu ergo tumultuatus stabuli ianuam effregit, et nos per eandem festram admisit. <. . .>

Qualis nox fuit illa, di deaeque,
quam mollis torus! Haesimus calentes
et transfudimus hinc et hinc labellis
errantes animas. Valetae curae
mortales. Ego sic perire coepi.

Sine causa gratulor mihi. Nam cum solutus mero remissem ebrias manus, Ascyrtos, omnis iniuriae inventor, subduxit mihi nocte puerum et in lectum transtulit suum, volutatusque liberius cum fratre non suo, sive non sentiente iniuriam sive dissimulante, indormivit alienis amplexibus oblitus iuris humani. Itaque ego ut experrectus pertrectavi gaudio despoliatum torum, si qua est amantibus fides, ego dubitavi, an utrumque traicerem gladio somnumque morti iungerem. Tutius dein secutus consilium Gitona quidem verberibus excitavi,

Ascylton autem truci intuens vultu: “Quoniam, inquam, fidem scelere violasti et communem amicitiam, res tuas ocus tolle et alium locum, quem polluas, quaere”. Non repugnavit ille, sed postquam optima fide partiti manubias sumus: “Age, inquit, nunc et puerum dividamus”.

[LXXX] Iocari putabam discedentem. At ille gladium parricidali manu strinxit et: “Non frueris, inquit, hac praeda super quam solus incumbis. Partem meam necesse est vel hoc gladio contemptus abscindam”. Idem ego ex altera parte feci, et intorto circa brachium pallio, composui ad proeliandum gradum. Inter hanc miserorum dementiam infelicissimus puer tangebatur utriusque genua cum fletu, petebaturque suppliciter ne Thebanum par humilis taberna spectaret, neve sanguine mutuo pollueremus familiaritatis clarissimae sacra. “Quod si utique, proclamabat, facinore opus est, nudo ecce iugulum, convertite huc manus, imprimite mucrones. Ego mori debeo, qui amicitiae sacramentum delevis.” Inhibuimus ferrum post has preces, et prior Ascyltos: “Ego, inquit, finem discordiae imponam. Puer ipse, quem vult, sequatur, ut sit illi saltem in eligendo fratre salva libertas.” Ego qui vetustissimam consuetudinem putabam in sanguinis pignus transisse, nihil timui, immo condicionem praecipiti festinatione rapui, commisique iudici litem. Qui ne deliberavit quidem, ut videretur cunctatus, verum statim ab extrema parte verbi consurrexit <et> fratrem Ascylton elegit. Fulminatus hac pronuntiatione, sic ut eram, sine gladio in lectulum decidi, et attulissem mihi damnatus manus, si non inimici victoriae invidissem. Egreditur superbus cum praemio Ascyltos, et paulo ante carissimum sibi commilitonem fortunaeque etiam similitudine parem in loco peregrino destituit abiectum.

Nomen amicitiae, sic, quatenus expedit, haeret;
calculus in tabula mobile ducit opus.

Dum fortuna manet, vultum servatis, amici;
cum cecidit, turpi certitis ora fuga.

Grege agit in scaena mimum: pater ille vocatur,
filius hic, nomen divitis ille tenet.

Mox ubi ridendas inclusit pagina partes,
vera redit facies, adsimulata perit.

[LXXXI] Nec diu tamen lacrimis indulsi, sed veritus ne Menelaus etiam antescholanus inter cetera mala solum me in deversorio inveniret, collegi sarcinulas, locumque secretum et proximum litori maestus conduximus. Ibi triduo inclusus, redeunte in animum solitudine atque contemptu, verberabam aegrum planctibus pectus et inter tot altissimos gemitus frequenter etiam proclamabam:

“Ergo me non ruina terra potuit haurire? Non iratum etiam innocentibus mare? Effugi iudicium, harenae imposui, hospitem occidi, ut inter audaciae nomina mendicus, exul, in deversorio Graecae urbis iacerem desertus? Et quis hanc mihi solitudinem imposuit? Adulescens omni libidine impurus et sua quoque confessione dignus exilio, stupro liber, stupro ingenuus, cuius anni ad tesseram venierunt, quem tanquam puellam conduxit etiam qui virum putavit. Quid ille alter? qui die togae virilis stolam sumpsit, qui ne vir esset a matre persuasus est, qui opus muliebre in ergastulo fecit, qui postquam conturbavit et libidinis suae solum vertit, reliquit veteris amicitiae nomen et — pro pudor! — tanquam mulier secutuleia unius noctis tactu omnia vendidit. Iacent nunc amatores obligati noctibus totis, et forsitan mutuis libidinibus attriti derident solitudinem meam. Sed non impune. Nam aut vir ego liberque non sum, aut noxio sanguine parentabo iniuriae meae.”

[LXXXII] Haec locutus gladio latus cingor, et ne infirmitas militiam perderet, largioribus cibus excito vires. Mox in publicum prosilio furentisque more omnes circumeo porticus. Sed dum attonito vultu efferatoque nihil aliud quam caedem et sanguinem cogito, frequentiusque manum ad capulum, quem devoveram, refero, notavit me miles, sive ille planus fuit sive nocturnus grassator, et: “Quid tu, inquit, commilito, ex qua legione es aut cuius centuria?” Cum constantissime et centurionem et legionem essem e mentis: “Age ergo, inquit ille, in exercitu vestro phaecasiati milites ambulant?” Cum deinde vultu atque ipsa trepidatione mendacium prodidissem, ponere iussit arma et malo cavere. Despoliatus ergo, immo praecisa ultione retro ad deversorium tendo, paulatimque temeritate laxata coepi grassatoris audaciae gratias agere. < . . >

Non bibit inter aquas, poma aut pendentia carpit

Tantalus infelix, quem sua vota premunt.

Divitis haec magni facies erit, omnia acervans

qui timet et sicco concoquit ore famem.

Non multum oportet consilio credere, quia suam habet fortuna rationem. < . . >

[LXXXIII] In pinacothecam perveni vario genere tabularum mirabilem. Nam et Zeuxidos manus vidi nondum vetustatis iniuria victas, et Protogenis rudimenta cum ipsius naturae veritate certantia non sine quodam horrore tractavi. Jam vero Apellis quam Graeci mon(kthmon appellant, etiam adoravi. Tanta enim subtilitate extremitates imaginum erant ad similitudinem praecisae, ut crederes etiam animorum esse picturam. Hinc aquila ferebat caelo sublimis Idaeum, illinc candidus Hylas repellebat improbam Naida. Damnabat Apollo noxias manus

lyramque resolutam modo nato flore honorabat. Inter quos etiam pictorum amantium vultus tanquam in solitudine exclamavi: “Ergo amor etiam deos tangit. Iuppiter in caelo suo non invenit quod diligeret, sed peccaturus in terris nemini tamen iniuriam fecit. Hylan Nympha praedata temperasset amoris suo, si venturum ad interdictum Herculem credidisset. Apollo pueri umbram revocavit in florem, et omnes fabulae quoque sine aemulo habuerunt complexus. At ego in societatem recepi hospitem Lycurgo crudeliorem.” Ecce autem, ego dum cum ventis litigo, intravit pinacothecam senex canus, exercitati vultus et qui videretur nescio quid magnum promittere, sed cultu non proinde speciosus, ut facile appareret eum <ex> hac nota litterat<or>um esse, quos odisse divites solent. Is ergo ad latus constitit meum.

“Ego, inquit, poeta sum et, ut spero, non humillimi spiritus, si modo coronis aliquid credendum est, quas etiam ad imperitos deferre gratia solet. ‘Quare ergo, inquis, tam male vestitus es?’ Propter hoc ipsum. Amor ingenii neminem unquam divitem fecit.

“Qui pelago credit, magno se fenore tollit;
qui pugnās et castra petit, praecingitur auro;
vilis adulator picto iacet ebrius ostro,
et qui sollicitat nuptas, ad praemia peccat.
Sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis,
atque inopi lingua desertas invocat artes.

[LXXXIV] “Non dubie ita est: si quis vitiorum omnium inimicus rectum iter vitae coepit insistere, primum propter morum differentiam odium habet: quis enim potest probare diversa? Deinde qui solas exstruere divitias curant, nihil volunt inter homines melius credi, quam quod ipsi tenent. Insectantur itaque, quacunque ratione possunt, litterarum amatores, ut videantur illi quoque infra pecuniam positi. <. . .>

“Nescio quo modo bonae mentis soror est paupertas. <. . .>

“Vellem, tam innocens esset frugalitatis meae hostis, ut deliniri posset. Nunc veteranus est latro et ipsis lenonibus doctior”. <. . .>

[LXXXV] EVMOLPVS. “In Asiam cum a quaestore essem stipendio eductus, hospitium Pergami accepi. Vbi cum libenter habitarem non solum propter cultum aedicularum, sed etiam propter hospitis formosissimum filium, excogitavi rationem qua non essem patri familiae suspectus amator. Quotiescunque enim in convivio de usu formosorum mentio facta est, tam vehementer excandui, tam severa tristitia violari aures meas obsceno sermone nolui, ut me mater praecipue

tanquam unum ex philosophis intueretur. Jam ego coeperam ephebum in gymnasium deducere, ego studia eius ordinare, ego docere ac praecipere, ne quis praedator corporis admitteretur in domum.

Forte cum in triclinio iaceremus, quia dies sollemnis ludum artaverat pigritiamque recedendi imposuerat hilaritas longior, fere circa mediam noctem intellexi puerum vigilare. Itaque timidissimo murmure votum feci et: “Domina, inquam, Venus, si ego hunc puerum basiavero, ita ut ille non sentiat, cras illi par columbarum donabo”. Audito voluptatis pretio puer stertere coepit. Itaque aggressus simulantem aliquot basiolis invasi. Contentus hoc principio bene mane surrexi electumque par columbarum attuli expectanti ac me voto exsolvi.

[LXXXVI] Proxima nocte cum idem liceret, mutavi optionem et: “Si hunc, inquam, tractavero improba manu, et ille non senserit, gallos gallinaceos pugnacissimos duos donabo patienti”. Ad hoc votum ephebus ultro se admovit et, puto, vereri coepit ne ego obdormissem. Indulsi ergo sollicito, totoque corpore citra summam voluptatem me ingurgitavi. Deinde ut dies venit, attuli gaudenti quicquid promiseram. Vt tertia nox licentiam dedit, consurrexi ad aurem male dormientis: “Dii, inquam, immortales, si ego huic dormienti abstulero coitum plenum et optabilem, pro hac felicitate cras puero asturconem Macedonicum optimum donabo, cum hac tamen exceptione, si ille non senserit”. Nunquam altiore somno ephebus obdormivit. Itaque primum implevi lactentibus papillis manus, mox basio inhaesi, deinde in unum omnia vota coniunxi. Mane sedere in cubiculo coepit atque expectare consuetudinem meam. Scis quanto facilius sit columbas gallosque gallinaceos emere quam asturconem, et, praeter hoc, etiam timebam ne tam grande munus suspectam faceret humanitatem meam. Ergo aliquot horis spatatus, in hospitium reverti nihilque aliud quam puerum basiavi. At ille circumspiciens ut cervicem meam iunxit amplexu: “Rogo, inquit, domine, ubi est asturco?”

[LXXXVII] Cum ob hanc offensam praeclusissem mihi aditum quem feceram, <mox tamen> iterum ad licentiam redii. Interpositis enim paucis diebus, cum similis casus nos in eandem fortunam rettulisset, ut intellexi stertere patrem, rogare coepi ephebum ut reverteretur in gratiam mecum, id est ut pateretur satis fieri sibi, et cetera quae libido distenta dictat. At ille plane iratus nihil aliud dicebat nisi hoc: “Aut dormi, aut ego iam dicam patri”. Nihil est tam arduum, quod non improbitas extorqueat. Dum dicit: “Patrem excitabo”, irrepsi tamen et male repugnanti gaudium extorsi. At ille non indelectatus nequitia mea, postquam diu questus est deceptum se et derisum traductumque inter condiscipulos, quibus iactasset censum meum: “Videris tamen, inquit, non ero tui similis. Si quid vis,

fac iterum”. Ego vero deposita omni offensa cum puero in gratiam redii, ususque beneficio eius in somnum delapsus sum. Sed non fuit contentus iteratione ephebus plenae maturitatis et annis ad patiendum gestientibus. Itaque excitavit me sopitum et: “Numquid vis?” inquit. Et non plane iam molestum erat munus. Vtcunque igitur inter anhelitus sudoresque tritus, quod voluerat accepit, rursusque in somnum decidi gaudio lassus. Interposita minus hora pungere me manu coepit et dicere: “Quare non facimus?” Tum ego toties excitatus plane vehementer excandui et reddidi illi voces suas: “Aut dormi, aut ego iam patri dicam”. < . . . >

[LXXXVIII] Erectus his sermonibus consulere prudentiorem coepi <atque ab eo> aetates tabularum et quaedam argumenta mihi obscura simulque causam desidia praesentis excutere, cum pulcherrimae artes perissent, inter quas pictura ne minimum sui vestigium reliquisset. Tum ille: “Pecuniae, inquit, cupiditas haec tropica instituit. Priscis enim temporibus, cum adhuc nuda virtus placeret, vigeabant artes ingenuae summumque certamen inter homines erat, ne quid profuturum saeculis diu lateret. Itaque herbarum omnium sucos Democritus expressit, et ne lapidum virgultorumque vis lateret, aetatem inter experimenta consumpsit Eudoxos quidem in cacumine excelsissimi montis consenuit ut astrorum caelique motus deprehenderet, et Chrysippus, ut ad inventionem sufficeret, ter elleboro animum deterisit. Verum ut ad plastas convertar, Lysippum statuae unius lineamentis inhaerentem inopia extinxit, et Myron, qui paene animas hominum ferarumque aere comprehenderat, non invenit heredem. At nos vino scortisque demersi ne paratas quidem artes audemus cognoscere, sed accusatores antiquitatis vitia tantum docemus et discimus. Vbi est dialectica? ubi astronomia? ubi sapientiae cultissima via? Quis unquam venit in templum et votum fecit, si ad eloquentiam pervenisset? quis, si philosophiae fontem attigisset? Ac ne bonam quidem mentem aut bonam valitudinem petunt, sed statim antequam limen Capitolii tangant, alius donum promittit, si propinquum divitem extulerit, alius, si thesaurum effoderit, alius, si ad trecenties sestertium salvus pervenerit. Ipse senatus, recti bonique praeceptor, mille pondo auri Capitolio promittere solet, et ne quis dubitet pecuniam concupiscere, Iovem quoque peculio exorat. Noli ergo mirari, si pictura defecit, cum omnibus dis hominibusque formosior videatur massa auri, quam quicquid Apelles Phidiasque, Graeculi delirantes, fecerunt.

[LXXXIX] Sed video te totum in illa haerere tabula, quae Troiae halosin ostendit. Itaque conabor opus versibus pandere:

Iam decuma maestos inter ancipites metus
Phrygas obsidebat messis, et vatis fides
Calchantis atro dubia pendebat metu,

cum Delio profante caesi vertices
Idae trahuntur, scissaque in molem cadunt
robora, minacem quae figurarent equum.
Aperitur ingens antrum et obducti specus,
qui castra caperent. Huc decenni proelio
irata virtus abditur, stipant graves
recessus Danaï et in voto latent.
O patria, pulsas mille credidimus rates
solumque bello liberum: hoc titulus fero
incisus, hoc ad fata compositus Sinon
firmabat et mendacium in damnum potens.
Iam turba portis libera ac bello carens
in vota properat. Fletibus manant genae,
mentisque pavidæ gaudium lacrimas habet.
Quas metus abegit. Namque Neptuno sacer
crinem solutus omne Laocoön replet
clamore vulgus. Mox reducta cuspide
uterum notavit, fata sed tardant manus,
ictusque resilit et dolis addit fidem.
Iterum tamen confirmat invalidam manum
altaque bipenni latera pertemptat. Fremit
captiva pubes intus, et dum murmurat,
roborea moles spirat alieno metu.
Ibat iuventus capta, dum Troiam capit,
bellumque totum fraude ducebat nova.
Ecce alia monstra: celsa qua Tenedos mare
dorso replevit, tumida consurgunt freta
undaque resultat scissa tranquillo minor,
qualis silenti nocte remorum sonus
longe refertur, cum premunt classes mare
pulsumque marmor abiete imposita gemit.
Respicimus: angues orbibus geminis ferunt
ad saxa fluctus, tumida quorum pectora
rates ut altae lateribus spumas agunt.
Dat cauda sonitum, liberae ponto iubae
consentiunt luminibus, fulmineum iubar
incendit aequor sibilisque undae tremunt.

Stupuere mentes. Infulis stabant sacri
Phrygioque cultu gemina nati pignora
Lauconte. Quos repente tergoribus ligant
angues corusci. Parvulas illi manus
ad ora referunt, neuter auxilio sibi,
uterque fratri; transtulit pietas vices
morsque ipsa miseros mutuo perdit metu.
Accumulat ecce liberum funus parens,
infirmus auxiliator. Invadunt virum
iam morte pasti membraque ad terram trahunt.
Iacet sacerdos inter aras victima
terramque plangit. Sic profanatis sacris
peritura Troia perdidit primum deos.
Iam plena Phoebe candidum extulerat iubar
minora ducens astra radianti face,
cum inter sepultos Priamidas nocte et mero
Danai relaxant claustra et effundunt viros.
Temptant in armis se duces, ceu ubi solet
nodo remissus Thessali quadrupes iugi
cervicem et altas quater ad excursum iubas.
Gladios retractant, commovent orbes manu
bellumque sumunt. Hic graves alius mero
obtruncat, et continuat in mortem ultimam
somnos; ab aris alius accendit faces
contraque Troas invocat Troiae sacra.”

[XC] Ex is, qui in porticibus spatiabantur, lapides in Eumolpum recitantem miserunt. At ille, qui plausum ingenii sui noverat, operuit caput extraque templum profugit. Timui ego, ne me poetam vocaret. Itaque subsecutus fugientem ad litus perveni, et ut primum extra teli coniectum licuit consistere: “Rogo, inquam, quid tibi vis cum isto morbo? Minus quam duabus horis mecum moraris, et saepius poetice quam humane locutus es. Itaque non miror, si te populus lapidibus persequitur. Ego quoque sinum meum saxis onerabo ut, quotiescunque coeperis a te exire, sanguinem tibi a capite mittam”. Movit ille vultum et: “O mi, inquit, adulescens, non hodie primum auspicatus sum. Immo quoties theatrum, ut recitarem aliquid, intravi, hac me adventicia excipere frequentia solet. Ceterum ne et tecum quoque habeam rixandum, toto die me ab hoc cibo abstinebo. — Immo, inquam ego, si eiuras hodiernam bilem, una cenabimus.”

Mando aedicularum custodi cenulae officium. < . . >

[XCI] Video Gitona cum linteis et strigilibus parieti applicitum tristem confusumque. Scires non libenter servire. Itaque ut experimentum oculorum caperem. < . . > Convertit ille solutum gaudio vultum et: “Miserere, inquit, frater. Vbi arma non sunt, libere loquor. Eripe me latroni cruento et qualibet saevitia paenitentiam iudicis tui puni. Satis magnum erit misero solacium tua voluntate cecidisse”. Supprimere ego querelam iubeo, ne quis consilia deprehenderet, relictoque Eumolpo — nam in balneo carmen recitabat — per tenebrosum et sordidum egressum extraho Gitona raptimque in hospitium meum pervolo. Praeclusis deinde foribus invado pectus amplexibus, et perfusum os lacrumis vultu meo contero. Diu vocem neuter invenit; nam puer etiam singultibus crebris amabile pectus quassaverat. “O facinus, inquam, indignum, quod amo te quamvis relictus, et in hoc pectore, cum vulnus ingens fuerit, cicatrix non est. Quid dicis, peregrini amoris concessio? Dignus hac iniuria fui?” Postquam se amari sensit, supercilium altius sustulit. < . . >

“Nec amoris arbitrium ad alium iudicem tuli. Sed nihil iam queror, nihil iam memini, si bona fide paenitentiam emendas”. Haec cum inter gemitus lacrimasque fudissem, deterisit ille pallio vultum et: “Quaeso, inquit, Encolpi, fidem memoriae tuae appello: ego te reliqui, an tu me prodidisti? Equidem fateor et prae me fero: cum duos armatos viderem, ad fortiolem confugi”. Exosculatus pectus sapientia plenum inieci cervicibus manus, et ut facile intellexeret redisse me in gratiam et optima fide reviviscentem amicitiam, toto pectore adstrinxi.

[XCII] Et iam plena nox erat mulierque cenae mandata curaverat, cum Eumolpus ostium pulsat. Interrogo ego: “Quot estis?” obiterque per rimam foris speculari diligentissime coepi, num Ascylos una venisset. Deinde ut solum hospitem vidi, momento recepi. Ille ut se in grabatum reiecit viditque Gitona in conspectu ministrantem, movit caput et: “Laudo, inquit, Ganymedem. Oportet hodie bene sit”. Non delectavit me tam curiosum principium, timuique ne in contubernium recepissem Ascyli parem. Instat Eumolpus, et cum puer illi potionem dedisset: “Malo te, inquit, quam balneum totum “ siccatoque avide poculo negat sibi unquam acidius fuisse.” Nam et dum labor, ait, paene vapulavi, quia conatus sum circa solium sedentibus carmen recitare; et postquam de balneo tanquam de theatro eiectus sum, circuire omnes angulos coepi et clara voce Encolpion clamitare. Ex altera parte iuvenis nudus, qui vestimenta perdiderat, non minore clamoris indignatione Gitona flagitabat. Et me quidem pueri tanquam insanum imitatione petulantissima deriserunt, illum autem frequentia ingens circumvenit cum plausu et admiratione timidissima. Habebat enim inguinum

pondus tam grande, ut ipsum hominem laciniam fascini crederes. O iuvenem laboriosum! puto illum pridie incipere, postero die finire. Itaque statim invenit auxilium; nescio quis enim, eques Romanus, ut aiebant, infamis, sua veste errantem circumdedit ac domum abduxit, credo, ut tam magna fortuna solus uteretur. At ego ne mea quidem vestimenta ab officioso recepissem, nisi notorem dedissem. Tanto magis expedit inguina quam ingenia fricare”. Haec Eumolpo dicente mutabam ego frequentissime vultum, iniuriis scilicet inimici mei hilaris, commodis tristis. Vtuncque tamen, tanquam non agnoscerem fabulam, tacui et cenae ordinem explicui. <. . .>

[XCIII] “Vile est, quod licet, et animus errore lentus iniurias diligit.

Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis
atque Afrae volucres placent palato,
quod non sunt faciles: at albus anser
et pictis anas renovata pennis
plebeium sapit. Vltimis ab oris
attractus scarus atque arata Syrtis
si quid naufragio dedit, probatur:
mulus iam gravis est. Amica vincit
uxorem. Rosa cinnamum veretur.
Quicquid quaeritur, optimum videtur.”

— Hoc est, inquam, quod promiseras, ne quem hodie versum faceres? Per fidem, saltem nobis parce, qui te nunquam lapidavimus. Nam si aliquis ex is, qui in eodem synoecio potant, nomen poetae olfecerit, totam concitabit viciniam et nos omnes sub eadem causa obruet. Miserere et aut pinacothecam aut balneum cogita.” Sic me loquentem obiurgavit Giton, mitissimus puer, et negavit recte facere, quod seniori conviciarer simulque oblitus officii mensam, quam humanitate posuissem, contumelia tollerem, multaque alia moderationis verecundiaeque verba, quae formam eius egregie decebant. <. . .>

[XCIV] EVMOLPVS AD GITONEM. “O felicem, inquit, matrem tuam, quae te talem peperit: macte virtute esto. Raram fecit mixturam cum sapientia forma. Itaque ne putes te tot verba perdidisse, amatorem invenisti. Ego laudes tuas carminibus implebo. Ego paedagogus et custos, etiam quo non iusseris, sequar. Nec iniuriam Encolpius accipit: alium amat.” Profuit etiam Eumolpo miles ille, qui mihi abstulit gladium; alioquin quem animum adversus Ascylton sumpseram, eum in Eumolpi sanguinem exercuissem. Nec fefellit hoc Gitona. Itaque extra cellam processit, tanquam aquam peteret, iramque meam prudenti absentia

extinxit. Paululum ergo intepescente saevitia: “Eumolpe, inquam, iam malo vel carminibus loquaris, quam eiusmodi tibi vota proponas. Et ego iracundus sum, et tu libidinosus: vide, quam non conveniat his moribus. Puta igitur me furiosum esse, cede insaniae, id est, ocius foras exi”. Confusus hac denuntiatione Eumolpus non quaesiit iracundiae causam, sed continuo limen egressus adduxit repente ostium cellae, meque nihil tale expectantem inclusit, exemitque raptim clavem et ad Gitona investigandum cucurrit.

Inclusus ego suspendio vitam finire constitui. Et iam semicinctium stanti ad parietem spondae iunxeram cervicesque nodo condebam, cum reseratis foribus intrat Eumolpus cum Gitone meque a fatali iam meta revocat ad lucem. Giton praecipue ex dolore in rabiem efferatus tollit clamorem, me utraque manu impulsum praecipitat super lectum: “Erras, inquit, Encolpi, si putas contingere posse, ut ante moriaris. Prior coepi; in Ascyli hospitio gladium quaesivi. Ego si te non invenissem, periturus per praecipitia fui. Et ut scias non longe esse quaerentibus mortem, specta invicem quod me spectare voluisti”. Haec locutus mercenario Eumolpi novaculam rapit, et semel iterumque cervice percussa ante pedes collabitur nostros. Exclamo ego attonitus, secutusque labentem codem ferramento ad mortem viam quaero. Sed neque Giton ulla erat suspicione vulneris laesus, neque ego ullum sentiebam dolorem. Rudis enim novacula et in hoc retusa, ut pueris discentibus audaciam tonsoris daret, instruxerat thecam. Ideoque nec mercennarius ad raptum ferramentum expaverat, nec Eumolpus interpellaverat mimicam mortem.

[XCV] Dum haec fabula inter amantes luditur, deversitor cum parte cenulae intervenit, contemplatusque foedissimam volutationem iacentium: “Rogo, inquit, ebrii estis, an fugitivi, an utrumque? Quis autem grabatum illum erexit, aut quid sibi vult tam furtiva molitio? Vos mehercules ne mercedem cellae daretis, fugere nocte in publicum voluistis. Sed non impune. Iam enim faxo sciatis non viduae hanc insulam esse sed Marci Mannicii”. Exclamat Eumolpus: “Etiam minaris?”; simulque os hominis palma excussissima pulsat. Ille tot hospitem potionibus liber urceolum fictilem in Eumolpi caput iaculatus est, soluitque clamantis frontem, et de cella se proripuit, Eumolpus contumeliae impatiens rapit ligneum candelabrum, sequiturque abeuntem, et creberrimis ictibus supercilium suum vindicat. Fit concursus familiae hospitemque ebriorum frequentia. Ego autem nactus occasionem vindictae Eumolpum excludo, redditaque scordalo vice sine aemulo scilicet et cella utor et nocte.

Interim coctores insulariique mulcant exclusum, et alius veru extis stridentibus plenum in oculos eius intentat, alius furca de carnario rapta statum proeliantis

componit. Anus praecipue lippa, sordidissimo praecineta linteo, soleis ligneis imparibus imposita, canem ingentis magnitudinis catena trahit instigatque in Eumolpon. Sed ille candelabro se ab omni periculo vindicabat.

[XCVI] Videbamus nos omnia per foramen valvae, quod paulo ante ansa ostioli rupta laxaverat, favebamque ego vapulanti. Giton autem non oblitus misericordiae suae reserandum esse ostium succurrendumque periclitanti censebat. Ego durante adhuc iracundia non continui manum, sed caput miserantis stricto acutoque articulo percussi. Et ille quidem flens consedit in lecto. Ego autem alternos opponebam foramini oculos iniuriaque Eumolpi velut quodam cibo me replebam advocationemque commendabam, cum procurator insulae Bargates a cena excitatus a duobus lexicariis mediam rixam perfertur; nam erat etiam pedibus aeger. Is ut rabiosa barbaraque voce in ebrios fugitivosque diu peroravit, respiciens ad Eumolpon: “O poetarum, inquit, disertissime, tu eras? Et non discedunt ocius nequissimi servi manusque continent a rixa?” < . . . >

BARGATES PROCVRATOR AD EVMOLPVM: “Contubernalis mea mihi fastum facit. Ita, si me amas, maledic illam versibus, ut habeat pudorem”.

[XCVII] Dum Eumolpus cum Bargate in secreto loquitur, intrat stabulum praeco cum servo publico aliaque sane modica frequentia; facemque tumosam magis quam lucidam quassans haec proclamavit: “Puer in balneo paulo ante aberravit, annorum circa XVI, crispus, mollis, formosus, nomine Giton. Si quis eum reddere aut commonstrare voluerit, accipiet nummos mille”. Nec longe a praecone Ascyltos stabat amictus discoloria veste, atque in lance argentea indicium et fidem praeferibat. Imperavi Gitoni ut raptim grabatum subiret annecteretque pedes et manus institis, quibus sponda culcitam ferebat, ac sic ut olim Vlixes pro arietem adhaesisset, extentus infra grabatum scrutantium eluderet manus. Non est moratus Giton imperium, momentoque temporis inseruit vinculo manus et Vlixem astu simillimo vicit. Ego ne suspicioni relinquerem locum, lectulum vestimentis implevi uniusque hominis vestigium ad corporis mei mensuram figuravi.

Interim Ascyltos ut pererravit omnes cum viatore cellas, venit ad meam, et hoc quidem plenior spem concepit, quo diligentius oppressulatas invenit fores. Publicus vero servus insertans commissuris secures claustrorum firmitatem laxavit. Ego ad genua Ascylti procubui, et per memoriam amicitiae perque societatem miseriarum petii, ut saltem ostenderet fratrem. Immo ut fidem haberent fictae preces: “Scio te, inquam, Ascylte, ad occidendum me venisse. Quo enim secures attulisti? Itaque satia iracundiam tuam: praebeo ecce cervicem, funde sanguinem, quem sub praetextu quaestionis petisti”. Amolitur Ascyltos

invidiam et se vero nihil aliud quam fugitivum suum dicit quaerere, mortem nec hominis concupisse nec supplicis, utique eius quem post fatalem rixam habuit carissimum.

[XCVIII] At non servus publicus tam languide agit, sed raptam cauponi harundinem subter lectum mittit, omniaque etiam foramina parietum scrutatur. Subducebat Giton ab ictu corpus, et reducto timidissime spiritu ipsos sciniphes ore tangebat. <. . .>

Eumolpus autem, quia effractum ostium cellae neminem poterat excludere, irrumpit perturbatus et: “Mille, inquit, nummos inveni; iam enim persequar abeuntem praeconem, et in potestate tua esse Gitonem meritissima proditiōe monstrabo”. Genua ego perseverantis amplector, ne morientes vellet occidere, et: “Merito, inquam, excandesceres si posses proditum ostendere. Nunc inter turbam puer fugit, nec quo abierit suspicari possum. Per fidem, Eumolpe, reduc puerum et vel Ascylo redde”. Dum haec ego iam credenti persuadeo, Giton collectione spiritus plenus ter continuo ita sternutavit, ut grabatum concuteret. Ad quem motum Eumolpus conversus salvere Gitona iubet. Remota etiam culcita videt Vlixem, cui vel esuriens Cyclops potuisset parcere. Mox conversus ad me: “Quid est, inquit, latro? Ne deprehensus quidem ausus es mihi verum dicere. Immo ni deus quidam humanarum rerum arbiter pendenti puero excussisset indicium, elusus circa popinas errarem.”

Giton longe blandior quam ego, primum araneis oleo madentibus vulnus, quod in supercilio factum erat, coartavit. Mox palliolo suo laceratam mutavit vestem, amplexusque iam mitigatum, osculis tanquam fomentis aggressus est et: “In tua, inquit, pater carissime, in tua sumus custodia. Si Gitona tuum amas, incipe velle servare. Vtinam me solum inimicus ignis hauriret aut hibernum invaderet mare. Ego enim omnium scelerum materia, ego causa sum. Si perirem, conveniret inimicis.” <. . .>

[XCIX] EVMOLPVS: “Ego sic semper et ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem tanquam non redituram consumerem”. <. . .>

Profusis ego lacrimis rogo quaesoque, ut mecum quoque redeat in gratiam: neque enim in amantium esse potestate furiosam aemulationem. Daturum tamen operam ne aut dicam aut faciam amplius, quo possit offendi. Tantum omnem scabitudinem animo tanquam bonarum artium magister deleret sine cicatrice.” Incultis asperisque regionibus diutius nives haerent, ast ubi aratro domefacta tellus nitet, dum loqueris, levis pruina dilabitur. Similiter in pectoribus ira considit: feras quidem mentes obsidet, erudititas praelabitur. — Vt scias, inquit Eumolpus, verum esse quod dicis, ecce etiam osculo iram finio. Itaque, quod bene

eveniat, expedite sarcinulas et vel sequimini me vel, si mavultis, ducite”. Adhuc loquebatur, cum crepuit ostium impulsum, stetitque in limine barbis horrentibus nauta et: “Moraris, inquit, Eumolpe, tanquam properandum ignores”. Haud mora, omnes consurgimus, et Eumolpus quidem mercennarium suum iam olim dormientem exire cum sarcinis iubet. Ego cum Gitone quicquid erat in alutam compono, et adoratis sideribus intro navigium. < . . >

[C] “Molestum est quod puer hospiti placet. Quid autem? Non commune est, quod natura optimum fecit? Sol omnibus lucet. Luna innumerabilibus comitata sideribus etiam feras ducit ad pabulum. Quid aquis dici formosius potest? In publico tamen manant. Solus ergo amor furtum potius quam praemium erit? Immo vero nolo habere bona, nisi quibus populus inviderit. Vnus, et senex, non erit gravis; etiam cum voluerit aliquid sumere, opus anhelilu prodet”. Haec ut intra fiduciam posui fraudavique animum dissidentem, coepi somnum obruto tunicula capite mentiri.

Sed repente quasi destruente fortuna constantiam meam eiusmodi vox supra constratum puppis congemit: “Ergo me derisit?” Et haec quidem virilis et paene auribus meis familiaris animum palpitantem percussit. Ceterum eadem indignatione mulier lacerata ulterius excanduit et: “Si quis deus manibus meis, inquit, Gitona imponeret, quam bene exulem exciperem.” Vterque nostrum tam inexpectato ictus sono amiserat sanguinem. Ego praecipue quasi somnio quodam turbulento circumactus diu vocem collegi, tremebundisque manibus Eumolpi iam in soporem labentis laciniam duxi, et: “Per fidem, inquam, pater, cuius haec navis est, aut quos vehat, dicere potes?” Inquietatus ille moleste tulit et: “Hoc erat, inquit, quod placuerat tibi, ut super constratum navis occuparemus secretissimum locum, ne nos patereris requiescere? Quid porro ad rem pertinet, si dixerò Licham Tarentinum esse dominum huiusce navigii, qui Tryphaenam exulem Tarentum ferat?”

[CI] Intremui post hoc fulmen attonitus, iuguloque detecto: “Aliquando, inquam, totum me, Fortuna, vicisti!”. Nam Giton quidem super pectus meum positus diu animam egit. Deinde ut effusus sudor utriusque spiritum revocavit, comprehendi Eumolpi genua et: “Miserere, inquam, morientium et pro consortio studiorum commoda manum; mors venit, quae nisi per te non licet potest esse pro munere”. Inundatus hac Eumolpus invidia iurat per deos deasque se neque scire quid acciderit, nec ullum dolum malum consilio adhibuisse, sed mente simplicissima et vera fide in navigium comites induxisse, quo ipse iam pridem fuerit usus.” Quae autem hic insidiae sunt, inquit, aut quis nobiscum Hannibal navigat? Lichas Tarentinus, homo verecundissimus et non tantum huius navigii

dominus, quod regit, sed fundorum etiam aliquot et familiae negotiantis, onus deferendum ad mercatum conducit. Hic est Cyclops ille et archipirata, cui vecturam debemus; et praeter hunc Tryphaena, omnium feminarum formosissima, quae voluptatis causa huc atque illuc vectatur. — Hi sunt, inquit Giton, quos fugimus “; simulque raptim causas odiorum et instans periculum trepidanti Eumolpo exponit. Confusus ille et consilii egens iubet quemque suam sententiam promere, et: “Fingite, inquit, nos antrum Cyclopis intrasse. Quaerendum est aliquod effugium, nisi naufragium ponimus et omni nos periculo liberamus. — Immo, inquit Giton, persuade gubernatori ut in aliquem portum navem deducat, non sine praemio scilicet, et affirma ei impatientem maris fratrem tuum in ultimis esse. Poteris hanc simulationem et vultus confusione et lacrimis obumbrare, ut misericordia permotus gubernator indulgeat tibi”. Negavit hoc Eumolpus fieri posse, “quia magna, inquit, navigia portubus se curvatis insinuant, nec tam cito fratrem defecisse veri simile erit. Accedit his, quod forsitan Lichas officii causa visere languentem desiderabit. Vides, quam valde nobis expediat ultro dominum ad fugientes accersere. Sed finge navem ab ingenti posse cursu deflecti, et Licham non utique circuiturum aegrorum cubilia: quomodo possumus egredi nave, ut non conspiciamur a cunctis? opertis capitibus, an nudis? Opertis, et quis non dare manum languentibus volet? Nudis, et quid erit aliud quam se ipsos proscribere?

[CII] — Quin potius, inquam ego, ad temeritatem confugimus, et per funem lapsi descendimus in scapham, praecisoque vinculo reliqua Fortunae committimus? Nec ego in hoc periculum Eumolpon arcesso. Quid enim attinet innocentem alieno periculo imponere? Contentus sum, si nos descendentes adiuverit casus. — Non imprudens, inquit, consilium, Eumolpos, si aditum haberet. Quis enim non euntes notabit? Vtique gubernator, qui pervigil nocte siderum quoque motus custodit. Et utcumque imponi vel dormienti posset, si per aliam partem navis fuga quaereretur: nunc per puppim, per ipsa gubernacula delabendum est, a quorum regione funis descendit, qui scaphae custodiam tenet. Praeterea illud miror, Encolpi, tibi non succurrisse, unum nautam stationis perpetuae interdiu noctuque iacere in scapha, nec posse inde custodem nisi aut caede expelli aut praecipitari viribus. Quod an fieri possit, interrogate audaciam vestram. Nam quod ad meum quidem comitatum attinet, nullum recuso periculum, quod salutis spem ostendit. Nam sine causa spiritum tanquam rem vacuum impendere ne vos quidem existimo velle. Videte, numquid hoc placeat: ego vos in duas iam pelles coniciam vinctosque loris inter vestimenta pro sarcinis habebo, apertis scilicet aliquatenus labris, quibus et spiritum recipere possitis et cibum. Conclamabo deinde nocte servos poenam graviolem timentes

praecipitasse se in mare. Deinde cum ventum fuerit in portum, sine ulla suspicione pro sarcinis vos efferam. — Ita vero, inquam ego, tanquam solidos alligaturus, quibus non soleat venter iniuriam facere? an tanquam eos qui sternutare non soleamus nec stertere? An quia hoc genus furti semel <Menelao> feliciter cessit? Sed finge una die vinctos posse durare: quid ergo, si diutius aut tranquillitas nos tenuerit aut adversa tempestas? quid facturi sumus? Vestes quoque diutius vinctas ruga consumit, et chartae alligatae mutant figuram. Iuvenes adhuc laboris expertes statuarum ritu patiemur pannos et vincla? <. . .> Adhuc aliquod iter salutis quaerendum est. Inspicite quod ego inveni. Eumolpus tanquam litterarum studiosus utique atramentum habet. Hoc ergo remedio mutemus colores a capillis usque ad ungues. Ita tanquam servi Aethiopes et praesto tibi erimus sine tormentorum iniuria hilares, et permutato colore imponemus inimicis. — Quidni? inquit Giton, etiam circumcide nos, ut Iudaei videamur, et pertunde aures, ut imitemur Arabes, et increta facies, ut suos Gallia cives putet: tanquam hic solus color figuram possit pervertere et non multa una oporteat consentiant ratione, <ut> mendacium constet. Puta infectam medicamine faciem diutius durare posse; finge nec aquae asperginem imposituram aliquam corpori maculam, nec vestem atramento adhaesuram, quod frequenter etiam non arcesso ferrumine infigitur: age, numquid et labra possumus tumore taeterrimo implere numquid et crines calamistro convertere? Numquid et frontes cicatricibus scindere? Numquid et crura in orbem pandere? Numquid et talos ad terram deducere? numquid et barbam peregrina ratione figurare? Color arte compositus inquinat corpus, non mutat. Audite, quid dementi succurrerit: praeligemus vestibus capita et nos in profundum mergamus.

[CIII] — Ne istud dii hominesque patiantur, Eumolpus exclamat, ut vos tam turpi exitu vitam finiatis! Immo potius facite quod iubeo. Mercennarius meus, ut ex novacula comperistis, tonsor est: hic continuo radat utriusque non solum capita, sed etiam supercilia. Sequar ego frontes notans inscriptione sollerti, ut videamini stigmatibus esse puniti. Ita eadem litterae et suspensionem declinabunt quaerentium et vultus umbra supplicii tegent.”

Non est dilata fallacia, sed ad latus navigii furtim processimus, capitaque cum superciliis denudanda tonsori praebuimus. Implevit Eumolpus frontes utriusque ingentibus litteris, et notum fugitivorum epigramma per totam faciem liberali manu duxit. Vnus forte ex vectoribus, qui acclinatus lateri navis exonerabat stomachum nausea gravem, notavit sibi ad lunam tonsorem intempestivo inhaerentem ministerio, execratusque omen, quod imitaretur naufragorum ultimum votum, in cubile reiectus est. Nos dissimulata nauseantis devotione ad

ordinem tristitiae redimus, silentioque compositi reliquas noctis horas male soporati consumpsimus. < . . . >

[CIV] LICHAS: “Videbatur mihi secundum quietem Priapus dicere: Encolpion quod quaeris, scito a me in navem tuam esse perductum”. Exhorruit Tryphaena et: “Putes, inquit, una nos dormisse; nam et mihi simulacrum Neptuni, quod Bais tetrastylo notaveram, videbatur dicere: ‘In nave Lichae Gitona invenies’. — Hinc scies, inquit Eumolpus, Epicurum esse hominem divinum, qui eiusmodi ludibria facetissima ratione condemnat”.

Ceterum Lichas ut Tryphaenae somnium expiavit: “Quis, inquit, prohibet navigium scrutari, ne videamur divinae mentis opera damnare?” Is qui nocte miserorum furtum deprehenderat, Hesus nomine, subito proclamat: “Ergo illi qui sunt, qui nocte ad lunam radebantur pessimo medius fidius exemplo? Audio enim non licere cuiquam mortalium in nave neque ungues neque capillos deponere, nisi cum pelago ventus irascitur”.

[CV] Excanduit Lichas hoc sermone turbatus et: “Itane, inquit, capillos aliquis in nave praecidit, et hoc nocte intempesta? Attrahite ocius nocentes in medium, ut sciam quorum capitibus debeat navigium lustrari. — Ego, inquit Eumolpus, hoc iussi. Nec in eodem futurus navigio auspiciam mihi feci, sed quia nocentes horridos longosque habebant capillos, ne viderer de nave carcerem facere, iussi squalorem damnatis auferri; simul ut notae quoque litterarum non adumbratae comarum praesidio totae ad oculos legentium acciderent. Inter cetera apud communem amicam consumpserunt pecuniam meam, a qua illos proxima nocte extraxi mero unguentisque perfusos. Ad summam, adhuc patrimonii mei reliquias olent”.

Itaque ut Tutela navis expiaretur, placuit quadragenas utrique plagas imponi. Nulla ergo fit mora: aggrediuntur nos furentes nautae cum funibus, temptantque vilissimo sanguine Tutelam placare. Et ego quidem tres plagas Spartana nobilitate concuxi. Ceterum Giton semel ictus tam valde exclamavit, ut Tryphaenae aures notissima voce repletet. Non solum era turbata est, sed ancillae etiam omnes familiari sono inductae ad vapulantem decurrunt. Iam Giton mirabili forma exarmaverat nautas coeperatque etiam sine voce saevientes rogare, cum ancillae pariter proclamant: “Giton est, Giton; inhibete crudelissimas manus; Giton est, domina, succurre”. Deflectit aures Tryphaena iam sua sponte credentes raptimque ad puerum devolat.

Lichas, qui me optime noverat, tanquam et ipse vocem audisset, accurrit et nec manus nec faciem meam consideravit, sed continuo ad inguina mea luminibus deflexis movit officiosam manum, et: “Salve, inquit Encolpi”. Miretur nunc

aliquis Vlixis nutricem post vicesimum annum cicatricem invenisse originis indicem, cum homo prudentissimus, confusis omnibus corporis orisque lineamentis, ad unicum fugitivi argumentum tam docte pervenerit. Tryphaena lacrimas effudit decepta supplicio — vera enim stigmata credebatur captivorum frontibus impressa — sciscitarique summissius coepit quod ergastulum interceptisset errantes, aut cuius iam crudeles manus in hoc supplicium durassent. Meruisse quidem contumeliam aliquam fugitivos, quibus in odium bona sua venissent < . . . >

[CVI] Concitatus iracundia prosiliit Lichas, et: “O te, inquit, feminam simplicem, tanquam vulnera ferro praeparata litteras biberint. Vtinam quidem hac se inscriptione frontis maculassent: haberemus nos extremum solacium. Nunc mimicis artibus petiti sumus et adumbrata inscriptione derisi”. Volebat Tryphaena misereri, quia non totam voluptatem perdiderat, sed Lichas memor adhuc uxoris corruptae contumeliarumque, quas in Herculis porticu acceperat, turbato vehementius vultu proclamat: “Deos immortales rerum humanarum agere curam, puto, intellexisti, o Tryphaena. Nam imprudentes noxios in nostrum inducere navigium, et quid fecissent, admonuerunt pari somniorum consensu. Ita vide ut possit illis ignosci, quos ad poenam ipse deus deduxit. Quod ad me attinet, non sum crudelis, sed vereor ne, quod remisero, patiar.” Tam superstitiosa oratione Tryphaena mutata negat se interpellare supplicium, immo accedere etiam iustissimae ultioni. Nec se minus grandi vexatam iniuria quam Licham, cuius pudoris dignitas in contione proscripta sit. < . . . >

[CVII] EVMOLPVS: “Me, ut puto, hominem non ignotum elegerunt ad hoc officium legatum, petieruntque ut se reconciliarem aliquando amicissimis. Nisi forte putatis iuvenes casu in has plagas incidisse, cum omnis vector nihil prius quaerat, quam cuius se diligentiae credat. Flectite ergo mentes satisfactione lenitas, et patimini liberos homines ire sine iniuria quo destinant. Saevi quoque implacabilesque domini crudelitatem suam impediunt, si quando paenitentia fugitivos reduxit, et dediticiis hostibus parcimus. Quid ultra petitis aut quid vultis? In conspectu vestro supplices iacent iuvenes ingenui, honesti, et quod utroque potentius est, familiaritate vobis aliquando coniuncti. Si mehercules intervertissent pecuniam vestram, si fidem proditione laesissent, satiari tamen potuissetis hac poena, quam videtis. Servitia ecce in frontibus cernitis et vultus ingenuos voluntaria poenarum lege proscriptos.” Interpellavit deprecationem supplicis Lichas et: “Noli, inquit, causam confundere, sed impone singulis modum. Ac primum omnium, si ultro venerunt, cur nudavere crinibus capita? Vultum enim qui permutat, fraudem parat, non satisfactionem. Deinde, si gratiam

a legato moliebantur, quid ita omnia fecisti, ut quos tuebaris absconderes? Ex quo apparet casu incidisse noxios in plagas, et te artem quaesisse qua nostrae animadversionis impetum eluderet. Nam quod invidiam facis nobis ingenuos honestosque clamando, vide ne deteriore facias confidentia causam. Quid debent laesi facere, ubi rei ad poenam confugiunt. At enim amici fuerunt nostri: eo maiora meruerunt supplicia; nam qui ignotos laedit, latro appellatur, qui amicos, paulo minus quam parricida.” Resolvit Eumolpos tam iniquam declamationem et: “Intellego, inquit, nihil magis obesse iuvenibus miseris, quam quod nocte deposuerunt capillos: hoc argumento incidisse videntur in navem, non venisse. Quod velim tam candide ad aures vestras perveniat, quam simpliciter gestum est. Voluerunt enim, antequam conscenderent, exonerare capita molesto et supervacuo pondere, sed celerior ventus distulit curationis propositum. Nec tamen putaverunt ad rem pertinere, ubi inciperent quod placuerat ut fieret, quia nec omen nec legem navigantium noverant. — Quid, inquit Lichas, attinuit supplices radere? Nisi forte miserabiliores calvi solent esse. Quamquam quid attinet veritatem per interpretem quaerere? Quid dicis tu, latro? Quae salamandra supercilia tua excussit? Cui deo crinem vovisti? Pharmace, responde.”

[CVIII] Obstupueram ego supplicii metu pavidus, nec qui in re manifestissima dicerem inveniebam, turbatus < . . > et deformis praeter spoliati capitis dedecus superciliorum etiam aequalis cum fronte calvities, ut nihil nec facere deceret nec dicere. Vt vero spongia uda facies plorantis deterisa est, et liquefactum per totum os atramentum omnia scilicet lineamenta fuliginea nube confudit, in odium se ira convertit. Negat Eumolpus passurum se ut quisquam ingenuos contra fas legemque contaminet, interpellatque saevientium minas non solum voce sed etiam manibus. Aderat interpellanti mercennarius comes et unus alterque infirmissimus vector, solacia magis litis quam virium auxilia. Nec quicquam pro me deprecabar, sed intentans in oculos Tryphaenae manus usum me viribus meis clara liberaque voce clamavi, ni abstineret a Gitone iniuriam mulier damnata et in toto navigio sola verberanda. Accenditur audacia mea iratior Lichas, indignaturque quod ego relictas meas causas tantum pro alio clamo. Nec minus Tryphaena contumelia saevit accensa, totiusque navigii turbam diducit in partes. Hinc mercennarius tonsor ferramenta sua nobis et ipse armatus distribuit, illinc Tryphaenae familia nudas expedit manus, ac ne ancillarum quidem clamor aciem destituit, uno tantum gubernatore relicturum se navis ministerium denuntiante, si non desinat rabies libidine perditorum collecta. Nihilominus tamen perseverat dimicantium furor, illis pro ultione, nobis pro vita pugnantis. Multi ergo utrinque sine morte labuntur, plures cruenti vulneribus referunt veluti ex proelio pedem, nec tamen

cuiusquam ira laxatur. Tunc fortissimus Giton ad virilia sua admovit novaculam infestam, minatus se adscissurum tot miseriarum causam, inhibuitque Tryphaena tam grande facinus non dissimulata missione. Saepius ego cultrum tonsorium super iugulum meum posui, non magis me occisurus quam Giton, quod minabatur, facturus. Audacius tamen ille tragoediam implebat, quia sciebat se illam habere novaculam, qua iam sibi cervicem praeciderat. Stante ergo utraque acie, cum appareret futurum non tralaticium bellum, aegre expugnavit gubernator ut caduceatoris more Tryphaena indutias faceret. Data ergo acceptaque ex more patrio fide, protendit ramum oleae a Tutela navigii raptum, atque in colloquium venire ausa:

“Quis furor, exclamat, pacem convertit in arma?
Quid nostrae meruere manus? Non Troius heros
hac in classe vehit decepti pignus Atridae,
nec Medea furens fraterno sanguine pugnat,
sed contemptus amor vires habet. Ei mihi, fata
hos inter fluctus quis raptis evocat armis?
Cui non est mors una satis? Ne vincite pontum
gurgitibusque feris alios immittite fluctus.”

[CIX] Haec ut turbato clamore mulier effudit, haesit paulisper acies, revocataeque ad pacem manus intermisere bellum. Vtitur paenitentiae occasione dux Eumolpos, et castigato ante vehementissime Licha tabulas foederis signat, queis haec formula erat:

“Ex tui animi sententia, ut tu, Tryphaena, neque iniuriam tibi factam a Gitone quereris, neque si quid ante hunc diem factum est, obicies vindicabisve aut ullo alio genere persequendum curabis; ut tu nihil imperabis puero repugnantem, non amplexum, non osculum, non coitum venere constrictum, nisi pro qua re praesentes numeraveris denarios centum. Item, Licha, ex tui animi sententia, ut tu Encolpion nec verbo contumelioso insequeris nec vultu, neque quaeres ubi nocte dormiat, aut si quaesieris, pro singulis iniuriis numerabis praesentes denarios ducenos.”

In haec verba foederibus compositis arma deponimus, et ne residua in animis etiam post iusiurandum ira remaneret, praeterita aboleri osculis placet. Exhortantibus universis odia detumescunt, epulaeque ad certamen prolatae conciliant hilaritate concordiam. Exsonat ergo cantibus totum navigium, et quia repentina tranquillitas intermiserat cursum, alius exultantes quaerebat fuscina pisces, alius hamis blandientibus convellebat praedam repugnantem. Ecce etiam

per antemnam pelagiae consederant volucres, quas textis harundinibus peritus artifex tetigit; illae viscatis inligatae viminibus deferebantur ad manus. Tollebat plumas aura volitantes, pinnasque per maria inanis spuma torquebat.

Iam Lichas redire mecum in gratiam coeperat, iam Tryphaena Gitona extrema parte potionis spargebat, cum Eumolpus et ipse vino solutus dicta voluit in calvos stigmososque iaculari, donec consumpta frigidissima urbanitate rediit ad carmina sua coepitque capillorum elegidarion dicere:

Quod solum formae decus est, cecidere capilli,
vernantesque comas tristis abegit hiemps.

Nunc umbra nudata sua iam tempora maerent,
areaque attritis ridet adusta pilis.

O fallax natura deum: quae prima dedisti
aetati nostrae gaudia, prima rapis.

Infelix, modo crinibus nitebas
Phoebo pulchrrior et sorore Phoebi.

At nunc levior aere vel rotundo
horti tubere, quod creavit unda,
ridentes fugis et times puellas.

Vt mortem citius venire credas,
scito iam capitis perisse partem.

[CX] Plura volebat proferre, credo, et ineptiora praeteritis, cum ancilla Tryphaenae Gitona in partem navis inferiorem ducit, corymbioque dominae pueri adornat caput. Immo supercilia etiam profert de pyxide, sciteque iacturae liniamenta secuta totam illi formam suam reddidit. Agnovit Tryphaena verum Gitona, lacrimisque turbata tunc primum bona fide puero basium dedit. Ego etiam si repositum in pristinum decorem puerum gaudebam, abscondebam tamen frequentius vultum, intellegebamque me non tralaticia deformitate esse insipitum, quem alloquio dignum ne Lichas quidem crederet. Sed huic tristitiae eadem illa succurrit ancilla, sevocatumque me non minus decoro exornavit capillamento; immo commendatior vultus enituit, quia flavum corymbion erat.

Ceterum Eumolpos, et periclitantium advocatus et praesentis concordiae auctor, ne sileret sine fabulis hilaritas, multa in muliebrem levitatem coepit iactare: quam facile adamarent, quam cito etiam filiorum obliviscerentur, nullamque esse feminam tam pudicam, quae non peregrina libidine usque ad furorem averteretur. Nec se tragoedias veteres curare aut nomina saeculis nota, sed rem sua memoria

factam, quam eiturum se esse, si vellemus audire. Conversis igitur omnium in se vultibus auribusque sic orsus est:

[CXI] “Matrona quaedam Ephesi tam notae erat pudicitiae, ut vicinarum quoque gentium feminas ad spectaculum sui evocaret. Haec ergo cum virum extulisset, non contenta vulgari more funus passis prosequi crinibus aut nudatum pectus in conspectu frequentiae plangere, in conditorium etiam prosecuta est defunctum, positumque in hypogaeo Graeco more corpus custodire ac flere totis noctibus diebusque coepit. Sic adflictantem se ac mortem inedia persequentem non parentes potuerunt abducere, non propinqui; magistratus ultimo repulsi abierunt, complorataque singularis exempli femina ab omnibus quintum iam diem sine alimento trahebat. Adsidebat aegrae fidissima ancilla, simulque et lacrimas commodabat lugenti, et quotienscumque defecerat positum in monumento lumen renovabat. “Una igitur in tota civitate fabula erat: solum illud adfulsisse verum pudicitiae amorisque exemplum omnis ordinis homines confitebantur, cum interim imperator provinciae latrones iussit crucibus affigi secundum illam casulam, in qua recens cadaver matrona deflebat.

“Proxima ergo nocte, cum miles, qui cruces asservabat, ne quis ad sepulturam corpus detraheret, notasset sibi lumen inter monumenta clarius fulgens et gemitum lugentis audisset, vitio gentis humanae concupiit scire quis aut quid faceret. Descendit igitur in conditorium, visaque pulcherrima muliere, primo quasi quodam monstro infernisque imaginibus turbatus substitit; deinde ut et corpus iacentis conspexit et lacrimas consideravit faciemque unguibus sectam, ratus (scilicet id quod erat) desiderium extincti non posse feminam pati, attulit in monumentum cenulam suam, coepitque hortari lugentem ne perseveraret in dolore supervacuo, ac nihil profuturo gemitu pectus diduceret: ‘omnium eundem esse exitum et idem domicilium’ et cetera quibus exulceratae mentes ad sanitatem revocantur.

“At illa ignota consolatione percussa laceravit vehementius pectus, ruptosque crines super corpus iacentis imposuit. Non recessit tamen miles, sed eadem exhortatione temptavit dare mulierculae cibum, donec ancilla, vini odore corrupta, primum ipsa porrexit ad humanitatem invitantis victam manum, deinde relecta potione et cibo expugnare dominae pertinaciam coepit et: ‘Quid proderit, inquit, hoc tibi, si soluta inedia fueris, si te vivam sepelieris, si antequam fata poscant indemnatum spiritum effuderis? Id cinerem aut manes credis sentire sepultos? Vis tu reviviscere! Vis discusso muliebri errore! Quam diu licuerit, lucis commodis frui! Ipsum te iacentis corpus admonere debet ut vivas.’ “Nemo invitus audit, cum cogitur aut cibum sumere aut vivere. Itaque mulier aliquot dierum abstinentia

sicca passa est frangi pertinaciam suam, nec minus avide replevit se cibo quam ancilla, quae prior victa est.

[CXII] “Ceterum, scitis quid plerumque soleat temptare humanam satietatem. Quibus blanditiis impetraverat miles ut matrona vellet vivere, iisdem etiam pudicitiam eius aggressus est. Nec deformis aut infacundus iuvenis castae videbatur, conciliante gratiam ancilla ac subinde dicente:

‘Placitone etiam pugnabis amori? Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis?’

“Quid diutius moror? Jacuerunt ergo una non tantum illa nocte, qua nuptias fecerunt, sed postero etiam ac tertio die, praeclusis videlicet conditorii foribus, ut quisquis ex notis ignotisque ad monumentum venisset, putasset expirasse super corpus viri pudicissimam uxorem.

“Ceterum, delectatus miles et forma mulieris et secreto, quicquid boni per facultates poterat coemebat et, prima statim nocte, in monumentum ferebat. Itaque unius cruciarii parentes ut viderunt laxatam custodiam, detraxere nocte pendentem supremae mandaverunt officio. At miles circumscriptus dum desidet, ut postero die vidit unam sine cadavere crucem, veritus supplicium, mulieri quid accidisset exponit: ‘nec se expectaturum iudicis sententiam, sed gladio ius dicturum ignaviae suae. Commodaret ergo illa perituro locum, et fatale conditorium familiari ac viro faceret.’ Mulier non minus misericors quam pudica: ‘Ne istud, inquit, dii sinant, ut eodem tempore duorum mihi carissimorum hominum duo funera spectem. Malo mortuum impendere quam vivum occidere.’ Secundum hanc orationem iubet ex arca corpus mariti sui tolli atque illi, quae vacabat, cruci affigi.

“Usus est miles ingenio prudentissimae feminae, posteroque die populus miratus est qua ratione mortuus isset in crucem.”

[CXIII] Risu excepere fabulam nautae, erubescere non mediocriter Tryphaena vultumque suum super cervicem Gitonis amabiliter ponente. At non Lichas risit, sed iratum commovens caput: “Si iustus, inquit, imperator fuisset, debuit patris familiae corpus in monumentum referre, mulierem affigere cruci”. Non dubie redierat in animum Hedyle expilatumque libidiosa migratione navigium. Sed nec foederis verba permittebant meminisse, nec hilaritas, quae occupaverat mentes, dabat iracundiae locum. Ceterum Tryphaena in gremio Gitonis posita modo implebat osculi pectus, interdum concinnabat spoliatum crinibus vultum. Ego maestus et impatiens foederis novi non cibum, non potionem capiebam, sed obliquis trucibusque oculis utrumque spectabam. Omnia me oscula vulnerabant,

omnes blanditiae, quascunque mulier libidinosa fingeat. Nec tamen adhuc sciebam, utrum magis puero irascerer, quod amicam mihi auferret, an amicae, quod puerum corrumpere: utraque inimicissima oculis meis et captivitate praeterita tristiora. Accedebat huc, quod neque Tryphaena me alloquebatur tanquam familiarem et aliquando gratum sibi amatorem, nec Giton me aut tralaticia propinatione dignum iudicabat, aut, quod minimum est, sermone communi vocabat, credo, veritus ne inter initia coeuntis gratiae recentem cicatricem rescinderet. Inundavere pectus lacrimae dolore paratae, gemitusque suspirio tectus animam paene submovit. < . . . >

In partem voluptatis <Lychas> temptabat admitti, nec domini supercilium induebat, sed amici quaerebat obsequium. ANCILLA TRYPHAENAE AD ENCOLPIUM: “Si quid ingenui sanguinis habes, non pluris illam facies, quam scortum. Si vir fueris, non ibis ad spintriam”. < . . . >

Me nihil magis pudebat, quam ne Eumolpus sensisset quidquid illud fuerat, et homo dicacissimus carminibus vindicaret. < . . . >

Iurat verbis Eumolpus conceptissimis. < . . . >

[CXIV] Dum haec taliaque iactamus, inhorruit mare, nubesque undique adductae obruere tenebris diem. Discurrunt nautae ad officia trepidantes, velaque tempestati subducunt. Sed nec certos fluctus ventus impulerat, nec quo destinaret cursum gubernator sciebat. Siciliam modo ventus dabat, saepissime Italici litoris aquilo possessor convertibat huc illuc obnoxiam ratem, et quod omnibus procellis periculosius erat, tam spissae repente tenebrae lucem suppresserant, ut ne proram quidem totam gubernator videret. Itaque pernicies postquam manifesta convaluit, Lychas trepidans ad me supinas porrigit manus et: “Tu, inquit, Encolpi, succurre periclitantibus, et vestem illam divinam sistrumque redde navigio. Per fidem, miserere, quemadmodum quidem soles”.

Et illum quidem vociferantem in mare ventus excussit, repetitumque infesto gurgite procella circumegit atque hausit. Tryphaenam autem prope iam <immersam> fidelissimi rapuerunt servi, scaphaeque impositam cum maxima sarcinarum parte abduxere certissimae morti.

Applicitus cum clamore fleui et: “Hoc, inquam, a diis meruimus, ut nos sola morte coniungerent? Sed non crudelis fortuna concedit. Ecce iam ratem fluctus evertet, ecce iam amplexus amantium iratum dividet mare. Igitur, si vere Encolpion dilexisti, da oscula, dum licet, <et> ultimum hoc gaudium fati properantibus rape”. Haec ut ego dixi, Giton vestem deposuit, meaque tunica contectus exeruit ad osculum caput. Et ne sic cohaerentes malignior fluctus distraheret, utrumque zona circumvenienti praecinxit et: “Si nihil aliud, certe

diutius, inquit, iunctos nos mare feret, vel si voluerit misericors ad idem litus expellere, aut praeteriens aliquis tralaticia humanitate lapidabit, aut quod ultimum est iratis tiam fluctibus, imprudens harena componet”. Patior ego vinculum extremum, et veluti lecto funebri aptatus expecto mortem iam non molestam. Peragit interim tempestas mandata fatorum, omnesque reliquias navis expugnat. Non arbor erat relictæ, non gubernacula, non funis aut remus, sed quasi rudis atque infecta materies ibat cum fluctibus. < . . >

Procurrere piscatores parvulis expediti navigiis ad prædam rapiendam. Deinde ut aliquos viderunt, qui suas opes defenderent, mutaverunt crudelitatem in auxilium. < . . >

[CXV] Audimus murmur insolitum et sub diaeta magistri quasi cupientis exire beluae gemitum. Persecuti igitur sonum invenimus Eumolpum sedentem membranaeque ingenti versus ingerentem. Mirati ergo quod illi vacaret in vicinia mortis poema facere, extrahimus clamantem, iubemusque bonam habere mentem. At ille interpellatus excanduit et: “Sinite me, inquit, sententiam explere; laborat carmen in fine”. Inicio ego phrenetico manum, iubeoque Gitona accedere et in terram trahere poetam mugientem.

Hoc opere tandem elaborato casam piscatoriam subimus maerentes, cibisque naufragio corruptis utcumque curati tristissimam exegimus noctem. Postero die, cum poneremus consilium, cui nos regioni crederemus, repente video corpus humanum circum actum levi vortice ad litus deferri. Substiti ergo tristis coepique umentibus oculis maris fidem inspicere et: “Hunc forsitan, proclamo, in aliqua parte terrarum secunda expectat uxor, forsitan ignarus tempestatis filius, aut patrem utique reliquit aliquem, cui proficiscens osculum dedit. Haec sunt consilia mortalium, haec vota magnarum cogitationum. En homo quemadmodum natat!” Adhuc tanquam ignotum deflebam, cum inviolatum os; fluctus convertit in terram, agnovique terribilem paulo ante et implacabilem Licham pedibus meis paene subiectum. Non tenui igitur diutius lacrimas, immo percussi semel iterumque manibus pectus et: “Vbi nunc est, inquam, iracundia tua, ubi impotentia tua? Nempe piscibus belisque eitus es, et qui paulo ante iactabas vires imperii tui, de tam magna nave ne tabulam quidem naufragus habes. Ite nunc mortales, et magnis cogitationibus pectora implete. Ite cauti, et opes fraudibus captas per mille annos disponite. Nempe hic proxima luce patrimonii sui rationes inspexit, nempe diem etiam, quo venturus esset in patriam, animo suo fixit. Dii deaeque quam longe a destinatione sua iacet! Sed non sola mortalibus maria hanc fidem praestant. Illum bellantem arma decipiunt, illum diis vota reddentem penetium suorum ruina sepelit. Ille vehiculo lapsus properantem

spiritum excussit, cibus avidum strangulavit, abstinentem frugalitas. Si bene calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est. At enim fluctibus obruto non contingit sepultura: tanquam intersit, periturum corpus quae ratio consumat, ignis an fluctus an mora! Quicquid feceris, omnia haec eodem ventura sunt. Ferae tamen corpus lacerabunt: tanquam melius ignis accipiat! Immo hanc poenam gravissimam credimus, ubi servis irascimur. Quae ergo dementia est, omnia facere, ne quid de nobis relinquat sepultura?” < . . . >

Et Licham quidem rogos inimicis collatus manibus adolebat. Eumolpus autem dum epigramma mortuo facit, oculos ad arcessendos sensus longius mittit.

[CXVI] Hoc peracto libenter officio destinatum carpimus iter, ac momento temporis in montem sudantes conscendimus, ex quo haud procul impositum arce sublimi oppidum cernimus. Nec quid esset sciebamus errantes, donec a vilico quodam Crotona esse cognovimus, urbem antiquissimam et aliquando Italiae primam. Cum deinde diligentius exploraremus qui homines inhabitarent nobile solum, quodve genus negotiationis praecipue probarent post attritas bellis frequentibus opes: “O mi, inquit, hospites, si negotiatores estis, mutate propositum aliudque vitae praesidium quaerite. Sin autem urbanioris notae homines sustinetis semper mentiri, recta ad lucrum curritis. In hac enim urbe non litterarum studia celebrantur, non eloquentia locum habet, non frugalitas sanctique mores laudibus ad fructum perveniunt, sed quoscunque homines in hac urbe videritis, scitote in duas partes esse divisos. Nam aut captantur aut captant. In hac urbe nemo liberos tollit, quia quisquis suos heredes habet, non ad cenas, non ad spectacula admittitur, sed omnibus prohibetur commodis, inter ignominiosos latitat. Qui vero nec uxores unquam duxerunt nec proximas necessitudines habent, ad summos honores perveniunt, id est soli militares, soli fortissimi atque etiam innocentes habentur. Adibitis, inquit, oppidum tanquam in pestilentia campos, in quibus nihil aliud est nisi cadavera quae lacerantur, aut corvi qui lacerant.” < . . . >

[CXVII] Prudentior Eumolpus convertit ad novitatem rei mentem genusque divitationis sibi non displicere confessus est. Iocari ego senem poetica levitate credebam, cum ille: “Vtinam quidem, <inquit>, sufficeret largior scena, id est vestis humanior, instrumentum lautius, quod praeberet mendacio fidem: non mehercules operam istam differrem, sed continuo vos ad magnas opes ducerem”. Atquin promitto, quicquid exigeret, dummodo placeret vestis, rapinae comes, et quicquid Lycurgi villa grassantibus praebuisset: “nam nummos in praesentem usum deum matrem pro fide sua reddituram. — Quid ergo, inquit Eumolpus, cessamus mimum componere? Facite ergo me dominum, si negotatio placet.” Nemo ausus est artem damnare nihil auferentem. Itaque ut duraret inter omnes

tutum mendacium, in verba Eumolpi sacramentum iuravimus: uri, vinciri, verberari ferroque necari, et quicquid aliud Eumolpus iussisset. Tanquam legitimi gladiatores domino corpora animasque religiosissime addicimus. Post peractum sacramentum serviliter ficti dominum consalutamus, elatumque ab Eumolpo filium pariter condiscimus, iuvenem ingentis eloquentiae et spei, ideoque de civitate sua miserrimum senem exisse, ne aut clientes sodalesque filii sui aut sepulcrum quotidie causam lacrimarum cerneret. Accessisse huic tristitiae proximum naufragium, quo amplius vicies sestertium amiserit; nec illum iactura moveri, sed destitutum ministerio non agnoscere dignitatem suam. Praeterea habere in Africa trecenties sestertium fundis nominibusque depositum; nam familiam quidem tam magnam per agros Numidiae esse sparsam, ut possit vel Carthaginem capere. Secundum hanc formulam imperamus Eumolpo, ut plurimum tussiat, ut sit modo solutioris stomachi cibosque omnes palam damnet; loquatur aurum et argentum fundosque mendaces et perpetuam terrarum sterilitatem; sedeat praeterea quotidie ad rationes tabulasque testamenti omnibus <idibus> renovet. Et ne quid scaenae deesset, quotiescunque aliquem nostrum vocare temptasset, alium pro alio vocaret, ut facile appareret dominum etiam eorum meminisse, qui praesentes non essent.

His ita ordinatis, “quod bene feliciterque eveniret “ precati deos viam ingredimur. Sed neque Giton sub insolito fasce durabat, et mercennarius Corax, detractor ministerii, posita frequentius sarcina male dicebat properantibus, affirmabatque se aut proiecturum sarcinas aut cum onere fugiturum. “Quid vos, inquit? iumentum me putatis esse aut lapidariam navem? Hominis operas locavi, non caballi. Nec minus liber sum quam vos, etiam si pauperem pater me reliquit.” Nec contentus maledictis tollebat subinde altius pedem, et strepitu obsceno simul atque odore viam implebat. Ridebat contumaciam Giton et singulos crepitus eius pari clamore prosequabatur. <. . .>

[CXVIII] EVMOLPVS. “Multos, inquit Eumolpus, o iuvenes, carmen decepit. Nam ut quisque versum pedibus instruxit sensumque teneriorem verborum ambitu intexuit, putavit se continuo in Heliconem venisse. Sic forensibus ministeriis exercitati frequenter ad carminis tranquillitatem tanquam ad portum feliciorem refugerunt, credentes facilius poema extrui posse, quam controversiam sententiolis vibrantibus pictam. Ceterum neque generosior spiritus vanitatem amat, neque concipere aut edere partum mens potest nisi intrenti flumine litterarum inundata. Refugiendum est ab omni verborum, ut ita dicam, vilitate et sumendae voces a plebe summotae, ut fiat odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

Praeterea curandum est, ne sententiae emineant extra corpus orationis expressae, sed intexto vestibus colore niteant. Homerus testis et lyrici, Romanusque Vergilius et Horatii curiosa felicitas. Ceteri enim aut non viderunt viam qua iretur ad carmen, aut visam timuerunt calcare. Ecce belli civilis ingens opus quisquis attigerit nisi plenus litteris, sub onere labetur. Non enim res gestae versibus comprehendendae sunt, quod longe melius historici faciunt, sed per ambages deorumque ministeria et fabulosum sententiarum tormentum praecipitandus est liber spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat quam religiosae orationis sub testibus fides. Tanquam si placet hic impetus, etiam si nondum recepit ultimam manum:

[CXIX] “Orbem iam totum victor Romanus habebat,
qua mare, qua terrae, qua sidus currit utrumque;
nec satiatum erat. Gravidis freta pulsa carinis
iam peragebantur; si quis sinus abditus ultra,
si qua foret tellus, quae fuluum mitteret aurum,
hostis erat, fatisque in tristia bella paratis
quaerebantur opes. Non vulgo nota placebant
gaudia, non usu plebeio trita voluptas.
Aes Ephyreiacum laudabat miles in unda;
quaesitus tellure nitor certaverat ostro;
Hinc Numidae accusant, illinc nova vellera Seres
atque Arabum populus sua despoliaverat arva.
Ecce aliae clades et laesae vulnera pacis.
Quaeritur in silvis auro fera, et ultimus Hammon
Afrorum excutitur, ne desit belua dente
ad mortes pretiosa; fame premit advena classes,
tigris et aurata gradiens vectatur in aula,
ut bibat humanum populo plaudente cruorem.
Heu, pudet effari perituraque prodere fata,
Persarum ritu male pubescentibus annis
surripuere viros, exsectaque viscera ferro
in venerem fregere, atque ut fuga mobilis aevi
circumscripta mora properantes differat annos,
quaerit se natura nec invenit. Omnibus ergo
scorta placent fractique enerui corpore gressus
et laxi crines et tot nova nomina vestis,
quaeque virum quaerunt. Ecce Afris eruta terris

citrea mensa greges servorum ostrumque renidens,
ponitur ac maculis imitatur vilius aurum
quae sensum trahat. Hoc sterile ac male nobile lignum
turba sepulta mero circum venit, omniaque orbis
praemia correptis miles vagus esurit armis.
Ingeniosa gula est. Siculo scarus aequore mersus
ad mensam vivus perducitur, atque Lucrinis
eruta litoribus vendunt conchylia cenas,
ut renovent per damna famem. Iam Phasidos unda
orbata est avibus, mutoque in litore tantum
solae desertis adspirant frondibus aurae.
Nec minor in Campo furor est, emptique Quirites
ad praedam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt.
Venalis populus, venalis curia patrum:
est favor in pretio. Senibus quoque libera virtus
exciderat, sparsisque opibus conversa potestas
ipsaque maiestas auro corrupta iacebat.
Pellitur a populo victus Cato; tristior ille est,
qui vicit, fascisque pudet rapuisse Catoni.
Namque — hoc dedecoris populo morumque ruina —
non homo pulsus erat, sed in uno victa potestas
Romanumque decus. Quare tam perdita Roma
ipsa sui merces erat et sine vindice praeda.
Praeterea gemino deprensam gurgite plebem
faenoris inluvies ususque exederat aeris.
Nulla est certa domus, nullum sine pignore corpus,
sed veluti tabes tacitis concepta medullis
intra membra furens curis latrantibus errat.
Arma placent miseris, detritaque commoda luxu
vulneribus reparantur. Inops audacia tuta est.
Hoc mersam caeno Romam somnoque iacentem
quae poterant artes sana ratione movere,
ni furor et bellum ferroque excita libido?

[CXX] “Tres tulerat Fortuna duces, quos obruit omnes
armorum strue diversa feralis Enyo.
Crassum Parthus habet, Libyco iacet aequore Magnus,

Iulius ingratam perfudit sanguine Romam,
et quasi non posset tot tellus ferre sepulcra,
divisit cineres. Hos gloria reddit honores.
Est locus exciso penitus demersus hiatu
Parthenopen inter magnaeque Dicarchidos arva,
Cocyti perfusus aqua; nam spiritus, extra
qui fuit effusus, funesto spargitur aestu.
Non haec autumnus tellus viret aut alit herbas
caespitem laetus ager, non verno persona cantu
mollia discordi strepitu virgulta locuntur,
sed chaos et nigro squalentia pumice saxa
gaudent ferali circum tumulata cupressu.
Has inter sedes Ditis pater extulit ora
bustorum flammis et cana sparsa favilla,
ac tali volucrem Fortunam voce lacescit:
'Rerum humanarum divinarumque potestas,
Fors, cui nulla placet nimium secunda potestas,
quae nova semper amas et mox possessa relinquis,
ecquid Romano sentis te pondere victam,
nec posse ulterius perituram extollere molem?
Ipsa suas vires odit Romana iuventus
et quas struxit opes, male sustinet. Aspice late
luxuriam spoliis et census in damna furem.
Aedificant auro sedesque ad sidera mittunt,
expelluntur aquae saxis, mare nascitur arvis,
et permutata rerum statione rebellant.
En etiam mea regna petunt. Perfossa dehiscit
molibus insanis tellus, iam montibus haustis
antra gemunt, et dum vanos lapis invenit usus,
infernus manes caelum sperare fatentur.
Quare age, Fors, muta pacatum in proelia vultum,
Romanosque cie, ac nostris da funera regnis.
Iam pridem nullo perfundimus ora cruore,
nec mea Tisiphone sitientis perluit artus,
ex quo Sullanus bibit ensis et horrida tellus
extulit in lucem nutritas sanguine fruges.'

[CXXI] “Haec ubi dicta dedit, dextrae coniungere dextram
conatus, rupto tellurem soluit hiatu.

Tunc Fortuna levi defudit pectore voces:

‘O genitor, cui Cocyti penetralia parent,
si modo vera mihi fas est impune profari,
vota tibi cedent; nec enim minor ira rebellat
pectore in hoc leviorque exurit flamma medullas.

Omnia, quae tribui Romanis arcibus, odi
muneribusque meis irascor. Destruet istas
idem, qui posuit, moles deus. Et mihi cordi
quippe cremare viros et sanguine pascere luxum.
Cerno equidem gemina iam stratos morte Philippos
Thessaliaeque rogos et funera gentis Hiberæ.
Iam fragor armorum trepidantes personat aures,
Et Libyæ cerno tua, Nile, gementia claustra,
Actiacosque sinus et Apollinis arma timentes.
Pande, age, terrarum sitientia regna tuarum
atque animas accerse novas. Vix navita Porthmeus
sufficiet simulacra virum traducere cumba;
classe opus est. Tuque ingenti satiare ruina,
pallida Tisiphone, concisaque vulnera mande:
ad Stygios manes laceratus ducitur orbis.’

[CXXII] “Vixdum finierat, cum fulgure rupta corusco
intremuit nubes elisosque abscidit ignes.

Subsedit pater umbrarum, gremioque reducto,
telluris pavitans fraternos palluit ictus.

Continuo clades hominum venturaque damna
auspiciis patuere deum. Namque ore cruento
deformis Titan vultum caligine textit:
civiles acies iam tum spirare putares.

Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus
et lucem sceleri subduxit. Rupta tonabant
verticibus lapsis montis iuga, nec vaga passim
flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.

Armorum strepitu caelum furit et tuba Martem
sideribus tremefacta ciet, iamque Aetna voratur

ignibus insolitis, et in aethera fulmina mittit.
Ecce inter tumulos atque ossa carentia bustis
umbrarum facies diro stridore minantur.
Fax stellis comitata novis incendia ducit,
sanguineoque recens descendit Iuppiter imbre.
Haec ostenta brevi soluit deus. Exuit omnes
quippe moras Caesar, vindictaeque actus amore
Gallica proiecit, civilia sustulit arma.
“Alpibus aeriis, ubi Graio numine pulsae
descendunt rupes et se patiuntur adiri,
est locus Herculeis aris sacer: hunc nive dura
claudit hiemps canoque ad sidera vertice tollit.
Caelum illinc cecidisse putes: non solis adulti
mansuescit radiis, non verni temporis aura,
sed glacie concreta rigent hiemisque pruinis:
totum ferre potest umeris minitantibus orbem.
Haec ubi calcavit Caesar iuga milite laeto
optavitque locum, summo de vertice montis
Hesperiae campos late prospexit, et ambas
intentans cum voce manus ad sidera dixit:
‘Iuppiter omnipotens, et tu, Saturnia tellus,
armis laeta meis olimque onerata triumphis,
testor ad has acies invitum arcessere Martem,
invitas me ferre manus. Sed vulnere cogor,
pulsus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum sanguine tingo,
dnm Gallos iterum Capitolia nostra petentes
Alpibus excludo, vincendo certior exul.
Sanguine Germano sexagintaque triumphis
esse nocens coepi. Quamquam quos gloria terret,
aut qui sunt qui bella vident? Mercedibus emptae
ac viles operae, quorum est mea Roma noverca.
At reor, haud impune, nec hanc sine vindice dextram
vinciet ignavus. Victores ite furentes,
ite mei comites, et causam dicite ferro.
Iamque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una
impendet clades. Reddenda est gratia vobis,
non solus vici. Quare, quia poena tropaeis

imminet, et sordes meruit victoria nostra,
iudice Fortuna cadat alea. Sumite bellum
et temptate manus. Certe mea causa peracta est:
inter tot fortes armatus nescio vinci.’

Haec ubi personuit, de caelo Delphicus ales
omina laeta dedit pepulitque meatibus auras.
Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte sinistra
insolitae voces flamma sonuere sequenti.
Ipse nitor Phoebi vulgato laetior orbe
crevit, et aurato praecinxit fulgure vultus.

[CXXIII] “Fortior ominibus movit Mavortia signa
Caesar, et insolitos gressu prior occupat ausus.
Prima quidem glacies et cana vincta pruina
non pugnavit humus mitique horrore quievit.
Sed postquam turmae nimbos fregere ligatos
et pavidus quadrupes undarum vincula rupit,
incalvere nives. Mox flumina montibus altis
undabant modo nata, sed haec quoque — iussa putares —
stabant, et vincta fluctus stupuere ruina,
et paulo ante lues iam concidenda iacebat.
Tum vero male fida prius vestigia lusit
decepitque pedes; pariter turmaeque virique
armaque congesta strue deplorata iacebant.
Ecce etiam rigido concussae flamine nubes
exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti
derant, aut tumida confractum grandine caelum.
Ipsae iam nubes ruptae super arma cadebant,
et concreta gelu ponti velut unda ruebat.
Victa erat ingenti tellus nive victaque caeli
sidera, victa suis haerentia flumina ripis:
nondum Caesar erat; sed magnam nixus in hastam
horrida securis frangebat gressibus arva,
qualis Caucasea decurrens arduus arce
Amphitryoniades, aut torvo Iuppiter ore,
cum se verticibus magni demisit Olympi
et periturorum deiecit tela Gigantum.

“Dum Caesar tumidas iratus deprimit arces,
interea volucer molis conterrita pinnis
Fama volat summique petit iuga celsa Palati,
atque hoc Romano tonitru ferit omnia signa:
iam classes fluitare mari totasque per Alpes
fervere Germano perfusas sanguine turmas.
Arma, cruor, caedes, incendia totaque bella
ante oculos volitant. Ergo pulsata tumultu
pectora perque duas scinduntur territa causas.
Huic fuga per terras, illi magis unda probatur,
et patria pontus iam tutior. Est magis arma
qui temptare velit fatisque iubentibus uti.
Quantum quisque timet, tantum fugit. Ocior ipse
hos inter motus populus, miserable visu,
quo mens icta iubet, deserta ducitur urbe.
Gaudet Roma fuga, debellatique Quirites
rumoris sonitu maerentia tecta relinquunt.
Ille manu pavida natos tenet, ille penates
occultat gremio deploratumque relinquit
limen, et absentem votis interficit hostem.
Sunt qui coniugibus maerentia pectora iungant,
grandaevosque patres onerisque ignara iuventus.
Id pro quo metuit, tantum trahit. Omnia secum
hic vehit imprudens praedamque in proelia ducit:
ac velut ex alto cum magnus inhorruit auster
et pulsas evertit aquas, non arma ministris,
non regumen prodest, ligat alter pondera pinus,
alter tuta sinus tranquillaque litora quaerit:
hic dat vela fugae Fortunaeque omnia credit.
Quid tam parva queror? Geminio cum consule Magnus
ille tremor Ponti saevique repertor Hydaspis
et piratarum scopulus, modo quem ter ovantem
Iuppiter horruerat, quem tracto gurgite Pontus
et veneratus erat submissa Bosporos unda,
pro pudor! imperii deserto nomine fugit,
ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videret.

[CXXIV] “Ergo tanta lues divum quoque numina vidit
consensitque fugae caeli timor. Ecce per orbem
mitis turba deum terras exosa furentes
deserit, atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen.
Pax prima ante alias niveos pulsata lacertos
abscondit galea victum caput, atque relicto
orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.
Huic comes it submissa Fides, et crine soluto
Iustitia, ac maerens lacera Concordia palla.
At contra, sedes Erebi qua rupta dehiscit,
emergit late Ditis chorus, horrida Erinys,
et Bellona minax, facibusque armata Megaera,
Letumque, Insidiaeque, et lurida Mortis imago.
Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis,
sanguineum late tollit caput, oraque mille
vulneribus confossa cruenta casside velat;
haeret detritus laevae Mavortius umbo
innumerabilibus telis gravis, atque flagranti
stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.
Sentit terra deos, mutataque sidera pondus
quaesivere suum; namque omnis regia caeli
in partes diducta ruit. Primumque Dione
Caesaris acta sui ducit, comes additur illi
Pallas, et ingentem quatiens Mavortius hastam.
Magnum cum Phoebo soror et Cyllenia proles
excipit, ac totis similis Tirynthius actis.
Intremuere tubae, ac scisso Discordia crine
extulit ad superos Stygium caput. Huius in ore
concretus sanguis, contusaque lumina flebant,
stabant aerati scabra rubigine dentes,
tabo lingua fluens, obsessa draconibus ora,
atque inter torto laceratam pectore vestem
sanguineam tremula quatiebat lampada dextra.
Haec ut Cocyti tenebras et Tartara liquit,
alta petit gradiens iuga nobilis Appennini,
unde omnes terras atque omnia litora posset
aspicere ac toto fluitantes orbe catervas,

atque has erumpit furibundo pectore voces:
‘Sumite nunc gentes accensis mentibus arma,
sumite et in medias immittite lampadas urbes.
Vincetur, quicumque latet; non femina cesset,
non puer aut aevo iam desolata senectus;
ipsa tremat tellus lacerataque tecta rebellent.
Tu legem, Marcelle, tene. Tu concute plebem,
Curio. Tu fortem ne supprime, Lentule, Martem.
Quid porro tu, dive, tuis cunctaris in armis,
non frangis portas, non muris oppida solvis
thesaurosque rapis? Nescis tu, Magne, tueri
Romanas arces? Epidamni moenia quaere,
Thessalicosque sinus humano sanguine tingue.’

“Factum est in terris quicquid Discordia iussit.”

Cum haec Eumolpos ingenti volubilitate verborum effudisset, tandem Crotona intravimus. Vbi quidem parvo deversorio refecti, postero die amplioris fortunae domum quaerentes incidimus in turbam heredipetarum sciscitantium quod genus hominum. aut unde veniremus. Ex praescripto ergo consilii communis exaggerata verborum volubilitate, unde aut qui essemus haud dubie credentibus indicavimus. Qui statim opes suas summo cum certamine in Eumolpium congesserunt. <. . .>

[CXXV] Dum haec magno tempore Crotone aguntur <. . .> et Eumolpus felicitate plenus prioris fortunae esset oblitus statum, adeo ut suis iactaret neminem gratiae suae ibi posse resistere impuneque suos, si quid deliquissent in ea urbe, beneficio amicorum laturos. Ceterum ego, etsi quotidie magis magisque superfluentibus bonis saginatum corpus impleveram, putabamque a custodia mei removisse vultum Fortunam, tamen saepius tam consuetudinem meam cogitabam quam causam, et: “Quid, aiebam, si callidus captator exploratorem in Africam miserit mendaciumque deprehenderit nostrum? Quid, si etiam mercennarius praesenti felicitate lassus indicium ad amicos detulerit, totamque fallaciam invidiosa prodicione detexerit? Nempe rursus fugiendum erit, et tandem expugnata paupertas nova mendicitate revocanda. Dii deaeque, quam male est extra legem viventibus! quicquid meruerunt, semper expectant”. <. . .>

[CXXVI] CHRYSIS ANCILLA CIRCES AD POLYAENVUM: “Quia nosti venerem tuam, superbiam captas vendisque amplexus, non commodas. Quo enim spectant flexae pectine comae, quo facies medicamine attrita et oculorum quoque mollis petulantia; quo incessus arte compositus et ne vestigia quidem pedum extra mensuram aberrantia, nisi quod formam prostituisti ut vendas? Vides me: nec

auguria novi nec mathematicorum caelum curare soleo; ex vultibus tamen hominum mores colligo, et cum spatiantem vidi, quid cogites scio. Sive ergo nobis vendis quod peto, mercator paratus est, sive, quod humanius est, commodas, effice ut beneficium debeam. Nam quod servum te et humilem fateris, accendis desiderium aestuantis. Quaedam enim feminae sordibus calent, nec libidinem concitant, nisi aut servos viderint aut statores altius cinctos. Arena aliquas accendit, aut perfusus pulvere mulio, aut histrio scaenae ostentatione traductus. Ex hac nota domina est mea; usque ab orchestra quattuordecim transilit, et in extrema plebe quaerit quod diligat.”

Itaque oratione blandissima plenus: “Rogo, inquam, numquid illa, quae me amat, tu es?” Multum risit ancilla post tam frigidum schema et: “Nolo, inquit, tibi tam valde placeas. Ego adhuc servo nunquam succubui, nec hoc dii sinant ut amplexus meos in crucem mittam. Viderint matronae, quae flagellorum vestigia osculantur; ego etiam si ancilla sum, nunquam tamen nisi in equestribus sedeo.” Mirari equidem tam discordem libidinem coepi atque inter monstra numerare, quod ancilla haberet matronae superbiam et matrona ancillae humilitatem.

Procedentibus deinde longius iocis rogavi ut in platanona produceret dominam. Placuit puellae consilium. Itaque collegit altius tunicam flexitque se in eum daphnona, qui ambulationi haerebat. Nec diu morata dominam producit e latebris, laterique meo applicat mulierem omnibus simulacris emendatiorem. Nulla vox est quae formam eius possit comprehendere, nam quicquid dixero minus erit. Crines ingenio suo flexi per totos se umeros effuderant, frons minima et quae radices capillorum retro flexerat, supercilia usque ad malarum scripturam currentia et rursus confinio luminum paene permixta, oculi clariores stellis extra lunam fulgentibus, nares paululum inflexae et osculum quale Praxiteles habere Dianam credidit. Iam mentum, iam cervix, iam manus, iam pedum candor intra auri gracile vinculum positus: Parium marmor extinxerat. Itaque tunc primum Dorida vetus amator contempsit. < . . . >

Quid factum est, quod tu proiectis, Iuppiter, armis
inter caelicolas fabula muta taces?

Nunc erat a torva submittere cornua fronte,
nunc pluma canos dissimulare tuos.

Haec vera est Danae. Tempta modo tangere corpus,
iam tua flammifero membra calore fluent.

[CXXVII] Delectata illa risit tam blandum, ut videretur mihi plenum os extra nubem luna proferre. Mox digitis gubernantibus vocem: “Si non fastidis, inquit,

feminam ornatam et hoc primum anno virum expertam, concilio tibi, o iuvenis, sororem. Habes tu quidem et fratrem — neque enim me piguit inquirere — sed quid prohibet et sororem adoptare? Eoden gradu venio. Tu tantum dignare et meum osculum, cum libuerit, agnoscere. — Immo, inquam, ego per formam tuam te rogo, ne fastidias hominem peregrinum inter cultores admittere. Invenies religiosum, si te adorari permiseris. Ac ne me iudices ad hoc templum Amoris gratis accedere, dono tibi fratrem meum. — Quid? tu, inquit illa, donas mihi eum, sine quo non potes vivere, ex cuius osculo pendes, quem sic tu amas, quemadmodum ego te volo?” Haec ipsa cum diceret, tanta gratia conciliabat vocem loquentis, tam dulcis sonus pertemptatum mulcebat aera, ut putares inter auras canere Sirenum concordiam. Itaque miranti, et toto mihi caelo clarius nescio quid relucente, libuit deae nomen quaerere. “Ita, inquit, non dixit tibi ancilla mea Circen me vocari? Non sum quidem Solis progenies, nec mea mater, dum placet, labentis mundi cursum detinuit. Habebo tamen quod caelo imputem, si nos fata coniunxerint. Immo iam nescio quid tacitis cogitationibus deus agit. Nec sine causa Polyaenon Circe amat: semper inter haec nomina magna fax surgit. Sume ergo amplexum, si placet. Neque est quod curiosum aliquem extimescas: longe ab hoc loco frater est.” Dixit haec Circe, implicitumque me brachiis mollioribus pluma deduxit in terram vario gramine indutam.

Idaeo quales fudit de vertice flores

Terra parens, cum se concesso iunxit amori

Iuppiter et toto concepit pectore flammis:

emicuere rosae violaeque et molle cyperon,

albaque de viridi riserunt lilia prato:

talis humus Venerem molles clamavit in herbas

candidiorque dies secreto favit amori.

In hoc gramine pariter compositi mille osculis lusimus quaerentes voluptatem robustam. <. . .>

[CXXVIII] CIRCE AD POLYAENVN: “Quid est? inquit; numquid te osculum meum offendit? Numquid spiritus ieiunio marcet? Numquid alarum negligens sudor? Puto, si haec non sunt, numquid Gitona times?” Perfusus ego rubore manifesto etiam si quid habueram virium, perdidi, totoque corpore velut laxato:

“Quaeso, inquam, regina, noli suggillare miseras. Veneficio contactus sum”. <. . .>

CIRCE: “Dic, Chrysis, sed verum: numquid indecens sum? Numquid incompta? numquid ab aliquo naturali vitio formam meam excaeco? Noli decipere dominam tuam. Nescio quid peccavimus.” Rapuit deinde tacenti speculum, et postquam omnes vultus temptavit, quos solet inter amantes risus fingere, excussit vexatam solo vestem raptimque aedem Veneris intravit. Ego contra damnatus et quasi quodam visu in horrorem perductus interrogare animum meum coepi, an vera voluptate fraudatus essem.

Nocte soporifera veluti cum somnia ludunt
errantes oculos effossaque protulit aurum
in lucem tellus: versat manus improba furtum
thesaurosque rapit, sudor quoque perluit ora
et mentem timor altus habet, ne forte gravatum
excutiat gremium secreti conscius auri:
mox ubi fugerunt elusam gaudia mentem
veraque forma redit, animus, quod perdidit, optat
atque in praeterita se totus imagine versat. < . . . >

GITON AD ENCOLPION: “Itaque hoc nomine tibi gratias ago, quod me Socratica fide diligis. Non tam intactus Alcibiades in praeceptoris sui lecto iacuit”.

[CXXIX] ENCOLPIVS AD GITONEM: “Crede mihi, frater, non intellego me virum esse, non sentio. Funerata est illa pars corporis, qua quondam Achilles eram”. < . . . >

Veritus puer ne in secreto deprehensus daret sermonibus locum, proripuit se et in partem aedium interiorem fugit. < . . . >

Cubiculum autem meum Chrysis intravit, codicillosque mihi dominae suae reddidit, in quibus haec erant scripta: “CIRCE POLYAENO SALVTEM. Si libidinosa essem, quererem decepta; nunc etiam languori tuo gratias ago. In umbra voluptatis diutius lusi. Quid tamen agas quaero, et an tuis pedibus perveneris domum; negant enim medici sine nervis homines ambulare posse. Narrabo tibi, adulescens, paralyisin cave. Nunquam ego aegrum tam magno periculo vidi; medius iam peristi. Quod si idem frigus genua manusque temptaverit tuas, licet ad tubicines mittas. Quid ergo est? Etiam si gravem iniuriam accepi, homini tamen misero non invideo medicinam. Si vis sanus esse, Gitonem roga. Recipies, inquam, nervos tuos, si triduo sine fratre dormieris. Nam quod ad me attinet, non timeo ne quis inveniatur cui minus placeam. Nec speculum mihi nec fama mentitur. Vale, si potes.” Vt intellexit Chrysis perlegisse me totum convicium:

“Solent, inquit, haec fieri, et praecipue in hac civitate, in qua mulieres etiam lunam deducunt. < . . . > Itaque huius quoque rei cura agetur. Rescribe modo blandius dominae, animumque eius candida humanitate restitue. Verum enim fatendum: ex qua hora iniuriam accepit, apud se non est”. Libenter quidem parui ancillae, verbaque codicillis talia imposui:

[CXXX] “POLYAENOS CIRCAE SALVTEM. Fateor me, domina, saepe peccasse; nam et homo sum et adhuc iuvenis. Numquam tamen ante hunc diem usque ad mortem deliqui. Habes confitentem reum: quicquid iusseris, merui. Proditionem feci, hominem occidi, templum violavi: in haec facinora quaere supplicium. Sive occidere placet, ferro meo venio; sive verberibus contenta es, curro nudus ad dominam. Illud unum memento, non me sed instrumenta peccasse. Paratus miles arma non habui. Quis hoc turbaverit nescio. Forsitan animus antecessit corporis moram, forsitan dum omnia concupisco, voluptatem tempore consumpsi. Non invenio quod feci. Paralysin tamen cavere iubes: tanquam iam maior fieri possit, quae abstulit mihi per quod etiam te habere potui. Summa tamen excusationis meae haec est: placebo tibi, si me culpam emendare permiseris.” Dimissa cum eiusmodi pollicitatione Chryside curavi diligentius noxiosissimum corpus, balneoque praeterito modica unctione usus, mox cibis validioribus pastus, id est bulbis cochlearumque sine iure cervicibus, hausi parcus merum. Hinc ante somnum levissima ambulatione compositus sine Gitone cubiculum intravi. Tanta erat placandi cura, ut timerem ne latus meum frater convelleret.

[CXXXI] Postero die, cum sine offensa corporis animique consurrexissem, in eundem platanona descendi, etiam si locum inauspicatum timebam, coepique inter arbores ducem itineris expectare Chrysidem. Nec diu spatiatum consederam, ubi hesterno die fueram, cum illa intervenit comitem aniculam trahens. Atque ut me consalutavit: “Quid est, inquit, fastose, ecquid bonam mentem habere coepisti?” Illa de sinu licium prolulit varii coloris filis intortum, cervicemque vinxit meam. Mox turbatum sputo pulverem medio sustulit digito, frontemque repugnantis signavit. < . . . >

Hoc peracto carmine ter me iussit expuere terque lapillos conicere in sinum, quos ipsa praecantatos purpura involuerat, admotisque manibus temptare coepit inguinum vires. Dicto citius nervi paruerunt imperio, manusque aniculae ingenti motu repleverunt. At illa gaudio exultans: “Vides, inquit, Chrysis mea, vides, quod aliis leporem excitavi?”

Mobilis aestivas platanus diffuderat umbras
et baxis redimita Daphne tremulaeque cupressus

et circum tonsae trepidanti vertice pinus.
Has inter ludebat aquis errantibus amnis
spumeus, et querulo vexabat rore lapillos.
Dignus amore locus: testis silvestris aedon
atque urbana Procne, quae circum gramina fusae
et molles violas cantu sua rura colebant.

< . . . > Premebat illa resoluta marmoreis cervicibus aureum torum myrtoque
florenti quietum <aera> verberabat. Itaque ut me vidit, paululum erubuit,
hesternae scilicet iniuriae memor; deinde ut remotis omnibus secundum
invitantem consedi, ramum super oculos meos posuit et quasi pariete interiecto
audacior facta: “Quid est, inquit, paralytice? Ecquid hodie totus venisti? —
Rogas, inquam ego, potius quam temptas?” Totoque corpore in amplexum eius
immissus non praecantatis usque ad satietatem osculis fruor. < . . . >

[CXXXII] [ENCOLPIVS DE ENDYMIONE PVERO: Ipsa corporis
pulchritudine me ad se vocante trahebat ad venerem. Iam pluribus osculis labra
crepitabant, iam implicitae manus omne genus amoris invenerant, iam alligata
mutuo ambitu corpora animarum quoque mixturam fecerant.]

Manifestis matrona contumeliis verberata tandem ad ultionem decurrit,
vocatque cubicularios et me iubet cato rigari. Nec contenta mulier tam gravi
iniuria mea, convocat omnes quasillarias familiaeque sordidissimam partem, ac
me conspui iubet. Oppono ego manus oculis meis, nullisque effusis precibus, quia
sciebam quid meruissem, verberibus sputisque extra ianuam eiectus sum. Eicitur
et Proselenos, Chrysis vapulat, totaque familia tristis inter se mussat, quaeritque
quis dominae hilaritatem confuderit. < . . . > Itaque pensatis vicibus animosior,
verberum notas arte contexi, ne aut Eumolpus contumelia mea hilarior fieret aut
tristior Giton. Quod solum igitur salvo pudore poterat contingere, languorem
simulavi, conditusque lectulo totum ignem furoris in eam converti, quae mihi
omnium malorum causa fuerat:

Ter corripui terribilem manu bipennem,
ter languidior coliculi repente thyrsos
ferrum timui, quod trepido male dabat usum.
Nec iam poteram, quod modo conficere libebat;
namque illa metu frigidior rigente bruma
confugerat in viscera mille operta rugis.
Ita non potui supplicio caput aperire,

sed furciferae mortifero timore lusus
ad verba, magis quae poterant nocere, fugi.

Erectus igitur in cubitum hac fere oratione contumacem vexavi: “Quid dicis, inquam, omnium hominum deorumque pudor? Nam ne nominare quidem te inter res serias fas est. Hoc de te merui, ut me in caelo positum ad inferos traheres? ut traduceres annos primo florentes vigore, senectaeque ultimae mihi lassitudinem imponere? Rogo te, mihi apodixin defunctoriam redde.” Haec ut iratus effudi, Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat, nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur quam lentae salices lassove papavera collo. Nec minus ego tam foeda obiurgatione finita paenitentiam agere sermonis mei coepi secretoque rubore perfundi, quod oblitus verecundiae meae cum ea parte corporis verba contulerim, quam ne ad cognitionem quidem admittere severioris notae homines solerent. Mox perfricata diutius fronte: “Quid autem ego, inquam, mali feci, si dolorem meum naturali convicio exoneravi? Aut quid est quod in corpore humano ventri male dicere solemus aut gulae capitique etiam, cum saepius dolet? Quid? Non et Vlixes cum corde litigat suo, et quidam tragici oculos suos tanquam audientes castigant? Podagrici pedibus suis male dicunt, chiragrici manibus, lippi oculis, et qui offenderunt saepe digitos, quicquid doloris habent, in pedes deferunt:

Quid me constricta spectatis fronte Catone,
damnatisque novae simplicitatis opus?
Sermonis puri non tristis gratia ridet,
quodque facit populus, candida lingua refert.
Nam quis concubitus, Veneris quis gaudia nescit?
Quia vetat in tepido membra calere toro?
Ipse pater veri doctus Epicurus in arte
iussit, et hoc vitam dixit habere *telos*.

Nihil est hominum inepta persuasione falsius nec ficta severitate ineptius”.

[CXXXIII] Hac declamatione finita Gitona voco et: “Narra mihi, inquam, frater, sed tua fide: ea nocte, qua te mihi Ascyrtos subduxit, usque in iniuriam vigilavit, an contentus fuit vidua pudicaque nocte?” Tetigit puer oculos suos, conceptissimisque iuravit verbis sibi ab Ascyrtos nullam vim factam.

< . . > positoque in limine genu sic deprecatus sum numen aversum:

Nympharum Bacchique comes, quem pulcra Dione
divitibus silvis numen dedit, inclita paret
cui Lesbos viridisque Thasos, quem Lydus adorat

septifluus, templumque tuis imponit Hypaepis:
huc aedes et Bacchi tutor Dryadumque voluptas,
et timidas admitte preces. Non sanguine tristi
perfusus venio, non templis impius hostis
admovi dextram, sed inops et rebus egenis
attritus facinus non toto corpore feci.
Quisquis peccat inops, minor est reus. Hac prece, quaeso,
exonera mentem culpaeque ignosce minori,
et quandoque mihi fortunae arriserit hora,
non sine honore tuum patiar decus. Ibit ad aras,
Sancte, tuas hircus, pecoris pater; ibit ad aras
corniger et querulae fetus suis, hostia lactens.
Spumabit pateris hornus liquor, et ter ovantem
circa delubrum gressum feret ebria pubes.”

Dum haec ago curaueque sollerti deposito meo caveo, intravit delubrum anus
laceratis crinibus nigraque veste deformis, extraque vestibulum me iniecta manu
duxit. < . . >

[CXXXIV] PROSELENOS ANVS AD ENCOLPIVM: “Quae striges
comederunt nervos tuos, aut quod purgamentum nocte calcasti trivio aut cadaver?
Nec a puero quidem te vindicasti, sed mollis, debilis, lassus, tanquam caballus in
clivo et operam et sudorem perdidisti. Nec contentus ipse peccare, mihi deos
iratos excitasti”.

Ac me iterum in cellam sacerdotis nihil recusantem perduxit impulitque super
lectum, et harundinem ab ostio rapuit iterumque nihil respondentem mulcavit. Ac
nisi primo ictu harundo quassata impetum verberantis minuisset, forsitan etiam
brachia mea caputque fregisset. Ingemui ego utique propter mascarpionem,
lacrimisque ubertim manantibus obscuratum dextra caput super pulvinum
inclinavi. Nec minus illa fletu confusa altera parte lectuli sedit aetatisque longae
moram tremulis vocibus coepit accusare, donec intervenit sacerdos: “Quid vos,
inquit, in cellam meam tanquam ante recens bustum venistis? Vtique die
feriarum, quo etiam lugentes rident.” PROSELENOS AD OENOTHEAN
SACERDOTEM PRIAPI: “O, inquit, Oenothea, hunc adolescentem quem vides,
malo astro natus est; nam neque puero neque puellae bona sua vendere potest.
Nunquam tu hominem tam infelicem vidisti: lorum in aqua, non inguina habet.
Ad summam, qualem putas esse, qui de Circes toro sine voluptate surrexit?” His
auditis Oenothea inter utrumque consedit, motoque diutius capite: “Istum, inquit,
morbum sola sum quae emendare scio. Et ne putetis perplexe agere, rogo ut

adulescentulus tuus mecum nocte dormiat, nisi illud tam rigidum reddidero quam cornu:

Quicquid in orbe vides, paret mihi. Florida tellus,
cum volo, spissatis arescit languida sucis,
cum volo, fundit opes, scopulique atque horrida saxa
Niliacas iaculantur aquas. Mihi pontus inertes
submittit fluctus, zephyrique tacentia ponunt
ante meos sua flabra pedes. Mihi flumina parent
Hyrcanaeque tigres et iussi stare dracones.
Quid leviora loquor? Lunae descendit imago
carminibus deducta meis, trepidusque furens
flectere Phoebus equos revoluta cogitur orbe.
Tantum dicta valent. Taurorum flamma quiescit
virgineis extincta sacris, Phoebeia Circe
carminibus magicis socios mutavit Vlixis,
Proteus esse solet quicquid libet. Hic ego callens
artibus Idaeos frutices in gurgite sistam,
et rursus fluvios in summo vertice ponam.”

[CXXXV] Inhorruí ego tam fabulosa pollicitatione conterritus, anumque inspicere diligentius coepi.

“Ergo, exclamat Oenothea, imperio parete!” deterisque curiose manibus inclinavit se in lectulum ac me semel iterumque basiavit. <. . .>

Oenothea mensam veterem posuit in medio altari, quam vivis implevit carbonibus, et camellam etiam vetustate ruptam pice temperata refecit. Tum clavum, qui detrahentem secutus cum camella lignea fuerat, fumoso parieti reddidit. Mox incincta quadrato pallio cucumam ingentem foco apposuit, simulque pannum de carnario detulit furca, in quo faba erat ad usum reposita et sincipitis vetustissima particula mille plagis dolata. Vt soluit ergo licio pannum, partem leguminis super mensam effudit iussitque me diligenter purgare. Servio ego imperio, granaque sordidissimis putaminibus vestita curiosa manu segrego. At illa inertiam meam accusans improba tollit, dentibusque folliculos pariter spoliatur, atque in terram veluti muscarum imagines despuat.

Mirabar equidem paupertatis ingenium singularumque rerum quasdam artes:

Non Indum fulgebat ebur, quod inhaeserat auro,
nec iam calcato radiabat marmore terra

muneribus delusa suis, sed crate saligna
impositum Cereris vacuae nemus et nova terrae
pocula, quae facili vilis rota finxerat actu.
Hinc molli stillae lacus et de caudice lento
vimineae lances maculataque testa Lyaeo.
At paries circa palea satiatus inani
fortuitoque luto clavos numerabat agrestis,
et viridi iunco gracilis pendebat harundo.
Praeterea quae fumoso suspensa tigillo
conservabat opes humilis casa, mitia sorba
inter odoratas pendebat texta coronas
et thymbrae veteres et passis uva racemis:
qualis in Actaea quondam fuit hospita terra,
digna sacris Hecales, quam Musa loquentibus annis
Baccineas veteres mirando tradidit aevo.

[CXXXVI] Dum illa carnis etiam paululum delibat et dum coaequale natalium
suorum sinciput in carnarium furca reponit, fracta est putris sella, quae staturae
altitudinem adiecerat, anumque pondere suo deiectam super foculum mittit.
Frangitur ergo cervix cucumulae ignemque modo convalescentem restinguit.
Vexat cubitum ipsa stipite ardenti faciemque totam excitato cinere pertundit.
Consurrexi equidem turbatus anumque non sine meo risu erexi; statimque, ne res
aliqua sacrificium moraretur, ad reficiendum ignem in viciniam cucurrit. Itaque
ad casae ostiolum processit cum ecce tres anseres sacri qui, ut puto, medio die
solebant ab anu diaria exigere, impetum in me faciunt foedoque ac veluti rabioso
stridore circumsistunt trepidantem. Atque alius tunicam meam lacerat, alius
vincula calcumentorum resoluit ac trahit; unus etiam, dux ac magister saevitiae,
non dubitavit crus meum serrato vexare morsu. Oblitus itaque nugarum, pedem
mensulae extorsi coepique pugnacissimum animal armata elidere manu. Nec
satiatus defunctorio ictu, morte me anseris vindicavi:

Tales Herculeae Stympthalidas arte coactas
ad coelum fugisse reor, peneque fluentes
Harpyias, cum Phineo maduere veneno
fallaces epulae. Tremuit perterritus aether
planctibus insolitis, confusaque regia coeli < . . >

Iam reliqui revolutam passimque per totum effusam pavimentum collegerant fabam, orbatique, ut existimo, duce redierant in templum, cum ego praeda simul atque vindicta gaudens post lectum occisum anserem mitto, vulnusque cruris haud altum aceto diluo. Deinde convicium verens, abeundi formavi consilium, collectoque cultu meo ire extra casam coepi. Necdum liberaveram cellulae limen, cum animadverto Oenotheam cum testo ignis pleno venientem. Reduxi igitur gradum proiectaque veste, tanquam expectarem morantem, in aditu steti. Collocavit illa ignem cassis harundinibus collectum, ingestisque super pluribus lignis excusare coepit moram, quod amica se non dimisisset tribus nisi potionibus e lege siccatis.” Quid porro tu, inquit, me absente fecisti, aut ubi est faba?” Ego, qui putaveram me rem laude etiam dignam fecisse, ordine illi totum proelium eui, et ne diutius tristis esset, iacturae pensionem anserem obtuli. Quem anus ut vidit, tam magnum aequae clamorem sustulit, ut putares iterum anseres limen intrasse. Confusus itaque et novitate facinoris attonitus, quaerebam quid excanduisset, aut quare anseris potius quam mei misereretur.

[CXXXVII] At illa complosis manibus: “Scelerate, inquit, etiam loqueris? Nescis quam magnum flagitium admiseris: occidisti Priapi delicias, anserem omnibus matronis acceptissimum. Itaque ne te putes nihil egisse; si magistratus hoc scierint, ibis in crucem. Polluisti sanguine domicilium meum ante hunc diem inviolatum, fecistisque ut me, quisquis voluerit inimicus, sacerdotio pellat.

— Rogo, inquam, noli clamare: ego tibi pro anserem struthocamelum reddam.” Dum haec me stupente in lectulo sedet anserisque fatum complorat, interim Proselenos cum impensa sacrificii venit, visoque anserem occiso sciscitata causam tristitiae, et ipsa flere vehementius coepit meique misereri, tanquam patrem meum, non publicum anserem, occidissem. Itaque taedio fatigatus: “Rogo, inquam, expiare manus pretio licet? <. . .>si vos provocassem, etiam si homicidium fecissem. Ecce duos aureos pono, unde possitis et deos et anseres emere.” Quos ut vidit Oenothea: “Ignosce, inquit, adulescens, sollicita sum tua causa. Amoris est hoc argumentum, non malignitatis. Itaque dabimus operam, ne quis sciat. Tu modo deos roga, ut illi facto tuo ignoscant.”

Quisquis habet nummos, secunda naviget aura
fortunamque suo temperet arbitrio.

Vxorem ducat Danaen ipsumque licebit

Acrisium iubeat credere quod Danaen.

Carmina componat, declamet, concrepet omnes
et peragat causas sitque Catone prior.

Iurisconsultus ‘parret, non parret’ habeto,

atque esto quicquid Servius et Labeo.

Multa loquor: quod vis, nummis praesentibus opta,
et veniet. Clausum possidet arca Iovem.

<. . .> Infra manus meas camellam vini posuit et cum digitos pariter extensos porris apioque lustrasset, avellanas nuces cum precatione mersit in vinum. Et sive in summum redierant, sive subsderant, ex hoc coniecturam ducebat. Nec me fallebat inanes scilicet ac sine medulla ventosas nuces in summo umore consistere, graves autem et plenas integro fructu ad ima deferri. Recluso pectore extraxit fortissimum iecur et inde mihi futura praedixit. Immo, ne quod vestigium sceleris superesset, totum anserem laceratum verubus confixit, epulasque etiam lautas paulo ante, ut ipsa dicebat, perituro paravit. Volabant inter haec potiones meracae.

[CXXXVIII] Profert Oenothea scorteum fascinum, quod ut oleo et minuto pipere atque urticae trito circumdedit semine, paulatim coepit inserere ano meo. Hoc crudelissima anus spargit subinde umore femina mea. Nasturcii sucum cum habrotono miscet, perfusisque inguinibus meis, viridis urticae fascem comprehendit, omniaque infra umbilicum coepit lenta manu caedere. <. . .>

Aniculae quamvis solutae mero ac libidine essent, eandem viam tentant et per aliquot vicos secutae fugientem “Prende furem!” clamant. Evasi tamen omnibus digitis inter praecipitem decursum cruentatis. <. . .>

“Chrysis, quae priorem fortunam tuam oderat, hanc vel cum periculo capitis persequi destinat”. <. . .>

“Quid huic formae aut Ariadne habuit aut Leda simile? Quid contra hanc Helene, quid Venus posset? Ipse Paris, dearum libidinantium iudex, si hanc in comparatione vidisset tam petulantibus oculis, et Helenen huic donasset et deas. Saltem si permetteretur osculum capere, si illud caeleste ac divinum pectus amplecti, forsitan rediret hoc corpus ad vires et resipiscerent partes veneficio, credo, sopitae. Nec me contumeliae lassant: quod verberatus sum, nescio; quod eiectus sum, lusum puto. Modo redire in gratiam liceat”.

[CXXXIX] Torum frequenti tractatione vexavi, amoris mei quasi quandam imaginem <. . .>

Non solum me numen et implacabile fatum
persequitur. Prius Inachia Tirynthius ira
exagitatus onus caeli tulit, ante profanam
Iunonem Pelias sensit, tulit inscius arma
Laomedon, gemini satiavit numinis iram

Telephus, et regnum Neptuni pavit Vlixes.
Me quoque per terras, per cani Nereos aequor
Hellespontiaci sequitur gravis ira Priapi.

<. . .> Quaerere a Gitone meo coepi, num aliquis me quaesisset. “Nemo, inquit, hodie. Sed hesterno die mulier quaedam haud inculta ianuam intravit, cumque diu mecum esset locuta et me accersito sermone lassasset, ultimo coepit dicere, te noxam meruisse daturumque serviles poenas, si laesus in querela perseverasset.”
<. . .>

Nondum querelam finieram, cum Chrysis intervenit amplexuque effusissimo me invasit et: “Teneo te, inquit, qualem speraveram: tu desiderium meum, tu voluptas mea, nunquam finies hunc ignem, nisi sanguine extinxeris.” <. . .>

Vnus ex noviciis <Eumolpi> servulis subito accurrit et mihi dominum iratissimum esse affirmavit, quod biduo iam officio defuissem. Recte ergo me facturum, si excusationem aliquam idoneam praeparassem: vix enim posse fieri, ut rabies irascentis sine verbera consideret. <. . .>

[CXL] Matrona inter primas honesta, Philomela nomine, quae multas saepe hereditates officio aetatis extorserat, tum anus et floris extincti, filium filiamque ingerebat orbis senibus, et, per hanc successionem artem suam perseverabat extendere. Ea ergo ad Eumolpum venit et commendare liberos suos eius prudentiae bonitatieque <. . .>credere se et vota sua. Illum esse solum in toto orbe terrarum, qui praeceptis etiam salubribus instruere iuvenes quotidie posset. Ad summam, relinquere se pueros in domo Eumolpi, ut illum loquentem audirent: quae sola posset hereditas iuvenibus dari. Nec aliter fecit ac dixerat, filiamque speciosissimam cum fratre ephebo in cubiculo reliquit, simulavitque se in templum ire ad vota nuncupanda. Eumolpus, qui tam frugi erat ut illi etiam ego puer viderer, non dislulit puellam invitare ad pygesiaca sacra. Sed et podagricum se esse lumborumque solutorum omnibus dixerat, et si non servasset integram simulationem, periclitabatur totam paene tragoediam evertere. Itaque ut constaret mendacio fides, puellam quidem exoravit ut sederet super commendatam bonitatem, Coraci autem imperavit ut lectum, in quo ipse iacebat, subiret positisque in pavimento manibus dominum lumbis suis commoveret. Ille lente parebat imperio, puellaeque artificium pari motu remunerabat. Cum ergo res ad effectum spectaret, clara Eumolpus voce exhortabatur Coraca, ut spissaret officium. Sic inter mercennarium amicamque positus senex veluti oscillatione ludebat. Hoc semel iterumque ingenti risu, etiam suo, Eumolpus fecerat. Itaque ego quoque, ne desidia consuetudinem perderem, dum frater sororis suae automata per clostellum miratur, accessi temptaturus an pateretur iniuriam. Nec se

reiciebat a blanditiis doctissimus puer, sed me numen inimicum ibi quoque invenit. <. . .>

“Dii maiores sunt, qui me restituerunt in integrum. Mercurius enim, qui animas ducere et reducere solet, suis beneficiis reddidit mihi quod manus irata praeciderat, ut scias me gratiosorem esse quam Protesilaum aut quemquam alium antiquorum.” Haec locutus sustuli tunicam, Eumolpoque me totum approbavi. At ille primo exhorruit, deinde ut plurimum crederet, utraque manu deorum beneficia tractat. <. . .>

<Eumolpus>: “Socrates, deorum hominumque <b(Istow)>, gloriari solebat, quod nunquam neque in tabernam conspexerat nec ullius turbae frequentioris concilio oculos crediderat. Adeo nihil est commodius quam semper cum sapientia loqui. — Omnia, inquam, ista vera sunt; nec ulli enim celerius homines incidere debent in malam fortunam, quam qui alienum concupiscunt. Vnde plani autem, unde levatores viverent, nisi aut locellos aut sonantes aere sacellos pro hamis in turbam mitterent? Sicut muta animalia cibo inescantur, sic homines non caperentur nisi spe aliquid morderent.” <. . .>

[CXLI] <Encolpus?>: “Ex Africa navis, ut promiseras, cum pecunia tua et familia non venit. Captatores iam exhausti liberalitatem imminuerunt. Itaque aut fallor, aut fortuna communis coepit redire ad paenitentiam suam.” <. . .>

<Eumolpus>: “Omnes, qui in testamento meo legata habent, praeter liberos meos hac condicione percipient quae dedi, si corpus meum in partes conciderint et astante populo comederint. Apud quasdam gentes scimus adhuc legem servari, ut a propinquis suis consumantur defuncti, adeo quidem ut obiurgentur aegri frequenter, quod carnem suam faciant peiorem. His admoneo amicos meos, ne recusent quae iubeo, sed quibus animis devoverint spiritum meum, eisdem etiam corpus consumant.” <. . .>

Excaecabat pecuniae ingens fama oculos animosque miserorum. Gorgias paratus erat exsequi.

“De stomachi tui recusatione non habeo quod timeam. Sequetur imperium, si promiseris illi pro unius horae fastidio multorum bonorum pensationem. Operi modo oculos, et finge te non humana viscera, sed centies sestertium comesse. Accedit huc, quod aliqua inveniemus blandimenta, quibus saporem mutemus. Neque enim ulla caro per se placet, sed arte quadam corrumpitur, et stomacho conciliatur averso. Quod si exemplis vis quoque probari consilium, Saguntini oppressi ab Hannibale humanas edere carnes, nec hereditatem expectabant. Petelini idem fecerunt in ultima fame, nec quicquam aliud in hac epulatione

captabant, nisi tantum ne esurirent. Cum esset Numantia a Scipione capta, inventae sunt matres, quae liberorum suorum tenerent semesa in sinu corpora.”

CETERA DESUNT.

FRAGMENTA

Frag. I.

Candida sidereis ardescunt lumina flammis,
Fundunt colla rosas, et cedit crinibus aurum,
Mellea purpureum depromunt ora ruborem,
Lactaneaue admixtus sublimat pectora sanguis,
Ac totus tibi seruit honor, formaque dearum
Fulges, et Venerem coelesti corpore vincis.
Argento stat facta manus, dugutusque tenellis
Serica fila trahens, pretioso stamine ludis.
Planta decens modicos nescit calcare lapillos,
Et dura laedi scelus est vestigia terra:
Ipsa tuos cum ferre velis per lilia gressus,
Nulli sternuatur leuiori pondere flores.
Guttura nunc aliae magnis monilibus ornent,
Aut gemmas aptent capiti: tu sola placere,
Vel spoliata, potes. Nulli laudabile totum,
In te cuncta probat, si quisquam cernere possit.
Sireneum cantus, et dulcia plectra Thaliae
Ad vocem tacuisse, reor, quae mella propagas
Dulcia, et in miseros telum iacularis amoris.
Cor graue vulnus alit, nullo sanabile ferro,
Sed tua labra meo saeuum de corde dolorem
Depellant, morbumque animae medicaminis huius
Cura fuget, nec tanta putres violentia neruos
Dificiet, atque tuae moriar pro crimine caussae.
Sed, si hoc grande putas, saltem concede precanti,
Vt iam defuncturum niueis ambire lacertis
Digneris, vitamque mihi post fata reducas.

Frag II.

Albutia.

Memphitides, puellae,
Sacris Deum paratae,
Tinctus colore noctis
Manu puer loquaci,
Aegyptias choreas —

Frag. III.

Balneatricem — Pollice vsque ad periculum roso.

Frag. IV.

Anus recocta vino,
Trementibus labellis.

Frag. V.

Iuuerunt segetes meum laborem.

Frag. VI.

Triplici vides, vt ortu
Triuiæ rotetur ignis,
Volucrique Phoebus axe
Rapidum pererret orbem.

Frag. VII.

Non bene olet, qui bene semper olet.

Frag. VIII.

Animam nostro amplexam in corpore.

Frag. IX.

Qui vultur iecor intimum pererrat,
Et pectus trahit, intimasque fibras,
Non est, quem lepidi vocant poetae;
Sed cordis mala, liuor atque luctus.

Frag. X.

Ad libidinis incitamentum, myrrhinum se poculum bibisse — In armarium memet
conieci — Obtorto valgiter labello — Totus fere mundus mimum videtur implere
— Non duco contentonis funem, dum constet inter nos, quod fere totus mundus
exerceat histrioniam.

Frag. XI.

O maxima rerum,
Et merito pietas homini tutissima virtus!

Frag. XII.

— Horrificoque infestant murmure tigres.

Frag. XIII.

Nam comtum me vernaes alucitae molestabant — Postquam ferculum allatum est
— Tot regum manubiae penes fugitium repertae — Satis constat, eos nisi
inclinatos, non solere transire cryptam Neapolitanam — Petauroque iubente modo
superior — Adfer nobis alabastrum Cosmianum — Suppes — Tullia.

Frag. XIV.

— Ineluctabile fatum.

Frag. XV.

— Tremebunda superuolat hasta.

Frag. XVI.

— Qui praeesse cupit, prodesse recusat.

Magnus in exemplo est, cui non suffecerat orbis.

Frag. XVII.

— Exciso defossa marmore petra.

Frag. XVIII.

Quinque pedum fabricata domus, qua nobile corpus

Exigua requieuit humo. —

Atque, vt araneoli, tenuem formauimus orsum.

Frag. XIX.

Mille saporatam medicatis frugibus offam.

Frag. XX.

Non est forma satis; nec, quae vult bella videri,

Debet vulgari more placere sibi.

Dicta, sales, lusus, sermonis gratia, risus,

Vindicunt naturae candidioris opus.

Condit enim formam, quidquid consumitur artis,
Et, nisi velle subest, gratia tota perit.

Frag. XXI.

Non satis est, quod non mergis, furiosa iuuentus:
Transuersosque rapit fama sepulta probris?
Anne etiam famuli cognata faece sepulti,
In testa mersas luxuriantur opes?
Vilis seruus habet regni bona: cellaque capti
Deridet festram, Romuleamque casam.
Idcirco virtus medio iacet obruta coeno:
Nequitiae classes candida vela ferunt.

Frag. XXII.

Primus in orbe deos fecit timor: ardua coelo
Fulmina cum caderent, discussaque moenia flammis,
Atque ictu flagraret Athos: Mox Phoebus ad ortus,
Lustrata deiectus humo: Lunaeque senectus,
Et reparatus honos: Hinc signa effusa per orbem,
Et permutatis didiunctus mensibus annus
Proiecit vitium hoc: atque error iussit inanis
Agricolae primos Cereri dare messis honores:
Palmitibus plenis Bacchum vincere: Palemque
Pastorum gaudere manu. Natat obrutus, omni
Neptunus demersis aqua: Pallasque tabernae
Vindicat. Et voti reus, et qui vendidit orbem,
Iam sibi quisque deos auso certamine fingit.

Frag. XXIII.

Nolo ego semper idem capiti suffundere costum,
Nec toto stomachum conciliare mero.
Taurus amat gramen mutata carpere velle,

Et fera mutatis sustinet ora cibus.
Ipse dies ideo nos grato perluit haustu,
Quod permutatis hora equis.

Frag. XXIV.

Vxor legitimus debet quasi census amari:
Nec censum vellem semper amare meum.

Frag. XXV.

Inuenias, quod quisque velit. Non omnibus vnum est,
Quod placet. Hic spinas colligit, ille rosas.

Frag. XXVI.

Nam nihil est, quod non mortalibus afferat vsum.
Rebus in aduersis, quae iacuere, iuuant.
Sic, rate demersa, fuluum deponderat aurum;
Remorum leuitas naufraga membra vehit.
Cum sonuere tubae; iugulo stat diuite ferrum;
Barbara contemptu praelia pannus habet.

Frag. XXVII.

Linque tuas sedes, alienaque littora quaere,
O iuuenis! maior rerum tibi nascitur ordo.
Ne succumbe malis: te nouerit ultimus Ister,
Te Boreas gelidus, securaque regna Canopi,
Quique renascentem Phoebum, cernuntque cadentem.
Maior in externas Ithacus descendat arenas.

Frag. XXVIII.

Nam citius flammās mortales ore tenebunt,
Quam secreta tegant. Quidquid dimittis in aula,
Effluit, et subitis rumoribus oppida pulsat.
Nec satis est, vulgasse fidem: simulatius exit
Proditionis opus, famamque onerare laborat.
Sic commissā verens, auidus referare minister,
Fodit humum, regisque latentes prodidit aures.
Concepit nam terra sonos, calamique loquentes
Inuenere Midam, qualem narrauerat iudex.

Frag. XXIX.

Fallunt nos oculi, vagique sensus,
Oppressa ratione, mentiuntur.
Nam turris, prope quae quadrata surgit.
Attritis procul angulis rotatur.
Hyblaeum refugit satur liquorem,
Et naris casiam frequenter odit.
Hoc illo magis, aut minus, placere

Non posset, nisi, lite destinata,
Pugnarent dubio tenore sensus.

Frag. XXX.

Iam nunc ardentes auctumnus fregerat umbras,
Atque hiemem tepidis spectabat Phoebus habenis:
Iam platanus iactare comas, iam coeperat vuas
Annumerare suas, defecto palmite, vitis:
Ante oculos stabat, quidquid promiserat annus.

Frag. XXXI.

Sic et membra solent auras includere venis,
Quae penitus mersae, cum rursus abire laborant,

Verberibus rimantur iter: nec desinit ante,
Frigidus, adstrictis qui regnat in ossibus, horror,
Quam tepidus laxo manauit corpore sudor.

Frag. XXXII.

Sic, contra rerum naturae munera nota,
Coruus maturis frugibus oua refert:
Sic format lingua foetum, cum protulit, vrsa,
Et piscis, nullo iunctus amore, parit.
Sic Phoebeia chelys, vinclo resoluta parentis,
Lucinae tepidis naribus ora fouet.
Sic sine concubitu textis apis excita ceris
Feruet, et audaci milite castra replet.
Non vno contenta valet natura tenore,
Sed permutatas gaudet habere vices.

Frag. XXXIII.

Naufragus, eiecta nudus rate, quaerit eodem
Percussum telo, cui sua fata legat.
Grandine qui segetes et totum perdidit annum,
In simili deflet tristia fata sinu.
Funera conciliant miseros, orbique parentes
Coniugunt gemitus, et facit hora pares.
Nos quoque confusis feriemus sidera verbis,
Et fama est, iunctas fortius ire preces.

Frag. XXXIV.

Omnia, quae miseras possunt finire querelas,
In promptu voluit candidus esse Deus.
Vile olus, et duris haerentia mora rubetis,
Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem.
Flumine vicino, stultus sitit, et riget Euro,

Cum calidus tepido consonat igne rogos.
Lex armata sedet circum fera limina nuptae,
Nil metuit licito fusa puella toro.
Quod satiare potest, diues natura ministrat,
Quod docet infrenis gloriæ, fine caret.

Frag. XXXV.

Iudaeus licet et porcinum numen adoret,
Et coeli summas aduocet auriculas.
Ni tamen et ferro succiderit inguinis oram,
Et nisi nudatum soluerit arte caput,
Exemtus populo, Graiam migrabit ad urbem,
Et non ieiuna sabbatha lege premet.
Vna est nobilitas, argumentumque coloris
Ingenui, timidas non habuisse manus.

The Dual Text



Inside the Domus Aurea (Nero's Golden House), Rome — this large landscaped portico villa was built by Nero in the heart of ancient Rome, after the great fire of A.D. 64.

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT



Translated by Michael Heseltine

In this section, readers can view a section by section text of Petronius' *Satyricon*, alternating between the original Latin and Heseltine's English translation.

CONTENTS

[SECTIONS I TO X.](#)

[SECTIONS XI TO XX.](#)

[SECTIONS XXI TO XXX.](#)

[SECTIONS XXXI TO XL.](#)

[SECTIONS XLI TO L.](#)

[SECTIONS LI TO LX.](#)

[SECTIONS LXI TO LXX.](#)

[SECTIONS LXXI TO LXXX.](#)

[SECTIONS LXXXI TO XC.](#)

[SECTIONS XCI TO C.](#)

[SECTIONS CI TO CX.](#)

[SECTIONS CXI TO CXX.](#)

[SECTIONS CXXI TO CXXX.](#)

[SECTIONS CXXXI TO CXL.](#)

[SECTION CXLI.](#)

SECTIONS I TO X.

[i] “Num alio genere Furiarum declamatores inquietantur, qui clamant: ‘Haec vulnera pro libertate publica excepi; hunc oculum pro vobis impendi: date mihi ducem, qui me ducat ad liberos meos, nam succisi poplites membra non sustinent’? Haec ipsa tolerabilia essent, si ad eloquentiam ituris viam facerent. Nunc et rerum tumore et sententiarum vanissimo strepitu hoc tantum proficiunt ut, cum in forum venerint, putent se in alium orbem terrarum delatos. Et ideo ego adulescentulos existimo in scholis stultissimos fieri, quia nihil ex his, quae in usu habemus, aut audiunt aut vident, sed piratas cum catenis in litore stantes, sed tyrannos edicta scribentes quibus imperent filiis ut patrum suorum capita praecedant, sed responsa in pestilentiam data, ut virgines tres aut plures immolentur, sed mellitos verborum globulos, et omnia dicta factaque quasi papavere et sesamo sparsa.

[ii] “Are our rhetoricians tormented by a new tribe of Furies when they cry: ‘These scars I earned in the struggle for popular rights; I sacrificed this eye for you: where is a guiding hand to lead me to my children? My knees are hamstrung, and cannot support my body’? Though indeed even these speeches might be endured if they smoothed the path of aspirants to oratory. But as it is, the sole result of this bombastic matter and these loud empty phrases is that a pupil who steps into a court thinks that he has been carried into another world. I believe that college makes complete fools of our young men, because they see and hear nothing of ordinary life there. It is pirates standing in chainson the beach, tyrants pen in hand ordering sons to cut off their fathers’ heads, oracles in time of pestilence demanding the blood of three virgins or more, honey-balls of phrases, every word and act besprinkled with poppy-seed and sesame.

[iii] “Qui inter haec nutriuntur, non magis sapere possunt quam bene olere qui in culina habitant. Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis. Levibus enim atque inanibus sonis ludibria quaedam excitando, effecistis ut corpus orationis enervaretur et caderet. Nondum iuvenes declamationibus continebantur, cum Sophocles aut Euripides invenerunt verba quibus deberent loqui. Nondum umbraticus doctor ingenia deleverat, cum Pindarus novemque

lyrici Homericis versibus canere timuerunt. Et ne poetas quidem ad testimonium citem, certe neque Platona neque Demosthenen ad hoc genus exercitationis accessisse video. Grandis et, ut ita dicam, pudica oratio non est maculosa nec turgida, sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. Nuper ventosa istaec et enormis loquacitas Athenas ex Asia commigravit animosque iuvenum ad magna surgentes veluti pestilenti quodam sidere adflavit, semelque corrupta regula eloquentia stetit et obmutuit. Ad summam, quis postea Thucydidis, quis Hyperidis ad famam processit? Ac ne carmen quidem sani coloris enituit, sed omnia quasi eodem cibo pasta non potuerunt usque ad senectutem canescere. Pictura quoque non alium exitum fecit, postquam Aegyptiorum audacia tam magnae artis compendiariam invenit.”

[2] People who are fed on this diet can no more be sensible than people who live in the kitchen can be savoury. With your permission I must tell you the truth, that you teachers more than anyone have been the ruin of true eloquence. Your tripping, empty tones stimulate certain absurd effects into being, with the result that the substance of your speech languishes and dies. In the age: when Sophocles or Euripides found the inevitable word for their verse, young men were not yet being confined to set speeches. When Pindar and the nine lyric poets were too modest to use Homer’s lines, no cloistered pedant had yet ruined young men’s brains. I need not go to the poets for evidence. I certainly do not find that Plato or Demosthenes took any course of training of this kind. Great style, which, if I may say so, is also modest style, is never blotchy and bloated. It rises supreme by virtue of its natural beauty. Your flatulent and formless flow of words is a modern immigrant from Asia to Athens. Its breath fell upon the mind of ambitious youth like the influence of a baleful planet, and when the old tradition was once broken, eloquence halted and grew dumb. In a word, who after this came to equal the splendour of Thucydides or Hyperides? Even poetry did not glow with the colour of health, but the whole of art, nourished on one universal diet, lacked the vigour to reach the grey hairs of old age. The decadence in painting was the same, as soon as Egyptian charlatans had found a short cut to this high calling.”

[III] Non est passus Agamemnon me diutius declamare in porticu, quam ipse in schola sudaverat, sed: “Adulescens, inquit, quoniam sermonem habes non publici saporis et, quod rarissimum est, amas bonam mentem, non fraudabo te arte secreta. <Nihil> nimirum in his exercitationibus doctores peccant qui necesse habent cum insanientibus furere. Nam nisi dixerint quae adolescentuli probent, ut

ait Cicero, 'soli in scholis relinquentur'. Sicut ficti adulescentes cum cenas divitum captant, nihil prius meditantur quam id quod putant gratissimum auditoribus fore — nec enim aliter impetrabunt quod petunt, nisi quasdam insidias auribus fecerint — sic eloquentiae magister, nisi tanquam piscator eam imposuerit hamis escam, quam scierit appetituros esse pisciculos, sine spe praedae morabitur in scopulo.

[3] Agamemnon would not allow me to stand declaiming out in the colonnade longer than he had spent sweating inside the school. "Your talk has an uncommon flavour, young man," he said, "and what is most unusual, you appreciate good sense. I will not therefore deceive you by making a mystery of my art. The fact is that the teachers are not to blame for these exhibitions. They are in a madhouse, and they must gibber. Unless they speak to the taste of their young masters they will be left alone in the colleges, as Cicero remarks. Like the toadies [of Comedy] cadging after the rich man's dinners, they think first about what is calculated to please their audience. They will never gain their object unless they lay traps for the ear. A master of oratory is like a fisherman; he must put the particular bait on his hook which he knows will tempt the little fish, or he may sit waiting on his rock with no hope of a catch.

[IV] "Quid ergo est? Parentes obiurgatione digni sunt, qui nolunt liberos suos severa lege proficere. Primum enim sic ut omnia, spes quoque suas ambitioni donant. Deinde cum ad vota properant, cruda adhuc studia in forum impellunt, et eloquentiam, qua nihil esse maius confitentur, pueris induunt adhuc nascentibus. Quod si paterentur laborum gradus fieri, ut sapientiae praeceptis animos componerent, ut verba atroci stilo effoderent, ut quod vellent imitari diti audirent, <ut persuaderent> sibi nihil esse magnificum quod pueris placeret: iam illa grandis oratio haberet maiestatis suae pondus. Nunc pueri in scholis ludunt, iuvenes ridentur in foro, et quod utroque turpius est, quod quisque <puer> perperam didicit, in senectute confiteri non vult. Sed ne me putes improbasse schedium Lucilianaе humilitatis, quod sentio, et ipse carmine effingam:

[4] Then what is to be done? It is the parents who should be attacked for refusing to allow their children to profit by stern discipline. To begin with they consecrate even their young hopefuls, like everything else, to ambition. Then if they are in a hurry for the fulfilment of their vows, they drive the unripe schoolboy into the law courts, and thrust eloquence, the noblest of callings, upon children who are

still struggling into the world. If they would allow work to go on step by step, so that bookish boys were steeped in diligent reading, their minds formed by wise sayings, their pens relentless in tracking down the right word, their ears giving a long hearing to pieces they wished to imitate, and if they would convince themselves that what took a boy's fancy was never fine; then the grand old style of oratory would have its full force and splendour. As it is, the boy wastes his time at school, and the young man is a laughing-stock in the courts. Worse than that, they will not admit when they are old the errors they have once imbibed at school. But pray do not think that I impugn Lucilius's rhyme about modesty. I will myself put my own views in a poem:

[V] "Artis severae si quis ambit effectus
mentemque magnis applicat, prius mores
frugalitatis lege poliat exacta.
Nec curet alto regiam trucem vultu
cliensve cenas inpotentium captet,
nec perditis addictus obruat vino
mentis calorem; neve plausor in scenam
sedeat redemptus histrioniae addictus.
Sed sive armigeræ rident Tritonidis arces,
seu Lacedaemonio tellus habitata colono
Sirenumque domus, det primos versibus annos
Maeoniumque bibat felici pectore fontem.
Mox et Socratico plenus grege mittat habenas
liber, et ingentis quatiat Demosthenis arma.
Hinc Romana manus circumfluat, et modo Graio
exonerata sono mutet suffusa saporem.
Interdum subducta foro det pagina cursum,
et fortuna sonet celeri distincta meatu.
Dent epulas et bella truci memorata canore,
grandiaque indomiti Ciceronis verba minentur.
Hi animum succinge bonis: sic flumine largo
plenus Pierio defundes pectore verba."

[5] If any man seeks for success in stern art and applies his mind to great tasks, let him first perfect his character by the rigid law of frugality. Nor must he care for the lofty frown of the tyrant's palace, or scheme for suppers with prodigals like a

client, or drown the fires of his wit with wine in the company of the wicked, or sit before the stage applauding an actor's grimaces for a price.

“But whether the fortress of armoured Tritonis smiles upon him, or the land where the Spartan farmer lives, or the home of the Sirens, let him give the years of youth to poetry, and let his fortunate soul drink of the Maeonian fount. Later, when he is full of the learning of the Socratic school, let him loose the reins, and shake the weapons of mighty Demosthenes like a free man. Then let the company of Roman writers pour about him, and, newly unburdened from the music of Greece, steep his soul and transform his taste. Meanwhile, let him withdraw from the courts and suffer his pages to run free, and in secret make ringing strains in swift rhythm; then let him proudly tell tales of feasts, and wars recorded in fierce chant, and lofty words such as undaunted Cicero uttered. Gird up thy soul for these noble ends; so shalt thou be fully inspired, and shalt pour out words in swelling torrent from a heart the Muses love.”

[vi] Dum hunc diligentius audio, non notavi mihi Ascyli fugam < . . . > Et dum in hoc dictorum aestu in hortis incedo, ingens scolasticorum turba in porticum venit, ut apparebat, ab extemporali declamatione nescio cuius, qui Agamemnonis suasoriam exceperat. Dum ergo iuvenes sententias rident ordinemque totius dictionis infamant, opportune subdixi me et cursim Ascyilton persequi coepi. Sed nec viam diligenter tenebam quia < . . . > nec quo loco stabulum esset sciebam. Itaque quocumque ieram, eodem revertabar, donec et cursu fatigatus et sudore iam madens accedo aniculam quandam, quae agreste holus vendebat et:

[6] I was listening to him so carefully that I did not notice Ascylos slipping away. I was pacing the gardens in the heat of our conversation, when a great crowd of students came out into the porch, apparently from some master whose extemporary harangue had followed Agamemnon's discourse. So while the young men were laughing at his epigrams, and denouncing the tendency of his style as a whole, I took occasion to steal away and began hurriedly to look for Ascylos. But I did not remember the road accurately, and I did not know where our lodgings were. So wherever I went, I kept coming back to the same spot, till I was tired out with walking, and dripping with sweat.

[vii] “Rogo, inquam, mater, numquid scis ubi ego habitem?” Delectata est illa urbanitate tam stulta et: “Quidni sciam?” inquit, consurrexitque et coepit me

praecedere. Divinam ego putabam et subinde ut in locum secretiorem venimus, centonem anus urbana reiecit et: “Hic, inquit, debes habitare.” Cum ego negarem me agnoscere domum, video quosdam inter titulos nudasque meretrices furtim spatiantes. Tarde, immo iam sero intellexi me in fornicem esse deductum. Execratus itaque aniculae insidias operui caput et per medium lupanar fugere coepi in alteram partem, cum ecce in ipso aditu occurrit mihi aequae lassus ac moriens Ascyrtos: putares ab eadem anicula esse deductum. Itaque ut ridens eum consalutavi, quid in loco tam deformi faceret quaesivi.

[7] At last I went up to an old woman who was selling country vegetables and said, “Please, mother, do you happen to know where I live?” She was charmed with such a polite fool. “Of course I do,” she said, and got up and began to lead the way. I thought her a prophetess . . . , and when we had got into an obscure quarter the obliging old lady pushed back a patchwork curtain and said, “This should be your house.” I was saying that I did not remember it, when I noticed some men and naked women walking cautiously about among placards of price. Too late, too late I realized that I had been taken into a bawdy-house. I cursed the cunning old woman, and covered my head, and began to run through the brothel to another part, when just at the entrance Ascyrtos met me, as tired as I was, and half-dead. It looked as though the same old lady had brought him there. I hailed him with a laugh, and asked him what he was doing in such an unpleasant spot.

[VIII] Sudorem ille manibus detersit et: “Si scires, inquit, quae mihi acciderunt. — Quid novi?” inquam ego. At ille deficiens: “Cum errarem, inquit, per totam civitatem nec invenirem quo loco stabulum reliquissem, accessit ad me pater familiae et ducem se itineris humanissime promisit. Per anfractus deinde obscurissimos egressus in hunc locum me perduxit, prolatoque peculis coepit rogare stuprum. Iam pro cella meretrix assem exegerat, iam ille mihi iniecerat manum et nisi valentior fuisset, dedissem poenas. < . . . > adeo ubique omnes mihi videbantur satureum bibisse < . . . > iunctis viribus molestum contempsimus.

< . . . >

[8] He mopped himself with his hands and said, “If you only knew what has happened to me.” “What is it?” I said. “Well,” he said, on the point of fainting, “I was wandering all over the town without finding where I had left my lodgings, when a respectable person came up to me and very kindly offered to direct me. He took me round a number of dark turnings and brought me out here, and then

began to offer me money and solicit me. A woman got threepence out of me for a room, and he had already seized me. The worst would have happened if I had not been stronger than he.” . . .

Every one in the place seemed to be drunk on aphrodisiacs . . . but our united forces defied our assailant. . . .

[ix] Quasi per caliginem vidi Gitona in crepidine semitae stantem et in eundem locum me conieci. Cum quaererem numquid nobis in prandium frater parasset, consedit puer super lectum et manantes lacrimas pollice extersit. Perturbatus ego habitu fratris, quid accidisset quaesivi. Et ille tarde quidem et invitus, sed postquam precibus etiam iracundiam miscui: “Tuus, inquit, ist frater seu comes paulo ante in conductum accucurrit, coepitque mihi velle pudorem extorquere. Cum ego proclamarem, gladium strinxit et ‘Si Lucretia es, inquit, Tarquinius invenisti’”. Quibus ego auditis intentavi in oculos Ascylti manus et: “Quid dicis, inquam, muliebris patientiae scortum, cuius ne spiritus purus est?” Inhorrescere se finxit Ascyltos, mox sublatis fortius manibus longe maiore nisu clamavit: “Non taces, inquit, gladiator obscene, quem de ruina harena dimisit? Non taces, nocturne percussor, qui ne tum quidem, cum fortiter faceres, cum pura muliere pugnasti, cuius eadem ratione in viridario frater fui, qua nunc in deversorio puer es. — Subduxisti te, inquam, a praeceptoris colloquio.

[9] I dimly saw Giton standing on the kerb of the road in the dark, and hurried towards him. . . . I was asking my brother whether he had got ready anything for us to eat, when the boy sat down at the head of the bed, and began to cry and rub away the tears with his thumb. My brother’s looks made me uneasy, and I asked what had happened. The boy was unwilling to tell, but I added threats to entreaties, and at last he said, “That brother or friend of yours ran into our lodgings a little while ago and began to offer me violence. I shouted out, and he drew his sword and said, ‘If you are a Lucretia, you have found your Tarquin.’”

When I heard this I shook my fist in Ascyltos’s face. “What have you to say?” I cried, “You dirty fellow whose very breath is unclean?” Ascyltos first pretended to be shocked, and then made a great show of fight, and roared out much more loudly: “Hold your tongue, you filthy prizefighter. You were kicked out of the ring in disgrace. Be quiet, Jack Stab-in-the-dark. You never could face a clean woman in your best days. I was the same kind of brother to you in the garden, as this boy is now in the lodgings.”

[x] — Quid ego, homo stultissime, facere debui, cum fame morerer? An videlicet audirem sententias, id est vitrea fracta et somniorum interpretamenta? Multo me turpior es tu hercule, qui ut foris cenares, poetam laudasti”. Itaque ex turpissima lite in risum diffusi pacatius ad reliqua secessimus. <. . .>

Rursus in memoriam revocatus iniuriae: “Ascylte, inquam, intellego nobis convenire non posse. Itaque communes sarcinulas partiamur ac paupertatem nostram privatis questibus temptemus expellere. Et tu litteras scis et ego. Ne quaestibus tuis obstem, aliud aliquid promittam; alioqui mille causae quotidie nos collident et per totam urbem rumoribus different.”

Non recusavit Ascyltos et: “Hodie, inquit, quia tanquam scholastici ad cenam promisimus, non perdamus noctem. Cras autem, quia hoc libet, et habitationem mihi prospiciam et aliquem fratrem. — Tardum est, inquam, differre quod placet.”

Hanc tam praecipitem divisionem libido faciebat; iam dudum enim amoliri cupiebam custodem molestum, ut veterem cum Gitone meo rationem reducerem. <. . .>

[10] “You sneaked away from the master’s talk,” I said.”Well, you fool, what do you expect? I was perishing of hunger. Was I to go on listening to his views, all broken bottles and interpretation of dreams? By God, you are far worse than I am, flattering a poet to get asked out to dinner.”

Then our sordid quarrelling ended in a shout of laughter, and we retired afterwards more peaceably for what remained to be done. . . .

But his insult came into my head again. “Ascyltos,” I said, “I am sure we cannot agree. We will divide our luggage, and try to defeat our poverty by our own earnings. You are a scholar, and so am I. Besides, I will promise not to stand in the way of your success. Otherwise twenty things a day will bring us into opposition, and spread scandal about us all over the town.” Ascyltos acquiesced, and said, “But as we are engaged to supper to-night like a couple of students, do not let us waste the evening. I shall be pleased to look out for new lodgings and a new brother to-morrow?” “Waiting for one’s pleasures is weary work,” I replied. . . .

SECTIONS XI TO XX.

[xi] Postquam lustravi oculis totam urbem, in cellulam redii, osculisque tandem bona fide exactis alligo artissimis complexibus puerum, fruorque votis usque ad invidiam felicibus. Nec adhuc quidem omnia erant facta, cum Ascyltos furtim se foribus admovit, discussisque fortissime claustris invenit me cum fratre ludentem. Risu itaque plausuque cellulam implevit, opertum me amiculo evoluit et: “Quid agebas, inquit, frater sanctissime? Quid? Vesticontubernium facis?” Nec se solum intra verba continuit, sed lorum de pera soluit et me coepit non perfunctorie verberare, adiectis etiam petulantibus dictis: “Sic dividere cum fratre nolito.” < . .>

[ii] I went sight-seeing all over the town and then came back to the little room. At last I could ask for kisses openly. I hugged the boy close in my arms and had my fill of a happiness that might be envied. All was not over when Ascyltos came sneaking up to the door, shook back the bars by force, and found me at play with my brother. He filled the room with laughter and applause, pulled me out of the cloak I had over me, and said, “What are you at, my pureminded brother, you that would break up our partnership?” Not content with gibing, he pulled the strap off his bag, and began to give me a regular flogging, saying sarcastically as he did so: “Don’t make this kind of bargain with your brother.” . . .

[xii] Veniebamus in forum deficiente iam die, in quo notavimus frequentiam rerum venalium, non quidem pretiosarum sed tamen quarum fidem male ambulanti obscuritas temporis facillime tegeret. Cum ergo et ipsi raptum latrocinio pallium detulissemus, uti occasione opportunissima coepimus atque in quodam angulo laciniam extremam concutere, si quem forte emptorem splendor vestis posset adducere. Nec diu moratus rusticus quidam familiaris oculis meis cum muliercula comite propius accessit ac diligentius considerare pallium coepit. Invicem Ascyltos iniecit contemplationem super umeros rustici emptoris, ac subito exanimatus conticuit. Ac ne ipse quidem sine aliquo motu hominem conspexi, nam videbatur ille mihi esse, qui tunicam in solitudine invenerat. Plane is ipse erat. Sed cum Ascyltos timeret fidem oculorum, ne quid temere faceret, prius

tanquam emptor propius accessit detraxitque umeris laciniam et diligentius temptavit.

[12] It was already dusk when we came into the market. We saw a quantity of things for sale, of no great value, though the twilight very easily cast a veil over their shaky reputations. So for our part we stole a cloak and carried it off, and seized the opportunity of displaying the extreme edge of it in one corner of the market, hoping that the bright colour might attract a purchaser. In a little while a countryman, whom I knew by sight, came up with a girl, and began to examine the cloak narrowly. Ascyrtos in turn cast a glance at the shoulders of our country customer, and was suddenly struck dumb with astonishment. I could not look upon the man myself without a stir, for he was the person, I thought, who had found the shirt in the lonely spot where we lost it. He was certainly the very man. But as Ascyrtos was afraid to trust his eyes for fear of doing something rash, he first came up close as if he were a purchaser, and pulled the shirt off the countryman's shoulders, and then felt it carefully.

[xiii] O lusum fortunae mirabilem! Nam adhuc ne suturae quidem attulerat rusticus curiosas manus, sed tanquam mendici spoliū etiam fastidiosē venditabat. Ascyrtos postquam depositum esse inviolatum vidit et personam vendentis contemptam, seduxit me paululum a turba et: "Scis, inquit, frater, rediisse ad nos thesaurum de quo querebar? Illa est tunicula adhuc, ut apparet, intactis aureis plena. Quid ergo facimus, aut quo iure rem nostram vindicamus?" Exhilaratus ego non tantum quia praedam videbam, sed etiam quod fortuna me a turpissima suspicione dimiserat, negavi circuitu agendum sed plane iure civili dimicandum, ut si nollet alienam rem domino reddere, ad interdictum veniret.

[13] By a wonderful stroke of luck the countryman had never laid his meddling hands on the seam, and he was offering the thing for sale with a condescending air as a beggar's leavings. When Ascyrtos saw that our savings were untouched, and what a poor creature the seller was, he took me a little aside from the crowd, and said, "Do you know, brother, the treasure I was grumbling at losing has come back to us. That is the shirt, and I believe it is still full of gold pieces: they have never been touched. What shall we do? How shall we assert our legal rights?"

I was delighted, not only because I saw a chance of profit, but because fortune had relieved me of a very disagreeable suspicion. I was against any roundabout

methods. I thought we should proceed openly by civil process, and obtain a decision in the courts if they refused to give up other people's property to the rightful owners.

[xiv] Contra Ascyltos leges timebat et: "Quis, aiebat, hoc loco nos novit, aut quis habebit dicentibus fidem? Mihi plane placet emere, quamvis nostrum sit, quod agnoscimus, et parvo aere recuperare potius thesaurum, quam in ambiguum litem descendere:

Quid faciant leges, ubi sola pecunia regnat,
aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla potest?
Ipsi qui Cynica traducunt tempora pera,
non numquam nummis vendere vera solent.
Ergo iudicium nihil est nisi publica merces,
atque eques in causa qui sedet, empti probat."

Sed praeter unum dipondium, quo cicer lupinosque destinaveramus mercari, nihil ad manum erat. Itaque ne interim praeda discederet, vel minoris pallium addicere placuit ut pretium maioris compendii leviolem faceret iacturam. Cum primum ergo explicuimus mercem, mulier operto capite, quae cum rustico steterat, inspectis diligentius signis iniecit utramque laciniae manum magnaque vociferatione latrones tenere clamavit. Contra nos perturbati, ne videremur nihil agere, et ipsi scissam et sordidam tenere coepimus tunicam atque eadem invidia proclamare, nostra esse spolia quae illi possiderent. Sed nullo genere par erat causa, et cociones qui ad clamorem confluerant, nostram scilicet de more ridebant invidiam, quod pro illa parte vindicabant pretiosissimam vestem, pro hac pannuciam ne centonibus quidem bonis dignam. Hinc Ascyltos bene risum discussit, qui silentio facto:

[14] But Ascyltos was afraid of the law: "Nobody knows us in this place," he said, "and nobody will believe what we say, I should certainly like to buy the thing, although it is ours and we know it. It is better to get back our savings cheaply than to embark upon the perils of a lawsuit:

"Of what avail are laws where money rules alone, and the poor suitor can never succeed? The very men who mock at the times by carrying the Cynic's scribe have sometimes been known to betray the truth for a price. So a lawsuit is nothing more than a public auction, and the knightly juror who sits listening to the case gives his vote as he is paid."

But we had nothing in hand except one sixpence, with which we had meant to buy pease and lupines. And so for fear our prize should escape us, we decided to sell the cloak cheaper than we had intended, and so to incur a slight loss for a greater gain. We had just unrolled our piece, when a veiled woman, who was standing by the countryman, looked carefully at the marks, and then seized the cloak with both hands, shouting at the top of her voice, "Thieves!" We were terrified, but rather than do nothing, we began to tug at the dirty torn shirt, and cried out with equal bitterness that these people had taken some spoil that was ours. But the dispute was in no way even, and the dealers who were attracted by the noise of course laughed at our indignation, since one side was laying claim to an expensive cloak, the other to a set of rags which would not serve to make a decent patchwork.

[xv] "Videmus, inquit, suam cuique rem esse carissimam; reddant nobis tunicam nostram et pallium suum recipiant." Etsi rustico mulierique placebat permutatio, advocati tamen iam paene nocturni, qui volebant pallium lucri facere, flagitabant uti apud se utraque deponerentur ac postero die iudex querelam inspiceret. Neque enim res tantum, quae viderentur in controversiam esse, sed longe aliud quaeri, <quod> in utraque parte scilicet latrocinii suspicio haberetur. Iam sequestri placebant, et nescio quis ex cocionibus, calvus, tuberosissimae frontis, qui solebat aliquando etiam causas agere, invaserat pallium exhibiturumque crastino die affirmabat. Ceterum apparebat nihil aliud quaeri nisi ut semel deposita vestis inter praedones strangularetur, et nos metu criminis non veniremus ad constitutum. <. . .> Idem plane et nos volebamus. Itaque utriusque partis votum casus adiuvit. Indignatus enim rusticus quod nos centonem exhibendum postularem, misit in faciem Ascykti tunicam et liberatos querela iussit pallium deponere, quod solum litem faciebat, et recuperato, ut putabamus, thesauro in deversorium praecipites abimus, praeclisusque foribus ridere acumen non minus cocionum quam calumniantium coepimus, quod nobis ingenti calliditate pecuniam reddidissent.

Nolo quod cupio statim tenere,
nec victoria mi placet parata.

[15] Ascyktos now cleverly stopped their laughter by calling for silence and saying, "Well, you see, every one has an affection for his own things. If they will give us our shirt, they shall have their cloak." The countryman and the woman were satisfied with this exchange, but by this time some policemen had been called in to punish us; they wanted to make a profit out of the cloak, and tried to persuade

us to leave the disputed property with them and let a judge look into our complaints the next day. They urged that besides the counter-claims to these garments, a far graver question arose, since each party must lie under suspicion of thieving. It was suggested that trustees should be appointed, and one of the traders, a bald man with a spotty forehead, who used sometimes to do law work, laid hands on the cloak and declared that he would produce it to-morrow. But clearly the object was that the cloak should be deposited with a pack of thieves and be seen no more, in the hope that we should not keep our appointment, for fear of being charged.

It was obvious that our wishes coincided with his, and chance came to support the wishes of both sides. The countryman lost his temper when we said his rags must be shown in public, threw the shirt in Ascylos's face, and asked us, now that we had no grievance, to give up the cloak which had raised the whole quarrel. . . .

We thought we had got back our savings. We hurried away to the inn and shut the door, and then had a laugh at the wits of our false accusers and at the dealers too, whose mighty sharpness had returned our money to us. "I never want to grasp what I desire at once, nor do easy victories delight me."

[xvi] Sed ut primum beneficio Gitonis praeparata nos implevimus cena, ostium satis audaci strepitu impulsum exsonuit. Cum et ipsi ergo pallidi rogaremus quis esset: "Aperi, inquit, iam scies." Dumque loquimur, sera sua sponte delapsa cecidit reclusaeque subito fores admiserunt intrantem. Mulier autem erat operto capite, et: "Me derisisse, inquit, vos putabatis? Ego sum ancilla Quartillae, cuius vos sacrum ante cryptam turbastis. Ecce ipsa venit ad stabulum petitque ut vobiscum loqui liceat. Nolite perturbari. Nec accusat errorem vestrum nec punit, immo potius miratur, quis deus iuvenes tam urbanos in suam regionem detulerit."

[16] Thanks to Giton, we found supper ready, and we were making a hearty meal, when a timid knock sounded at the door.

We turned pale and asked who it was. "Open the door," said a voice, "and you will see." While we were speaking, the bar slipped and fell of its own accord, the door suddenly swung open, and let in our visitor. It was the veiled woman who had stood with the countryman a little while before. "Did you think you had deceived me?" she said. "I am Quartilla's maid. You intruded upon her devotions before her secret chapel. Now she has come to your lodgings, and begs for the favour of a word with you. Do not be uneasy; she will not be angry, or punish you

for a mistake. On the contrary, she wonders how Heaven conveyed such polite young men to her quarter.” We still said nothing,

[xvii] Tacentibus adhuc nobis et ad neutram partem adsentationem flectentibus intravit ipsa, una comitata virgine, sedensque super torum meum diu flevit. Ac ne tunc quidem nos ullum adiecimus verbum, sed attoniti expectavimus lacrimas ad ostentationem doloris paratas. Vt ergo tam ambitiosus detonuit imber, retexit superbum pallio caput, et manibus inter se usque ad articulorum strepitum constrictis: “Quaenam est, inquit, haec audacia, aut ubi fabulas etiam antecessura latrocinia didicistis? Misereor mediusfidius vestri; neque enim impune quisquam quod non licuit, aspexit. Vtique nostra regio tam praesentibus plena est numinibus, ut facilius possis deum quam hominem invenire. Ac ne me putetis ultionis causa huc venisse; aetate magis vestra commoveor quam iniuria mea. Imprudentes enim, ut adhuc puto, admisistis inexpiabile scelus. Ipsa quidem illa nocte vexata tam periculoso inhorruī frigore, ut tertianae etiam impetum timeam. Et ideo medicinam sommo petiī, iussaque sum vos perquirere atque impetum morbi monstrata subtilitate lenire. Sed de remedio non tam valde laboro; maior enim in praecordiis dolor saenit, qui me usque ad necessitatem mortis deducit, ne scilicet iuvenili impulsī licentia quod in sacello Priapi vidistis vulgetis, deorumque consilia proferatis in populum. Protendo igitur ad genua vestra supinas manus, petoque et oro ne nocturnas religiones iocum risumque faciatis, neve traducere velitis tot annorum secreta, quae vix mille homines noverunt.”

[17] and showed no approval one way or the other. Then Quartilla herself came in with one girl by her, sat down on my bed, and cried for a long while. We did not put in a word even then, but sat waiting in amazement for the end of this carefully arranged exhibition of grief. When this very designing rain had ceased, she drew her proud head out of her cloak and wrung her hands together till the joints cracked. “You bold creatures,” she said, “where did you learn to outrival the robbers of romance? Heaven knows I pity you. A man cannot look upon forbidden things and go free. Indeed the gods walk abroad so commonly in our streets that it is easier to meet a god than a man. Do not suppose that I have come here to avenge myself. I am more sorry for your tender years than for my own wrongs. For I still believe that heedless youth has led you into deadly sin. I lay tormenting myself that night and shivering with such a dreadful chill that I even fear an attack of tertian ague. So I asked for a remedy in my dreams, and was told to find you out and allay the raging of my disease by the clever plan you would

show me. But I am not so greatly concerned about a cure; deep in my heart burns a greater grief, which drags me down to inevitable death. I am afraid that youthful indiscretion will lead you to publish abroad what you saw in the chapel of Priapus, and reveal our holy rites to the mob. So I kneel with folded hands before you, and beg and pray you not to make a laughing-stock of our nocturnal worship, not to deride the immemorial mystery to which less than a thousand souls hold the key.”

[xviii] Secundum hanc deprecationem lacrimas rursus effudit gemitibusque largis concussa tota facie ac pectore torum meum pressit. Ego eodem tempore et misericordia turbatus et metu, bonum animum habere eam iussi et de utroque esse securam: nam neque sacra quemquam vulgaturum, et si quod praeterea aliud remedium ad tertianam deus illi monstrasset, adiuvaturos nos divinam providentiam vel periculo nostro. Hilarior post hanc pollicitationem facta mulier basiavit me spissius, et ex lacrimis in risum mota descendentes ab aure capillos meos lenta manu duxit et: “Facio, inquit, indutias vobiscum, et a constituta lite dimitto. Quod si non adnuissetis de hac medicina quam peto, iam parata erat in crastinum turba, quae et iniuriam meam vindicaret et dignitatem:

Contemni turpe est, legem donare superbum;
hoc amo, quod possum qua libet ire via.
Nam sane et sapiens contemptus iurgia nectit,
et qui non iugulat, victor abire solet.

Complosis deinde manibus in tantum repente risum effusa est, ut timeremus. Idem ex altera parte et ancilla fecit, quae prior venerat, idem virguncula, quae una intraverat.

[18] She finished her prayer, and again cried bitterly, and buried her face and bosom in my bed, shaken all over with deep sobs. I was distracted with pity and terror together. I reassured her, telling her not to trouble herself about either point. No one would betray her devotions, and we would risk our lives to assist the will of Heaven, if the gods had showed her any further cure for her tertian ague. At this promise the woman grew more cheerful, kissed me again and again and gently stroked the long hair that fell about my ears, having passed from crying to laughter. “I will sign a peace with you,” she said, “and withdraw the suit I have entered against you. But if you had not promised me the cure I want, there was a whole regiment ready for tomorrow to wipe out my wrongs and uphold my honour:

“To be flouted is disgraceful, but to impose terms is glorious: I rejoice that I can follow what course I please. For surely even a wise man will take up a quarrel when he is flouted, while the man who sheds no blood commonly comes off victorious.” . . .

Then she clapped her hands and suddenly burst out laughing so loud that we were frightened. The maid who had come in first did the same on one side of us, and also the little girl who had come in with Quartilla.

[xix] Omnia mimico risu exsonuerant, cum interim nos quae tam repentina esset mutatio animorum facta ignoraremus, ac modo nosmetipsos, modo mulieres intueremur. < . . >

“Ideo vetui hodie in hoc deversorio quemquam mortalium admitti, ut remedium tertianae sine ulla interpellatione a vobis acciperem.” Vt haec dixit Quartilla, Ascylos quidem paulisper obstupuit, ego autem frigidior hieme Gallica factus nullum potui verbum emittere. Sed ne quid tristius expectarem, comitatus faciebat. Tres enim erant mulierculae, si quid vellent conari, infirmissimae, scilicet contra nos, <quibus> si nihil aliud, virilis sexus esset. At praecincti certe altius eramus. Immo ego sic iam paria composueram ut, si depugnandum foret, ipse cum Quartilla consisterem, Ascylos cum ancilla, Giton cum virgine. < . . > Tunc vero excidit omnis constantia attonitis, et mors non dubia miserorum oculos coepit obducere. < . . >

[19] The whole place rang with farcical laughter, while we kept looking first at each other and then at the women, not understanding how they could have changed their tune so quickly. . . .

“I forbade any mortal man to enter this inn to-day, just so that I might get you to cure me of my tertian ague without interruptions.” When Quartilla said this, Ascylos was struck dumb for a moment, while I turned colder than a Swiss winter, and could not utter a syllable. But the presence of my friends saved me from my worst fears. They were three weak women, if they wanted to make any attack on us. We had at least our manhood in our favour, if nothing else. And certainly our dress was more fit for action. Indeed I had already matched our forces in pairs. If it came to a real fight, I was to face Quartilla, Ascylos her maid, Giton the girl. . .

But then all our resolution yielded to astonishment, and the darkness of certain death began to fall on our unhappy eyes. . . .

[xx] “Rogo, inquam, domina, si quid tristius paras, celerius confice: neque enim tam magnum facinus admisimus, ut debeamus torti perire.” Ancilla, quae Psyche vocabatur, lodiculam in pavimento diligenter extendit. Sollicitavit inguina mea mille iam mortibus frigida. Operuerat Ascyltos pallio caput, admonitus scilicet periculosum esse alienis intervenire secretis. Duas institas ancilla protulit de sinu alteraque pedes nostros alligavit, altera manus. < . . . >

Ascyltos, iam deficiente fabularum contextu: “Quid? Ego, inquit, non sum dignus qui bibam?” Ancilla risu meo prodita complosit manus et: “Apposui: quidem adulescens, solus tantum medicamentum ebibisti? — Itane est? inquit Quartilla, quicquid saturei fuit, Encolpius ebibit?” Non indecenti risu latera commovit. Ac ne Giton quidem ultimo risum tenuit, utique postquam virguncula cervicem eius invasit et non repugnanti puero innumerabilia oscula dedit.

[20] “If you have anything worse in store, madam,” I said, “be quick with it. We are not such desperate criminals that we deserve to die by torture.”. . .

The maid, whose name was Psyche, carefully spread a blanket on the floor. Sollicitavit inguina mea mille iam mortibus frigida. . . . Ascyltos had buried his head in his cloak. I suppose he had warning that it is dangerous to pry into other people’s secrets. . . .

The maid brought two straps out of her dress and tied our feet with one and our hands with the other. . . .

The thread of our talk was broken. “Come,” said Ascyltos, “do not I deserve a drink?” The maid was given away by my laughter at this. She clapped her hands and said, “I put one by you, young man. Did you drink the whole of the medicine yourself?” “Did he really?” said Quartilla, “did Encolpius drink up the whole of our loving-cup?” Her sides shook with delightful laughter. . . . Even Giton had to laugh at last, I mean when the little girl took him by the neck and showered countless kisses on his unresisting lips. . . .

SECTIONS XXI TO XXX.

[XXI] Volebamus miseri exclamare, sed nec in auxilio erat quisquam, et hinc Psyche acu comatoria cupienti mihi invocare Quiritum fidem malas pungebat, illinc puella penicillo, quod et ipsum satureo tinxerat, Ascylton opprimebat. < . . >

Vltimo cinaedus supervenit myrtea subornatus gausapa cinguloque succinctus . . . modo extortis nos clunibus cecidit, modo basiis olidissimis inquinavit, donec Quartilla, ballaenaceam tenens virgam alteque succincta, iussit infelicibus dari missionem. < . . >

Vterque nostrum religiosissimis iuravit verbis inter duos periturum esse tam horribile secretum. Intraverunt palaestritae quamplures et nos legitimo perfusos oleo refecerunt. Vtunque ergo lassitudine abiecta cenatoria repetimus et in proximam cellam ducti sumus, in qua tres lecti strati erant et reliquus lautitiarum apparatus splendidissime eitus. Iussi ergo discubuimus, et gustatione mirifica initiati vino etiam Falerno inundamur. Excepti etiam pluribus ferculis cum laberemur in somnum: "Itane est? inquit Quartilla, etiam dormire vobis in mente est, cum sciatis Priapi genio pervigilium deberi?" < . . >

[21] We wanted to cry out for pain, but there was no one to come to the rescue, and when I tried to cry "Help, all honest citizens!" Psyche pricked my cheek with a hair-pin, while the girl threatened Ascyltos with a wet sponge which she had soaked in an aphrodisiac. . . .

At last there arrived a low fellow in a fine brown suit with a waistband

Modo extortis nos clunibus cecidit, modo basis olidissimis inquinavit, donec Quartilla balaenaceam tenens virgam alteque succincta iussit infelicibus dari missionem

We both of us took a solemn oath that the dreadful secret should die with us. . . .

A number of attendants came in, rubbed us down With pure oil, and refreshed us. Our fatigue vanished, we put on evening dress again, and were shown into the next room, where three couches were laid and a whole rich dinner-service was finely spread out. We were asked to sit down, and after beginning with some wonderful hors d'oeuvres we swam in wine, and that too Falernian. We followed this with more courses, and were dropping off to sleep, when Quartilla said,

“Well, how can you think of going to sleep, when you know that is your duty to devote the whole night to the genius of Priapus?” . . .

[xxii] Cum Ascyrtos gravatus tot malis in somnum laberetur, illa quae iniuria depulsa fuerat ancilla totam faciem eius fuligine longa perfricuit, et non sentientis labra umerosque sopitionibus pinxit.

Iam ego etiam tot malis fatigatus minimum veluti gustum hauseram somni; idem et tota intra forisque familia fecerat, atque alii circa pedes discumbentium sparsi iacebant, alii parietibus appliciti, quidam in ipso limine coniunctis manebant capitibus; lucernae quoque umore defectae tenue et extremum lumen spargebant, cum duo Syri expilaturi lagoenam triclinium intraverunt, dumque inter argentum avidius rixantur, diductam fregerunt lagoenam. Cecidit etiam mensa cum argento, et ancillae super torum marcentis excussum forte altius poculum caput <fere> fregit.

Ad quem ictum exclamavit illa, pariterque et fures prodidit et partem ebriorum excitavit. Syri illi qui venerant ad praedam, postquam deprehensos se intellexerunt, pariter secundum lectum conciderunt, ut putares hoc convenisse, et stertere tanquam olim dormientes coeperunt.

Iam et tricliniarches experrectus lucernis occidentibus oleum infuderat, et pueri detergis paulisper oculis redierant ad ministerium, cum intrans cymbalistria et concrepans aera omnes excitavit.

[22] Ascyrtos was heavy-eyed with all his troubles, and was falling asleep, when the maid who had been driven away so rudely rubbed his face over with soot, and coloured his lips and his neck with vermilion while he drowsed. By this time I was tired out with adventures too, and had just taken the tiniest taste of sleep. All the servants, indoors and out, had done the same. Some lay anyhow by the feet of the guests, some leaned against the walls, some even stayed in the doorway with their heads together. The oil in the lamps had run out, and they gave a thin dying light. All at once two Syrians came in to rob the dining-room, and in quarrelling greedily over the plate pulled a large jug in two and broke it. The table fell over with the plate, and a cup which happened to fly some distance hit the head of the maid, who was lolling over a seat. The knock made her scream, and this showed up the thieves and woke some of the drunken party. The Syrians who had come to steal dropped side by side on a sofa, when they realized that they were being noticed, with the most convincing naturalness, and began to snore like old-established sleepers.

By this time the butler had got up and refilled the flickering lamps. The boys rubbed their eyes for a few minutes, and then came back to wait. Then a girl with cymbals came in, and the crash of the brass aroused everybody.

[xxiii] Refectum igitur est convivium et rursus Quartilla ad bibendum revocavit. Adiuvit hilaritatem comissantis cymbalistria.

Intrat cinaedus, homo omnium insulsissimus et plane illa domo dignus, qui ut infractis manibus congemuit, eiusmodi carmina effudit:

Huc huc convenite nunc, spatalocinaedi,
pede tendite, cursum addite, convolate planta,
femore facili, clune agili et manu procaces,
molles, veteres, Deliaci manu recisi.

Consumptis versibus suis immundissimo me basio conspuat. Mox et super lectum venit atque omni vi detexit recusantem. Super inguina mea diu multumque frustra moluit. Profluebant per frontem sudantis acaciae rivi, et inter rugas malarum tantum erat cretae, ut putares detectum parietem nimbo laborare.

[23] Our evening began afresh, and Quartilla called us back again to our cups. The girl with the cymbals gave her fresh spirits for the revel. . . .

Intrat cinaedus, homo omnium insulsissimus et plane illa domo dignus, qui ut infractis manibus congemuit, eiusmodi carmina effudit:

“Huc huc cito convenite nunc, spatalocinaedi,
Pede tendite, cursum addite, convolate planta
Femoreque facili, dune agili et manu procaces,
Molles, veteres, Deliaci manu recisi.”

Consumptis versibus suis immundissimo me basio conspuat. Mox et super lectum venit atque omni vi detexit recusantem. Super inguina mea diu multumque frustra moluit.

[xxiv] Non tenui ego diutius lacrimas, sed ad ultimam perductus tristitiam: “Quaeso, inquam, domina, certe embasicoetan iusseras dari.” Complosit illa tenerius manus et: “O, inquit, hominem acutum atque urbanitatis vernaculae fontem! Quid? Tu non intellexeras cinaedum embasicoetan vocari?” Deinde ne contubernali meo melius succederet: “Per fidem, inquam, vestram, Ascyltos in hoc triclinio solus ferias agit? — Ita, inquit Quartilla, et Ascylto embasicoetas detur”. Ab hac voce equum cinaedus mutavit, transituque ad comitem meum facto clunibus eum basiisque distrivit. Stabat inter haec Giton et risu dissolvebat ilia sua. Itaque conspicata eum Quartilla, cuius esset puer diligentissima sciscitatione quaesivit.

Cum ego fratrem meum esse dixissem: “Quare ergo, inquit, me non basiavit?” vocatumque ad se in osculum adplicuit. Mox manum etiam demisit in sinum et pertractato vasculo tam rudi: “Haec, inquit, belle cras in promulside libidinis nostrae militabit; hodie enim post asellum diaria non sumo”.

[24] Profluebant per frontem sudantis acaciae rivi, et inter rugas malarum tantum erat cretae, ut putares detectum parietem nimbo laborare. Non tenui ego diutius lacrimas, sed ad ultimam, perductus tristitiam “Quaeso” inquam “domina, certe embasicoetan iusseras dari.” Complosit illa tenerius manus et “O” inquit “hominem acutum atque urbanitatis vernaculae fontem. Quid? tu non intellexeras cinaedum embasicoetan vocari?” Deinde ut contubernali meo melius succederet, “Per fidem” inquam “vestram, Ascyrtos in hoc triclinio solus ferias agit?” “Ita” inquit Quartilla “et Ascyrtos embasicoetas detur.” Ab hac voce equum cinaedus mutavit transituque ad comitem meum facto clunibus eum basiisque distrivit. | Stabat inter haec Giton et risu dissolvebat **LO** ilia sua. Itaque conspicata eum Quartilla, cuius esset puer, diligentissima sciscitatione quaesivit. Cum ego fratrem meum esse dixissem, “Quare ergo” inquit “me non basiavit?” Vocatumque ad se in osculum applicuit. Mox manum etiam demisit in sinum et pertractato vasculo tam rudi “Haec” inquit “belle cras in promulside libidinis nostrae militabit; hodie enim post asellum diaria non sumo.”

[xxv] Cum haec diceret, ad aurem eius Psyche ridens accessit et cum dixisset nescio quid: “Ita, ita, inquit Quartilla, bene admonuisti. Cur non, quia bellissima occasio est, devirginatur Pannychis nostra?” Continuoque producta est puella satis bella et quae non plus quam septem annos habere videbatur, ea ipsa quae primum cum Quartilla in cellam venerat nostram. Plaudentibus ergo universis et postulantibus nuptias, obstupui ego et nec Gitona, verecundissimum puerum, sufficere huic petulantiae adfirmavi, nec puellam eius aetatis esse, ut muliebris patientiae legem posset accipere.” Ita, inquit Quartilla, minor est ista quam ego fui, cum primum virum passa sum? Iunonem meam iratam habeam, si unquam me meminerim virginem fuisse. Nam et infans cum paribus inquinata sum, et subinde procedentibus annis maioribus me pueris adplicui, donec ad hanc aetatem perveni. Hinc etiam puto proverbium natum illud, ut dicatur posse taurum tollere, qui vitulum sustulerit.” Igitur ne maiorem iniuriam in secreto frater acciperet, consurrexi ad officium nuptiale.

[25] Cum haec diceret, ad aurem eius Psyche ridens accessit, et cum dixisset nescio quid, “Ita, ita” inquit Quartilla “bene admonuisti. Cur non, quia bellissima occasio est, devirginatur Pannychis nostra?” Continuoque producta est puella satis bella et quae non plus quam septem annos habere videbatur, [et] ea ipsa quae primum cum Quartilla in cellam venerat nostram. Plaudentibus ergo universis et postulantibus nuptias [fecerunt] obstupui ego et nec Gitona, verecundissimum puerum, sufficere huic petulantiae affirmavi, nec puellam eius aetatis esse, ut muliebris patientiae legem posset accipere. “Ita” inquit Quartilla “minor est ista quam ego fui, cum primum virum passa sum? Iunonem meam iratam habeam, si unquam me meminerim virginem fuisse. Nam et infans cum paribus inclinata sum, et subinde procedentibus annis maioribus me pueris applicui, donec ad hanc aetatem perveni. Hinc etiam puto proverbium natum illud, ut dicatur posse taurum tollere, qui vitulum sustulerit.” Igitur ne maiorem iniuriam in secreto frater acciperet, consurrexi ad officium nuptiale.

[xxvi] Iam Psyche puellae caput involverat flammeo, iam embasicoetas praeferibat facem, iam ebriae mulieres longum agmen plaudentes fecerant, thalamumque incesta exornaverant veste. Tum Quartilla quoque iocantium libidine accensa et ipsa surrexit, correptumque Gitona in cubiculum traxit.

Sine dubio non repugnauerat puer, ac ne puella quidem tristis expaverat nuptiarum nomen. Itaque cum inclusi iacerent, consedimus ante limen thalami, et in primis Quartilla per rimam improbe diductam adplicuerat oculum curiosum, lusumque puerilem libidiosa speculabatur diligentia. Me quoque ad idem spectaculum lenta manu traxit, et quia considerantium <co>haeserant vultus, quicquid a spectaculo vacabat, commovebat obiter labra et me tamquam furtivis subinde osculis verberabat. <. . .>

Abiecti in lectis sine metu reliquam exegimus noctem. <. . .>

Venerat iam tertius dies, id est expectatio liberae cenae, sed tot vulneribus confossis fuga magis placebat quam quies. Itaque cum maesti deliberaremus quonam genere praesentem evitaremus procellam, unus servus Agamemnonis interpellavit trepidantes et: “Quid? vos, inquit, nescitis hodie apud quem fiat? Trimalchio, lautissimus homo. Horologium in triclinio et bucinatorem habet subornatum, ut subinde sciat quantum de vita perdiderit!”

Amicimur ergo diligenter obliti omnium malorum et Gitona libentissime servile officium tuentem iubemus in balneum sequi.

[26] Iam Psyche puellae caput involverat flammeo, iam embasicoetas praeferibat facem, iam ebriae mulieres longum agmen plaudentes fecerant thalamumque incesta exornaverant veste, cum Quartilla quoque iocantium libidine accensa et ipsa surrexit correptumque Gitona in cubiculum traxit.

Sine dubio non repugnaverat puer, ac ne puella quidem tristis expaverat nuptiarum nomen. Itaque cum inclusi iacerent, consedimus ante limen thalami, et in primis Quartilla per rimam improbe diductam applicuerat oculum curiosum lusumque puerilem libidinosa speculabatur diligentia. Me quoque ad idem spectaculum lenta manu traxit, et quia considerantium cohaeserant vultus, quicquid a spectaculo vacabat, commovebat obiter labra et me tanquam furtivis subinde osculis verberabat. . . .

We threw ourselves into bed and spent the rest of the night without terrors. . . .

The third day had come. A good dinner was promised. But we were bruised and sore. Escape was better even than rest. We were making some melancholy plans for avoiding the coming storm, when one of Agamemnon's servants came up as we stood hesitating, and said, "Do you not know at whose house it is today? Trimalchio, a very rich man, who has a clock and a uniformed trumpeter in his dining-room, to keep telling him how much of his life is lost and gone." We forgot our troubles and hurried into our clothes, and told Giton, who till now had been waiting on us very willingly, to follow us to the baths.

[xxvii] Nos interim vestiti errare coepimus, immo iocari magis et circulis accedere, cum subito videmus senem calvum, tunica vestitum russea, inter pueros capillatos ludentem pila. Nec tam pueri nos, quamquam erat operae pretium, ad spectaculum duxerant, quam ipse pater familiae, qui soleatus pila prasina exercebatur. Nec amplius eam repetebat quae terram contigerat, sed follem plenum habebat servus sufficebatque ludentibus. Notavimus etiam res novas: nam duo spadones in diversa parte circuli stabant, quorum alter matellam tenebat argenteam, alter numerabat pilas, non quidem eas quae inter manus lusu expellente vibrabant, sed eas quae in terram decidebant.

Cum has ergo miraremur lautitias, accurrit Menelaus: "Hic est, inquit, apud quem cubitum ponitis, et quidem iam principium cenae videtis. Et iam non loquebatur Menelaus cum Trimalchio digitos concrepuit, ad quod signum matellam spado ludenti subiecit. Exonerata ille vesica aquam poposcit ad manus, digitosque paululum adpersos in capite pueri tersit.

[27] We began to take a stroll in evening dress to pass the time, or rather to joke and mix with the groups of players, when all at once we saw a bald old man in a reddish shirt playing at ball with some long-haired boys. It was not the boys that attracted our notice, though they deserved it, but the old gentleman, who was in his house-shoes, busily engaged with a green ball. He never picked it up if it touched the ground. A slave stood by with a bagful and supplied them to the players. We also observed a new feature in the game. Two eunuchs were standing at different points in the group. One held a silver jordan, one counted the balls, not as they flew from hand to hand in the rigour of the game, but when they dropped to the ground. We were amazed at such a display, and then Menelaus ran up and said, "This is the man who will give you places at his table: indeed what you see is the overture to his dinner." Menelaus had just finished when Trimalchio cracked his fingers. One eunuch came up at this signal and held the jordan for him as he played. He relieved himself and called for a basin, dipped in his hands and wiped them on a boy's head.

[xxviii] Longum erat singula excipere. Itaque intravimus balneum, et sudore calfacti momento temporis ad frigidam eximus. Iam Trimalchio unguento perfusus tergebatur, non linteis, sed palliis ex lana mollissima factis. Tres interim iatraliptae in conspectu eius Falernum potabant, et cum plurimum rixantes effunderent, Trimalchio hoc suum propinasse dicebat. Hinc involutus coccinea gausapa lecticae impositus est praecedentibus phaleratis cursoribus quattuor et chiramaxio, in quo deliciae eius vehebantur, puer vetulus, lippus, domino Trimalchione deformior. Cum ergo auferretur, ad caput eius symphoniacus cum minimis tibiis accessit et tanquam in aurem aliquid secreto diceret, toto itinere cantavit.

Sequimur nos admiratione iam saturi et cum Agamemnone ad ianuam pervenimus, in cuius poste libellus erat cum hac inscriptione fixus:
QVISQVIS SERVVS SINE DOMINICO IVSSV FORAS EXIERIT ACCIPIET
PLAGAS CENTVM.

In aditu autem ipso stabat ostiarius prasinatus, cerasino succinctus cingulo, atque in lance argentea pisum purgabat. Super limen autem cavea pendebat aurea in qua pica varia intrantes salutabat.

[28] I cannot linger over details. We went into the bath. We stayed till we ran with sweat, and then at once passed through into the cold water. Trimalchio was now anointed all over and rubbed down, not with towels, but with blankets of the

softest wool. Three masseurs sat there drinking Falernian wine under his eyes. They quarrelled and spilt a quantity. Trimalchio said they were drinking his health. Then he was rolled up in a scarlet woollen coat and put in a litter. Four runners decked with medals went before him, and a hand-cart on which his favourite rode. This was a wrinkled bleary-eyed boy uglier than his master Trimalchio. As he was being driven off, a musician with a tiny pair of pipes arrived, and played the whole way as though he were whispering secrets in his ear.

We followed, lost in wonder, and came with Agamemnon to the door. A notice was fastened on the doorpost: "NO SLAVE TO GO OUT OF DOORS EXCEPT BY THE MASTER'S ORDERS. PENALTY, ONE HUNDRED STRIPES." Just at the entrance stood a porter in green clothes, with a cherry-coloured belt, shelling peas in a silver dish. A golden cage hung in the doorway, and a spotted magpie in it greeted visitors.

[xxix] Ceterum ego dum omnia stupeo, paene resupinatus crura mea fregi. Ad sinistram enim intrantibus non longe ab ostiarii cella canis ingens, catena vinctus, in pariete erat pictus superque quadrata littera scriptum CAVE CANEM. Et collegae quidem mei riserunt. Ego autem collecto spiritu non destiti totum parietem persequi. Erat autem venalicium <cum> titulis pictis, et ipse Trimalchio capillatus caduceum tenebat Minervamque ducente Romam intrabat. Hinc quemadmodum ratiocinari didicisset, deinceps dispensator factus esset, omnia diligenter curiosus pictor cum inscriptione reddiderat. In deficiente vero iam porticu levatum mento in tribunal excelsum Mercurius rapiebat. Praesto erat Fortuna cornu abundanti copiosa et tres Parcae aurea pensa torquentes. Notavi etiam in porticu gregem cursorum cum magistro se exercentem. Praeterea grande armarium in angulo vidi, in cuius aedícula erant Lares argentei positi Venerisque signum marmoreum et pyxis aurea non pusilla, in qua barbam ipsius conditam esse dicebant. Interrogare ergo atriensem coepi, quas in medio picturas haberent." Iliada et Odyssian, inquit, ac Laenatis gladiatorium munus."

[29] I was gazing at all this, when I nearly fell backwards and broke my leg. For on the left hand as you went in, not far from the porter's office, a great dog on a chain was painted on the wall, and over him was written in large letters "BEWARE OF THE DOG." My friends laughed at me, but I plucked up courage and went on to examine the whole wall. It had a picture of a slave-market on it, with the persons' names. Trimalchio was there with long hair, holding a

Mercury's staff. Minerva had him by the hand and was leading him into Rome. Then the painstaking artist had given a faithful picture of his whole career with explanations: how he had learned to keep accounts, and how at last he had been made steward. At the point where the wall-space gave out, Mercury had taken him by the chin, and was whirling him up to his high official throne. Fortune stood by with her flowing horn of plenty, and the three Fates spinning their golden threads. I also observed a company of runners practising in the gallery under a trainer, and in a corner I saw a large cupboard containing a tiny shrine, wherein were silver house-gods, and a marble image of Venus, and a large golden box, where they told me Trimalchio's first beard was laid up.

I began to ask the porter what pictures they had in the hall. "The Iliad and the Odyssey," he said, "and the gladiator's show given by Laenas." I could not take them all in at once. . . .

[xxx] Non licebat < tam multa otiose > considerare. Nos iam ad triclinium perveneramus, in cuius parte prima procurator rationes accipiebat. Et quod praecipue miratus sum, in postibus triclinii fasces erant cum securibus fixi, quorum imam partem quasi embolum navis aeneum finiebat, in quo erat scriptum: C. POMPEIO TRIMALCHIONI SEVIRO AVGVSTALI CINNAMVS DISPENSATOR. Sub eodem titulo et lucerna bilychnis de camera pendebat, et duae tabulae in utroque poste defixae, quarum altera, si bene memini, hoc habebat inscriptum: III ET PRIDIE KALENDAS IANVARIAS C. NOSTER FORAS CENAT, altera lunae cursum stellarumque septem imagines pictas; et qui dies boni quique incommodi essent, distinguente bulla notabantur.

His repleti voluptatibus cum conaremur in triclinium intrare, exclamavit unus ex pueris, qui super hoc officium erat positus: "Dextro pede!" Sine dubio paulisper trepidavimus, ne contra praeceptum aliquis nostrum limen transiret.

Ceterum ut pariter movimus dextros gressus, servus nobis despoliatus procubuit ad pedes ac rogare coepit, ut se poenae eriperemus: nec magnum esse peccatum suum, propter quod periclitaretur; subducta enim sibi vestimenta dispensatoris in balneo, quae vix fuissent decem sestertiorum. Retulimus ergo dextros pedes, dispensatoremque in atrio aureos numerantem deprecati sumus ut servo remitteret poenam. Superbus ille sustulit vultum et: "Non tam iactura me movet, inquit, quam neglegentia nequissimi servi. Vestimenta mea cubitoria perdidit, quae mihi natali meo cliens quidam donaverat, Tyria sine dubio, sed iam semel lota. Quid ergo est? dono vobis eum."

[30] We now went through to the dining-room. At the entrance the steward sat receiving accounts. I was particularly astonished to see rods and axes fixed on the door posts of the dining-room, and one part of them finished off with a kind of ship's beak, inscribed:

“PRESENTED BY CINNAMUS THE STEWARD TO CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, PRIEST OF THE COLLEGE OF AUGUSTUS.” Under this inscription a double lamp hung from the ceiling, and two calendars were fixed on either doorpost, one having this entry, if I remember right: “Our master C. is out to supper on December the 30th and 31st,” the other being painted with the moon in her course, and the likenesses of the seven stars. Lucky and unlucky days were marked too with distinctive knobs.

Fed full of these delights, we tried to get into the dining-room, when one of the slaves, who was entrusted with this duty, cried, “Right foot first!” For a moment we were naturally nervous, for fear any of us had broken the rule in crossing the threshold. But just as we were all taking a step with the right foot together, a slave stripped for flogging fell at our feet, and began to implore us to save him from punishment. It was no great sin which had put him in such peril; he had lost the steward's clothes in the bath, and the whole lot were scarcely worth ten sesterces. So we drew back our right feet, and begged the steward, who sat counting gold pieces in the hall, to let the slave off. He looked up haughtily, and said, “It is not the loss I mind so much as the villain's carelessness. He lost my dinner dress, which one of my clients gave me on my birthday. It was Tyrian dye, of course, but it had been washed once already. Well, well, I make you a present of the fellow.”

SECTIONS XXXI TO XL.

[xxxii] Obligati tam grandi beneficio cum intrassemus triclinium, occurrit nobis ille idem servus, pro quo rogaveramus, et stupentibus spississima basia impegit gratias agens humanitati nostrae.” Ad summam, statim scietis, ait, cui dederitis beneficium. Vinum dominicum ministratoris gratia est.”

Tandem ergo discubuimus, pueris Alexandrinis aquam in manus nivatam infundentibus, aliisque insequentibus ad pedes ac paronychia cum ingenti subtilitate tollentibus. Ac ne in hoc quidem tam molesto tacebant officio, sed obiter cantabant. Ego experiri volui an tota familia cantaret, itaque potionem poposci. Paratissimus puer non minus me acido cantico excepit, et quisquis aliquid rogatus erat ut daret. Pantomimi chorum, non patris familiae triclinium crederes.

Allata est tamen gustatio valde lauta; nam iam omnes discubuerant praeter ipsum Trimachionem, cui locus novo more primus servabatur. Ceterum in promulsidari asellus erat Corinthius cum bisaccio positus, qui habebat olivas in altera parte albas, in altera nigras. Tegebant asellum duae lances, in quarum marginibus nomen Trimalchionis inscriptum erat et argenti pondus. Ponticuli etiam ferruminati sustinebant glires melle ac papavere sparsos. Fuerunt et tomacula supra craticulam argenteam ferventia posita et infra craticulam Syriaca pruna cum granis Punici mali.

[31] We were obliged by his august kindness, and when we were in the dining-room, the slave for whom we had pleaded ran up, and to our astonishment rained kisses on us, and thanked us for our mercy. “One word,” he said, “you will know in a minute who owes you a debt of gratitude: ‘The master’s wine is in the butler’s gift.’” ‘

At last then we sat down, and boys from Alexandria poured water cooled with snow over our hands. Others followed and knelt down at our feet, and proceeded with great skill to pare our hangnails. Even this unpleasant duty did not silence them, but they kept singing at their work. I wanted to find out whether the whole household could sing, so I asked for a drink. A ready slave repeated my order in a chant not less shrill. They all did the same if they were asked to hand anything. It was more like an actor’s dance than a gentleman’s dining-room. But some rich

and tasty whets for the appetite were brought on; for every one had now sat down except Trimalchio, who had the first place kept for him in the new style. A donkey in Corinthian bronze stood on the side-board, with panniers holding olives, white in one side, black in the other. Two dishes hid the donkey; Trimalchio's name and their weight in silver was engraved on their edges. There were also dormice rolled in honey and poppy-seed, and supported on little bridges soldered to the plate. Then there were hot sausages laid on a silver grill, and under the grill damsons and seeds of pomegranate.

[xxxii] In his eramus lautitiis, cum Trimalchio ad symphoniam allatus est, positusque inter cervicalia minutissima expressit imprudentibus risum. Pallio enim coccineo adrasum excluserat caput, circaque oneratas veste cervices laticlaviam immiserat mappam fimbriis hinc atque illinc pendentibus. Habebat etiam in minimo digito sinistrae manus anulum grandem subauratum, extremo vero articulo digiti sequentis minorem, ut mihi videbatur, totum aureum, sed plane ferreis veluti stellis ferruminatum. Et ne has tantum ostenderet divitias, dextrum nudavit lacertum armilla aurea cultum et eboreo circulo lamina splendente conexo.

[32] While we were engaged with these delicacies, Trimalchio was conducted in to the sound of music, propped on the tiniest of pillows. A laugh escaped the unwary. His head was shaven and peered out of a scarlet cloak, and over the heavy clothes on his neck he had put on a napkin with a broad stripe and fringes hanging from it all round. On the little finger of his left hand he had an enormous gilt ring, and on the top joint of the next finger a smaller ring which appeared to me to be entirely gold, but was really set all round with iron cut out in little stars. Not content with this display of wealth, he bared his right arm, where a golden bracelet shone, and an ivory bangle clasped with a plate of bright metal.

[xxxiii] Vt deinde pinna argentea dentes perfodit: "Amici, inquit, nondum mihi suave erat in triclinium venire, sed ne diutius absentivos morae vobis essem, omnem voluptatem mihi negavi. Permittetis tamen finiri lusum." Sequebatur puer cum tabula terebinthina et crystallinis tesseris, notavique rem omnium delicatissimam. Pro calculis enim albis ac nigris aureos argenteosque habebat denarios.

Interim dum ille omnium textorum dicta inter lusum consumit, gustantibus adhuc nobis repositorium allatum est cum corbe, in quo gallina erat lignea patentibus in orbem alis, quales esse solent quae incubant ova. Accessere continuo duo servi et

symphonia strepente scrutari paleam coeperunt, erutaque subinde pavonina ova divisere convivis. Convertit ad hanc scenam Trimalchio vultum et: “Amici, ait, pavonis ova gallinae iussi supponi. Et mehercules timeo ne iam concepti sint. Temptemus tamen, si adhuc sorbilia sunt.” Accipimus nos cochlearia non minus selibras pendentia, ovaque ex farina pingui figurata pertundimus. Ego quidem paene proieci partem meam, nam videbatur mihi iam in pullum coisse. Deinde ut audivi veterem convivam: “Hic nescio quid boni debet esse”, persecutus putamen manu, pinguissimam ficedulam inveni piperato vitello circumdatam.

[33] Then he said, as he picked his teeth with a silver quill, “It was not convenient for me to come to dinner yet, my friends, but I gave up all my own pleasure; I did not like to stay away any longer and keep you waiting. But you will not mind if I finish my game?” A boy followed him with a table of terebinth wood and crystal pieces, and I noticed the prettiest thing possible. Instead of black and white counters they used gold and silver coins. Trimalchio kept passing every kind of remark as he played, and we were still busy with the hors d’oeuvres, when a tray was brought in with a basket on it, in which there was a hen made of wood, spreading out her wings as they do when they are sitting. The music grew loud: two slaves at once came up and began to hunt in the straw. Peahen’s eggs were pulled out and handed to the guests. Trimalchio turned his head to look, and said, “I gave orders, my friends, that peahen’s eggs should be put under a common hen. And upon my oath I am afraid they are hard-set by now. But we will try whether they are still fresh enough to suck.” We took our spoons, half-a-pound in weight at least, and hammered at the eggs, which were balls of fine meal. I was on the point of throwing away my portion. I thought a peachick had already formed. But hearing a practised diner say, “What treasure have we here?” I poked through the shell with my finger, and found a fat becafico rolled up in spiced yolk of egg.

[xxxiv] Iam Trimalchio eadem omnia lusu intermisso poposcerat feceratque potestatem clara voce, siquis nostrum iterum vellet mulsum sumere, cum subito signum symphonia datur et gustatoria pariter a choro cantante rapiuntur. Ceterum inter tumultum cum forte paropsis excidisset et puer iacentem sustulisset, animadvertit Trimalchio colaphisque obiurgari puerum ac proicere rursus paropsidem iussit. Insecutus est supellecticarius argentumque inter reliqua purgamenta scopis coepit everrere. Subinde intraverunt duo Aethiopes capillati

cum pusillis utribus, quales solent esse qui harenam in amphitheatro spargunt, vinumque dederunt in manus; aquam enim nemo porrexit.

Laudatus propter elegantias dominus: “Aequum, inquit, Mars amat. Itaque iussi suam cuique mensam assignari. Obiter et putidissimi servi minorem nobis aestum frequentia sua facient.”

Statim allatae sunt amphorae vitreae diligenter gypsatae, quarum in cervicibus pittacia erant affixa cum hoc titulo: FALERNVM OPIMIANVM ANNORVM CENTVM. Dum titulos perlegimus, complosit Trimalchio manus et: “Eheu, inquit, ergo diutius vivit vinum quam homuncio. Quare tangomenas faciamus. Vita vinum est. Verum Opimianum praesto. Heri non tam bonum posui, et multo honestiores cenabant.” Potantibus ergo nobis et accuratissime lautitias mirantibus larvam argenteam attulit servus sic aptatam ut articuli eius vertebraeque laxatae in omnem partem flecterentur. Hanc cum super mensam semel iterumque abiecisset, et catenatio mobilis aliquot figuras exprimeret, Trimalchio adiecit:

Eheu nos miseros, quam totus homuncio nil est!

Sic erimus cuncti, postquam nos auferet Orcus.

Ergo vivamus, dum licet esse bene.

[34] Trimalchio had now stopped his game, and asked for all the same dishes, and in a loud voice invited any of us, who wished, to take a second glass of mead. Suddenly the music gave the sign, and the light dishes were swept away by a troop of singing servants. An entrée-dish happened to fall in the rush, and a boy picked it up from the ground. Trimalchio saw him, and directed that he should be punished by a box on the ear, and made to throw down the dish again. A chairman followed and began to sweep out the silver with a broom among the other rubbish. Then two long-haired Ethiopians with little wineskins, just like the men who scatter sand in an amphitheatre, came in and gave us wine to wash our hands in, for no one offered us water.

We complimented our host on his arrangements.”Mars loves a fair field,” said he, “and so I gave orders that every one should have a separate table. In that way these filthy slaves will not make us so hot by crowding past us.”

Just then some glass jars carefully fastened with gypsum were brought on, with labels tied to their necks, inscribed, “Falernian of Opimius’s vintage, 100 years in bottle.” As we were poring over the labels Trimalchio clapped his hands and cried, “Ah me, so wine lives longer than miserable man. So let us be merry. Wine is life. I put on real wine of Opimius’s year. I produced some inferior stuff

yesterday, and there was a much finer set of people to dinner.” As we drank and admired each luxury in detail, a slave brought in a silver skeleton, made so that its limbs and spine could be moved and bent in every direction. He put it down once or twice on the table so that the supple joints showed several attitudes, and Trimalchio said appropriately: “Alas for us poor mortals, all that poor man is is nothing. So we shall all be, after the world below takes us away. Let us live then while it goes well with us.”

[xxxv] Laudationem ferculum est insecutum plane non pro expectatione magnum, novitas tamen omnium convertit oculos. Rotundum enim repositorium duodecim habebat signa in orbe disposita, super quae proprium convenientemque materiae structor imposuerat cibum: super arietem cicer arietinum, super taurum bubulae frustum, super geminos testiculos ac rienes, super cancrum coronam, super leonem ficum Africanam, super virginem steriliculam, super libram stateram in cuius altera parte scriblita erat, in altera placenta, super scorpionem pisciculum marinum, super sagittarium oclopetam, super capricornum locustam marinam, super aquarium anserem, super pisces duos mullos. In medio autem caespes cum herbis excisus favum sustinebat. Circumferebat Aegyptius puer clibano argenteo panem. < . . > Atque ipse etiam taeterrima voce de Laserpicario mimo canticum extorsit. Nos ut tristiores ad tam viles accessimus cibos: “Suadeo, inquit Trimalchio, cenemus; hoc est ius cenae”.

[35] After we had praised this outburst a dish followed, not at all of the size we expected; but its novelty drew every eye to it There was a round plate with the twelve signs of the Zodiac set in order, and on each one the artist had laid some food fit and proper to the symbol; over the Ram ram’s-head pease, a piece of beef on the Bull, kidneys over the Twins, over the Crab a crown, an African fig over the Lion, a barren sow’s paunch over Virgo, over Libra a pair of scales with a muffin on one side and a cake on the other, over Scorpio a small sea-fish, over Sagittarius a bull’s-eye, over Capricornus a lobster, over Aquarius a goose, over Pisces two mullets. In the middle lay a honeycomb on a sod of turf with the green grass on it. An Egyptian boy took bread round in a silver chafing-dish. . . .

Trimalchio himself too ground out a tune from the musical comedy “Assafoetida” in a most hideous voice.

[xxxvi] Haec ut dixit, ad symphoniam quattuor tripudiantes procurrerunt superioremque partem repositorii abstulerunt. Quo facto, videmus infra altitia et sumina leporemque in medio pinnis subornatum, ut Pegasus videretur. Notavimus etiam circa angulos repositorii Marsyas quattuor, ex quorum utriculis garum piperatum currebat super pisces, qui <tamquam> in euripo natabant. Damus omnes plausum a familia inceptum et res electissimas ridentes aggredimur. Non minus et Trimalchio eiusmodi methodio laetus: “Carpe!”, inquit. Processit statim scissor et ad symphoniam gesticulatus ita laceravit obsonium, ut putares essedarium hydraule cantante pugnare. Ingerebat nihilo minus Trimalchio lentissima voce: “Carpe! Carpe!” Ego suspicatus ad aliquam urbanitatem totiens iteratam vocem pertinere, non erubui eum qui supra me accumbebat, hoc ipsum interrogare. At ille, qui saepius eiusmodi ludos spectaverat: “Vides illum, inquit, qui obsonium carpit: Carpus vocatur. Ita quotiescumque dicit ‘Carpe’, eodem verbo et vocat et imperat”.

[36] We came to such an evil entertainment rather depressed. “Now,” said Trimalchio, “let us have dinner. This is sauce for the dinner.” As he spoke, four dancers ran up in time with the music and took off the top part of the dish. Then we saw in the well of it fat fowls and sow’s bellies, and in the middle a hare got up with wings to look like Pegasus. Four figures of Marsyas at the corners of the dish also caught the eye; they let a spiced sauce run from their wine-skins over the fishes, which swam about in a kind of tide-race. We all took up the clapping which the slaves started, and attacked these delicacies with hearty laughter. Trimalchio was delighted with the trick he had played us, and said, “Now, Carver.” The man came up at once, and making flourishes in time with the music pulled the dish to pieces; you would have said that a gladiator in a chariot was fighting to the accompaniment of a water-organ. Still Trimalchio kept on in a soft voice, “Oh, Carver, Carver.” I thought this word over and over again must be part of a joke, and I made bold to ask the man who sat next me this very question. He had seen performances of this kind more often. “You see the fellow who is carving his way through the meat? Well, his name is Carver. So whenever Trimalchio says the word, you have his name, and he has his orders.”

[xxxvii] Non potui amplius quicquam gustare, sed conversus ad eum, ut quam plurima exciperem, longe accersere fabulas coepi sciscitarique, quae esset mulier illa quae huc atque illuc discurreret.” Vxor, inquit, Trimalchionis, Fortunata appellatur, quae nummos modio metitur. Et modo, modo quid fuit? Ignoscet mihi

genius tuus, noluisses de manu illius panem accipere. Nunc, nec quid nec quare, in caelum abiit et Trimalchionis topanta est. Ad summam, mero meridie si dixerit illi tenebras esse, credet. Ipse nescit quid habeat, adeo saplutus est; sed haec lupatria providet omnia, et ubi non putes. Est sicca, sobria, bonorum consiliorum: tantum auri vides. Est tamen malae linguae, pica pulvinaris. Quem amat, amat; quem non amat, non amat. Ipse Trimalchio fundos habet, quantum milvi volant, nummorum nummos. Argentum in ostiarii illius cella plus iacet, quam quisquam in fortunis habet. Familia vero — babae babae! — non mehercules puto decumam partem esse quae dominum suum noverit. Ad summam, quemvis ex istis babaecalis in rutae folium coniciet.

[37] I was now unable to eat any more, so I turned to my neighbour to get as much news as possible. I began to seek for far-fetched stories, and to inquire who the woman was who kept running about everywhere. “She is Trimalchio’s wife Fortunata,” he said, “and she counts her money by the bushel. And what was she a little while ago? You will pardon me if I say that you would not have taken a piece of bread from her hand. Now without why or wherefore she is queen of Heaven, and Trimalchio’s all in all. In fact, if she tells him that it is dark at high noon, he will believe it. He is so enormously rich that he does not know himself what he has; but this lynx-eyed woman has a plan for everything, even where you would not think it. She is temperate, sober, and prudent, but she has a nasty tongue, and henpecks him on his own sofa. Whom she likes, she likes; whom she dislikes, she dislikes. Trimalchio has estates wherever a kite can fly in a day, is millionaire of millionaires. There is more plate lying in his steward’s room than other people have in their whole fortunes. And his slaves! My word! I really don’t believe that one out of ten of them knows his master by sight. Why, he can knock any of these young louts into a nettle-bed if he chooses.

[xxxviii] “Nec est quod putes illum quicquam emere. Omnia domi nascuntur: lana, credrae, piper; lacte gallinaceum si quaesieris, invenies. Ad summam, parum illi bona lana nascebatur; arietes a Tarento emit, et eos culavit in gregem. Mel Atticum ut domi nasceretur, apes ab Athenis iussit afferri; obiter et vernaculae quae sunt, meliusculae a Graeculis fient. Ecce intra hos dies scripsit, ut illi ex India semen boletorum mitteretur. Nam mulam quidem nullam habet, quae non ex onagro nata sit. Vides tot culcitrae: nulla non aut conchyliatum aut coccineum tomentum habet. Tanta est animi beatitudo! Reliquos autem collibertos eius cave contemnas. Valde sucossi sunt. Vides illum qui in imo imus recumbit: hodie sua

octingenta possidet. De nihilo crevit. Modo solebat collo suo ligna portare. Sed quomodo dicunt — ego nihil scio, sed audivi — quom Incuboni pilleum rapuisset, et thesaurum invenit. Ego nemini invideo, si quid deus dedit. Est tamen sub alapa et non vult sibi male. Itaque proxime cum hoc titulo proscripsit: C. POMPEIVS DIOGENES EX KALENDIS IVLIIS CENACVLVM LOCAT; IPSE ENIM DOMVM EMIT. Quid ille qui libertini loco iacet? Quam bene se habuit! Non impropero illi. Sestertium suum vidit decies, sed male vacillavit. Non puto illum capillos liberos habere. Nec mehercules sua culpa; ipso enim homo melior non est; sed liberti scelerati, qui omnia ad se fecerunt. Scito autem: sociorum olla male fervet, et ubi semel res inclinata est, amici de medio. Et quam honestam negotiationem exercuit, quod illum sic vides! Libitinarius fuit. Solebat sic cenare, quomodo rex: apros gausapatos, opera pistoria, avis, cocos, pistores. Plus vini sub mensa effundebatur, quam aliquis in cella habet. Phantasia, non homo. Inclinatoris quoque rebus suis, cum timeret ne creditores illum conturbare existimarent, hoc titulo auctionem proscripsit: C. IVLIVS PROCVLVS AVCTIONEM FACIET RERVM SVPERVACVARVM.”

[38] You must not suppose either that he buys anything. Everything is home-grown: wool, citrons, pepper; you can have cock’s milk for the asking. Why, his wool was not growing of fine enough quality. He bought rams from Tarentum and sent them into his flocks with a smack behind. He had bees brought from Athens to give him Attic honey on the premises; the Roman-born bees incidentally will be improved by the Greeks. Within the last few days, I may say, he has written for a cargo of mushroom spawn from India. And he has not got a single mule which is not the child of a wild ass. You see all the cushions here: every one has purple or scarlet stuffing. So high is his felicity. But do not look down on the other freedmen who are his friends. They are very juicy people. That one you see lying at the bottom of the end sofa has his eight hundred thousand. He was quite a nobody. A little time ago he was carrying loads of wood on his back. People do say — I know nothing, but I have heard — that he pulled off a goblin’s cap and found a fairy hoard. If God makes presents I am jealous of nobody. Still, he shows the marks of his master’s fingers, and has a fine opinion of himself. So he has just put up a notice on his hovel: ‘This attic, the property of Caius Pompeii’s Diogenes, to let from the 1st of July, the owner having purchased a house.’ That person there too who is lying in the freedman’s place is well pleased with himself. I do not blame him. He had his million in his hands, but he has had a bad shaking. I believe he cannot call his hair his own. No fault of his I am sure; there is no

better fellow alive; but it is the damned freedmen who have pocketed everything. You know how it is: the company's pot goes off the boil, and the moment business takes a bad turn your friends desert you. You see him in this state: and what a fine trade he drove! He was an undertaker. He used to dine like a prince: boars cooked in a cloth, wonderful sweet things, game, chefs and confectioners! There used to be more wine spilt under the table than many a man has in his cellars. He was a fairy prince, not a mortal. When his business was failing, and he was afraid his creditors might guess that he was going bankrupt, he advertised a sale in this fashion: "Caius Julius Proculus will offer for sale some articles for which he has no further use."

[xxxix] Interpellavit tam dulces fabulas Trimalchio; nam iam sublatum erat ferculum, hilaresque convivae vino sermonibusque publicatis operam coeperant dare. Is ergo reclinatus in cubitum: "Hoc vinum, inquit, vos oportet suave faciatis: pisces natate oportet. Rogo, me putatis illa cena esse contentum, quam in theca repositorii videratis?"

Sic notus Vlixes?

Quid ergo est? Oportet etiam inter cenandum philologiam nosse. Patrono meo ossa bene quiescant, qui me hominem inter homines voluit esse. Nam mihi nihil novi potest afferri, sicut ille tericulus iam semel habuit praxim. Caelus hic, in quo duodecim dii habitant, in totidem se figuras convertit, et modo fit aries. Itaque quisquis nascitur illo signo, multa pecora habet, multum lanae, caput praeterea durum, frontem expudoratam, cornum acutum. Plurimi hoc signo scolastici nascuntur et arietilli." Laudamus urbanitatem mathematici; itaque adiecit: "Deinde totus caelus taurulus fit. Itaque tunc calcitrosi nascuntur et bubulci et qui se ipsi pascunt. In geminis autem nascuntur bigae et boves et colei et qui utrosque parietes linunt. In cancro ego natus sum: ideo multis pedibus sto, et in mari et in terra multa possideo; nam cancer et hoc et illoc quadrat. Et ideo iam dudum nihil super illum posui, ne genesim meam premerem. In leone cataphagae nascuntur et imperiosi. In virgine mulieres et fugitivi et compediti; in libra laniones et unguentarii et quicunque aliquid expendunt; in scorpiione venenarii et percussores; in sagittario strabones, qui holera spectant, lardum tollunt; in capricorno aerumnosi, quibus prae mala sua cornua nascuntur; in aquario copones et cucurbitae; in piscibus obsonatores et rhetores. Sic orbis vertitur tanquam mola, et semper aliquid mali facit, ut homines aut nascantur aut pereant. Quod autem in medio caespitem videtis et super caespitem favum, nihil

sine ratione facio. Terra mater est in medio quasi ovum corrotundata, et omnia bona in se habet tanquam favus.”

[39] Trimalchio interrupted these delightful tales; the meat had now been removed, and the cheerful company began to turn their attention to the wine, and to general conversation. He lay back on his couch and said: “Now you must make this wine go down pleasantly. A fish must have something to swim in. But I say, did you suppose I would put up with the dinner you saw on the top part of that round dish — “Is this the old Ulysses whom ye knew?” — well, well, one must not forget one’s culture even at dinner. God rest the bones of my patron; he wanted me to be a man among men. No one can bring me anything new, as that last dish proved. The firmament where the twelve gods inhabit turns into as many figures, and at one time becomes a ram. So anyone who is born under that sign has plenty of flocks and wool, a hard head and a brazen forehead and sharp horns. Very many pedants and young rams are born under this sign.” We applauded the elegance of his astrology, and so he went on: “Then the whole sky changes into a young bull. So men who are free with their heels are born now, and oxherds and people who have to find their own food. Under the Twins tandems are born, and oxen, and debauchees, and those who sit on both sides of the fence. I was born under the Crab. So I have many legs to stand on, and many possessions by sea and land; for either one or the other suits your crab. And that was why just now I put nothing on top of the Crab, for fear of weighing down the house of my birth. Under the Lion gluttons and masterful men are born; under Virgo women, and runaway slaves, and chained gangs; under Libra butchers, and perfumers, and generally people who put things to rights; poisoners and assassins under Scorpio; under Sagittarius cross-eyed men, who take the bacon while they look at the vegetables; under Capricornus the poor folk whose troubles make horns sprout on them; under Aquarius innkeepers and men with water on the brain; under Pisces chefs and rhetoricians. So the world turns like a mill, and always brings some evil to pass, causing the birth of men or their death. You saw the green turf in the middle of the dish, and the honeycomb on the turf; I do nothing without a reason. Mother Earth lies in the world’s midst rounded like an egg, and in her all blessings are contained as in a honeycomb.”

[XL] “Sophos!” universi clamamus, et sublatis manibus ad camaram iuramus Hipparchum Aratumque comparandos illi homines non fuisse, donec advenerunt ministri ac toralia praeposuerunt toris, in quibus retia erant picta subsessoresque

cum venabulis et totus venationis apparatus. Necdum sciebamus <quo> mitteremus suspiciones nostras, cum extra triclinium clamor sublatus est ingens, et ecce canes Laconici etiam circa mensam discurrere coeperunt. Secutum est hos repositorium, in quo positus erat primae magnitudinis aper, et quidem pilleatus, e cuius dentibus sportellae dependebant duae palmulis textae, altera caryatis, altera thebaicis repleta. Circa autem minores porcelli ex coptoplacentis facti, quasi uberibus imminerent, scrofam esse positam significabant. Et hi quidem apophoreti fuerunt.

Ceterum ad scindendum aprum non ille Carpus accessit, qui altilia laceraverat, sed barbatus ingens, fasciis cruralibus alligatus et alicula subornatus polymita, strictoque venatorio cultro latus apri vehementer percussit, ex cuius plaga turdi evolaverunt. Parati aucupes cum harundinibus fuerunt, et eos circa triclinium volitantes momento exceperunt. Inde cum suum cuique iussisset referri, Trimalchio adiecit: “Etiam videte, quam porcus ille silvaticus lotam comederit glandem.” Statim pueri ad sportellas accesserunt quae pendebant e dentibus, thebaicasque et caryatas ad numerum divisere cenantibus.

[40] “Bravo!” we all cried, swearing with our hands lifted to the ceiling that Hipparchus and Aratus Were not to be compared with him, until the servants came and spread over the couches coverlets painted with nets, and men lying in wait with hunting spears, and all the instruments of the chase. We were still wondering where to turn our expectations, when a great shout was raised outside the dining-room, and in came some Spartan hounds too, and began running round the table. A tray was brought in after them with a wild boar of the largest size upon it, wearing a cap of freedom, with two little baskets woven of palm-twigs hanging from his tusks, one full of dry dates and the other of fresh. Round it lay suckingpigs made of simnel cake with their mouths to the teats, thereby showing that we had a sow before us. These sucking-pigs were for the guests to take away. Carver, who had mangled the fowls, did not come to divide the boar, but a big bearded man with bands wound round his legs, and a spangled hunting-coat of damasked silk, who drew a hunting-knife and plunged it hard into the boar’s side. A number of thrushes flew out at the blow. As they fluttered round the dining-room there were fowlers ready with limed twigs who caught them in a moment. Trimalchio ordered everybody to be given his own portion, and added: “Now you see what fine acorns the woodland boar has been eating.” Then boys came and

took the baskets which hung from her jaws and distributed fresh and dry dates to the guests.

SECTIONS XLI TO L.

[XLI] Interim ego, qui privatum habebam secessum, in multas cogitationes diductus sum, quare aper pilleatus intrasset. Postquam itaque omnis bacalusias consumpsi, duravi interrogare illum interpretem meum, quod me torqueret. At ille: “Plane etiam hoc servus tuus indicare potest: non enim aenigma est, sed res aperta. Hic aper, cum heri summa cena eum vindicasset, a conviviis dimissus <est>; itaque hodie tamquam libertus in convivium revertitur.” Damnavi ego stuporem meum et nihil amplius interrogavi, ne viderer nunquam inter honestos cenasse.

Dum haec loquimur, puer speciosus, vitibus hederisque redimitus, modo Bromium, interdum Lyaeum Euhiumque confessus, calathisco uvas circumtulit, et poemata domini sui acutissima voce traduxit. Ad quem sonum conversus Trimalchio: “Dionyse, inquit, liber esto.” Puer detraxit pilleum apro capitique suo imposuit. Tum Trimalchio rursus adiecit: “Non negabitis me, inquit, habere Liberum patrem.” Laudamus dictum Trimalchionis, et circumeuntem puerum sane perbasiamus.

Ab hoc ferculo Trimalchio ad lasanum surrexit. Nos libertatem sine tyranno nacti coepimus invitare convivarum sermones.

Dama itaque primus cum pataracina poposcisset: “Dies, inquit, nihil est. Dum versas te, nox fit. Itaque nihil est melius quam de cubiculo recta in triclinium ire. Et mundum frigus habuimus. Vix me balneus calfecit. Tamen calda potio vestiarius est. Staminatas duxi, et plane matus sum. Vinus mihi in cerebrum abiit.”

[41] Meantime I had got a quiet corner to myself, and had gone off on a long train of speculation, — why the pig had come in with a cap of freedom on. After turning the problem over every way I ventured to put the question which was troubling me to my old informant.”Your humble servant can explain that too;” he said,”there is no riddle, the thing is quite plain. Yesterday when this animal appeared as *pièce de résistance* at dinner, the guests dismissed him; and so to-day he comes back to dinner as a freedman.” I cursed my dullness and asked no more questions, for fear of showing that I had never dined among decent people.

As we were speaking, a beautiful boy with vineleaves and ivy in his hair brought round grapes in a little basket, impersonating Bacchus in ecstasy, Bacchus full of wine, Bacchus dreaming, and rendering his master’s verses in a most shrill voice.

Trimalchio turned round at the noise and said, “Dionysus, rise and be free.” The boy took the cap of freedom off the boar, and put it on his head. Then Trimalchio went on: “I am sure you will agree that the god of liberation is my father.” We applauded Trimalchio’s phrase, and kissed the boy heartily as he went round.

After this dish Trimalchio got up and retired. With the tyrant away we had our freedom, and we began to draw the conversation of our neighbours. Dama began after calling for bumpers: “Day is nothing. Night is on you before you can turn round. Then there is no better plan than going straight out of bed to dinner. It is precious cold. I could scarcely get warm in a bath. But a hot drink is as good as an overcoat. I have taken some deep drinks and I am quite soaked. The wine has gone to my head.”

[XLII] Excepit Seleucus fabulae partem et: “Ego, inquit, non cotidie labor; baliscus enim fullo est: aqua dentes habet, et cor nostrum cotidie liquescit. Sed cum mulsi pultarium obduxi, frigori laecasin dico. Nec sane lavare potui; fui enim hodie in funus. Homo bellus, tam bonus Chrysanthus animam ebulliit. Modo, modo me appellavit. Videor mihi cum illo loqui. Heu, eheu! Vtres inflati ambulamus. Minoris quam muscae sumus. <Illae> tamen aliquam virtutem habent; nos non pluris sumus quam bullae. Et quid si non abstinax fuisset! Quinque dies aquam in os suum non coniecit, non micam panis. Tamen abiit ad plures. Medici illum perdiderunt, immo magis malus fatus; medicus enim nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio. Tamen bene elatus est, vitali lecto, stragulis bonis. Planctus est optime — manu misit aliquot — etiam si maligne illum ploravit uxor. Quid si non illam optime accepisset? Sed mulier quae mulier milvinum genus. Neminem nihil boni facere oportet; aequae est enim ac si in puteum conicias. Sed antiquus amor cancer est.”

[42] Seleucus took up the tale and said: I do not wash every day; the bathman pulls you to pieces like a fuller, the water bites, and the heart of man melts away daily. But when I have put down some draughts of mead I let the cold go to the devil. Besides, I could not wash; I was at a funeral to-day. A fine fellow, the excellent Chrysanthus, has breathed his last. It was but the other day he greeted me. I feel as if I were speaking with him now. Dear, dear, how we bladders of wind strut about. We are meaner than flies; flies have their virtues, we are nothing but bubbles. And what would have happened if he had not tried the fasting cure? No water touched his lips for five days, not a morsel of bread. Yet he went over to the

majority. The doctors killed him — no, it was his unhappy destiny; a doctor is nothing but a sop to conscience. Still, he was carried out in fine style on a bier covered with a good pall. The mourning was very good too — he had freed a number of slaves — even though his own wife was very grudging over her tears. I daresay he did not treat her particularly kindly. But women one and all are a set of vultures. It is no use doing anyone a kindness; it is all the same as if you put your kindness in a well. But an old love pinches like a crab.”

[XLIII] Molestus fuit, Philerosque proclamavit: “Vivorum meminerimus. Ille habet, quod sibi debebatur: honeste vixit, honeste obiit. Quid habet quod queratur? Ab asse crevit et paratus fuit quadrantem de stercore mordicus tollere. Itaque crevit, quicquid crevit, tanquam favus. Puto mehercules illum reliquisse solida centum, et omnia in nummis habuit. De re tamen ego verum dicam, qui linguam caninam comedi: durae buccae fuit, linguosus, discordia, non homo. Frater eius fortis fuit, amicus amico, manu plena, uncta mensa. Et inter initia malam parram pilavit, sed recorrexist costas illius prima vindemia: vendidit enim vinum quantum ipse voluit. Et quod illius mentum sustulit, hereditatem accepit, ex qua plus involavit quam illi relictum est. Et ille stips, dum fratri suo irascitur, nescio cui terrae filio patrimonium elegavit. Longe fugit, quisquis suos fugit. Habuit autem oracularios servos, qui illum pessum dederunt. Nunquam autem recte faciet, qui cito credit, utique homo negotians. Tamen verum quod frunitus est, quam diu vixit. <Datum est> cui datum est, non cui destinatum. Plane Fortunae filius. In manu illius plumbum aurum fiebat. Facile est autem, ubi omnia quadrata currunt. Et quot putas illum annos secum tulisse? Septuaginta et supra. Sed corneolus fuit, aetatem bene ferebat, niger tanquam corvus. Noveram hominem olim oliorum, et adhuc salax erat. Non mehercules illum puto domo canem reliquisse. Immo etiam puellarius erat, omnis Minervae homo. Nec improbo, hoc solum enim secum tulit.”

[43] He was a bore, and Phileros shouted out: “Oh, let us remember the living. He has got his deserts; he lived decently and died decently. What has he got to grumble at? He started with twopence, and he was always ready to pick a halfpenny out of the dirt with his teeth. So he grew and grew like a honeycomb. Upon my word, I believe he left a clear hundred thousand, and all in hard cash. Still, I have eaten the dog’s tongue, I must speak the truth. He had a rough mouth, and talked continually, and was more of a discord than a man. His brother was a fine fellow, stood by his friends, open-handed and kept a good table. To begin

with, he caught a Tartar: but his first vintage set him on his feet: he used to get any price he asked for his wine. And what made him hold up his head was that he came into an estate out of which he got more than had been left to him. And that blockhead, in a fit of passion with his brother, left the family property away to some nobody or other. He that flies from his own family has far to travel. But he had some eaves-dropping slaves who did for him. A man who is always ready to believe what is told him will never do well, especially a business man. Still no doubt he enjoyed himself every day of his life. Blessed is he who gets the gift, not he for whom it is meant. He was a real Fortune's darling, lead turned gold in his hands. Yes, it is easy when everything goes fair and square. And how many years do you think he had on his shoulders? Seventy and more. But he was a tough old thing, carried his age well, as black as a crow. I had known him world without end, and he was still merry. I really do not think he spared a single creature in his house. No, he was still a gay one, ready for anything. Well, I do not blame him: it is only his past pleasures he can take with him."

[XLIV] Haec Phileros dixit, illa Ganymedes: "Narrat is quod nec ad terram pertinet, cum interim nemo curat quid annona mordet. Non mehercules hodie buccam panis invenire potui. Et quomodo siccitas perseverat! Iam annum esuritio fuit. Aediles male eveniat, qui cum pistoribus colludunt: 'Serva me, servabo te.' Itaque populus minutus laborat; nam isti maiores maxillae semper Saturnalia agunt. O si haberemus illos leones, quos ego hic inveni, cum primum ex Asia veni. Illud erat vivere. <Si mila Siciliae si inferior esset> larvas sic istos percolopabant, ut illis Iuppiter iratus esset. Sed memini Safinium; tunc habitabat ad arcum veterem, me puero: piper, non homo. Is quacunque ibat, terram adurebat. Sed rectus, sed certus, amicus amico, cum quo audacter posses in tenebris micare. In curia autem quomodo singulos pilabat. Nec schemas loquebatur sed directum. Cum ageret porro in foro, sic illius vox crescebat tanquam tuba. Nec sudavit unquam nec expuit; puto enim nescio quid Asiadis habuisse. Et quam benignus resalutare, nomina omnium reddere, tanquam unus de nobis! Itaque illo tempore annona pro luto erat. Asse panem quem emissas, non potuisses cum altero devorare. Nunc oculus bublum vidi maiorem. Heu heu, quotidie peius! Haec colonia retroversus crescit tanquam coda vituli. Sed quare nos habemus aedilem trium cauniarum, qui sibi mavult assem quam vitam nostram? Itaque domi gaudet, plus in die nummorum accipit quam alter patrimonium habet. Iam scio unde acceperit denarios mille aureos. Sed si nos coleos haberemus, non tantum sibi placeret. Nunc populus est domi leones, foras vulpes. Quod ad me attinet, iam pannos

meos comedi, et si perseverat haec annona, casulas meas vendam. Quid enim futurum est, si nec dii nec homines eius coloniae miserentur? Ita meos fruniscar, ut ego puto omnia illa a diibus fieri. Nemo enim caelum caelum putat, nemo ieiunium servat, nemo Iovem pili facit, sed omnes opertis oculis bona sua computant. Antea stolatae ibant nudis pedibus in clivum, passis capillis, mentibus puris, et Iovem aquam exrabant. Itaque statim urceatim plovebat: aut tunc aut nunquam, et omnes ridebant udi tanquam mures. Itaque dii pedes lanatos habent, quia nos religiosi non sumus. Agri iacent. . .

[44] So said Phileros, but Ganymede broke in: "You go talking about things which are neither in heaven nor earth, and none of you care all the time how the price of food pinches. I swear I cannot get hold of a mouthful of bread to-day. And how the drought goes on. There has been a famine for a whole year now. Damn the magistrates, who play 'Scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours,' in league with the bakers. So the little people come off badly; for the jaws of the upper classes are always keeping carnival. I do wish we had the bucks I found here when I first came out of Asia. That was life. If the flour was any but the finest, they beat those vampires into a jelly, until they put the fear of God into them. I remember Safinius: he used to live then by the old arch when I was a boy. He was more of a mustard-pot than a man: used to scorch the ground wherever he trod. Still he was straight; you could trust him, a true friend: you would not be afraid to play at morra with him in the dark. How he used to dress them down in the senatehouse, every one of them, never using roundabout phrases, making a straightforward attack. And when he was pleading in the courts, his voice used to swell like a trumpet. Never any sweating or spitting: I imagine he had a touch of the Asiatic style. And how kindly he returned one's greeting, calling every one by name quite like one of ourselves. So at that time food was dirt-cheap. You could buy a larger loaf for twopence than you and your better half together could get through. One sees a bun bigger now. Lord, things are worse every day. This town goes downhill like the calfs tail. But why do we put up with a magistrate not worth three peppercorns, who cares more about putting twopence in his purse than keeping us alive? He sits grinning at home, and pockets more money a day than other people have for a fortune. I happen to know where he came by a thousand in gold. If we had any spunk in us he would not be so pleased with himself. Nowadays people are lions in their own houses, and foxes out of doors. I have already eaten my rags, and if these prices keep up, I shall have to sell my cottages. Whatever is to happen if neither the gods nor man will take pity on this town? As I hope to have joy of

my children, I believe all these things come from Heaven. For no one now believes that the gods are gods. There is no fasting done, no one cares a button for religion: they all shut their eyes and count their own goods. In old days the mothers in their best robes used to climb the hill with bare feet and loose hair, pure in spirit, and pray Jupiter to send rain. Then it used promptly to rain by the bucket: it was now or never: and they all came home, wet as drowned rats. As it is, the gods are gouty in the feet because we are sceptics. So our fields lie baking —”

[XLV] — Oro te, inquit Echion centonarius, melius loquere. ‘Modo sic, modo sic’, inquit rusticus: varium porcum perdiderat. Quod hodie non est, cras erit: sic vita truditur. Non mehercules patria melior dici potest, si homines haberet. Sed laborat hoc tempore, nec haec sola. Non debemus delicati esse; ubique medius caelus est. Tu si aliubi fueris, dices hic porcos coctos ambulare. Et ecce habituri sumus munus eccellente in triduo die festa; familia non lanisticia, sed plurimi liberti. Et Titus noster magnum animum habet, et est caldicerebrius. Aut hoc aut illud erit, quid utique. Nam illi domesticus sum, non est miscix. Ferrum optimum daturus est, sine fuga, carnarium in medio, ut amphitheater videat. Et habet unde. Relictum est illi sestertium tricenties: decessit illius pater male. Vt quadringenta impendat, non sentiet patrimonium illius, et sempiterno nominabitur. Iam Manios aliquot habet et mulierem essedariam et dispensatorem Glyconis, qui deprehensus est cum dominam suam delectaretur. Videbis populi rixam inter zelot et amasiunculos. Glyco autem, sestertiarius homo, dispensatorem ad bestias dedit. Hoc est se ipsum traducere. Quid servus peccavit, qui coactus est facere? Magis illa matella digna fuit quam taurus iactaret. Sed qui asinum non potest, stratum caedit. Quid autem Glyco putabat Hermogenis filicem unquam bonum exitum facturam? Ille miluo volanti poterat ungues resecare; colubra restem non parit. Glyco, Glyco dedit suas; itaque quamdiu vixerit, habebit stigmam, nec illam nisi Orcus delebit. Sed sibi quisque peccat. Sed subolfacio quia nobis epulum daturus est Mammaea, binos denarios mihi et meis. Quod si hoc fecerit, eripiat Norbano totum favorem. Scias oportet plenis velis hunc vinciturum. Et revera, quid ille nobis boni fecit? Dedit gladiatores sestertiarios iam decrepitos, quos si sufflasset, cecidissent; iam meliores bestiarios vidi. Occidit de lucerna equites; putares eos gallos gallinaceos: alter burdubasta, alter loripes, tertarius mortuus pro mortuo, qui haberet nervia praecisa. Vnus licuius flaturae fuit Thraex, qui et ipse ad dictata pugnavit. Ad summam, omnes postea secti sunt; adeo de magna turba

‘Adhibete’ acceperant: plane fugae merae. ‘Munus tamen, inquit, tibi dedi — et ego tibi plodo.’ Computa, et tibi plus do quam accepi. Manus manum lavat.

[45] “Oh, don’t be so gloomy,” said Echion, the old clothes dealer. “‘There’s ups and there’s downs,’ as the country bumpkin said when he lost his spotted pig. What is not to-day, will be to-morrow: so we trudge through life. I engage you could not name a better country to call one’s own, if only the men in it had sense. It has its troubles now like others. We must not be too particular when there is a sky above us all. If you were anywhere else, you would say that roast pork walked in the streets here. Just think, we are soon to be given a superb spectacle lasting three days; not simply a troupe of professional gladiators, but a large number of them freedmen. And our good Titus has a big imagination and is hot-blooded: it will be one thing or another, something real anyway. I know him very well, and he is all against half-measures. He will give you the finest blades, no running away, butchery done in the middle, where the whole audience can see it. And he has the wherewithal; he came into thirty million when his father came to grief. If he spends four hundred thousand, his estate will never feel it, and his name will live for ever. He has already collected some clowns, and a woman to fight from a chariot, and Glyco’s steward, who was caught amusing Glyco’s wife. You will see the crowd quarrel, jealous husbands against gallants. A twopenny halfpenny fellow like Glyco goes throwing his steward to the beasts. He only gives himself away. It is not the slave’s fault; he had to do as he was told. That filthy wife of his rather deserved to be tossed by the bull. But a man who cannot beat his donkey, beats the saddle. How did Glyco suppose that a sprig of Hermogenes’s sowing would ever come to a good end? He was one for paring the claws of a kite on the wing, and you do not gather figs from thistles. Glyco? why, Glyco has given away his own flesh and blood. He will be branded as long as he lives, and nothing but death will wipe it out. But a man must have his faults. My nose prophesies a good meal from Mammaea, twopence each for me and mine. If he does, he will put Norbanus quite in the shade. You know he will beat him hands down. After all, what has Norbanus ever done for us? He produced some decayed twopenny-halfpenny gladiators, who would have fallen flat if you breathed on them; I have seen better ruffians turned in to fight the wild beasts. He shed the blood of some mounted infantry that might have come off a lamp; dunghill cocks you would have called them: one a spavined mule, the other bandylegged, and the holder of the bye, just one corpse instead of another, and hamstrung. One man, a Thracian, had some stuffing, but he too fought according

to the rule of the schools. In short, they were all flogged afterwards. How the great crowd roared at them, Lay it on'! They were mere runaways, to be sure. 'Still, says Norbanus, I did give you a treat.' Yes, and I clap my hands at you. Reckon it up, and I give you more than I got. One good turn deserves another.

[XLVI] "Videris mihi, Agamemnon, dicere: 'Quid iste argutat molestus?' Quia tu, qui potes loquere, non loquis. Non es nostrae fasciae, et ideo pauperorum verba derides. Scimus te prae litteras fatuum esse. Quid ergo est? Aliqua die te persuadeam, ut ad villam venias et videas casulas nostras. Inveniemus quod manducemus, pullum, ova: belle erit, etiam si omnia hoc anno tempestas dispare pallavit. Inveniemus ergo unde saturi fiamus. Et iam tibi discipulus crescit cicaro meus. Iam quattuor partis dicit; si vixerit, habebis ad latus servulum. Nam quicquid illi vacat, caput de tabula non tollit. Ingeniosus est et bono filo, etiam si in aves morbosus est. Ego illi iam tres cardeles occidi, et dixi quia mustella comedit. Invenit tamen alias nenias, et libentissime pingit. Ceterum iam Graeculis calcem impingit et Latinas coepit non male appetere, etiam si magister eius sibi placens sit. Nec uno loco consistit, sed venit <raro; scit qui>dem litteras, sed non vult laborare. Est et alter non quidem doctus, sed curiosus, qui plus docet quam scit. Itaque feriatis diebus solet domum venire, et quicquid dederis, contentus est. Emi ergo nunc puero aliquot libra rubricata, quia volo illum ad domusionem aliquid de iure gustare. Habet haec res panem. Nam litteris satis inquinatus est. Quod si resilierit, destinavi illum artificii docere, aut tonstreinum aut praeconem aut certe causidicum, quod illi auferre non possit nisi Orcus. Ideo illi cotidie clamo: "Primigeni, crede mihi, quicquid discis, tibi discis. Vides Phileronem causidicum: si non didicisset, hodie famem a labris non abigeret. Modo, modo, collo suo circumferebat onera venalia; nunc etiam adversus Norbanum se extendit." Litterae thesaurum est, et artificium nunquam moritur".

[46] Now, Agamemnon, you look as if you were saying, 'What is this bore chattering for?' Only because you have the gift of tongues and do not speak. You do not come off our shelf, and so you make fun of the way we poor men talk. We know you are mad with much learning. But I tell you what; can I persuade you to come down to my place some day and see my little property? We shall find something to eat, a chicken and eggs: it will be delightful, even though the weather this year has made everything grow at the wrong time: we shall find something to fill ourselves up with. My little boy is growing into a follower of yours already. He can do simple division now; if he lives, you will have a little

servant at your heels. Whenever he has any spare time, he never lifts his nose from the slate. He is clever, and comes of a good stock, even though he is too fond of birds. I killed three of his goldfinches just lately, and said a weasel had eaten them. But he has found some other hobby, and has taken to painting with great pleasure. He has made a hole in his Greek now, and begins to relish Latin finely, even though his master is conceited and will not stick to one thing at a time. The boy comes asking me to give him some writing to do, though he does not want to work. I have another boy who is no scholar, but very inquiring, and can teach you more than he knows himself. So on holidays he generally comes home, and is quite pleased whatever you give him. I bought the child some books with red-letter headings in them a little time ago. I want him to have a smack of law in order to manage the property. Law has bread and butter in it. He has dipped quite deep enough into literature. If he is restless, I mean to have him learn a trade, a barber or an auctioneer, or at least a barrister, something that he can carry to the grave with him. So I drum it into him every day: Mark my words, Primigenius, whatever you learn, you learn for your own good. Look at Phileros, the barrister: if he had not worked, he would not be keeping the wolf from the door today. It is not so long since he used to carry things round on his back and sell them, and now he makes a brave show even against Norbanus. Yes, education is a treasure, and culture never dies.’’

[XLVII] Eiusmodi tabulae vibrabant, cum Trimalchio intravit et deterosa fronte unguento manus lavit; spatioque minimo interposito: “Ignoscite mihi, inquit, amici, multis iam diebus venter mihi non respondit. Nec medici se inveniunt. Profuit mihi tamen maleicorium et taeda ex aceto. Spero tamen, iam veterem pudorem sibi imponet. Alioquin circa stomachum mihi sonat, putes taurum. Itaque si quis vestrum voluerit sua re causa facere, non est quod illum pudeatur. Nemo nostrum solide natus est. Ego nullum puto tam magnum tormentum esse quam continere. Hoc solum vetare ne Iovis potest. Rides, Fortunata, quae soles me nocte desomnem facere? Nec tamen in triclinio ullum vetuo facere quod se iuuet, et medici vetant continere. Vel si quid plus venit, omnia foras parata sunt: aqua, lasani et cetera minutalia. Credite mihi, anathymiasis si in cerebrum it, et in toto corpore fluctum facit. Multos scio periisse, dum nolunt sibi verum dicere.” Gratias agimus liberalitati indulgentiaeque eius, et subinde castigamus crebris potiunculis risum.

Nec adhuc sciebamur nos in medio lautitiarum, quod aiunt, clivo laborare. Nam mundatis ad symphoniam mensis tres albi sues in triclinium adducti sunt capistris

et tintinnabulis culti, quorum unum bimum nomenclator esse dicebat, alterum trimum, tertium vero iam sexennem. Ego putabam petauristarios intrasse et porcos, sicut in circulis mos est, portenta aliqua facturos. Sed Trimalchio expectatione discussa: “Quem, inquit, ex eis vultis in cenam statim fieri? Gallum enim gallinaceum, Penthiacum et eiusmodi nenias rustici faciunt: mei coci etiam vitulos aeno coctos solent facere.” Continuoque cocum vocari iussit, et non expectata electione nostra maximum natu iussit occidi, et clara voce: “Ex quota decuria es?” Cum ille se ex quadragesima respondisset: “Empticius an, inquit, domi natus? — Neutrum, inquit cocus, sed testamento Pansae tibi relictus sum. — Vide ergo, ait, ut diligenter ponas; si non, te iubebo in decuriam viatorum conici.” Et cocum quidem potentiae admonitum in culinam obsonium duxit.

[47] Gossip of this kind was in the air, when Trimalchio came in mopping his brow, and washed his hands in scent. After a short pause, he said, “You will excuse me, gentlemen? My bowels have not been working for several days. All the doctors are puzzled. Still, I found pomegranate rind useful, and pinewood boiled in vinegar. I hope now my stomach will learn to observe its old decencies. Besides, I have such rumblings inside me you would think there was a bull there. So if any of you gentlemen wishes to retire there is no need to be shy about it. We were none of us born quite solid. I cannot imagine any torture like holding oneself in. The one thing Jupiter himself cannot forbid is that we should have relief. Why do you laugh, Fortunata; it is you who are always keeping me awake all night. Of course, as far as I am concerned, anyone may relieve himself in the dining-room. The doctors forbid retention. But if the matter is serious, everything is ready outside: water, towels, and all the other little comforts. Take my word for it, vapours go to the brain and make a disturbance throughout the body. I know many people have died this way, by refusing to admit the truth to themselves.” We thanked him for his generosity and kindness, and then tried to suppress our laughter by drinking hard and fast. We did not yet realize that we had only got halfway through the delicacies, and still had an uphill task before us, as they say. The tables were cleared to the sound of music, and three white pigs, adorned with muzzles and bells, were led into the dining-room. One was two years old, the keeper said, the second three, and the other as much as six. I thought some ropewalkers had come in, and that the pigs would perform some wonderful tricks, as they do for crowds in the streets. Trimalchio ended our suspense by saying, “Now, which of them would you like turned into a dinner this minute? Any country hand can turn out a fowl or a Pentheus hash, or trifles of that kind. My

cooks are quite used to serving whole calves done in a cauldron.” Then he told them to fetch a cook at once, and without waiting for our opinion ordered the eldest pig to be killed, and said in a loud voice, “Which division of the household do you belong to?” The man said he came from the fortieth. “Were you purchased or born on the estate?” “Neither; I was left to you under Pansa’s will.” “*Well* then,” said Trimalchio, “mind you serve this carefully, or I will have you degraded to the messengers’ division.”

[XLVIII] Trimalchio autem miti ad nos vultu respexit et: “Vinum, inquit, si non placet, mutabo; vos illud oportet bonum faciatis. Deorum beneficio non emo, sed nunc quicquid ad salivam facit, in suburbano nascitur eo, quod ego adhuc non novi. Dicitur confine esse Tarraciniensibus et Tarentinis. Nunc coniungere agellis Siciliam volo, ut cum Africam libuerit ire, per meos fines navigem. Sed narra tu mihi, Agamemnon, quam controversiam hodie declamasti? Ego autem si causas non ago, in domusionem tamen litteras didici. Et ne me putes studia fastiditum, tres bybliothechas habeo, unam Graecam, alteram Latinam. Dic ergo, si me amas, peristasim declamationis tuae.”

Cum dixisset Agamemnon: “Pauper et dives inimici erant. . .”, ait Trimalchio: “Quid est pauper? — Vrbane”, inquit Agamemnon et nescio quam controversiam euit. Statim Trimalchio: “Hoc, inquit, si factum est, controversia non est; si factum non est, nihil est.” Haec aliaque cum effusissimis prosequeremur laudationibus: “Rogo, inquit, Agamemnon mihi carissime, numquid duodecim aerumnas Herculis tenes, aut de Vluxe fabulam, quemadmodum illi Cyclops pollicem poricino extorsit? Solebam haec ego puer apud Homerum legere. Nam Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent: “Sibilla, ti thelis?”, respondebat illa: “apothanin thelo”.

[48] So the cook was reminded of his master’s power, and the dish that was to be carried him off to the kitchen. Trimalchio turned to us with a mild expression and said, “I will change the wine if you do not like it. You will have to give it its virtues. Under God’s providence, I do not have to buy it. Anything here which makes your mouths water is grown on a country estate of mine which I know nothing about as yet. I believe it is on the boundary of Terracina and Tarentum. Just now I want to join up all Sicily with properties of mine, so that if I take a fancy to go to Africa I shall travel through my own land. But do tell me, Agamemnon, what declamation did you deliver in school to-day? Of course, I do not practise in court myself, but I learned literature for domestic purposes. And do

not imagine that I despise learning. I have got two libraries, one Greek and one Latin. So give me an outline of your speech, if you love me.” Then Agamemnon said: “A poor man and a rich man were once at enmity.” “But what is a poor man?” Trimalchio replied. “Very clever,” said Agamemnon, and went on expounding some problem or other. Trimalchio at once retorted: “If the thing really happened, there is no problem; if it never happened, it is all nonsense.” We followed up this and other sallies with the most extravagant admiration.” Tell me, dear Agamemnon,” said Trimalchio, “do you know anything of the twelve labours of Hercules, or the story of Ulysses and how the Cyclops twisted his thumb with the tongs? I used to read these things in Homer when I was a boy. Yes, and I myself with my own eyes saw the Sibyl hanging in a cage; and when the boys cried at her: Sibyl, Sibyl, what do you want?’ ‘I would that I were dead,’ she used to answer.”

[XLIX] Nondum efflaverat omnia, cum repositorium cum sue ingenti mensam occupavit. Mirari nos celeritatem coepimus, et iurare ne gallum quidem gallinaceum tam cito percoqui potuisse, tanto quidem magis, quod longe maior nobis porcus videbatur esse, quam paulo ante aper fuerat. Deinde magis magisque Trimalchio intuens eum: “Quid? quid? inquit, porcus hic non est exinteratus? Non mehercules est. Voca, voca cocum in medio.” Cum constitisset ad mensam cocus tristis et diceret se oblitum esse exinterare: “Quid, oblitus? Trimalchio exclamat, putes illum piper et cuminum non coniecisse! Despolia!” Non fit mora, despoliatur cocus atque inter duos tortores maestus consistit. Deprecari tamen omnes coeperunt et dicere: “Solet fieri. — Rogamus mittas. — Postea si fecerit, nemo nostrum pro illo rogabit.” Ego crudelissimae severitatis, non potui me tenere, sed inclinatus ad aurem Agamemnonis: “Plane, inquam, hic debet servus esse nequissimus: aliquis oblivisceretur porcum exinterare? Non mehercules illi ignoscerem, si piscem praeterisset.” At non Trimalchio, qui relaxato in hilaritatem vultu: “Ergo, inquit, quia tam malae memoriae es, palam nobis illum exintera.” Recepta cocus tunica cultrum arripuit, porcique ventrem hinc atque illinc timida manu secuit. Nec mora, ex plagis ponderis inclinatione crescentibus tomacula cum botulis effusa sunt.

[49] He had still more talk to puff out, when the table was filled by a dish holding an enormous pig. We began to express astonishment at such speed, and took our oath that not even a fowl could have been properly cooked in the time, especially as the pig seemed to us to be much bigger than the boar had been a little while

earlier. Trimalchio looked at it more and more closely and then said, “What, what, has not this pig been gutted? I swear it has not. The cook, send the cook up here to us.” The poor cook came and stood by the table and said that he had forgotten to gut it. “What? Forgotten?” shouted Trimalchio. “You would think the fellow had only forgotten to season it with pepper and cummin. Off with his shirt!” In a moment the cook was stripped and stood dolefully between two executioners. Then we all began to beg him off and say: “These things will happen; do let him go; if he does it again none of us will say a word for him.” I was as stiff and stern as could be; I could not restrain myself, but leaned over and said in Agamemnon’s ear: “This must be a most wretched servant; how could anyone forget to gut a pig? On my oath I would not forgive him if he had let a fish go like that.” But Trimalchio’s face softened into smiles. “Well,” he said, “if your memory is so bad, clean him here in front of us.” The cook put on his shirt, seized a knife, and carved the pig’s belly in various places with a shaking hand. At once the slits widened under the pressure from within, and sausages and black puddings tumbled out.

[L] Plausum post hoc automatam familia dedit et “Gaio feliciter!” conclamavit. Nec non cocus potione honoratus est, etiam argentea corona poculumque in lance accepit Corinthia. Quam cum Agamemnon propius consideraret, ait Trimalchio: “Solutus sum qui vera Corinthia habeam.” Expectabam ut pro reliqua insolentia diceret sibi vasa Corintho afferri. Sed ille melius: “Et forsitan, inquit, quaeris quare solus Corinthia vera possideam: quia scilicet aerarius, a quo emo, Corinthus vocatur. Quid est autem Corinthum, nisi quis Corinthum habeat? Et ne me putetis nesapium esse, valde bene scio, unde primum Corinthia nata sint. Cum Ilium captum est, Hannibal, homo vafer et magnus stelius, omnes statuas aeneas et aureas et argenteas in unum rogi coniecit et eas incendit; factae sunt in unum aera miscellanea. Ita ex hac massa fabri sustulerunt et fecerunt catilla et paropsides <et> statuncula. Sic Corinthia nata sunt, ex omnibus in unum, nec hoc nec illud. Ignoscetis mihi quod dixero: ego malo mihi vitrea, certe non olunt. Quod si non frangerentur, malletem mihi quam aurum; nunc autem vilia sunt.

[50] At this the slaves burst into spontaneous applause and shouted, “God bless Gaius!” The cook too was rewarded with a drink and a silver crown, and was handed the cup on a Corinthian dish. Agamemnon began to peer at the dish rather closely, and Trimalchio said, “I am the sole owner of genuine Corinthian plate.” I thought he would declare with his usual effrontery that he had cups imported

direct from Corinth. But he went one better: “You may perhaps inquire,” said he, “how I come to be alone in having genuine Corinthian stuff: the obvious reason is that the name of the dealer I buy it from is Corinthus. But what is real Corinthian, unless a man has Corinthus at his back? Do not imagine that I am an ignoramus. I know perfectly well how Corinthian plate was first brought into the world. At the fall of Ilium, Hannibal, a trickster and a great knave, collected all the sculptures, bronze, gold, and silver, into a single pile, and set light to them. They all melted into one amalgam of bronze. The workmen took bits out of this lump and made plates and entree dishes and statuettes. That is how Corinthian metal was born, from all sorts lumped together, neither one kind nor the other. You will forgive me if I say that personally I prefer glass; glass at least does not smell. If it were not so breakable I should prefer it to gold; as it is, it is so cheap.

SECTIONS LI TO LX.

[L.I] “Fuit tamen faber qui fecit phialam vitream, quae non frangebatur. Admissus ergo Caesarem est cum suo munere, deinde fecit reporrigere Caesari et illam in pavementum proiecit. Caesar non pote valdius quam expavit. At ille sustulit phialam de terra; collisa erat tamquam vasum aeneum. Deinde martiolum de sinu protulit et phialam otio belle correxit. Hoc facto putabat se coleum Iovis tenere, utique postquam illi dixit: ‘Numquid alius scit hanc condituram vitreorum?’ Vide modo. Postquam negavit, iussit illum Caesar decollari: quia enim, si scitum esset, aurum pro luto haberemus.

[51] But there was once a workman who made a glass cup that was unbreakable. So he was given an audience of the Emperor with his invention; he made Caesar give it back to him and then threw it on the floor. Caesar was as frightened as could be. But the man picked up his cup from the ground: it was dented like a bronze bowl; then he took a little hammer out of his pocket and made the cup quite sound again without any trouble. After doing this he thought he had himself seated on the throne of Jupiter, especially when Caesar said to him: ‘Does anyone else know how to blow glass like this?’ Just see what happened. He said not, and then Caesar had him beheaded. Why? Because if his invention were generally known we should treat gold like dirt. Myself I have a great passion for silver.

[L.III] “In argento plane studiosus sum. Habeo scyphos urnales plus minus <C> <. . . videtur> quemadmodum Cassandra occidit filios suos, et pueri mortui iacent sic uti vivere putes. Habeo capidem quam <mi> reliquit patronorum <meorum> unus, ubi Daedalus Niobam in equum Troianum includit. Nam Hermerotis pugnās et Petraitis in poculis habeo, omnia ponderosa; meum enim intelligere nulla pecunia vendo.”

Haec dum refert, puer calicem proiecit. Ad quem respiciens Trimalchio: “Cito, inquit, te ipsum caede, quia nugax es.” Statim puer demisso labro orare. At ille: “Quid me, inquit, rogas? Tanquam ego tibi molestus sim. Suadeo, a te impetres, ne sis nugax.” Tandem ergo exoratus a nobis missionem dedit puero. Ille dimissus circa mensam percucurrit. Et “Aquam foras, vinum intro “ clamavit <Trimalchio>. Excipimus urbanitatem iocantis, et ante omnes Agamemnon, qui

sciebat quibus meritis revocaretur ad cenam. Ceterum laudatus Trimalchio hilarius bibit et iam ebrio proximus: “Nemo, inquit, vestrum rogat Fortunatam meam, ut saltet? Credite mihi: cordacem nemo melius ducit”.

Atque ipse erectis super frontem manibus Syrum histrionem exhibebat concinente tota familia: “madeia perimadeia.” Et prodisset in medium, nisi Fortunata ad aurem accessisset; et credo, dixerit non decere gravitatem eius tam humiles ineptias. Nihil autem tam inaequale erat; nam modo Fortunatam suam <verebatur>, revertibat modo ad naturam.

[52] I own about a hundred four-gallon cups engraved with Cassandra killing her children, and they lying there dead in the most lifelike way. I have a thousand jugs which Mummius left to my patron, and on them you see Daedalus shutting Niobe into the Trojan horse. And I have got the fights between Hereros and Petraites on my cups, and every cup is a heavy one; for I do not sell my connoisseurship for any money.”

As he was speaking, a boy dropped a cup. Trimalchio looked at him and said, “Quick, off with your own head, since you are so stupid.” The boy’s lip fell and he began to petition. “Why do you ask me?” said Trimalchio, “as if I should be hard on you! I advise you to prevail upon yourself not to be stupid.” In the end we induced him to let the boy off. As soon as he was forgiven the boy ran round the table

Then Trimalchio shouted, “Out with water! In with wine!” . . . We took up the joke, especially Agamemnon, who knew how to earn a second invitation to dinner. Trimalchio warmed to his drinking under our flattery, and was almost drunk when he said: “None of you ask dear Fortunata to dance. I tell you no one can dance the cancan better.” He then lifted his hands above his head and gave us the actor Syrus, while all the slaves sang in chorus:

Madeia!

Perimadeia!

And Trimalchio would have come out into the middle of the room if Fortunata had not whispered in his ear. I suppose she told him that such low fooling was beneath his dignity. But never was anything so variable; at one moment he was afraid of Fortunata, and then he would return to his natural self.

[LIII] Et plane interpellavit saltationis libidinem actuarius, qui tanquam Urbis acta recitavit: “VII kalendas Sextiles: in praedio Cumano, quod est Trimalchionis, nati sunt pueri XXX, puellae XL; sublata in horreum ex area tritici milia modium

quingenta; boves domiti quingenti. Eodem die: Mithridates servus in crucem actus est, quia Gai nostri genio male dixerat. Eodem die: in arcam relatum est, quod collocari non potuit, sestertium centies. Eodem die: incendium factum est in hortis Pompeianis, ortum ex aedibus Nastae vilici. — Quid, inquit Trimalchio, quando mihi Pompeiani horti empti sunt? — Anno priore, inquit actarius, et ideo in rationem nondum venerunt.” Excanduit Trimalchio et: “Quicunque, inquit, mihi fundi empti fuerint, nisi intra sextum mensem sciero, in rationes meas inferri vetuo.” Iam etiam edicta aedilium recitabantur et saltuariorum testamenta, quibus Trimalchio cum elogio exheredabatur; iam nomina vilicorum et repudiata a circumitore liberta in balneatoris contubernio deprehensa, et atriensis Baias relegatus; iam reus factus dispensator, et iudicium inter cubicularios actum.

Petauristarii autem tandem venerunt. Baro insulsissimus cum scalis constitit puerumque iussit per gradus et in summa parte odaria saltare, circulos deinde ardentes transire et dentibus amphoram sustinere. Mirabatur haec solus Trimalchio dicebatque ingratum artificium esse: ceterum duo esse in rebus humanis, quae libentissime spectaret, petauristarios et cornicines; reliqua, animalia, acroemata, tricas meras esse.” Nam et comoedos, inquit, emeram, sed malui illos Atella<na>m facere, et choraulen meum iussi Latine cantare”.

[53] But a clerk quite interrupted his passion for the dance by reading as though from the gazette: “July the 26th. Thirty boys and forty girls were born on Trimalchio’s estate at Cumae. Five hundred thousand pecks of wheat were taken up from the threshing-floor into the barn. Five hundred oxen were broken in. On the same date: the slave Mithridates was led to crucifixion for having damned the soul of our lord Gaius. On the same date: ten million sesterces which could not be invested were returned to the reserve. On the same day: there was a fire in our gardens at Pompeii, which broke out in the house of Nasta the bailiff.” “Stop,” said Trimalchio, “When did I buy any gardens at Pompeii?” “Last year,” said the clerk, “so that they are not entered in your accounts yet.” Trimalchio glowed with passion, and said, “I will not have any property which is bought in my name entered in my accounts unless I hear of it within six months.” We now had a further recitation of police notices, and some foresters’ wills, in which Trimalchio was cut out in a codicil; then the names of bailiffs, and of a freed-woman who had been caught with a bathman and divorced by her husband, a night watchman; the name of a porter who had been banished to Baiae; the name of a steward who was being prosecuted, and details of an action between some valets.

But at last the acrobats came in. A very dull fool stood there with a ladder and made a boy dance from rung to rung and on the very top to the music of popular airs, and then made him hop through burning hoops, and pick up a wine jar with his teeth. No one was excited by this but Trimalchio, who kept saying that it was a thankless profession. There were only two things in the world that he could watch with real pleasure, acrobats and trumpeters; all other shows were silly nonsense. “Why,” said he, “I once bought a Greek comedy company, but I preferred them to do Atellane plays, and I told my flute-player to have Latin songs.”

[LIV] Cum maxime haec dicente Gaio puer <in lectum> Trimalchionis delapsus est. Conclamavit familia, nec minus convivae, non propter hominem tam putidum, cuius etiam cervices fractas libenter vidissent, sed propter malum exitum cenae, ne necesse haberent alienum mortuum plorare. Ipse Trimalchio cum graviter ingemisset superque brachium tanquam laesum incubuisset, concurrere medici, et inter primos Fortunata crinibus passis cum scypho, miseramque se atque infelicem proclamavit. Nam puer quidem, qui ceciderat, circumibat iam dudum pedes nostros et missionem rogabat. Pessime mihi erat, ne his precibus per ridiculum aliquid catastropha quaeretur. Nec enim adhuc exciderat cocus ille, qui oblitus fuerat porcum exinterare. Itaque totum circumspicere triclinium coepi, ne per parietem automatum aliquod exiret, utique postquam servus verberari coepit, qui brachium domini contusum alba potius quam conchyliata involverat lana. Nec longe aberravit suspicio mea; in vicem enim poenae venit decretum Trimalchionis, quo puerum iussit liberum esse, ne quis posset dicere tantum virum esse a servo vulneratum.

[54] Just as Trimalchio was speaking the boy slipped and fell [against his arm]. The slaves raised a cry, and so did the guests, not over a disgusting creature whose neck they would have been glad to see broken, but because it would have been a gloomy finish to the dinner to have to shed tears over the death of a perfect stranger. Trimalchio groaned aloud, and nursed his arm as if it was hurt. Doctors rushed up, and among the first Fortunata, with her hair down, and a cup in her hand, calling out what a poor unhappy woman she was. The creature who had fallen down was crawling round at our feet by this time, and begging for mercy. I was very much afraid that his petition was leading up to some comic surprise. The cook who had forgotten to gut the pig had not yet faded from my recollection. So I began looking all round the dining-room, in case any clockwork toy should

jump out of the wall, especially after they had begun to beat a servant for dressing the bruise on his master's arm with white wool instead of purple. And my suspicions were not far out. Instead of punishment there came Trimalchio's decree that he should be made a free man, for fear anyone might be able to say that our hero had been wounded by a slave.

[LV] Comprobamus nos factum et quam in praecipiti res humanae essent, vario sermone garrimus.”Ita, inquit Trimalchio, non oportet hunc casum sine inscriptione transire; statimque codicillos poposcit et non diu cogitatione distorta haec recitavit:

“Quod non expectes, ex transverso fit
et supra nos Fortuna negotia curat:
quare da nobis vina Falerna puer.”

Ab hoc epigrammate coepit poetarum esse mentio <. . .> diuque summa carminis penes Mopsum Thracem commorata est <. . .> donec Trimalchio: “Rogo, inquit, magister, quid putas inter Ciceronem et Publilium interesse? Ego alterum puto disertiolem fuisse, alterum honestiolem. Quid enim his melius dici potest?

Luxuriae ructu Martis marcent moenia.
Tuo palato clausus pavo pascitur
plumato amictus aureo Babylonico,
gallina tibi Numidica, tibi gallus spado.
Ciconia etiam, grata peregrina hospita
pietaticultrix, gracilipes, crotalistria,
avis exul hiemis, titulus tepidi temporis,
nequitiae nidum in caccabo fecit modo.
Quo margarita cara tibi, bacam Indicam?
An ut matrona ornata phaleris pelagiis
tollat pedes indomita in strato extraneo?
Smaragdum ad quam rem viridem, pretiosum vitrum?
Quo Carchedonios optas ignes lapideos?
Nisi ut scintillet probitas e carbunculis?
Aequum est induere nuptam ventum textilem,
palam prostare nudam in nebula linea?

[55] We applauded his action, and made small talk in different phrases about the uncertainty of man's affairs.”Ah,” said Trimalchio, “then we should not let this

occasion slip without a record.” And he called at once for paper, and after very brief reflection declaimed these halting verses:

“What men do not look for turns about and comes to pass. And high over us Fortune directs our affairs. Wherefore, slave, hand us Falernian wine.”

A discussion of poetry arose out of this epigram, and for a long time it was maintained that Mopsus of Thrace held the crown of song in his hand, until Trimalchio said, “Now, I ask you as a scholar, how would you compare Cicero and Publilius? In my opinion the first has more eloquence, the second more beauty. For what could be better written than these lines?

“The high walls of Mars crumble beneath the gaping jaws of luxury. To please thy palate the peacock in his Babylonian vesture of gilded feathers is prisoned and fed, for thee the guinea-fowl, and for thee the capon. Even our beloved foreign guest the stork, type of parental love, with thin legs and sounding rattle, the bird exiled by winter, the harbinger of the warm weather, has now built a nest in thine abhorred cooking-pot. What are pearls of price, the fruits of India, to thee? For thy wife to be adorned with seaspails when she lies unchecked on a strange man’s bed? For what end dost thou require the green emerald, the precious crystal, or the fire that lies in the jewels of Carthage, save that honesty should shine forth from amid the carbuncles? Thy bride might as well clothe herself with a garment of the wind as stand forth publicly naked under her clouds of muslin.’

[LVI] “Quod autem, inquit, putamus secundum litteras difficillimum esse artificium? Ego puto medicum et nummularium: medicus, qui scit quid homunciones intra praecordia sua habeant et quando febris veniat, etiam si illos odi pessime, quod mihi iubent saepe anatinam parari; nummularius, qui per argentum aes videt. Nam mutae bestiae laboriosissimae boves et oves: boves, quorum beneficio panem manducamus; oves, quod lana illae nos gloriosos faciunt. Et facinus indignum, aliquis ovillam est et tunicam habet. Apes enim ego divinas bestias puto, quae mel vomunt, etiam si dicuntur illud a Iove afferre. Ideo autem pungunt, quia ubicunque dulce est, ibi et acidum invenies.”

Iam etiam philosophos de negotio deiciebat, cum pittacia in scypho circumferri coeperunt, puerque super hoc positus officium apophoreta recitavit. “Argentum sceleratum”: allata est perna, supra quam acetabula erant posita. “Cervical”: offla collaris allata est. “Serisapia et contumelia”: <xerophagiae ex sale> datae sunt et contus cum malo. “Porri et persica”: flagellum et cultrum accepit. “Passeres et muscarium”: uvam passam et mel Atticum. “Cenatoria et forensia”: offlam et

tabulas accepit. “Canale et pedale”: lepus et solea est allata. “Muraena et littera”: murem cum rana alligatum fascemque betae accepit. Diu risimus. Sexcenta huiusmodi fuerunt, quae iam exciderunt memoriae meae.

[56] “And now,” said he, “what do we think is the hardest profession after writing? I think a doctor’s or a money-changer’s. The doctor’s, because he knows what poor men have in their insides, and when a fever will come — though I detest them specially, because they so often order me to live on duck. The moneychanger’s, because he sees the copper under the silver. Just so among the dumb animals, oxen and sheep are the hardest workers: the oxen, because thanks to the oxen we have bread to eat; the sheep, because their wool clothes us in splendour. It is a gross outrage when people eat lamb and wear shirts. Yes, and I hold the bees to be the most divine insects. They vomit honey, although people do say they bring it from Jupiter: and they have stings, because wherever you have a sweet thing there you will find something bitter too.”

He was just throwing the philosophers out of work, when tickets were carried round in a cup, and a boy who was entrusted with this duty read aloud the names of the presents for the guests. “Tainted metal”; a ham was brought in with a vinegar bottle on top of it. “Something soft for the neck”; a scrap of neck-end was put on. “Repenting at leisure and obstinate badness”; we were given biscuits made with must, and a thick stick with an apple. “Leeks and peaches”; he took a scourge and a dagger. “Sparrows and fly-paper”; he picked up some dried grapes and a honey-pot. “Evening-dress and outdoor clothes”; he handled a piece of meat and some note-books. “Canal and foot-measure”; a hare and a slipper were introduced. “The muræna and a letter”; he took a mouse and a frog tied together, and a bundle of beetroot. We laughed loud and long: there were any number of these jokes, which have now escaped my memory.

[LVII] Ceterum Ascyltos, intemperantis licentiae, cum omnia sublatis manibus eluderet et usque ad lacrimas rideret, unus ex conlibertis Trimalchionis excanduit, is ipse qui supra me discumbebat, et:

“Quid rides, inquit, berbex? An tibi non placent lautitiae domini mei? Tu enim beatior es et convivare melius soles. Ita Tutelam huius loci habeam propitiam, ut ego si secundum illum discumberem, iam illi balatum cluissem. Bellum pomum, qui rideatur alios; larifuga nescio quis, nocturnus, qui non valet lotium suum. Ad summam, si circumminxero illum, nesciet qua fugiat. Non mehercules soleo cito fervere, sed in molle carne vermes nascuntur. Ridet! Quid habet quod rideat?

Numquid pater fetum emit lamna? Eques Romanus es? Et ego regis filius. Quare ergo servivisti? Quia ipse me dedi in servitutem et malui civis Romanus esse quam tributarius. Et nunc spero me sic vivere, ut nemini iocus sim. Homo inter homines sum, capite aperto ambulo; assem aerarium nemini debeo; constitutum habui nunquam; nemo mihi in foro dixit: 'Redde quod debes'. Glebularum emi, lamellulas paravi; viginti ventres pasco et canem; contubernalem meam redemi, ne qui in illius capillis manus tergeret; mille denarios pro capite solvi; sevir gratis factus sum; spero, sic moriar, ut mortuus non erubescam. Tu autem tam laboriosus es, ut post te non respicias! In alio peduculum vides, in te ricinum non vides. Tibi soli ridiculi videmur; ecce magister tuus, homo maior natus: placemus illi. Tu lacticulosus, nec 'mu' nec 'ma' argutas, vasus fictilis, immo lorus in aqua: lentior, non melior. Tu beatior es: bis prande, bis cena. Ego fidem meam malo quam thesauros. Ad summam, quisquam me bis poposcit? Annis quadraginta servivi; nemo tamen scit utrum servus essem an liber. Et puer capillatus in hanc coloniam veni; adhuc basilica non erat facta. Dedi tamen operam ut domino satis facerem, homini maiesto et dignitosso, cuius pluris erat unguis quam tu totus es. Et habebam in domo qui mihi pedem opponerent hac illac; tamen — genio illius gratias! — enatavi. Haec sunt vera athla; nam in ingenuum nasci tam facile est quam 'Accede istoc'. Quid nunc stupes tanquam hircus in ervilia?"

[57] Ascyltos let himself go completely, threw up his hands and made fun of everything, and laughed till he cried. This annoyed one of Trimalchio's fellowfreedmen, the man who was sitting next above me."What are you laughing at, sheep's head?" he said."Are our host's good things not good enough for you? I suppose you are richer and used to better living? As I hope to have the spirits of this place on my side, if I had been sitting next him I should have put a stopper on his bleating by now. A nice young shaver to laugh at other people! Some vagabond flyby-night not worth his salt. In fact, when I've done with him he won't know where to take refuge. Upon my word, I am not easily annoyed as a rule, but in rotten flesh worms will breed. He laughs. What has he got to laugh about? Did his father pay solid gold for him when he was a baby? A Roman knight, are you? Well, I am a king's son. 'Then why have you been a slave?' Because I went into service to please myself, and preferred being a Roman citizen to going on paying taxes as a provincial. And now I hope I live such a life that no one can jeer at me. I am a man among men; I walk about bare-headed; I owe nobody a brass farthing; I have never been in the Courts; no one has ever said to me in public, 'Pay me what you owe me.' I have bought a few acres and collected

a little capital; I have to feed twenty bellies and a dog: I ransomed my fellow slave to preserve her from indignities; I paid a thousand silver pennies for my own freedom; I was made a priest of Augustus and excused the fees; I hope to die so that I need not blush in my grave. But are you so full of business that you have no time to look behind you? You can see the lice on others, but not the bugs on yourself. No one finds us comic but you: there is your schoolmaster, older and wiser than you: he likes us. You are a child just weaned, you cannot squeak out *mu* or *ma*, you are a clay-pot, a wash-leather in water, softer, not superior. If you are richer, then have two breakfasts and two dinners a day. I prefer my reputation to any riches. One word more. Who ever had to speak to me twice? I was a slave for forty years, and nobody knew whether I was a slave or free. I was a boy with long curls when I came to this place; they had not built the town-hall then. But I tried to please my master, a fine dignified gentleman whose little finger was worth more than your whole body. And there were people in the house who put out a foot to trip me up here and there. But still — God bless my master! — I struggled through. These are real victories: being born free is as easy as saying, *Come here.*’ But why do you stare at me now like a goat in a field of vetch?”

[LVIII] Post hoc dictum Giton, qui ad pedes stabat, risum iam diu compressum etiam indecenter effudit. Quod cum animadvertisset adversarius Ascylti, flexit convicium in puerum et: “Tu autem, inquit, etiam tu rides, caepa cirrata? O? Saturnalia? rogo, mensis December est? Quando vicesimam numerasti? Quid faciat crucis offla, corvorum cibaria. Curabo iam tibi Iovis iratus sit, et isti qui tibi non imperat. Ita satur pane fiam, ut ego istud conliberto meo dono, alioquin iam tibi depraesentiarum reddidissem. Bene nos habemus, at isti nugae, qui tibi non imperant. Plane qualis dominus, talis et servus. Vix me teneo, nec sum natura caldicerebrius, <sed> cum coepi, matrem meam dupundii non facio. Recte, videbo te in publicum, mus, immo terrae tuber: nec sursum nec deorsum non cresco, nisi dominum tuum in rutae folium non conieci, nec tibi parsero, licet mehercules Iovem Olympium clames. Curabo longe tibi sit comula ista besalis et dominus dupunduarius. Recte, venies sub dentem: aut ego non me novi, aut non deridebis, licet barbam auream habeas. Athana tibi irata sit curabo, et qui te primus deurode fecit. Non didici geometrias, critica et alogas naenias, sed lapidarias litteras scio, partes centum dico ad aes, ad pondus, ad nummum. Ad summam, si quid vis, ego et tu sponsiunculam: exi, defero lamnam. Iam scies patrem tuum mercedes perdidisse, quamvis et rhetoricam scis. Ecce: ‘Qui de nobis? longe venio, late venio: solve me’.

Dicam tibi, qui de nobis currit et de loco non movetur; qui de nobis crescit et minor fit. Curris, stupes, satagis, tanquam mus in matella. Ergo aut tace aut meliorem noli molestare, qui te natum non putat, nisi si me iudicas anulos buxeos curare, quos amicae tuae involasti. Occuponem propitium! Eamus in forum et pecunias mutuemur: iam scies hoc ferrum fidem habere. Vah, bella res est volpis uda! Ita lucrum faciam et ita bene moriar ut populus per exitum meum iuret, nisi te toga ubique perversa fuero persecutus. Bella res et iste, qui te haec docet: mufrius, non magister. <Nos aliter> didicimus. Dicebat enim magister: ‘Sunt vestra salva? Recta domum. Cave circumspicias, cave maiorem maledicas’. At nunc mera mapalia: nemo dupondii evadit. Ego, quod me sic vides, propter artificium meum diis gratias ago.”

[58] At this remark Giton, who was standing by my feet, burst out with an unseemly laugh, which he had now been holding in for a long while. Ascyrtos’s enemy noticed him, and turned his abuse on to the boy. “What,” he said, “are you laughing too, you curly-headed onion? A merry Saturnalia indeed: what, have we December here? When did you pay five per cent on your freedom? He doesn’t know what to do, the gallows-bird, the crows’-meat. I will call down the wrath of Jupiter at once on you and the fellow who cannot keep you in order. As sure as I get my bellyfull, I would have given you what you deserve now on the spot, but for my respect for my fellow-freedman. We are getting on splendidly, but those fellows are fools, who don’t keep you in hand. Yes, like master, like man. I can scarcely hold myself in, and I am not naturally hot-tempered, but when I once begin I do not care twopence for my own mother. Depend upon it, I shall meet you somewhere in public, you rat, you puff-ball. I will not grow an inch up or down until I have put your master’s head in a nettle-bed, and I shall have no mercy on you, I can tell you, however much you may call upon Jupiter in Olympus. Those pretty eight-inch curls and that twopenny master of yours will be no use to you. Depend upon it, you will come under the harrow; if I know my own name you will not laugh any more, though you may have a gold beard like a god. I will bring down the wrath of Athena on you and the man who first made a minion of you.

“No, I never learned geometry, and criticism, and suchlike nonsense. But I know my tall letters, and I can do any sum into pounds, shillings, and pence. In fact, if you like, you and I will have a little bet. Come on, I put down the metal. Now I will show you that your father wasted the fees, even though you are a scholar in rhetoric. Look here:

‘What part of us am I? I come far, I come wide.
Now find me.’

I can tell you what part of us runs and does not move from its place; what grows out of us and grows smaller. Ah! you run about and look scared and hustled, like a mouse in a pot. So keep your mouth shut, or do not worry your betters who are unaware of your existence; unless you think I have any respect for the boxwood rings you stole from your young woman. May the God of grab be on my side! Let us go on ‘Change and borrow money: then you will see that my iron ring commands credit. My word, a draggled fox is a fine creature! I hope I may never get rich and make a good end, and have the people swearing by my death, if I do not put on the black cap and hunt you down everywhere. It was a fine fellow who taught you to behave like this, too; a chattering ape, not a master. We had some real schooling, for the master used to say, ‘Are all your belongings safe? Go straight home, and don’t stop to look round you; and mind you do not abuse your elders. Count up all the wastrels, if you like; not one of them is worth twopence in the end.’ Yes, I thank God for education; it made me what I am.”

[LIX] Coeperat Ascyrtos respondere convicio, sed Trimalchio delectatus colliberti eloquentia: “Agite, inquit, scordalias de medio. Suaviter sit potius, et tu, Hermeros, parce adulescentulo. Sanguen illi fervet, tu melior esto. Semper in hac re qui vincitur, vincit. Et tu cum esses capo, cocococo, atque cor non habebas. Simus ergo, quod melius est, a primitiis hilares et Homeristas spectemus.” Intravit factio statim hastisque scuta concrepuit. Ipse Trimalchio in pulvino consedit, et cum Homeristae Graecis versibus colloquerentur, ut insolenter solent, ille canora voce Latine legebat librum. Mox silentio facto: “Scitis, inquit, quam fabulam agant? Diomedes et Ganymedes duo fratres fuerunt. Horum soror erat Helena. Agamemnon illam rapuit et Dianae cervam subiecit. Ita nunc Homeros dicit, quemadmodum inter se pugnent Troiani et Parentini. Vicit scilicet, et Iphigeniam, filiam suam, Achilli dedit uxorem. Ob eam rem Ajax insanit, et statim argumentum explicabit.” Haec ut dixit Trimalchio, clamorem Homeristae sustulerunt, interque familiam discurrentem vitulus in lance ducenaria elixus allatus est, et quidem galeatus. Secutus est Ajax strictoque gladio, tanquam insaniret, concidit, ac modo versa modo supina gesticulatus, mucrone frustra collegit mirantibusque vitulum partitus est.

[59] Ascyrtos was preparing a retort to his abuse, but Trimalchio was delighted with his fellow-freedman's readiness, and said, "Come now, stop all this wrangling. It is nicer to go on pleasantly, please do not be hard on the young man, Hermeros. Young blood is hot in him; you must be indulgent. A man who admits defeat in this kind of quarrel is always the winner. And you, too, when you were a young cockerel cried Cock-a-doodle-doo! and hadn't any sense in your head. So let us do better, and start the fun over again, and have a look at these reciters of Homer." A troop came in at once and clashed spear on shield. Trimalchio sat up on his cushion, and when the reciters talked to each other in Greek verse, as their conceited wayis, he intoned Latin from a book. Soon there was silence, and then he said, "You know the story they are doing? Diomede and Ganymede were two brothers. Helen was their sister. Agamemnon carried her off and took in Diana by sacrificing a deer to her instead. So Homer is now telling the tale of the war between Troy and Parentium. Of course he won and married his daughter Iphigenia to Achilles. That drove Ajax mad, and he will show you the story in a minute." As he spoke the heroes raised a shout, and the slaves stood back to let a boiled calf on a presentation dish be brought in. There was a helmet on its head. Ajax followed and attacked it with his sword drawn as if he were mad; and after making passes with the edge and the flat he collected slices on the point, and divided the calf among the astonished company.

[LX] Nec diu mirari licuit tam elegantes strophas; nam repente lacunaria sonare coeperunt totumque triclinium intremuit. Consternatus ego exsurrexi, et timui ne per tectum petauristarius aliquis descenderet. Nec minus reliqui convivae mirantes erexere vultus expectantes quid novi de caelo nuntiaretur. Ecce autem diductis lacunaribus subito circulus ingens, de cupa videlicet grandi excussus, demittitur, cuius per totum orbem coronae aureae cum alabastris unguenti pendebant. Dum haec apophoreta iubemur sumere, respiciens ad mensam < . . >. Iam illic repositorium cum placentis aliquot erat positum, quod medium Priapus a pistore factus tenebat, gremioque satis amplo omnis generis poma et uvas sustinebat more vulgato. Avidius ad pompam manus porreximus, et repente nova ludorum remissio hilaritatem hic refecit. Omnes enim placentae omniaque poma etiam minima vexatione contacta coeperunt effundere crocum, et usque ad nos molestus umor accedere. Rati ergo sacrum esse fericulum tam religioso apparatu perfusum, consurreximus altius et "Augusto, patri patriae, feliciter " diximus. Quibusdam tamen etiam post hanc venerationem poma rapientibus, et ipsi mappas implevimus, ego praecipue, qui nullo satis amplo munere putabam me onerare Gitonis sinum.

Inter haec tres pueri candidas succincti tunicas intraverunt, quorum duo Lares bullatos super mensam posuerunt, unus pateram vini circumferens “dii propitii “ clamabat.

Aiebat autem unum Cerdonem, alterum Felicionem, tertium Lucronem vocari. Nos etiam veram imaginem ipsius Trimalchionis, cum iam omnes basiarent, erubuimus praeterire.

[60] We were not given long to admire these elegant *tours de force*; suddenly there came a noise from the ceiling, and the whole dining-room trembled. I rose from my place in a panic: I was afraid some acrobat would come down through the roof. All the other guests too looked up astonished, wondering what the new portent from heaven was announced. The whole ceiling parted asunder, and an enormous hoop, apparently knocked out of a giant cask, was let down. All round it were hung golden crowns and alabaster boxes of perfumes. We were asked to take these presents for ourselves, when I looked back at the table. . . . A dish with some cakes on it had now been put there, a Priapus made by the confectioner standing in the middle, holding up every kind of fruit and grapes in his wide apron in the conventional style. We reached greedily after his treasures, and a sudden fresh turn of humour renewed our merriment. All the cakes and all the fruits, however lightly they were touched, began to spurt out saffron, and the nasty juice flew even into our mouths. We thought it must be a sacred dish that was anointed with such holy appointments, and we all stood straight up and cried, “The gods bless Augustus, the father of his country.” But as some people even after this solemnity snatched at the fruit, we filled our napkins too, myself especially, for I thought that I could never fill Giton’s lap with a large enough present. Meanwhile three boys came in with their white tunics well tucked up, and two of them put images of the Lares with lockets round their necks on the table, while one carried round a bowl of wine and cried, “God be gracious unto us.”

Trimalchio said that one of the images was called Gain, another Luck, and the third Profit. And as everybody else kissed Trimalchio’s true portrait we were ashamed to pass it by.

SECTIONS LXI TO LXX.

[LXI] Postquam ergo omnes bonam mentem bonamque valitudinem sibi optarunt, Trimalchio ad Nicerotem respexit et: “Solebas, inquit, suavius esse in convictu; nescio quid nunc taces nec muttis. Oro te, sic felicem me videas, narra illud quod tibi usu venit.” Niceros delectatus affabilitate amici: “Omne me, inquit, lucrum transeat, nisi iam dudum gaudimonio dissilio, quod te talem video. Itaque hilaria mera sint, etsi timeo istos scolasticos ne me rideant. Viderint: narrabo tamen, quid enim mihi aufert, qui ridet? satius est rideri quam derideri.”

Haec ubi dicta dedit

talem fabulam exorsus est:

“Cum adhuc servirem, habitabamus in vico angusto; nunc Gavillae domus est. Ibi, quomodo dii volunt, amare coepi uxorem Terentii coponis: noveratis Melissam Tarentinam, pulcherrimum bacciballum. Sed ego non mehercules corporaliter aut propter res venerias curavi, sed magis quod benemoria fuit. Si quid ab illa petii, nunquam mihi negatum; fecit assem, semissem habui; in illius sinum demandavi, nec unquam fefellit sum. Huius contubernalis ad villam supremum diem obiit. Itaque per scutum per ocream egi aginavi, quemadmodum ad illam pervenirem: nam, ut aiunt, in angustiis amici apparent.

[61] So after they had all wished themselves good sense and good health, Trimalchio looked at Niceros and said, “You used to be better company at a dinner; I do not know why you are dumb now, and do not utter a sound. Do please, to make me happy, tell us of your adventure.” Niceros was delighted by his friend’s amiability and said, “May I never turn another penny if I am not ready to burst with joy at seeing you in such a good humour. Well, it shall be pure fun then, though I am afraid your clever friends will laugh at me. Still, let them; I will tell my story; what harm does a man’s laugh do me? Being laughed at is more satisfactory than being sneered at.” So spake the hero, and began the following story:

““While I was still a slave, we were living in a narrow street; the house now belongs to Gavilla. There it was God’s will that I should fall in love with the wife of Terentius the inn-keeper; you remember her, Melissa of Tarentum, a pretty round thing. But I swear it was no base passion; I did not care about her in that

way, but rather because she had a beautiful nature. If I asked her for anything it was never refused me; if she made twopence I had a penny; whatever I had I put into her pocket, and I was never taken in. Now one day her husband died on the estate. So I buckled on my shield and greaves, and schemed how to come at her: and as you know, one's friends turn up in tight places. My master happened to have gone to Capua to look after some silly business or other.

[LXII] “Forte dominus Capuae exierat ad scruta scita expedienda. Nactus ego occasionem persuadeo hospitem nostrum, ut mecum ad quintum miliarium veniat. Erat autem miles, fortis tanquam Orcus. Apoculamus nos circa gallicinia; luna lucebat tanquam meridie. Venimus inter monimenta: homo meus coepit ad stelas facere; sedeo ego cantabundus et stelas numero. Deinde ut respexi ad comitem, ille exuit se et omnia vestimenta secundum viam posuit. Mihi anima in naso esse; stabam tanquam mortuus. At ille circumminxit vestimenta sua, et subito lupo factus est. Nolite me iocari putare; ut mentiar, nullius patrimonium tanti facio. Sed, quod coeperam dicere, postquam lupo factus est, ululare coepit et in silvas fugit. Ego primitus nesciebam ubi essem; deinde accessi, ut vestimenta eius tollerem: illa autem lapidea facta sunt. Qui mori timore nisi ego? Gladium tamen strinxi et <in tota via> umbras cecidi, donec ad villam amicae meae pervenirem. In larvam intravi, paene animam ebullivi, sudor mihi per bifurcum volabat, oculi mortui; vix unquam reffectus sum. Melissa mea mirari coepit, quod tam sero ambulare, et: ‘Si ante, inquit, venisses, saltem nobis adiutasses; lupo enim villam intravit et omnia pecora tanquam lanius sanguinem illis misit. Nec tamen derisit, etiamsi fugit; senius enim noster lancea collum eius traiecit’. Haec ut audivi, operire oculos amplius non potui, sed luce clara Gai nostri domum fugi tanquam copo compilatus; et postquam veni in illum locum, in quo lapidea vestimenta erant facta, nihil inveni nisi sanguinem. Vt vero domum veni, iacebat miles meus in lecto tanquam bovis, et collum illius medicus curabat. Intellexi illum versipellem esse, nec postea cum illo panem gustare potui, non si me occidisses. Viderint quid de hoc alii exopinissent; ego si mentior, genios vestros iratos habeam.”

[62] I seized my opportunity, and persuaded a guest in our house to come with me as far as the fifth milestone. He was a soldier, and as brave as Hell. So we trotted off about cockcrow; the moon shone like high noon. We got among the tombstones: my man went aside to look at the epitaphs, I sat down with my heart full of song and began to count the graves. Then when I looked round at my friend, he

stripped himself and put all his clothes by the roadside. My heart was in my mouth, but I stood like a dead man. He made a ring of water round his clothes and suddenly turned into a wolf. Please do not think I am joking; I would not lie about this for any fortune in the world. But as I was saying, after he had turned into a wolf, he began to howl, and ran off into the woods. At first I hardly knew where I was, then I went up to take his clothes; but they had all turned into stone. No one could be nearer dead with terror than I was. But I drew my sword and went slaying shadows all the way till I came to my love's house. I went in like a corpse, and nearly gave up the ghost, the sweat ran down my legs, my eyes were dull, I could hardly be revived. My dear Melissa was surprised at my being out so late, and said, 'If you had come earlier you might at least have helped us; a wolf got into the house and worried all our sheep, and let their blood like a butcher. But he did not make fools of us, even though he got off; for our slave made a hole in his neck with a spear.' When I heard this, I could not keep my eyes shut any longer, but at break of day I rushed back to my master Gaius's house like a defrauded publican, and when I came to the place where the clothes were turned into stone, I found nothing but a pool of blood. But when I reached home, my soldier was lying in bed like an ox, with a doctor looking after his neck. I realized that he was a werewolf, and I never could sit down to a meal with him afterwards, not if you had killed me first. Other people may think what they like about this; but may all your guardian angels punish me if I am lying."

[LXIII] Attonitis admiratione universis: "Salvo, inquit, tuo sermone, Trimalchio, si qua fides est, ut mihi pili inhorruerunt, quia scio Niceronem nihil nugarum narrare: immo certus est et minime linguosus. Nam et ipse vobis rem horribilem narrabo. Asinus in tegulis.

"Cum adhuc capillatus essem, nam a puero vitam Chiam gessi, ipsimi nostri delicatus decessit, mehercules margaritum, <sacritus> et omnium numerum. Cum ergo illum mater misella plangeret et nos tum plures in tristimonio essemus, subito <stridere> strigae coeperunt; putares canem leporem persequi. Habebamus tunc hominem Cappadocem, longum, valde audaculum et qui valebat: poterat bovem iratum tollere. Hic audacter stricto gladio extra ostium procucurrit, involuta sinistra manu curiose, et mulierem tanquam hoc loco — salvum sit, quod tango! — mediam traiecit. Audimus gemitum, et — plane non mentiar — ipsas non vidimus. Baro autem noster introversus se proiecit in lectum, et corpus totum lividum habebat quasi flagellis caesus, quia scilicet illum tetigerat mala manus. Nos cluso ostio redimus iterum ad officium, sed dum mater amplexaret corpus

filiis suis, tangit et videt manucium de stramentis factum. Non cor habebat, non intestina, non quicquam: scilicet iam puerum strigae involaverant et supposuerant stramentitium vavatonem. Rogo vos, oportet credatis, sunt mulieres plussciae, sunt Nocturnae, et quod sursum est, deorsum faciunt. Ceterum baro ille longus post hoc factum nunquam coloris sui fuit, immo post paucos dies freneticus periit.”

[63] We were all dumb with astonishment, but Trimalchio said, “I pick no holes in your story; by the soul of truth, how my hair stood on end! For I know that Niceros never talks nonsense: he is very dependable, and not at all a chatterbox. Now I want to tell you a tale of horror myself: but I’m a donkey on the tiles compared with him. While I still had hair down my back, for I lived delicately from my youth up, my master’s favourite died. Oh! he was a pearl, one in a thousand, and a mirror of perfection! So while his poor mother was bewailing him, and several of us were sharing her sorrow, suddenly the witches began to screech; you would have thought there was a dog pursuing a hare. We had a Cappadocian in the house at the time, a tall fellow, mighty brave and a man of muscle; he could lift an angry bull off the ground. He rushed boldly out of doors with a naked sword, having carefully wrapped up his left hand, and ran the woman through the middle, just about here — may the spot my finger is on be safe! We heard a groan, but to tell the honest truth we did not see the witches themselves. But our big fellow came back and threw himself on a bed: and his whole body was blue as if he had been flogged, of course because the witch’s hand had touched him. We shut the door and returned to our observances, but when the mother put her arms round the body of her son, she felt it and saw that it was a little bundle of straw. It had no heart, no inside or anything: of course the witches had carried off the boy and put a straw changeling in his place. Ah! yes, I would beg you to believe there are wise women, and night-riders, who can turn the whole world upside down. Well, the tall slave never came back to his proper colour after this affair, and died raving mad in a few days.”

[LXIV] Miramur nos et pariter credimus, osculatique mensam rogamus Nocturnas, ut suis se teneant, dum redimus a cena.

Et sane iam lucernae mihi plures videbantur ardere totumque triclinium esse mutatum, cum Trimalchio: “Tibi dico, inquit, Plocame, nihil narras? nihil nos delectaris? Et solebas suavius esse, canturire belle deverbis, adicere melicam. Heu, heu, abistis dulces caricae. — Iam, inquit ille, quadrigae meae

decucurrerunt, ex quo podagricus factus sum. Alioquin cum essem adolescentulus, cantando paene tisticus factus sum. Quid saltare? quid deverbia? quid tonstrinum? Quando parem habui nisi unum Apelletem?”

Appositaque ad os manu, nescio quid taetrum exhibilavit quod postea Graecum esse affirmabat. Nec non Trimalchio ipse cum tubicines esset imitatus, ad delicias suas respexit, quem Croesum appellabat. Puer autem lippus, sordidissimis dentibus, catellam nigram atque indecenter pinguem prasina involuebat fascia, panemque semissem ponebat supra torum, ac nausia recusantem saginabat. Quo admonitus officio Trimalchio Scylacem iussit adduci “praesidium domus familiaeque”. Nec mora, ingentis formae adductus est canis catena vinctus, admonitusque ostiarii calce ut cubaret, ante mensam se posuit. Tum Trimalchio iactans candidum panem: “Nemo, inquit, in domo mea me plus amat.” Indignatus puer, quod Scylacem tam effuse laudaret, catellam in terram deposuit hortatusque <est> ut ad rixam properaret. Scylax, canino scilicet usus ingenio, taeterrimo latratu triclinium implevit Margaritamque Croesi paene laceravit. Nec intra rixam tumultus constitit, sed candelabrum etiam supra mensam eversum et vasa omnia crystallina comminuit, et oleo ferventi aliquot convivas respersit. Trimalchio, ne videretur iactura motus, basiavit puerum ac iussit supra dorsum ascendere suum. Non moratus ille usus est equo, manuque plena scapulas eius subinde verberavit, interque risum proclamavit: “Bucco, bucco, quot sunt hic?” Repressus ergo aliquamdiu Trimalchio camellam grandem iussit misceri potiones<que> dividi omnibus servis, qui ad pedes sedebant, adiecta exceptione: “Si quis, inquit, noluerit accipere, caput illi perfunde. Interdiu severa, nunc hilaria”.

[64] We were full of wonder and faith, and we kissed the table and prayed the Night-riders to stay at home as we returned from dinner.

By this time, I own, the lamps were multiplying before my eyes, and the whole dining-room was altering; then Trimalchio said, “Come you, Plocamus, have you got no story? Will you not entertain us? You used to be more pleasant company, and recite blank verse very prettily, and put in songs too. Dear, dear, all the sweet green figs are fallen!” “Ah, yes,” the man replied, “my galloping days are over since I was taken with the gout. In the days when I was a young fellow I nearly got consumption with singing. How I could dance and recite and imitate the talk in a barber’s shop! Was there ever my equal, except the one and only Apelles?” And he put his hand to his mouth and whistled out some offensive stuff I did not catch: he declared afterwards it was Greek.

Then Trimalchio, after imitating a man with a trumpet, looked round for his favourite, whom he called Croesus. The creature had bleary eyes and very bad teeth, and was tying up an unnaturally obese black puppy in a green handkerchief, and then putting a broken piece of bread on a chair, and cramming it down the throat of the dog, who did not want it and was sick. This reminded Trimalchio of his duties, and he ordered them to bring in Scylax, "the guardian of the house and the slaves." An enormous dog on a chain was at once led in, and on receiving a kick from the porter as a hint to lie down, he curled up in front of the table. Then Trimalchio threw him a bit of white bread and said, "No one in the house loves me better than Scylax." The favourite took offence at his lavish praise of the dog, and put down the puppy, and encouraged him to attack Scylax. Scylax, after the manner of dogs, filled the dining-room with a most hideous barking, and nearly tore Croesus's little Pearl to pieces. And the uproar did not end with a dog-fight, for a lamp upset over the table, and broke all the glass to pieces, and sprinkled some of the guests with hot oil. Trimalchio did not want to seem hurt at his loss, so he kissed his favourite, and told him to jump on his back. He mounted his horse at once and went on smacking Trimalchio's shoulders with his open hand, saying, "How many are we, blind man's cheek?" After some time Trimalchio calmed himself, and ordered a great bowl of wine to be mixed, and drinks to be served round to all the slaves, who were sitting at our feet, adding this provision: "If anyone refuses to take it, pour it over his head; business in the daytime and pleasure at night."

[LXV] Hanc humanitatem insecutae sunt mattea, quarum etiam recordatio me, si qua est dicenti fides, offendit. Singulae enim gallinae altiles pro turdis circumlatae sunt et ova anserina pilleata, quae ut comessemus, ambitiosissime <a> nobis Trimalchio petiit dicens exossatas esse gallinas. Inter haec triclinii valvas licitor percussit, amictusque veste alba cum ingenti frequentia commissator intravit. Ego maiestate conterritus praetorem putabam venisse. Itaque temptavi assurgere et nudos pedes in terram deferre. Risit hanc trepidationem Agamemnon et: "Contine te, inquit, homo stultissime. Habinnas sevir est idemque lapidarius, qui videtur monumenta optime facere."

Recreatus hoc sermone reposui cubitum, Habinnamque intrans eam cum admiratione ingenti spectabam. Ille autem iam ebrius uxoris suae umeris imposuerat manus, oneratusque aliquot coronis et unguento per frontem in oculos fluente, praetorio loco se posuit, continuoque vinum et caldum poposcit. Delectatus hac Trimalchio hilaritate et ipse capaciorem poposcit scyphum,

quaesivitque quomodo acceptus esset. “Omnia, inquit, habuimus praeter te; oculi enim mei hic erant. Et mehercules bene fuit. Scissa lautum novendialem servo suo misello faciebat, quem mortuum manu miserat. Et, puto, cum vicensimariis magnam mantissam habet; quinquaginta enim millibus aestimant mortuum. Sed tamen suaviter fuit, etiam si coacti sumus dimidias potiones super ossucula eius effundere.”

[65] After this display of kindness, some savouries were brought in, the memory of which, as sure as I tell you this story, still makes me shudder. For instead of a thrush a fat chicken was brought round to each of us, and goose-eggs in caps, which Trimalchio kept asking us to eat with the utmost insistence, saying that they were chickens without the bones. Meanwhile a priest's attendant knocked at the diningroom door, and a man dressed in white for some festivity came in with a number of others. I was frightened by his solemn looks, and thought the mayor had arrived. So I tried to get up and plant my bare feet on the ground. Agamemnon laughed at my anxiety and said, “Control yourself, you silly fool! It is Habinnas of the priests' college, a monumental mason with a reputation for making first-class tombstones.” I was relieved by this news, and lay down in my place again, and watched Habinnas' entrance with great astonishment. He was quite drunk, and had put his hands on his wife's shoulders; he had several wreaths on, and ointment was running down his forehead into his eyes. He sat down in the chief magistrate's place, and at once called for wine and hot water. Trimalchio was delighted at his good humour, and demanded a larger cup for himself, and asked him how he had been received. “We had everything there except you,” was the reply, “for my eyes were here with you. Yes, it was really splendid. Scissa was having a funeral feast on the ninth day for her poor dear slave, whom she set free on his deathbed. And I believe she will have an enormous sum to pay the tax-collector, for they reckon that the dead man was worth fifty thousand. But anyhow it was a pleasant affair, even if we did have to pour half our drinks over his lamented bones.”

[LXVI] — Tamen, inquit Trimalchio, quid habuistis in cena? — Dicam, inquit, si potuero; nam tam bonae memoriae sum, ut frequenter nomen meum obliviscar. Habuimus tamen in primo porcum botulo coronatum et circa sangunculum et gizeria optime facta et certe betam et panem autopyrum de suo sibi, quem ego malo quam candidum; <nam> et vires facit, et cum mea re causa facio, non ploro. Sequens ferculum fuit sciribilita frigida et supra mel caldum infusum eccellente

Hispanum. Itaque de sciribilita quidem non minimum edi, de melle me usque tetigi. Circa cicer et lupinum, calvae arbitrato et mala singula. Ego tamen duo sustuli et ecce in mappa alligata habeo; nam si aliquid muneris meo vernulae non tulero, habebo convicium. Bene me admonet domina mea. In prospectu habuimus ursinae frustum, de quo cum imprudens Scintilla gustasset, paene intestina sua vomuit; ego contra plus libram comedi, nam ipsum aprum sapiebat. Et si, inquam, ursus homuncionem comest, quanto magis homuncio debet ursum comesse? In summo habuimus caseum mollem et sapam et cocleas singulas et cordae frusta et hepatia in catillis et ova pilleata et rapam et senape et catillum concacatum — pax Palamedes! — Etiam in alveo circumlata sunt oxycomina, unde quidam etiam improbi ternos pugnos sustulerunt. Nam pernae missionem dedimus.

[66] “Ah,” said Trimalchio, “but what did you have for dinner?” “I will tell you if I can,” he said, “but my memory is in such a fine way that I often forget my own name. Well, first we had a pig crowned with a wine-cup, garnished with honey cakes, and liver very well done, and beetroot of course, and pure wholemeal bread, which I prefer to white myself; it puts strength into you, and is good for the bowels. The next dish was a cold tart, with excellent Spanish wine poured over warm honey. Indeed I ate a lot of the tart, and gave myself such a soaking of honey. Pease and lupines were handed, a choice of nuts and an apple each. I took two myself, and I have got them here tied up in my napkin: for if I do not bring some present back for my pet slave-boy there will be trouble. Oh! yes, my wife reminds me. There was a piece of bear on a side dish. Scintilla was rash enough to taste it, and nearly brought up her own inside. I ate over a pound myself, for it tasted like proper wild boar. What I say is this, since bears eat up us poor men, how much better right has a poor man to eat up a bear? To finish up with we had cheese mellowed in new wine, and snails all round, and pieces of tripe, and liver in little dishes, and eggs in caps, and turnip, and mustard, and a dish of forcemeat. But hold hard, Palamedes. Pickled olives were brought round in a dish too, and some greedy creatures took three handfuls. For we had let the ham go.

[LXVII] “Sed narra mihi, Gai, rogo, Fortunata quare non recumbit? — Quomodo nosti, inquit, illam, Trimalchio, nisi argentum composuerit, nisi reliquias pueris diviserit, aquam in os suum non coniciet. — Atqui, respondit Habinnas, nisi illa discumbit, ego me apoculo.” Et coeperat surgere, nisi signo dato Fortunata quater amplius a tota familia esset vocata. Venit ergo galbino succincta cingillo, ita ut infra cerasina appareret tunica et periscelides tortae phaecasiaeque inauratae.

Tunc sudario manus tergens, quod in collo habebat, applicat se illi toro, in quo Scintilla Habinnae discumbebat uxor, osculataque plaudentem: “Est te, inquit, videre?”

Eo deinde perventum est, ut Fortunata armillas suas crassissimis detraheret lacertis Scintillaeque miranti ostenderet. Ultimo etiam periscelides resolvit et reticulum aureum, quem ex obrussa esse dicebat. Notavit haec Trimalchio iussitque afferri omnia et: “Videtis, inquit, mulieris compedes: sic nos barcalae despoliamur. Sex pondo et selibram debet habere. Et ipse nihilo minus habeo decem pondo armillam ex millesimis Mercurii factam.” Ultimo etiam, ne mentiri videretur, stateram iussit afferri et circulatum approbari pondus. Nec melior Scintilla, quae de cervice sua capsellam detraxit aureolam, quam Felicionem appellabat. Inde duo crotalia protulit et Fortunatae invicem considerata dedit et: “Domini, inquit, mei beneficio nemo habet meliora. — Quid? inquit Habinnas, excatarissasti me, ut tibi emerem fabam vitream. Plane si filiam haberem, auriculas illi praeciderem. Mulieres si non essent, omnia pro luto haberemus; nunc hoc est caldum meiere et frigidum potare.”

Interim mulieres sauciae inter se riserunt ebriaeque iunxerunt oscula, dum altera diligentiam matris familiae iactat, altera delicias et indiligentiam viri. Dumque sic cohaerent, Habinnas furtim consurrexit, pedesque Fortunatae correptos super lectum immisit. “Au! au!” illa proclamavit aberrante tunica super genua. Composita ergo in gremio Scintillae indecentissimam rubore faciem sudario abscondit.

[67] But tell me, Gaius, why is Fortunata not at dinner?” “Do you not know her better?” said Trimalchio.”Until she has collected the silver, and divided the remains among the slaves, she will not let a drop of water pass her lips.” “Oh,” replied Habinnas, “but unless she is here I shall take myself off,” and he was just getting up, when at a given signal all the slaves called “Fortunata” four times and more. So she came in with a high yellow waist-band on, which allowed a cherry-red bodice to appear under it, and twisted anklets, and white shoes embroidered with gold. She wiped her hands on a cloth which she had round her neck, took her place on the sofa, where Scintilla, Habinnas’s wife, was lying, kissed her as she was clapping her hands, and said, “Is it really you, dear?”

Fortunata then went so far as to take the bracelets off her fat arms to exhibit them to Scintilla’s admiring gaze. At last she even took off her anklets and her hair-net, which she said was eighteen carat. Trimalchio saw her, and ordered the whole lot to be brought to him. “There,” he said, “are a woman’s fetters; that is how we

poor fools are plundered. She must have six pounds and a half of gold on her. I have got a bracelet myself, made out of the percentage which I owe to Mercury, that weighs not an ounce under ten pounds.” At last, for fear we should think he was lying, he ordered the scales to be brought, and had the weight carried round and tested. Scintilla was just as bad. She took off a little gold box from her neck, which she called her lucky box. Then she brought out two earrings, and gave them to Fortunata to look at in her turn, and said, “Thanks to my husband’s kindness, nobody has finer ones.” “What?” said Habinnas, you bullied me to buy you a glass bean. I declare if I had a daughter I would cut off her ears. If there were no women, we should never trouble about anything: as it is, we sweat for them and get cold thanks.”

Meanwhile the tipsy wives laughed together, and gave each other drunken kisses, one prating of her prudence as a housewife, the other of the favourites of her husband and his inattention to her. While they were hobnobbing, Habinnas got up quietly, took Fortunata by the legs, and threw her over on the sofa. She shouted out, “Oh! goodness!” and her dress flew up over her knees. She took refuge in Scintilla’s arms, and buried her burning red face in a napkin.

[LXVIII] Interposito deinde spatio cum secundas mensas Trimalchio iussisset afferri, sustulerunt servi omnes mensas et alias attulerunt, scobemque croco et minio tinctam sparserunt et, quod nunquam ante videram, ex lapide speculari pulverem tritum. Statim Trimalchio: “Poteram quidem, inquit, hoc fericulo esse contentus; secundas enim mensas habetis. <Sed> si quid belli habes, affer”.

Interim puer Alexandrinus, qui caldam ministrabat, lusciniis coepit imitari clamante Trimalchione subinde: “Muta!”. Ecce alius ludus. Servus qui ad pedes Habinnae sedebat, iussus, credo, a domino suo proclamavit subito canora voce:

Interea medium Aeneas iam classe tenebat. . .

Nullus sonus unquam acidior percussit aures meas; nam praeter errantis barbariae aut adiectum aut deminutum clamorem, miscebat Atellanicos versus, ut tunc primum me etiam Vergilius offenderit. Lassus tamen cum aliquando desisset, adiecit Habinnas et “Nun<quam, in>quit, didicit, sed ego ad circulatores eum mittendo erudibam. Itaque parem non habet, sive muliones volet sive circulatores imitari. Desperatum valde ingeniosus est: idem sutor est, idem cocus, idem pistor, omnis Musae mancipium. Duo tamen vitia habet, quae si non haberet, esset omnium numerum: recutitus est et stertit. Nam quod strabonus est, non curo; sicut

Venus spectat. Ideo nihil tacet, vix oculo mortuo unquam. Illum emi trecentis denariis. . .”

[68] After an interval, Trimalchio ordered fresh relays of food to be brought in. The slaves took away all the tables, brought in others, and sprinkled about sawdust coloured with saffron and vermillion, and, what I had never seen before, powdered talc. Trimalchio at once said, “I might really be satisfied with this course; for you have got your fresh relays. But if there is anything nice, put it on.”

Meanwhile a boy from Alexandria, who was handing hot water, began to imitate a nightingale, and made Trimalchio shout, “Oh! change the tune.” Then there was another joke. A slave, who was sitting at the feet of Habinnas, began, by his master’s orders I suppose, suddenly to cry in a loud voice:

“Now with his fleet Aeneas held the main.”

No sharper sound ever pierced my ears; for besides his making barbarous mistakes in raising or lowering his voice, he mixed up Atellane verses with it, so that Virgil jarred on me for the first time in my life. All the same, Habinnas supplied applause when he had at last left off, and said, “He never went to school, but I educated him by sending him round the hawkers in the market. So he has no equal when he wants to imitate mule-drivers or hawkers. He is terribly clever; he is a cobbler too, a cook, a confectioner, a slave of all the talents. He has only two faults, and if he were rid of them he would be simply perfect. He is a Jew and he snores. For I do not mind his being cross-eyed; he has a look like Venus. So that is why he cannot keep silent, and scarcely ever shuts his eyes. I bought him for three hundred denarii.” Scintilla interrupted his story by saying,

[LXIX] Interpellavit loquentem Scintilla et: “Plane, inquit, non omnia artificia servi nequam narras. Agaga est; at curabo stigmam habeat.” Risit Trimalchio et: “Adcognosco, inquit, Cappadocem: nihil sibi defraudit, et mehercules laudo illum; hoc enim nemo parentat. Tu autem, Scintilla, noli zelotypa esse. Crede mihi, et vos novimus. Sic me salvum habeatis, ut ego sic solebam ipsum meam debattuere, ut etiam dominus suspicaretur; et ideo me in vilicationem relegavit. Sed tace, lingua, dabo panem.” Tanquam laudatus esset nequissimus servus, lucernam de sinu fictilem protulit et amplius semihora tubicines imitatus est succinente Habinna et inferius labrum manu deprimente. Ultimo etiam in medium processit et modo harundinibus quassis choraulas imitatus est, modo lacernatus cum flagello mulionum fata egit, donec vocatum ad se Habinnas basiavit, potionemque illi porrexit et: “Tanto melior, inquit, Massa, dono tibi caligas”.

Nec ullus tot malorum finis fuisset, nisi epidipnis esset allata, turdi siligine<i> uvis passis nucibusque farsi. Insecuta sunt Cydonia etiam mala spinis confixa, ut echinos efficerent. Et haec quidem tolerabilia erant, si non fericulum longe monstrosius effecisset ut vel fame perire malleamus. Nam cum positus esset, ut nos putabamus, anser altilis circaque pisces et omnium genera avium: “<Amici> , inquit Trimalchio, quicquid videtis hic positum, de uno corpore est factum.” Ego scilicet homo prudentissimus, statim intellexi quid esset, et respiciens Agamemnon: “Mirabor, inquam, nisi omnia ista de <fimo> facta sunt aut certe de luto. Vidi Romae Saturnalibus eiusmodi cenarum imaginem fieri”.

[69] “To be sure you have forgotten some of the tricks of the vile slave. He is a Don Juan; but I will see to it that he is branded.” Trimalchio laughed and said, “*Oh!* I perceive he is a Cappadocian; he does not deny himself, and, upon my word, I admire him; for no one can send a dead man any fun. And please do not be jealous, Scintilla. Take my word for it, we know you women too. By my hope of salvation, I used to amuse my own mistress, until even the master became suspicious; and so he banished me to a country stewardship. But peace, my tongue, and you shall have some bread.” The worthless slave took a clay lamp out of his dress, as if he had been complimented, and imitated trumpeters for more than half an hour, Habinnas singing with him and pulling his lower lip down. Finally, he came right into the middle of the room, and shook a pipe of reeds in imitation of flute-players, or gave us the mule-driver’s life, with a cloak and a whip, till Habinnas called him and gave him a kiss, and offered him a drink, saying, “Better than ever, Massa. I will give you a pair of boots.”

There would have been no end to our troubles if a last course had not been brought in, thrushes made of fine meal and stuffed with raisins and nuts. There followed also quinces, stuck all over with thorns to look like sea-urchins. We could have borne this, if a far more fantastic dish had not driven us even to prefer death by starvation. What we took to be a fat goose, with fish and all kinds of birds round it, was put on, and then Trimalchio said, “My friends, whatever you see here on the table is made out of one body.” With my usual intelligence, I knew at once what it was; I looked at Agamemnon and said, “I shall be surprised if the whole thing is not made out of filth, or at any rate clay. I have seen sham dinners of this kind served in Rome at the Saturnalia.” I had not finished speaking when Trimalchio said,

[LXX] Necdum finieram sermonem, cum Trimalchio ait: “Ita crescā patrimonio, non corpore, ut ista cocus meus de porco fecit. Non potest esse pretiosior homo. Volueris, de vulva faciet piscem, de lardo palumbam, de perna turturem, de colaepio gallinam. Et ideo ingenio meo impositum est illi nomen bellissimum; nam Daedalus vocatur. Et quia bonam mentem habet, attuli illi Roma munus cultros Norico ferro.” Quos statim iussit afferri, inspectosque miratus est. Etiam nobis potestatem fecit ut mucronem ad buccam probaremus.

Subito intraverunt duo servi, tanquam qui rixam ad lacum fecissent; certe in collo adhuc amphoras habebant. Cum ergo Trimalchio ius inter litigantes diceret, neuter sententiam tulit decernentis, sed alterius amphoram fuste percussit. Consternati nos insolentia ebriorum intentavimus oculos in proeliantes, notavimusque ostrea pectinesque e gastris labentia, quae collecta puer lance circumtulit. Has lautitias aequavit ingeniosus cocus; in craticula enim argentea cocleas attulit et tremula taeterrimaque voce cantavit.

Pudet referre quae secuntur: inaudito enim more pueri capillati attulerunt unguentum in argentea pelve pedesque recumbentium unxerunt, cum ante crura talosque corollis vinxissent. Hinc ex eodem unguento in vinarium atque lucernam aliquantum est infusum.

Iam coeperat Fortunata velle saltare, iam Scintilla frequentius plaudebat quam loquebatur, cum Trimalchio: “Permitto, inquit, Philargyre et Cario, etsi prasinianus es famosus, dic et Menophilae, contubernali tuae, discumbat. “Quid multa? Paene de lectis deiecti sumus, adeo totum triclinium familia occupaverat. Certe ego notavi super me positum cocum, qui de porco anserem fecerat, muria condimentisque fetentem. Nec contentus fuit recumbere, sed continuo Ephesum tragoedum coepit imitari et subinde dominum suum sponsione provocare si prasinus proximis circensibus primam palmam”.

[70] “As I hope to grow in gains and not in girth, my cook made the whole thing out of a pig. There could not be a more valuable fellow. If you want it, he will make you a fish out of a sow’s belly, a woodpigeon out of bacon, a turtledove out of a ham, and a chicken out of a knuckle of pork. That gave me the idea of putting a very pretty name on him; he is called Daedalus. And because he is so intelligent, I brought him back from Rome some knives, made of steel of Noricum, as a present.” He had these knives brought in at once, and contemplated them with admiration. He even allowed us to try the edge on our cheeks.

Suddenly two slaves came in who had apparently been fighting at a water-tank; at least they still had waterpots on their necks. Trimalchio sat in judgment on the

dispute, but neither of them accepted his decision, and they smashed each other's waterpots With sticks. We were amazed at their drunken folly, and stared at them fighting, and then we saw oysters and cockles fall out of the pots, and a boy picked them up and brought them round on a dish. The clever cook was a match for this exhibition; he offered us snails on a silver gridiron, and sang in an extremely ugly quavering voice.

I am ashamed to tell you what followed: in defiance of all convention, some long-haired boys brought ointment in a silver basin, and anointed our feet as we lay, after winding little garlands round our feet and ankles. A quantity of the same ointment was then poured into the mixing-bowl and the lamp.

Fortunata had now grown anxious to dance; Scintilla clapped her hands more often than she spoke, when Trimalchio said, "Philargyrus, you and Cario, though you are a damned wearer of the green, may sit down and tell your good woman, Menophila, to do the same." I need hardly say that we were nearly pushed off the sofas with the slaves crowding into every seat. Anyhow, I noticed that the cook, who had made a goose out of the pig, sat stinking of pickle and sauces just above me. Not satisfied with having a seat, he at once began to imitate the tragedian Ephesus, and then invited his own master to make a bet on the green being first in the next games.

SECTIONS LXXI TO LXXX.

[LXXI] Diffusus hac contentione Trimalchio: “Amici, inquit, et servi homines sunt et aequae unum lactem biberunt, etiam si illos malus fatus oppresserit. Tamen me salvo cito aquam liberam gustabunt. Ad summam, omnes illos in testamento meo manu mitto. Philargyro etiam fundum lego et contubernalem suam, Carioni quoque insulam et vicesimam et lectum stratum. Nam Fortunatam meam heredem facio, et commendo illam omnibus amicis meis. Et haec ideo omnia publico, ut familia mea iam nunc sic me amet tanquam mortuum”.

Gratias agere omnes indulgentiae coeperant domini, cum ille oblitus nugarum exemplar testamenti iussit afferri et totum a primo ad ultimum ingemescente familia recitavit. Respiciens deinde Habinnam: “Quid dicis, inquit, amice carissime? Aedificas monumentum meum quemadmodum te iussi? Valde te rogo, ut secundum pedes statuariae meae catellam pingas et coronas et unguenta et Petraitis omnes pugnas, ut mihi contingat tuo beneficio post mortem vivere; praeterea ut sint in fronte pedes centum, in agrum pedes ducenti. Omne genus enim poma volo sint circa cineres meos, et vinearum largiter. Valde enim falsum est vivo quidem domos cultas esse, non curari eas, ubi diutius nobis habitandum est. Et ideo ante omnia adici volo: HOC MONUMENTUM HEREDEM NON SEQUATUR. Ceterum erit mihi curae, ut testamento caveam ne mortuus iniuriam accipiam. Praeponam enim unum ex libertis sepulchro meo custodiae causa, ne in monumentum meum populus cacatum currat. Te rogo, ut naves etiam <in fronte> monumenti mei facias plenis velis euntes, et me in tribunali sedentem praetextatum cum anulis aureis quinque et nummos in publico de sacculo effundentem; scis enim, quod epulum dedi binos denarios. Faciatur, si tibi videtur, et triclinia. Facies et totum populum sibi suaviter facientem. Ad dexteram meam pones statuam Fortunatae meae columbam tenentem, et catellam cingulo alligatam ducat, et cicaronem meum, et amphoras copiosas gypsatas, ne effluent vinum. Et urnam licet fractam sculpas, et super eam puerum plorantem. Horologium in medio, ut quisquis horas inspiciet, velit nolit, nomen meum legat. Inscriptio quoque vide diligenter si haec satis idonea tibi videtur:

C. POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO MAECENATIANUS HIC REQUIESCIT
HVIC SEVIRATUS ABSENTI DECRETUS EST
CVM POSSET IN OMNIBUS DECVRIIS ROMAE ESSE TAMEN NOLVIT

PIVS FORTIS FIDELIS EX PARVO CREVIT SESTERTIVM RELIQVIT
TRECENTIES
NEC VNQVAM PHILOSOPHVM AVDIVIT
VALE
ET TV”

[71] Trimalchio cheered up at this dispute and said, “Ah, my friends, a slave is a man and drank his mother’s milk like ourselves, even if cruel fate has trodden him down. Yes, and if I live they shall soon taste the water of freedom. In fact I am setting them all free in my will. I am leaving a property and his good woman to Philargyrus as well, and to Cario a block of buildings, and his manumission fees, and a bed and bedding. I am making Fortunata my heir, and I recommend her to all my friends. I am making all this known so that my slaves may love me now as it I were dead.” They all began to thank their master for his kindness, when he turned serious, and had a copy of the will brought in, which he read aloud from beginning to end, while the slaves moaned and groaned. Then he looked at Habinnas and said, “Now tell me, my dear friend: you will erect a monument as I have directed? I beg you earnestly to put up round the feet of my statue my little dog, and some wreaths, and bottles of perfume, and all the fights of Petraites, so that your kindness may bring me a life after death; and I want the monument to have a frontage of one hundred feet and to be two hundred feet in depth. For I should like to have all kinds of fruit growing round my ashes, and plenty of vines. It is quite wrong for a man to decorate his house while he is alive, and not to trouble about the house where he must make a longer stay. So above all things I want added to the inscription, ‘This monument is not to descend to my heir.’ I shall certainly take care to provide in my will against any injury being done to me when I am dead. I am appointing one of the freedmen to be caretaker of the tomb and prevent the common people from running up and defiling it. I beg you to put ships in full sail on the monument, and me sitting in official robes on my official seat, wearing five gold rings and distributing coin publicly out of a bag; you remember that I gave a free dinner worth two denarii a head. I should like a dining-room table put in too, if you can arrange it. And let me have the whole people there enjoying themselves. On my right hand put a statue of dear Fortunata holding a dove, and let her be leading a little dog with a waistband on; and my dear little boy, and big jars sealed with gypsum, so that the wine may not run out. And have a broken urn carved with a boy weeping over it. And a sundial in the middle, so that anyone who looks at the time will read my name whether he likes

it or not. And again, please think carefully whether this inscription seems to you quite appropriate: ‘Here lieth Caius Pompeius Trimalchio, freedman of Maecenas. The degree of Priest of Augustus was conferred upon him in his absence. He might have been attendant on any magistrate in Rome, but refused it. God-fearing, gallant, constant, he started with very little and left thirty millions. He never listened to a philosopher. Fare thee well, Trimalchio: and thou too, passer-by.’”

[LXXII] Haec ut dixit Trimalchio, flere coepit ubertim. Flebat et Fortunata, flebat et Habinnas, tota denique familia, tanquam in funus rogata, lamentatione triclinium implevit. Immo iam coeperam etiam ego plorare, cum Trimalchio: “Ergo, inquit, cum sciamus nos morituros esse, quare non vivamus? Sic nos felices videam, coniciamus nos in balneum, meo periculo, non paenitebit. Sic calet tanquam furnus. — Vero, vero, inquit Habinnas, de una die duas facere, nihil malo “; nudisque consurrexit pedibus et Trimalchionem gaudentem subsequi.

Ego respiciens ad Ascyllton: “Quid cogitas? inquam, ego enim si videro balneum, statim expirabo. — Assentemur, ait ille, et dum illi balneum petunt, nos in turba exeamus”.

Cum haec placuissent, ducente per porticum Gitone ad ianuam venimus, ubi canis catenarius tanto nos tumultu excepit, ut Ascylltos etiam in piscinam ceciderit. Nec non ego quoque ebrius, qui etiam pictum timueram canem, dum natanti opem fero, in eundem gurgitem tractus sum. Servavit nos tamen atriensis, qui interventu suo et canem placavit et nos trementes extraxit in siccum. At Giton quidem iam dudum <se> servatione acutissima redemerat a cane: quicquid enim a nobis acceperat de cena, latranti sparserat, et ille avocatus cibo furorem suppresserat. Ceterum cum algentes utique petissemus ab atriense ut nos extra ianuam emitteret: “Erras, inquit, si putas te exire hac posse, qua venisti. Nemo unquam convivarum per eandem ianuam emissus est; alia intrant, alia exeunt.”

[72] After saying this, Trimalchio began to weep floods of tears. Fortunata wept, Habinnas wept, and then all the slaves began as if they had been invited to his funeral, and filled the dining-room with lamentation. I had even begun to lift up my voice myself, when Trimalchio said, “Well, well, if we know we must die, why should we not live? As I hope for your happiness, let us jump into a bath. My life on it, you will never regret it. It is as hot as a furnace.” “Very true, very true,” said Habinnas, “making two days out of one is my chief delight.” And he got up with bare feet and began to follow Trimalchio, who was clapping his hands.

I looked at Ascyltos and said, “What do you think? I shall die on the spot at the very sight of a bath.” “Oh! let us say yes,” he replied, “and we will slip away in the crowd while they are looking for the bath.” This was agreed, and Giton led us through the gallery to the door, where the dog on the chain welcomed us with such a noise that Ascyltos fell straight into the fish-pond. As I, who had been terrified even of a painted dog, was drunk too, I fell into the same abyss while I was helping him in his struggles to swim. But the porter saved us by intervening to pacify the dog, and pulled us shivering on to dry land. Giton had ransomed himself from the dog some time before by a very cunning plan; when it barked he threw it all the pieces we had given him at dinner, and food distracted the beast from his anger. But when, chilled to the bone, we asked the porter at least to let us out of the door, he replied, “You are wrong if you suppose you can go out at the door you came in by. None of the guests are ever let out by the same door; they come in at one and go out by another.”

[LXXIII] Quid faciamus homines miserrimi et novi generis labyrintho inclusi, quibus lavari iam coeperat votum esse? Vltro ergo rogavimus ut nos ad balneum duceret, proiectisque vestimentis, quae Giton in aditu siccare coepit, balneum intravimus, angustum scilicet et cisternae frigidariae simile, in qua Trimalchio rectus stabat. Ac ne sic quidem putidissimam eius iactationem licuit effugere; nam nihil melius esse dicebat quam sine turba lavari, et eo ipso loco aliquando pistrinum fuisse. Deinde ut lassatus consedit, invitatus balnei sono diduxit usque ad cameram os ebrum et coepit Menecratis cantica lacerare, sicut illi dicebant, qui linguam eius intellegebant. Ceteri convivae circa labrum manibus nexis currebant, et gingilipho ingenti clamore exsonabant. Alii autem aut restrictis manibus anulos de pavimento conabantur tollere, aut posito genu cervices post terga flectere, et pedum extremos pollices tangere. Nos, dum alii sibi ludos faciunt, in solium, quod Trimalchioni parabatur, descendimus.

Ergo ebrietate discussa in aliud triclinium deducti sumus ubi Fortunata disposuerat lautitias ita ut supra lucernas <vidi . . .> aeneolosque piscatores notaverim et mensas totas argenteas calicesque circa fictiles inauratos et vinum in conspectu sacco defluens. Tum Trimalchio: “Amici, inquit, hodie servus meus barbatoriam fecit, homo praefiscini frugi et micarius. Itaque tangomenas faciamus et usque in lucem cenemus”.

[73] There was nothing to be done, we were victims enwound in a new labyrinth, and the idea of washing had begun to grow pleasant, so we asked him instead to

show us the bath, and after throwing off our clothes, which Giton began to dry in the front hall, we went in. It was a tiny place like a cold-water cistern, and Trimalchio was standing upright in it. We were not allowed to escape his filthy bragging even there; he declared that there was nothing nicer than washing out of a crowd, and told us that there had once been a bakery on that very spot. He then became tired and sat down, and the echoes of the bathroom encouraged him to open his tipsy jaws to the ceiling and begin to murder Menecrates's songs, as I was told by those who could understand what he said. Other guests joined hands and ran round the edge of the bath, roaring with obstreperous laughter at the top of their voices. Some again had their hands tied behind their backs and tried to pick up rings from the floor, or knelt down and bent their heads backwards and tried to touch the tips of their toes. While the others were amusing themselves, we went down into a deep bath which was being heated for Trimalchio.

Then, having got rid of the effects of our liquor, we were led into another dining-room, where Fortunata had laid out her treasures, so that over the lamps I saw . . . little bronze fishermen, and tables of solid silver, and china cups with gold settings, and wine being strained through a cloth before our eyes. Then Trimalchio said, "Gentlemen, a slave of mine is celebrating his first shave to-day: an honest, cheeseparing fellow, in a good hour be it spoken. So let us drink deep and keep up dinner till dawn."

[LXXIV] Haec dicente eo gallus gallinaceus cantavit. Qua voce confusus Trimalchio vinum sub mensa iussit effundi lucernamque etiam mero spargi. Immo anulum traiecit in dexteram manum et: "Non sine causa, inquit, hic bucinus signum dedit; nam aut incendium oportet fiat, aut aliquis in vicinia animam abiciat. Longe a nobis! Itaque quisquis hunc indicem attulerit, corollarium accipiet." Dicto citius de vicinia gallus allatus est, quem Trimalchio iussit ut aeno coctus fieret. Laceratus igitur ab illo doctissimo coco, qui paulo ante de porco aves piscesque fecerat, in caccabum est coniectus. Dumque Daedalus potionem ferventissimam haurit, Fortunata mola buxea piper trivit.

Sumptis igitur matteis, respiciens ad familiam Trimalchio: "Quid vos, inquit, adhuc non cenastis? Abite, ut alii veniant ad officium." Subiit igitur alia classis, et illi quidem exclamavere: "Vale Gai", hi autem: "Ave Gai." Hinc primum hilaritas nostra turbata est; nam cum puer non inspeciosus inter novos intrasset ministros, invasit eum Trimalchio et osculari diutius coepit. Itaque Fortunata, ut ex aequo ius firmum approbaret, male dicere Trimalchionem coepit et purgamentum

dedecusque praedicare, qui non contineret libidinem suam. Vltimo etiam adiecit: “canis!”. Trimalchio contra offensus convicio calicem in faciem Fortunatae immisit. Illa tanquam oculum perdidisset, exclamavit manusque trementes ad faciem suam admovit. Consternata est etiam Scintilla trepidantemque sinu suo texit. Immo puer quoque officiosus urceolum frigidum ad malam eius admovit, super quem incumbens Fortunata gemere ac flere coepit. Contra Trimalchio: “Quid enim, inquit, ambubaia non meminit se? de machina illam sustuli, hominem inter homines feci. At inflat se tanquam rana, et in sinum suum non sputat, codex, non mulier. Sed hic, qui in pergula natus est, aedes non somniatur. Ita genium meum propitium habeam, curabo domata sit Cassandra caligaria. Et ego, homo dipundiarius, sestertium centies accipere potui. Scis tu me non mentiri. Agatho unguentarius here proxime seduxit me et: ‘Suadeo, inquit, non patiaris genus tuum interire.’ At ego dum bonatus ago et nolo videri levis, ipse mihi asciam in crus impegi. Recte, curabo me unguibus quaeras. Et, ut depraesentiarum intelligas quid tibi feceris: Habinna, nolo statuam eius in monumento meo ponas, ne mortuus quidem lites habeam. Immo, ut sciat me posse malum dare, nolo me mortuum basiet.”

[74] Just as he was speaking, a cock crew. The noise upset Trimalchio, and he had wine poured under the table, and even the lamp sprinkled with pure wine. Further, he changed a ring on to his right hand, and said, “That trumpeter does not give his signal without a reason. Either there must be a fire, or some one close by is just going to give up the ghost. Lord, save us! So anyone who catches the informer shall have a reward.” He had scarcely spoken, when the cock was brought in from somewhere near. Trimalchio ordered him to be killed and cooked in a saucepan. So he was cut up by the learned cook who had made birds and fishes out of a pig a little while before, and thrown into a cooking-pot. And while Daedalus took a long drink very hot, Fortunata ground up pepper in a boxwood mill.

After the good things were done, Trimalchio looked at the slaves and said, “Why have you not had dinner yet? Be off, and let some others come and wait.” So another brigade appeared, and the old lot shouted, “Gaius, good-bye,” and the new ones, “Hail! Gaius.” After this, our jollity received its first shock; a rather comely boy came in among the fresh waiters, and Trimalchio took him and began to kiss him warmly. So Fortunata, to assert her rights at law, began to abuse Trimalchio, and called him a dirty disgrace for not behaving himself. At last she even added, “You hound.” Her cursing annoyed Trimalchio, and he let fly a cup in her face. She shrieked as if her eye had been put out, and lifted her trembling hands to her

face. Scintilla was frightened too, and shielded her quivering friend with her arms. While an officious slave held a cool little jar to her cheek, Fortunata leaned over it and began to groan and cry. But Trimalchio said, “What is it all about? This chorus-girl has no memory, yet I took her off the sale-platform and made her one of ourselves. But she puffs herself up like a frog, and will not spit for luck; a log she is, not a woman. But if you were born in a slum you cannot sleep in a palace. Damn my soul if I do not properly tame this shameless Cassandra. And I might have married ten million, wretched fool that I was! You know I am speaking the truth. Agatho, the perfumer of the rich woman next door, took me aside and said, ‘I entreat you not to let your family die out.’ But I, being a good chap, didn’t wish to seem fickle, and so I have stuck the axe into my own leg. Very well, I will make you want to dig me up with your finger-nails. But you shall understand what you have done for yourself straight away. Habinnas, do not put any statue of her on my tomb, or I shall have nagging even when I am dead. And to show that I can do her a bad turn, I will not have her kiss me even when I am laid out.”

[LXXV] Post hoc fulmen Habinnas rogare coepit ut iam desineret irasci, et: “Nemo, inquit, nostrum non peccat. Homines sumus, non dei.” Idem et Scintilla flens dixit, ac per genium eius Gaium appellando rogare coepit ut se frangeret. Non tenuit ultra lacrimas Trimalchio et: “Rogo, inquit, Habinna, sic peculium tuum fruniscaris: si quid perperam feci, in faciem meam inspue. Puerum basiavi frugalissimum, non propter formam, sed quia frugi est: decem partes dicit, librum ab oculo legit, thraecium sibi de diariis fecit, arcisellium de suo paravit et duas trullas. Non est dignus quem in oculis feram? Sed Fortunata vetat. Ita tibi videtur, fulclopedia? Suadeo, bonum tuum concoquas, milva, et me non facias ringentem, amasiuncula: alioquin experieris cerebrum meum. Nosti me: quod semel destinavi, clavo tabulari fixum est. Sed vivorum meminerimus. Vos rogo, amici, ut vobis suaviter sit. Nam ego quoque tam fui quam vos estis, sed virtute mea ad hoc perveni. Corcillum est quod homines facit, cetera quisquilia omnia. Bene emo, bene vendo; alius alia vobis dicet. Felicitate dissilio. Tu autem, sterteia, etiamnum ploras? Iam curabo fatum tuum plores. Sed ut coeperam dicere, ad hanc me fortunam frugalitas mea perduxit.

“Tam magnus ex Asia veni, quam hic candelabrus est. Ad summam, quotidie me solebam ad illum metiri, et ut celerius rostrum barbatum haberem, labra de lucerna ungebam. Tamen ad delicias ipsimi annos quattuordecim fui. Nec turpe

est, quod dominus iubet. Ego tamen et ipsimae satis faciebam. Scitis quid dicam: taceo, quia non sum de gloriosis.

[75] After this flash of lightning Habinnas began to implore him to moderate his wrath. “We all have our faults,” he said, “we are men, not angels.” Scintilla cried and said the same, called him Gaius and besought him by his guardian angel to unbend. Trimalchio no longer restrained his tears, and said, “Habinnas, please, as you hope to enjoy your money, spit in my face if I have done anything wrong. I kissed that excellent boy not because he is beautiful, but because he is excellent: he can do division and read books at sight, he has bought a suit of Thracian armour out of his day’s wages, purchased a round-backed chair with his own money, and two ladles. Does he not deserve to be treated well by me? But Fortunata will not have it. Is that your feeling, my high-heeled hussy? I advise you to chew what you have bitten off, you vulture, and not make me show my teeth, my little dear: otherwise you shall know what my anger is. Mark my words: when once my mind is made up, the thing is fixed with a ten-inch nail. But we will think of the living. Please make yourselves comfortable, gentlemen. I was once just what you are, but by my own merits I have come to this. A bit of sound sense is what makes men; the rest is all rubbish. ‘I buy well and sell well’: some people will tell you differently. I am bursting with happiness. What, you snorer in bed, are you still whining? I will take care that you have something to whine over. Well, as I was just saying, self-denial has brought me into this fortune. When I came from Asia I was about as tall as this candle-stick. In fact I used to measure myself by it every day, and grease my lips from the lamp to grow a moustache the quicker. Still, I was my master’s favourite for fourteen years. No disgrace in obeying your master’s orders. Well, I used to amuse my mistress too. You know what I mean; I say no more, I am not a conceited man.

[LXXVI] “Ceterum, quemadmodum di volunt, dominus in domo factus sum, et ecce cepi ipsimi cerebellum. Quid multa? coheredem me Caesari fecit, et accepi patrimonium laticlavium. Nemini tamen nihil satis est. Concupivi negotiari. Ne multis vos morer, quinque naves aedificavi, oneravi vinum — et tunc erat contra aurum — misi Romam. Putares me hoc iussisse: omnes naves naufragarunt. Factum, non fabula. Vno die Neptunus trecenties sestertium devoravit. Putatis me defecisse? Non mehercules mi haec iactura gusti fuit, tanquam nihil facti. Alteras feci maiores et meliores et feliciores, ut nemo non me virum fortem diceret. Scis, magna navis magnam fortitudinem habet. Oneravi rursus vinum, lardum, fabam,

sepladium, mancipia. Hoc loco Fortunata rem piam fecit: omne enim aurum suum, omnia vestimenta vendidit et mi centum aureos in manu posuit. Hoc fuit peculii mei fermentum. Cito fit quod di volunt. Vno cursu centies sestertium corrotundavi. Statim redemi fundos omnes, qui patroni mei fuerant. Aedifico domum, venalicia coemo, iumenta; quicquid tangebam, crescebat tanquam favus. Postquam coepi plus habere quam tota patria mea habet, manum de tabula: sustuli me de negotiatione et coepi libertos fenerare. Et sane nolente me negotium meum agere exhortavit mathematicus, qui venerat forte in coloniam nostram, Graeculio, Serapa nomine, consiliator deorum. Hic mihi dixit etiam ea, quae oblitus eram; ab acia et acu mi omnia euit; intestinas meas noverat; tantum quod mihi non dixerat, quid pridie cenaveram. Putasses illum semper mecum habitasse.

[76] Then, as the Gods willed, I became the real master of the house, and simply had his brains in my pocket. I need only add that I was joint residuary legatee with Caesar, and came into an estate fit for a senator. But no one is satisfied with nothing. I conceived a passion for business. I will not keep you a moment — I built five ships, got a cargo of wine — which was worth its weight in gold at the time — and sent them to Rome. You may think it was a put-up job; every one was wrecked, truth and no fairy-tales. Neptune gulped down thirty million in one day. Do you think I lost heart? Lord! no, I no more tasted my loss than if nothing had happened. I built some more, bigger, better and more expensive, so that no one could say I was not a brave man. You know, a huge ship has a certain security about her. I got another cargo of wine, bacon, beans, perfumes, and slaves. Fortunata did a noble thing at that time; she sold all her jewellery and all her clothes, and put a hundred gold pieces into my hand. They were the leaven of my fortune. What God wishes soon happens. I made a clear ten million on one voyage. I at once bought up all the estates which had belonged to my patron. I built a house, and bought slaves and cattle; whatever I touched grew like a honey-comb. When I came to have more than the whole revenues of my own country, I threw up the game: I retired from active work and began to finance freedmen. I was quite unwilling to go on with my work when I was encouraged by an astrologer who happened to come to our town, a little Greek called Serapa, who knew the secrets of the Gods. He told me things that I had forgotten myself; explained everything from needle and thread upwards; knew my own inside, and only fell short of telling me what I had had for dinner the day before.

[LXXVII] “Rogo, Habinna — puto, interfuisti — : ‘Tu dominam tuam de rebus illis fecisti. Tu parum felix in amicos es. Nemo unquam tibi parem gratiam refert. Tu latifundia possides. Tu viperam sub ala nutricas’ et — quid vobis non dixerim — etiam nunc mi restare vitae annos triginta et menses quattuor et dies duos. Praeterea cito accipiam hereditatem. Hoc mihi dicit fatus meus. Quod si contigerit fundos Apuliae iungere, satis vivus pervenero. Interim dum Mercurius vigilat, aedificavi hanc domum. Vt scitis, casula erat; nunc templum est. Habet quattuor cenationes, cubicula viginti, porticus marmoratos duos, susum cellationem, cubiculum in quo ipse dormio, viperae huius sessorium, ostiarii cellam perbonam; hospitium hospites capit. Ad summam, Scaurus enim huc venit, nusquam mavoluit hospitari, et habet ad mare paternum hospitium. Et multa alia sunt, quae statim vobis ostendam. Credite, mihi: assem habeas, assem valeas; habes, habeberis. Sic amicus vester, qui fuit rana, nunc est rex. Interim, Stiche, profer vitalia, in quibus volo me efferri. Profer et unguentum et ex illa amphora gustum, ex qua iubeo lavari ossa mea.”

[77] You would have thought he had always lived with me. You remember, Habinnas? — I believe you were there?— ‘You fetched your wife from you know where. You are not lucky in your friends. No one is ever as grateful to you as you deserve. You are a man of property. You are nourishing a viper in your bosom,’ and, though I must not tell you this, that even now I had thirty years four months and two days left to live. Moreover I shall soon come into an estate. My oracle tells me so. If I could only extend my boundaries to Apulia I should have gone far enough for my lifetime. Meanwhile I built this house while Mercury watched over me. As you know, it was a tiny place; now it is a palace. It has four dining-rooms, twenty bedrooms, two marble colonnades, an upstairs diningroom, a bedroom where I sleep myself, this viper’s boudoir, an excellent room for the porter; there is plenty of spare room for guests. In fact when Scaurus came he preferred staying here to anywhere else, and he has a family place by the sea. There are plenty of other things which I will show you in a minute. Take my word for it; if you have a penny, that is what you are worth; by what a man hath shall he be reckoned. So your friend who was once a worm is now a king. Meanwhile, Stichus, bring me the graveclothes in which I mean to be carried out. And some ointment, and a mouthful out of that jar which has to be poured over my bones.”

[LXXVIII] Non est moratus Stichus, sed et stragulam albam et praetextam in triclinium attulit. <Vitalia Trimalchio accepit> iussitque nos temptare, an bonis lanis essent

confecta. Tum subridens: “Vide tu, inquit, Stiche, ne ista mures tangant aut tineae; alioquin te vivum conburam. Ego gloriosus volo efferri, ut totus mihi populus bene imprecetur.” Statim ampullam nardi aperuit omnesque nos unxit et: “Spero, inquit, futurum ut aequae me mortuum iuvet tanquam vivum.” Nam vinum quidem in vinarium iussit infundi et: “Putate vos, ait, ad parentalia mea invitatos esse”.

Ibat res ad summam nauseam, cum Trimalchio ebrietate turpissima gravis novum acroama, cornicines, in triclinium iussit adduci, fultusque cervicalibus multis extendit se super torum extremum et: “Fingite me, inquit, mortuum esse. Dicite aliquid belli.” Consonuere cornicines funebri strepitu. Vnus praecipue servus libitinarii illius, qui inter hos honestissimus erat, tam valde intonuit, ut totam concitaret viciniam.

Itaque vigiles, qui custodiebant vicinam regionem, rati ardere Trimalchionis domum, effregerunt ianuam subito et cum aqua securibusque tumultuari suo iure coeperunt. Nos occasionem opportunissimam nacti Agamemnoni verba dedimus, raptimque tam plane quam ex incendio fugimus.

[78] In a moment Stichus had fetched a white windingsheet and dress into the dining-room and . . . [Trimalchio] asked us to feel whether they were made of good wool. Then he gave a little laugh and said, “Mind neither mouse nor moth corrupts them, Stichus; otherwise I will burn you alive. I want to be carried out in splendour, so that the whole crowd calls down blessings on me.” He immediately opened a flask and anointed us all and said, “I hope I shall like this as well in the grave as I do on earth.” Besides this he ordered wine to be poured into a bowl, and said, “Now you must imagine you have been asked to my funeral.”

The thing was becoming perfectly sickening, when Trimalchio, now deep in the most vile drunkenness, had a new set of performers, some trumpeters, brought into the dining-room, propped himself on a heap of cushions, and stretched himself on his death-bed, saying, “Imagine that I am dead. Play something pretty.” The trumpeters broke into a loud funeral march. One man especially, a slave of the undertaker who was the most decent man in the party, blew such a mighty blast that the whole neighbourhood was roused. The watch, who were patrolling the streets close by, thought Trimalchio’s house was alight, and suddenly burst in the door and began with water and axes to do their duty in creating a disturbance. My friends and I seized this most welcome opportunity, outwitted Agamemnon, and took to our heels as quickly as if there were a real fire.

[LXXIX] Neque fax ulla in praesidio erat, quae iter aperiret errantibus, nec silentium noctis iam mediae promittebat occurrentium lumen. Accedebat huc ebrietas et imprudentia locorum etiam interdum obscura. Itaque cum hora paene tota per omnes scrupos gastrarumque eminentium fragmenta traxissemus cruentos pedes, tandem expliciti acumine Gitonis sumus. Prudens enim pridie, cum luce etiam clara timeret errorem, omnes pilas columnasque notaverat creta, quae lineamenta evicerunt spississimam noctem, et notabili candore ostenderunt errantibus viam. Quamvis non minus sudoris habuimus etiam postquam ad stabulum pervenimus. Anus enim ipsa inter deversitores diutius ingurgitata ne ignem quidem admotum sensisset, et forsitan pernoctassemus in limine, ni tabellarius Trimalchionis intervenisset X vehiculis <deviis>. Non diu ergo tumultuatus stabuli ianuam effregit, et nos per eandem festram admisit. <. . .>

Qualis nox fuit illa, di deaeque,
quam mollis torus! Haesimus calentes
et transfudimus hinc et hinc labellis
errantes animas. Valet curae
mortales. Ego sic perire coepi.

Sine causa gratulor mihi. Nam cum solutus mero remissem ebrias manus, Ascylos, omnis iniuriae inventor, subduxit mihi nocte puerum et in lectum transtulit suum, volutatusque liberius cum fratre non suo, sive non sentiente iniuriam sive dissimulante, indormivit alienis amplexibus oblitus iuris humani. Itaque ego ut experrectus pertrectavi gaudio despoliatum torum, si qua est amantibus fides, ego dubitavi, an utrumque traicerem gladio somnumque morti iungerem. Tutius dein secutus consilium Gitona quidem verberibus excitavi, Ascyilton autem truci intuens vultu: “Quoniam, inquam, fidem scelere violasti et communem amicitiam, res tuas ocus tolle et alium locum, quem polluas, quaere”. Non repugnavit ille, sed postquam optima fide partiti manubias sumus: “Age, inquit, nunc et puerum dividamus”.

[79] There was no guiding torch to show us the way as we wandered; it was now midnight, and the silence gave us no prospect of meeting anyone with a light. Moreover we were drunk, and our ignorance of the quarter would have puzzled us even in the daytime. So after dragging our bleeding feet nearly a whole hour over the flints and broken pots which lay out in the road, we were at last put straight by Giton’s cleverness. The careful child had been afraid of losing his way even in broad daylight, and had marked all the posts and columns with chalk; these lines

shone through the blackest night, and their brilliant whiteness directed our lost footsteps. But even when we reached our lodgings our agitation was not relieved. For our friend the old woman had had a long night swilling with her lodgers, and would not have noticed if you had set a light to her. We might have had to sleep on the doorstep if Trimalchio's courier had not come up in state with ten carts. After making a noise for a little while he broke down the house-door and let us in by it. . .

Ah! gods and goddesses, what a night that was, how soft was the bed. We lay in a warm embrace and with kisses everywhere made exchange of our wandering spirits. Farewell, all earthly troubles. So began my destruction.

I blessed my luck too soon. I was overcome with drink and let my shaking hands fall, and then Ascyrtos, that fountain of all wickedness, took my little friend away et in lectum transtulit suum, volutatusque liberius cum fratre non suo, sive non sentiente iniuriam sive dissimulante, indormivit alienis amplexibus oblitus iuris humani. Itaque ego ut expectatus pertrectavi gaudio despoliatum torum . . . Si qua est amantibus fides, ego dubitavi, an utrumque traicerem gladio somnumque morti iungerem. Tutius dein secutus consilium Gitona quidem verberibus excitavi, I looked angrily at Ascyrtos and said, As you have wickedly broken our agreement and the friendship between us, collect your things at once, and find some other place to corrupt."

[LXXX] Iocari putabam discedentem. At ille gladium parricidali manu strinxit et: "Non frueris, inquit, hac praeda super quam solus incumbis. Partem meam necesse est vel hoc gladio contemptus abscindam". Idem ego ex altera parte feci, et intorto circa brachium pallio, composui ad proeliandum gradum. Inter hanc miserorum dementiam infelicissimus puer tangebatur utriusque genua cum fletu, petebaturque suppliciter ne Thebanum par humilis taberna spectaret, neve sanguine mutuo pollueremus familiaritatis clarissimae sacra. "Quod si utique, proclamabat, facinore opus est, nudo ecce iugulum, convertite huc manus, imprimite mucrones. Ego mori debeo, qui amicitiae sacramentum delevisi." Inhibuimus ferrum post has preces, et prior Ascyrtos: "Ego, inquit, finem discordiae imponam. Puer ipse, quem vult, sequatur, ut sit illi saltem in eligendo fratre salva libertas." Ego qui vetustissimam consuetudinem putabam in sanguinis pignus transisse, nihil timui, immo condicionem praecipiti festinatione rapui, commisique iudici litem. Qui ne deliberavit quidem, ut videretur cunctatus, verum statim ab extrema parte verbi consurrexit <et> fratrem Ascyrtos elegit. Fulminatus hac pronuntiatione, sic ut eram, sine gladio in lectulum decidi, et attulissem mihi damnatus manus, si non

inimici victoriae invidissem. Egreditur superbus cum praemio Ascylos, et paulo ante carissimum sibi commilitonem fortunaeque etiam similitudine parem in loco peregrino destituit abiectum.

Nomen amicitiae, sic, quatenus expedit, haeret;
calculus in tabula mobile ducit opus.

Dum fortuna manet, vultum servatis, amici;
cum cecidit, turpi certitis ora fuga.

Grex agit in scaena mimum: pater ille vocatur,
filius hic, nomen divitis ille tenet.

Mox ubi ridendas inclusit pagina partes,
vera redit facies, adsimulata perit.

[80] He did not resist, but after we had divided our spoils with scrupulous honesty he said, And now we must divide the boy too." I thought this was a parting joke. But he drew his sword murderously, and said, "You shall not enjoy this treasure that you brood over all alone. I am rejected, but I must carve off my share too, even with this sword."

So I did the same on my side; wrapped my cloak round my arm and put myself in position for a fight. As we raved in folly, the poor boy touched our knees, and humbly besought us with tears not to let that quiet lodging-house be the scene of a Theban duel, or stain the sanctity of a beautiful friendship with each other's blood. "But if you must commit your crime," he cried, "look here, here is my throat. Turn your hands this way and imbrue your blades. I deserve to die for breaking the oath of friendship." We put up our swords at his prayers, and Ascylos spoke first, I will put an end to this quarrel. Let the boy follow the one he prefers, so that he at any rate may have a free choice of brothers."

I had no fears, imagining that long-standing familiarity had passed into a tie of blood, and I accepted the arrangement in hot haste, and referred the dispute to the judge. He did not even pretend to take time to consider, but got up at once as I finished speaking, and chose Ascylos for his brother. I was thunderstruck at his choice, and fell down on the bed just as I was, without my sword; I should have committed suicide at the sentence if I had not grudged my enemy this triumph. Ascylos went stalking out with his winnings, and left his comrade, whom he had loved a little while before, and whose fortunes had been so like his own, in despair in a strange place.

The name of friendship endures so long as there is profit in it: the counter on the board plays a changeable game. While my luck holds you give me your smiles,

my friends; when it is out, you turn your faces away in shameful flight.

A company acts a farce on the stage: one is called the father, one the son, and one is labelled the Rich Man. Soon the comic parts are shut in a book, the men's real faces come back, and the make-up disappears.

SECTIONS LXXXI TO XC.

[LXXXI] Nec diu tamen lacrimis indulsi, sed veritus ne Menelaus etiam antescholanus inter cetera mala solum me in deversorio inveniret, collegi sarcinulas, locumque secretum et proximum litori maestus conduxī. Ibi triduo inclusus, redeunte in animum solitudine atque contemptu, verberabam aegrum planctibus pectus et inter tot altissimos gemitus frequenter etiam proclamabam: “Ergo me non ruina terra potuit haurire? Non iratum etiam innocentibus mare? Effugi iudicium, harenae imposui, hospitem occidi, ut inter audaciae nomina mendicus, exul, in deversorio Graecae urbis iacerem desertus? Et quis hanc mihi solitudinem imposuit? Adulescens omni libidine impurus et sua quoque confessione dignus exilio, stupro liber, stupro ingenuus, cuius anni ad tesseram venierunt, quem tanquam puellam conduxit etiam qui virum putavit. Quid ille alter? qui die togae virilis stolam sumpsit, qui ne vir esset a matre persuasus est, qui opus muliebre in ergastulo fecit, qui postquam conturbavit et libidinis suae solum vertit, reliquit veteris amicitiae nomen et — pro pudor! — tanquam mulier secutuleia unius noctis tactu omnia vendidit. Iacent nunc amatores obligati noctibus totis, et forsitan mutuis libidinibus attriti derident solitudinem meam. Sed non impune. Nam aut vir ego liberque non sum, aut noxio sanguine parentabo iniuriae meae.”

[81] But still I did not spend much time in weeping. I was afraid that Menelaus the tutor might increase my troubles by finding me alone in the lodgings, so I got together my bundles and took a room in a remote place right on the beach. I shut myself up there for three days; I was haunted by the thought that I was deserted and despised; I beat my breast, already worn with blows, groaned deeply and even cried aloud many times, Could not the earth have opened and swallowed me, or the sea that shows her anger even against the innocent? I fled from justice, I cheated the ring, I killed my host, and with all these badges of courage I am left forsaken in lodgings in a Greek town, a beggar and an exile. And who condemned me to loneliness? A young man tainted by excess of every kind, deserving banishment even by his own admission, a free, yes, a free-born debauchee; his youth was wasted in gambling, and even those who supposed him to be a man treated him like a girl. And his friend? A boy who went into skirts instead of trousers, whose mother persuaded him never to grow up, who was the common

sport of the slaves' quarters, who after going bankrupt, and changing the tune of his vices, has broken the ties of an old friendship, and shamelessly sold everything in a single night's work like a common woman. Now the lovers lie all night long in each other's arms, and very likely laugh at my loneliness when they are tired out. But they shall suffer for it. I am no man, and no free citizen, if I do not avenge my wrongs with their hateful blood."

[LXXXII] Haec locutus gladio latus cingor, et ne infirmitas militiam perderet, largioribus cibis excito vires. Mox in publicum prosilio furentisque more omnes circumeo porticus. Sed dum attonito vultu efferatoque nihil aliud quam caedem et sanguinem cogito, frequentiusque manum ad capulum, quem devoveram, refero, notavit me miles, sive ille planus fuit sive nocturnus grassator, et: "Quid tu, inquit, commilito, ex qua legione es aut cuius centuria?" Cum constantissime et centurionem et legionem essem ementitus: "Age ergo, inquit ille, in exercitu vestro phaecasiati milites ambulant?" Cum deinde vultu atque ipsa trepidatione mendacium prodidissem, ponere iussit arma et malo cavere. Despoliatus ergo, immo praecisa ultione retro ad deversorium tendo, paulatimque temeritate laxata coepi grassatoris audaciae gratias agere. < . . >

Non bibit inter aquas, poma aut pendentia carpit

Tantalus infelix, quem sua vota premunt.

Divitis haec magni facies erit, omnia acervans

qui timet et sicco concoquit ore famem.

Non multum oportet consilio credere, quia suam habet fortuna rationem. < . . >

[82] With these words I put on my sword, and recruited my strength with a square meal to prevent my losing the battle through weakness. I rushed out of doors at once, and went round all the arcades like a madman. My face was as of one dumb-founded with fury, I thought of nothing but blood and slaughter, and kept putting my hand to the sword-hilt which I had consecrated to the work. Then a soldier, who may have been a swindler or a footpad, noticed me, and said, Hullo, comrade, what regiment and company do you belong to?" I lied stoutly about my captain and my regiment, and he said, "Well, do soldiers in your force walk about in white shoes?" My expression and my trembling showed that I had lied, and he ordered me to hand over my arms and look out for myself. So I was not only robbed, but my revenge was nipped in the bud. I went back to the inn, and by degrees my courage cooled, and I began to bless the footpad's effrontery. . . .

Poor Tantalus stands in water and never drinks, nor plucks the fruit above his head: his own desires torment him. So must a rich great man look when, with everything before his eyes, he fears starvation, and digests hunger dry-mouthed. .

..

It is not much use depending upon calculation when Fate has methods of her own.

...

[LXXXIII] In pinacothecam perveni vario genere tabularum mirabilem. Nam et Zeuxidos manus vidi nondum vetustatis iniuria victas, et Protogenis rudimenta cum ipsius naturae veritate certantia non sine quodam horrore tractavi. Jam vero Apellis quam Graeci mon(kthmon appellant, etiam adoravi. Tanta enim subtilitate extremitates imaginum erant ad similitudinem praecisae, ut crederes etiam animorum esse picturam. Hinc aquila ferebat caelo sublimis Idaeum, illinc candidus Hylas repellebat improbam Naida. Damnabat Apollo noxias manus lyramque resolutam modo nato flore honorabat. Inter quos etiam pictorum amantium vultus tanquam in solitudine exclamavi: “Ergo amor etiam deos tangit. Iuppiter in caelo suo non invenit quod diligeret, sed peccaturus in terris nemini tamen iniuriam fecit. Hylan Nympha praedata temperasset amoris suo, si venturum ad interdictum Herculem credidisset. Apollo pueri umbram revocavit in florem, et omnes fabulae quoque sine aemulo habuerunt complexus. At ego in societatem recepi hospitem Lycurgo crudeliorem.” Ecce autem, ego dum cum ventis litigo, intravit pinacothecam senex canus, exercitati vultus et qui videretur nescio quid magnum promittere, sed cultu non proinde speciosus, ut facile appareret eum <ex> hac nota litterat<or>um esse, quos odisse divites solent. Is ergo ad latus constitit meum.

“Ego, inquit, poeta sum et, ut spero, non humillimi spiritus, si modo coronis aliquid credendum est, quas etiam ad imperitos deferre gratia solet. ‘Quare ergo, inquis, tam male vestitus es?’ Propter hoc ipsum. Amor ingenii neminem unquam divitem fecit.

“Qui pelago credit, magno se fenore tollit;
qui pugnas et castra petit, praecingitur auro;
vilis adulator picto iacet ebrius ostro,
et qui sollicitat nuptas, ad praemia peccat.
Sola pruinosis horret facundia pannis,
atque inopi lingua desertas invocat artes.

[83] I came into a gallery hung with a wonderful collection of various pictures. I saw the works of Zeuxis not yet overcome by the defacement of time, and I studied with a certain terrified wonder the rough drawings of Protogenes, which rivalled the truth of Nature herself. But when I came to the work of Apelles the Greek which is called the One-legged, I positively worshipped it. For the outlines of his figures were defined with such subtle accuracy, that you would have declared that he had painted their souls as well. In one the eagle was carrying the Shepherd of Ida on high to heaven, and in another fair Hylas resisted a tormenting Naiad. Apollo passed judgement on his accursed hands, and adorned his unstrung lyre with the newborn flower. I cried out as if I were in a desert, among these faces of mere painted lovers, "So even the gods feel love. Jupiter in his heavenly home could find no object for his passion, and came down on earth to sin, yet did no one any harm. The Nymph who ravished Hylas would have restrained her passion had she believed that Hercules would come to dispute her claim. Apollo recalled the ghost of a boy into a flower, and all the stories tell of love's embraces without a rival. But I have taken for my comrade a friend more cruel than Lycurgus himself."

Suddenly, as I strove thus with the empty air, a white-haired old man came into the gallery. His face was troubled, but there seemed to be the promise of some great thing about him; though he was shabby in appearance, so that it was quite plain by this characteristic that he was a man of letters, of the kind that rich men hate. He came and stood by my side. . . .

"I am a poet," he said, and one, I hope, of no mean imagination, if one can reckon at all by crowns of honour, which gratitude can set even on unworthy heads. 'Why are you so badly dressed, then?' you ask. For that very reason. The worship of genius never made a man rich.

"The man who trusts the sea consoles himself with high profits; the man who follows war and the camp is girded with gold; the base flatterer lies drunk on a couch of purple dye; the man who tempts young wives gets money for his sin; eloquence alone shivers in rags and cold, and calls upon a neglected art with unprofitable tongue.

[LXXXIV] "Non dubie ita est: si quis vitiorum omnium inimicus rectum iter vitae coepit insistere, primum propter morum differentiam odium habet: quis enim potest probare diversa? Deinde qui solas extruere divitias curant, nihil volunt inter homines melius credi, quam quod ipsi tenent. Insectantur itaque, quacunque

ratione possunt, litterarum amatores, ut videantur illi quoque infra pecuniam positi. < . . . >

“Nescio quo modo bonae mentis soror est paupertas. < . . . >

“Vellem, tam innocens esset frugalitatis meae hostis, ut deliniri posset. Nunc veteranus est latro et ipsis lenonibus doctior”. < . . . >

[84] “Yes, that is certainly true: if a man dislikes all vices, and begins to tread a straight path in life, he is hated first of all because his character is superior; for who is able to like what differs from himself? Further, those who only trouble about heaping up riches, do not want anything to be considered better than what is in their own hands. So they persecute men with a passion for learning in every possible way, to make them also look an inferior article to money. . . .

“Somehow or other poverty is own sister to good sense . . .

“I wish he that hates me for my virtue were so guiltless that he might be mollified. As it is he is a past master of robbery, and more clever than any pimp.”

[LXXXV] EVMOLPVS. “In Asiam cum a quaestore essem stipendio eductus, hospitium Pergami accepi. Vbi cum libenter habitarem non solum propter cultum aedicularum, sed etiam propter hospitis formosissimum filium, excogitavi rationem qua non essem patri familiae suspectus amator. Quotiescunque enim in convivio de usu formosorum mentio facta est, tam vehementer excandui, tam severa tristitia violari aures meas obsceno sermone nolui, ut me mater praecipue tanquam unum ex philosophis intueretur. Jam ego coeperam ephebum in gymnasium deducere, ego studia eius ordinare, ego docere ac praecipere, ne quis praedator corporis admitteretur in domum.

Forte cum in triclinio iaceremus, quia dies sollemnis ludum artaverat pigritiamque recedendi imposuerat hilaritas longior, fere circa mediam noctem intellexi puerum vigilare. Itaque timidissimo murmure votum feci et: “Domina, inquam, Venus, si ego hunc puerum basiavero, ita ut ille non sentiat, cras illi par columbarum donabo”. Audito voluptatis pretio puer stertere coepit. Itaque aggressus simulantem aliquot basiolis invasi. Contentus hoc principio bene mane surrexi electumque par columbarum attuli expectanti ac me voto exsolvi.

[85] “In Asiam cum a quaestore essem stipendio eductus, hospitium Pergami accepi. Ubi cum libenter habitarem non solum propter cultum aedicularum, sed etiam propter hospitis formosissimum filium, excogitavi rationem, qua non essem patri

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[LXXXVI] Proxima nocte cum idem liceret, mutavi optionem et: “Si hunc, inquam, tractavero improba manu, et ille non senserit, gallos gallinaceos pugnacissimos duos donabo patienti”. Ad hoc votum ephebus ultro se admovit et, puto, vereri coepit ne ego obdormissem. Indulsi ergo sollicito, totoque corpore citra summam voluptatem me ingurgitavi. Deinde ut dies venit, attuli gaudenti quicquid promiseram. Vt tertia nox licentiam dedit, consurrexi ad aurem male dormientis: “Dii, inquam, immortales, si ego huic dormienti abstulero coitum plenum et optabilem, pro hac felicitate cras puero asturconem Macedonicum optimum donabo, cum hac tamen exceptione, si ille non senserit”. Nunquam altiore somno ephebus obdormivit. Itaque primum implevi lactentibus papillis manus, mox basio inhaesi, deinde in unum omnia vota coniunxi. Mane sedere in cubiculo coepit atque expectare consuetudinem meam. Scis quanto facilius sit columbas gallosque gallinaceos emere quam asturconem, et, praeter hoc, etiam timebam ne tam grande munus suspectam faceret humanitatem meam. Ergo aliquot horis spatatus, in hospitium reverti nihilque aliud quam puerum basiavi. At ille circumspiciens ut cervicem meam iunxit amplexu: “Rogo, inquit, domine, ubi est asturco?”

[86] Proxima nocte cum idem liceret, mutavi optionem et ‘si hunc’ inquam ‘tractavero improba manu, et ille non senserit, gallos gallinaceos pugnacissimos duos donabo patienti.’ Ad hoc votum ephebus ultro se admovit et, puto, vereri coepit, ne ego obdormissem. Indulsi ergo sollicito, totoque corpore citra

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[LXXXVII] Cum ob hanc offensam praeclusissem mihi aditum quem feceram, <mox tamen> iterum ad licentiam redii. Interpositis enim paucis diebus, cum similis casus nos in eandem fortunam rettulisset, ut intellexi stertere patrem, rogare coepi ephebum ut reverteretur in gratiam mecum, id est ut pateretur satis fieri sibi, et cetera quae libido distenta dictat. At ille plane iratus nihil aliud dicebat nisi hoc: “Aut dormi, aut ego iam dicam patri”. Nihil est tam arduum, quod non improbitas extorqueat. Dum dicit: “Patrem excitabo “, irrepsi tamen et male repugnanti gaudium extorsi. At ille non indelectatus nequitia mea, postquam diu questus est deceptum se et derisum traductumque inter condiscipulos, quibus iactasset censum meum: “Videris tamen, inquit, non ero tui similis. Si quid vis, fac iterum”. Ego vero deposita omni offensa cum puero in gratiam redii, ususque beneficio eius in somnum delapsus sum. Sed non fuit contentus iteratione ephebus plenae maturitatis et annis ad patiendum gestientibus. Itaque excitavit me sopitum et: “Numquid vis?” inquit. Et non plane iam molestum erat munus. Vtcunque igitur inter anhelitus sudoresque tritus, quod voluerat accepit, rursusque in somnum decidi gaudio lassus. Interposita minus hora pungere me manu coepit et dicere: “Quare non facimus?” Tum ego toties excitatus plane vehementer excandui et reddidi illi voces suas: “Aut dormi, aut ego iam patri dicam”. <. . .>

[87] Cum ob hanc offensam praeclusissem mihi aditum, quem feceram, iterum ad licentiam redii. Interpositis enim paucis diebus, cum similis casus nos in eandem fortunam rettulisset, ut intellexi stertere patrem, rogare coepi ephebum, ut reverteretur in gratiam mecum, id est ut pateretur satis fieri sibi, et cetera quae

libido distenta dictat. At ille plane iratus nihil aliud dicebat nisi hoc: “aut dormi, aut ego iam dicam patri.” Nihil est tam arduum, quod non improbitas extorqueat. Dum dicit: “patrem excitabo,” irrepsi tamen et male repugnanti gaudium extorsi. At ille non indelectatus nequitia mea, postquam diu questus est deceptum se et derisum traductumque inter condiscipulos, quibus iactasset censum meum, “videris tamen” inquit “non ero tui similis. Si quid vis, fac iterum.” Ego vero deposita omni offensa cum puero in gratiam redii ususque beneficio eius in somnum delapsus sum. Sed non fuit contentus iteratione ephebus plenae maturitatis et annis ad patiendum gestientibus. Itaque excitavit me sopitum et “numquid vis?” inquit. Et non plane iam molestum erat munus. Utcunque igitur inter anhelitus sudoresque tritus, quod voluerat, accepit, rursusque in somnum decidi gaudio lassus. Interposita minus hora pungere me manu coepit et dicere: “quare non facimus?” tum ego totiens excitatus plane vehementer excandui et reddidi illi voces suas: ‘aut dormi, aut ego iam patri dicam’” . . .

[LXXXVIII] Erectus his sermonibus consulere prudentiorem coepi <atque ab eo> aetates tabularum et quaedam argumenta mihi obscura simulque causam desidia praesentis excutere, cum pulcherrimae artes perissent, inter quas pictura ne minimum sui vestigium reliquisset. Tum ille: “Pecuniae, inquit, cupiditas haec tropica instituit. Priscis enim temporibus, cum adhuc nuda virtus placeret, vigeabant artes ingenuae summumque certamen inter homines erat, ne quid profuturum saeculis diu lateret. Itaque herbarum omnium sucos Democritus expressit, et ne lapidum virgultorumque vis lateret, aetatem inter experimenta consumpsit Eudoxos quidem in cacumine excelsissimi montis consenuit ut astrorum caelique motus deprehenderet, et Chrysippus, ut ad inventionem sufficeret, ter elleboro animum deterisit. Verum ut ad plastas convertar, Lysippum statuae unius lineamentis inhaerentem inopia extinxit, et Myron, qui paene animas hominum ferarumque aere comprehenderat, non invenit heredem. At nos vino scortisque demersi ne paratas quidem artes audemus cognoscere, sed accusatores antiquitatis vitia tantum docemus et discimus. Vbi est dialectica? ubi astronomia? ubi sapientiae cultissima via? Quis unquam venit in templum et votum fecit, si ad eloquentiam pervenisset? quis, si philosophiae fontem attigisset? Ac ne bonam quidem mentem aut bonam valitudinem petunt, sed statim antequam limen Capitolii tangant, alius donum promittit, si propinquum divitem extulerit, alius, si thesaurum effoderit, alius, si ad trecenties sestertium salvus pervenerit. Ipse senatus, recti bonique praeceptor, mille pondo auri Capitolio promittere solet, et ne quis dubitet pecuniam concupiscere, Iovem quoque peculio exorat. Noli ergo

mirari, si pictura defecit, cum omnibus dis hominibusque formosior videatur
massa auri, quam quicquid Apelles Phidiasque, Graeculi delirantes, fecerunt.

[88] Encouraged by his conversation, I began to draw on his knowledge about the age of the pictures, and about some of the stories which puzzled me, and at the same time to discuss the decadence of the age, since the fine arts had died, and painting, for instance, had left no trace of its existence behind. "Love of money began this revolution," he replied. "In former ages virtue was still loved for her own sake, the noble arts flourished, and there were the keenest struggles among mankind to prevent anything being long undiscovered which might benefit posterity. So Democritus extracted the juice of every plant on earth, and spent his whole life in experiments to discover the virtues of stones and twigs. Eudoxos grew old on the top of a high mountain in order to trace the movements of the stars and the sky, and Chrysippus three times cleared his wits with hellebore to improve his powers of invention. If you turn to sculptors, Lysippus died of starvation as he brooded over the lines of a single statue, and Myron, who almost caught the very soul of men and beasts in bronze, left no heir behind him. But we are besotted with wine and women, and cannot rise to understand even the arts that are developed; we slander the past, and learn and teach nothing but vices. Where is dialectic now, or astronomy? Where is the exquisite way of wisdom? Who has ever been to a temple and made an offering in order to attain to eloquence, or to drink of the waters of philosophy? They do not even ask for good sense or good health, but before they even touch the threshold of the Capitol, one promises an offering if he may bury his rich neighbour, another if he may dig up a hid treasure, another if he may make thirty millions in safety. Even the Senate, the teachers of what is right and good, often promise a thousand pounds in gold to the Capitol, and decorate even Jupiter with pelf, that no one need be ashamed of praying for money. So there is nothing surprising in the decadence of painting, when all the gods and men think an ingot of gold more beautiful than anything those poor crazy Greeks, Apelles and Phidias, ever did.

[LXXXIX] Sed video te totum in illa haerere tabula, quae Troiae halosin ostendit. Itaque conabor opus versibus pandere:

Iam decuma maestos inter ancipites metus
Phrygas obsidebat messis, et vatis fides
Calchantis atro dubia pendebat metu,
cum Delio profante caesi vertex

Idae trahuntur, scissaque in molem cadunt
robora, minacem quae figurarent equum.
Aperitur ingens antrum et obducti specus,
qui castra caperent. Huc decenni proelio
irata virtus abditur, stipant graves
recessus Danaï et in voto latent.
O patria, pulsas mille credidimus rates
solumque bello liberum: hoc titulus fero
incisus, hoc ad fata compositus Sinon
firmabat et mendacium in damnum potens.
Iam turba portis libera ac bello carens
in vota properat. Fletibus manant genae,
mentisque pavidae gaudium lacrimas habet.
Quas metus abegit. Namque Neptuno sacer
crinem solutus omne Laocoon replet
clamore vulgus. Mox reducta cuspide
uterum notavit, fata sed tardant manus,
ictusque resilit et dolis addit fidem.
Iterum tamen confirmat invalidam manum
altaque bipenni latera pertemptat. Fremit
captiva pubes intus, et dum murmurat,
roborea moles spirat alieno metu.
Ibat iuventus capta, dum Troiam capit,
bellumque totum fraude ducebat nova.
Ecce alia monstra: celsa qua Tenedos mare
dorso replevit, tumida consurgunt freta
undaque resultat scissa tranquillo minor,
qualis silenti nocte remorum sonus
longe refertur, cum premunt classes mare
pulsumque marmor abiete imposita gemit.
Respicimus: angues orbibus geminis ferunt
ad saxa fluctus, tumida quorum pectora
rates ut altae lateribus spumas agunt.
Dat cauda sonitum, liberae ponto iubae
consentiunt luminibus, fulmineum iubar
incendit aequor sibilisque undae tremunt.
Stupere mentes. Infulis stabant sacri

Phrygioque cultu gemina nati pignora
Lauconte. Quos repente tergoribus ligant
angues corusci. Parvulas illi manus
ad ora referunt, neuter auxilio sibi,
uterque fratri; transtulit pietas vices
morsque ipsa miseros mutuo perdit metu.
Accumulat ecce liberum funus parens,
infirmus auxiliator. Invadunt virum
iam morte pasti membraque ad terram trahunt.
Iacet sacerdos inter aras victima
terramque plangit. Sic profanatis sacris
peritura Troia perdidit primum deos.
Iam plena Phoebe candidum extulerat iubar
minora ducens astra radianti face,
cum inter sepultos Priamidas nocte et mero
Danai relaxant claustra et effundunt viros.
Temptant in armis se duces, ceu ubi solet
nodo remissus Thessali quadrupes iugi
cervicem et altas quater ad excursum iubas.
Gladios retractant, commovent orbis manu
bellumque sumunt. Hic graves alius mero
obtruncat, et continuat in mortem ultimam
somnos; ab aris alius accendit faces
contraque Troas invocat Troiae sacra.”

[89] “But I see your whole attention is riveted on that picture, which represents the fall of Troy. Well, I will try and explain the situation in verse:

““It was now the tenth harvest of the siege of the Trojans, who were worn with anxious fear, and the honour of Calchas the prophet stood wavering in dark dread, when at Apollo’s bidding the wooded peaks of Ida were felled and dragged down, and the sawn planks fitted to a shape that resembled a war-horse. Within it a great hollow was opened, and a hidden cave that could shelter a host. In this the warriors who chafed at a war ten years long were packed away; the baleful Greeks fill every corner, and lie waiting in their own votive offering. Ah! my country! we thought the thousand ships were beaten off, and the land released from strife. The inscription carved on the horse, and Sinon’s crafty bearing, and his mind ever powerful for evil, all strengthened our hope.

Now a crowd hurries from the gate to worship, careless and free of the war. Their cheeks are wet with tears, and the joy of their trembling souls brings to their eyes tears that terror had banished. Laocoon, priest of Neptune, with hair unbound, stirs the whole assembly to cry aloud. He drew back his spear and the belly of the horse, but fate stayed his hand, spear leaped back, and won us to trust the fraud. But he nerved his feeble hand a second time, and sounded the deep sides of the horse with an axe. The young soldiers shut within breathed loud, and while the sound lasted the wooden mass gasped with a terror that was not its own. The prisoned warriors went forward to make Troy prisoner, and waged all the war by a new subtlety.

““There followed further portents; where the steep ridge of Tenedos breaks the sea, the billows rise and swell, and the shattered wave leaps back hollowing the calm, sounding like the noise of oars borne far through the silent night, when ships bear down the ocean, and the calm is stirred and splashes under the burden of the keel. We look back: the tide carries two coiling snakes towards the rocks, their swollen breasts like tall ships throwing the foam from their sides. Their tails crash through the sea, their crests move free over the open water, fierce as their eyes; a brilliant beam kindles the waves, and the waters resound with their hissing. Our heartbeats stopped. The priests stood wreathed for sacrifice with the two sons of Laocoon in Phrygian raiment. Suddenly the gleaming snakes twine their bodies round them. The boys throw up their little hands to their faces, neither helping himself, but each his brother: such was the exchange of love, and death himself slew both poor children by their unselfish fear. Then before our eyes the father, a feeble helper, laid his own body down upon his children's. The snakes, now gorged with death, attacked the man and dragged his limbs to the ground. The priest lies a victim before his altars and beats the earth. Thus the doomed city of Troy first lost her gods by profaning their worship.

““Now Phoebe at the full lifted up her white beam, and led forth the smaller stars with her glowing torch, and the Greeks unbarred the horse, and poured out their warriors among Priam's sons drowned in darkness and wine. The leaders try their strength in arms, as a steed untied from the Thessalian yoke will toss his head and lofty mane as he rushes forth. They draw their swords, brandish their shields, and begin the fight. One slays Trojans heavy with drink, and prolongs their sleep to death that endeth all, another lights torches from the altars, and calls on the holy places of Troy to fight against the Trojans.”” . . .

[xc] Ex is, qui in porticibus spatiabantur, lapides in Eumolpum recitantem miserunt. At ille, qui plausum ingenii sui noverat, operuit caput extraque templum profugit. Timui ego, ne me poetam vocaret. Itaque subsecutus fugientem ad litus perveni, et ut primum extra teli coniectum licuit consistere: “Rogo, inquam, quid tibi vis cum isto morbo? Minus quam duabus horis mecum moraris, et saepius poetice quam humane locutus es. Itaque non miror, si te populus lapidibus persequitur. Ego quoque sinum meum saxis onerabo ut, quotiescunque coeperis a te exire, sanguinem tibi a capite mittam”. Movit ille vultum et: “O mi, inquit, adulescens, non hodie primum auspicatus sum. Immo quoties theatrum, ut recitarem aliquid, intravi, hac me adventicia excipere frequentia solet. Ceterum ne et tecum quoque habeam rixandum, toto die me ab hoc cibo abstinebo. — Immo, inquam ego, si eiuras hodiernam bilem, una cenabimus.”

Mando aedicularum custodi cenulae officium. < . . >

[90] Some of the people who were walking in the galleries threw stones at Eumolpus as he recited. He recognized this tribute to his genius, covered his head, and fled out of the temple. I was afraid that he would call me a poet. So I followed him in his flight, and came to the beach, and as soon as we were out of range and could stop, I said, “Tell me, cannot you get rid of your disease? You have been in my company less than two hours, and you have talked more often like a poet than like a man. I am not surprised that the crowd pursue you with stones. I shall load my pockets with stones too, and whenever you begin to forget yourself I shall let blood from your head.” His expression altered, and he said, “My dear young friend, I have been blessed like this before to-day. Whenever I go into the theatre to recite anything, the people’s way is to welcome me with this kind of present. But I do not want to have anything to quarrel with you about, so I will keep off this food for a whole day.” “Well;” said I, “if you forswear your madness for to-day, we will dine together.” . . .

I gave the house-porter orders about our supper. . . .

SECTIONS XCI TO C.

[XCI] Video Gitona cum linteis et strigilibus parieti applicitum tristem confusumque. Scires non libenter servire. Itaque ut experimentum oculorum caperem. < . . . > Convertit ille solutum gaudio vultum et: “Miserere, inquit, frater. Vbi arma non sunt, libere loquor. Eripe me latroni cruento et qualibet saevitia paenitentiam iudicis tui puni. Satis magnum erit misero solacium tua voluntate cecidisse”. Supprimere ego querelam iubeo, ne quis consilia deprehenderet, relictoque Eumolpo — nam in balneo carmen recitabat — per tenebrosum et sordidum egressum extraho Gitona raptimque in hospitium meum pervolo. Praeclusis deinde foribus invado pectus amplexibus, et perfusum os lacrumis vultu meo contero. Diu vocem neuter invenit; nam puer etiam singultibus crebris amabile pectus quassaverat. “O facinus, inquam, indignum, quod amo te quamvis relictus, et in hoc pectore, cum vulnus ingens fuerit, cicatrix non est. Quid dicis, peregrini amoris concessio? Dignus hac iniuria fui?” Postquam se amari sensit, supercilium altius sustulit. < . . . >

“Nec amoris arbitrium ad alium iudicem tuli. Sed nihil iam queror, nihil iam memini, si bona fide paenitentiam emendas”. Haec cum inter gemitus lacrimasque fudissem, detersit ille pallio vultum et: “Quaeso, inquit, Encolpi, fidem memoriae tuae appello: ego te reliqui, an tu me prodidisti? Equidem fateor et prae me fero: cum duos armatos viderem, ad fortiores confugi”. Exosculatus pectus sapientia plenum inieci cervicibus manus, et ut facile intellexeret redisse me in gratiam et optima fide reviviscentem amicitiam, toto pectore adstrinxi.

[91] I saw Giton, with some towels and scrapers, hugging the wall in sad embarrassment. You could see he was not a willing slave. So to enable me to catch his eye he turned round, his face softened with pleasure, and he said, “Forgive me, brother. As there are no deadly weapons here, I speak freely. Take me away from this bloody robber and punish me as cruelly as you like, your penitent judge. It will be quite enough consolation for my misery to die because you wish it.” I told him to stop his lamentation, for fear anyone should overhear our plans. We left Eumolpus behind — he was reciting a poem in the bathroom — and I took Giton out by a dark, dirty exit, and flew with all speed to my lodgings. Then I shut the door and warmly embraced him, and rubbed my face against his cheek, which was wet with tears. For a time neither of us could utter a sound the

boy's fair body shook with continuous sobs. "It is a shame and a wonder!" I cried, "You left me, and yet I love you, and no scar is left over my heart, where the wound was so deep. Have you any excuse for yielding your love to a stranger? Did I deserve this blow?" As soon as he felt that I loved him, he began to hold his head up. . . .

"I laid our love's cause before no other judge. But I make no complaint, I will forget all, if you will prove your penitence by keeping your word." I poured out my words with groans and tears, but Giton wiped his face on his cloak, and said, "Now, Encolpius, I ask you, I appeal to your honest memory; did I leave you, or did you betray me? I admit, I confess it openly, that when I saw two armed men before me, I hurried to the side of the stronger." I pressed my lips to his dear wise heart, and put my arms round his neck, and hugged him close to me, to make it quite plain that I was in amity with him again, and that our friendship lived afresh in perfect confidence.

[xcii] Et iam plena nox erat mulierque cenae mandata curaverat, cum Eumolpus ostium pulsat. Interrogo ego: "Quot estis?" obiterque per rimam foris speculari diligentissime coepi, num Ascyltos una venisset. Deinde ut solum hospitem vidi, momento recepi. Ille ut se in grabatum reiecit viditque Gitona in conspectu ministrantem, movit caput et: "Laudo, inquit, Ganymedem. Oportet hodie bene sit". Non delectavit me tam curiosum principium, timuique ne in contubernium recepissem Ascylti parem. Instat Eumolpus, et cum puer illi potionem dedisset: "Malo te, inquit, quam balneum totum " siccatoque avide poculo negat sibi unquam acidius fuisse." Nam et dum labor, ait, paene vapulavi, quia conatus sum circa solium sedentibus carmen recitare; et postquam de balneo tanquam de theatro eiectus sum, circuire omnes angulos coepi et clara voce Encolpion clamitare. Ex altera parte iuvenis nudus, qui vestimenta perdiderat, non minore clamoris indignatione Gitona flagitabat. Et me quidem pueri tanquam insanum imitatione petulantissima deriserunt, illum autem frequentia ingens circumvenit cum plausu et admiratione timidissima. Habebat enim inguinum pondus tam grande, ut ipsum hominem laciniam fascini crederes. O iuvenem laboriosum! puto illum pridie incipere, postero die finire. Itaque statim invenit auxilium; nescio quis enim, eques Romanus, ut aiebant, infamis, sua veste errantem circumdedit ac domum abduxit, credo, ut tam magna fortuna solus uteretur. At ego ne mea quidem vestimenta ab officioso recepissem, nisi notorem dedissem. Tanto magis expedit inguina quam ingenia fricare". Haec Eumolpo dicente mutabam ego

frequentissime vultum, iniuriis scilicet inimici mei hilaris, commodis tristis. Vtunque tamen, tanquam non agnoscerem fabulam, tacui et cenae ordinem explicui. <. . .>

[92] It was now quite dark, and the woman had seen to our orders for supper, when Eumolpus knocked at the door. I asked, "How many of you are there?" and began as I spoke to look carefully through a chink in the door to see whether Ascyrtos had come with him. When I saw that he was the only visitor, I let him in at once. He threw himself on a bed, and when he saw Giton before his eyes waiting at table, he wagged his head and said, "I like your Ganymede. To-day should be a fine time for us." I was not pleased at this inquisitive opening; I was afraid I had let Ascyrtos's double into the lodgings. Eumolpus persisted, and, when the boy brought him a drink, said, "I like you better than the whole bathful." He greedily drank the cup dry, and said he had never taken anything with a sharper tang in it. "Why, I was nearly flogged while I was washing," he cried, "because I tried to go round the bath and recite poetry to the people sitting in it, and when I was thrown out of the bathroom as if it were a theatre, I began to look round all the corners, and shouted for Encolpius in a loud voice. In another part of the place a naked young man who had lost his clothes kept clamouring for Giton with equally noisy indignation. The boys laughed at me with saucy mimicry as if I were crazy, but a large crowd surrounded him, clapping their hands and humbly admiring. Habebat enim inguinum pondus tam grande, ut ipsum hominem laciniam fascini crederes. O iuvenem laboriosum: puto illum pridie incipere, postero die finire. So he found an ally at once: some Roman knight or other, a low fellow, they said, put his own clothes on him as he strayed round, and took him off home, I suppose, ut tam magna fortuna solus uteretur. I should never have got my own clothes back from the troublesome attendant if I had not produced a voucher. Tanto magis expedit inguina quam ingenia fricare." As Eumolpus told me all this, my expression kept changing, for of course I laughed at my enemy's straits and frowned on his fortune. But anyhow I kept quiet as if I did not know what the story was about, and set forth our bill of fare. . . .

[xciii] "Vile est, quod licet, et animus errore lentus iniurias diligit.

Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis
atque Aefrae volucres placent palato,
quod non sunt faciles: at albus anser
et pictis anas renovata pennis

plebeium sapit. Vltimis ab oris
attractus scarus atque arata Syrtis
si quid naufragio dedit, probatur:
mulus iam gravis est. Amica vincit
uxorem. Rosa cinnamum veretur.
Quicquid quaeritur, optimum videtur.”

— Hoc est, inquam, quod promiseras, ne quem hodie versum faceres? Per fidem, saltem nobis parce, qui te nunquam lapidavimus. Nam si aliquis ex is, qui in eodem synoecio potant, nomen poetae olfecerit, totam concitabit viciniam et nos omnes sub eadem causa obruet. Miserere et aut pinacothecam aut balneum cogita.” Sic me loquentem obiurgavit Giton, mitissimus puer, et negavit recte facere, quod seniori conviciarer simulque oblitus officii mensam, quam humanitate posuissem, contumelia tollerem, multaque alia moderationis verecundiaeque verba, quae formam eius egregie decebant. < . . . >

[93] “What we may have we do not care about; our minds are bent on folly and love what is troublesome.

“The bird won from Colchis where Phasis flows, and fowls from Africa, are sweet to taste because they are not easy to win; but the white goose and the duck with bright new feathers have a common savour. The wrasse drawn from far-off shores, and the yield of wrinkled Syrtis is praised if first it wrecks a boat: the mullet by now is a weariness. The mistress eclipses the wife, the rose bows down to the cinnamon. What men must seek after seems ever best.”

“What about your promise, that you would not make a single verse to-day?” I said. “On your honour, spare us at least: we have never stoned you. If a single one of the people who are drinking in the same tenement with us scents the name of a poet, he will rouse the whole neighbourhood and ruin us all for the same reason. Spare us then, and remember the picture-gallery or the baths.” Giton, the gentle boy, reproved me when I spoke thus, and said that I was wrong to rebuke my elders, and forget my duty so far as to spoil with my insults the dinner I had ordered out of kindness, with much more tolerant and modest advice which well became his beautiful self. . .

[xciv] EVMOLPVS AD GITONEM. “O felicem, inquit, matrem tuam, quae te talem peperit: macte virtute esto. Raram fecit mixturam cum sapientia forma. Itaque ne putes te tot verba perdidisse, amatorem invenisti. Ego laudes tuas carminibus implebo. Ego paedagogus et custos, etiam quo non iusseris, sequar. Nec iniuriam

Encolpius accipit: alium amat.” Profuit etiam Eumolpo miles ille, qui mihi abstulit gladium; alioquin quem animum adversus Ascylton sumpseram, eum in Eumolpi sanguinem exercuissem. Nec fefellit hoc Gitona. Itaque extra cellam processit, tanquam aquam peteret, iramque meam prudenti absentia extinxit. Paululum ergo intepescente saevitia: “Eumolpe, inquam, iam malo vel carminibus loquaris, quam eiusmodi tibi vota proponas. Et ego iracundus sum, et tu libidinosus: vide, quam non conveniat his moribus. Puta igitur me furiosum esse, cede insaniae, id est, ocius foras exi”. Confusus hac denuntiatione Eumolpus non quaesiit iracundiae causam, sed continuo limen egressus adduxit repente ostium cellae, meque nihil tale expectantem inclusit, exemitque raptim clavem et ad Gitona investigandum cucurrit.

Inclusus ego suspendio vitam finire constitui. Et iam semicinctium stanti ad parietem spondae iunxeram cervicesque nodo condebam, cum reseratis foribus intrat Eumolpus cum Gitone meque a fatali iam meta revocat ad lucem. Giton praecipue ex dolore in rabiem efferatus tollit clamorem, me utraque manu impulsum praecipitat super lectum: “Erras, inquit, Encolpi, si putas contingere posse, ut ante moriaris. Prior coepi; in Ascylti hospitio gladium quaesivi. Ego si te non invenissem, periturus per praecipitia fui. Et ut scias non longe esse quaerentibus mortem, specta invicem quod me spectare voluisti”. Haec locutus mercenario Eumolpi novaculam rapit, et semel iterumque cervice percussa ante pedes collabitur nostros. Exclamo ego attonitus, secutusque labentem codem ferramento ad mortem viam quaero. Sed neque Giton ulla erat suspicione vulneris laesus, neque ego ullum sentiebam dolorem. Rudis enim novacula et in hoc retusa, ut pueris discentibus audaciam tonsoris daret, instruxerat thecam. Ideoque nec mercennarius ad raptum ferramentum expaverat, nec Eumolpus interpellaverat mimicam mortem.

[94] “Happy was the mother who bore such a son as you,” he said, “be good and prosper. Beauty and wisdom make a rare conjunction. And do not think that all your words have been wasted. In me you have found a lover. I will do justice to your worth in verse. I will teach and protect you, and follow you even where you do not bid me. I do Encolpius no wrong; he loves another.”

That soldier who took away my sword did Eumolpus a good turn too; otherwise I would have appeased the wrath raised in me against Ascyltos with the blood of Eumolpus. Giton was not blind to this. So he went out of the room on a pretence of fetching water, and quenched my wrath by his tactful departure. Then, as my fury cooled a little, I said, “I would prefer even that you should talk poetry now,

Eumolpus, rather than harbour such hopes. I am choleric, and you are lecherous: you understand that these dispositions do not suit each other. Well, regard me as a maniac, yield to my infirmity, in short, get out quick.” Eumolpus was staggered by this attack, and never asked why I was angry, but went out of the room at once and suddenly banged the door, taking me completely by surprise and shutting me in. He pulled out the key in a moment and ran off to look for Giton.

I was locked in. I made up my mind to hang myself and die. I had just tied a belt to the frame of a bed which stood by the wall, and was pushing my neck into the noose, when the door was unlocked, Eumolpus came in with Giton, and called me back to light from the very bourne of death. Nay, Giton passed from grief to raving madness, and raised a shout, pushed me with both hands and threw me on the bed, and cried, ”Encolpius, you are wrong if you suppose you could possibly die before me. I thought of suicide first; I looked for a sword in Ascylos’s lodgings. If I had not found you I would have hurled myself to death over a precipice. I will show you that death stands close by those who seek him: behold in your turn the scene you wished me to behold.”

With these words he snatched a razor from Eumolpus’s servant, drew it once, twice across his throat, and tumbled down at our feet. I gave a cry of horror, rushed to him as he fell, and sought the road of death with the same steel. But Giton was not marked with any trace of a wound, and I did not feel the least pain. The razor was untempered, and specially blunted in order to give boy pupils the courage of a barber: and so it had grown a sheath. So the servant had not been alarmed when the steel was snatched from him, and Eumolpus did not interrupt our death-scene.

[xcv] Dum haec fabula inter amantes luditur, deversitor cum parte cenulae intervenit, contemplatusque foedissimam volutationem iacentium: “Rogo, inquit, ebrii estis, an fugitivi, an utrumque? Quis autem grabatum illum erexit, aut quid sibi vult tam furtiva molitio? Vos mehercules ne mercedem cellae daretis, fugere nocte in publicum voluistis. Sed non impune. Iam enim faxo sciatis non viduae hanc insulam esse sed Marci Mannicii”. Exclamat Eumolpus: “Etiam minaris?”; simulque os hominis palma excussissima pulsat. Ille tot hospitem potionibus liber urceolum fictilem in Eumolpi caput iaculatus est, soluitque clamantis frontem, et de cella se proripuit, Eumolpus contumeliae impatiens rapit ligneum candelabrum, sequiturque abeuntem, et creberrimis ictibus supercilium suum vindicat. Fit concursus familiae hospitemque ebriorum frequentia. Ego autem

nactus occasionem vindictae Eumolpum excludo, redditaque scordalo vice sine aemulo scilicet et cella utor et nocte.

Interim coctores insulariique mulcant exclusum, et alius veru extis stridentibus plenum in oculos eius intentat, alius furca de carnario rapta statum proeliantis componit. Anus praecipue lippa, sordidissimo praecincta linteo, soleis ligneis imparibus imposita, canem ingentis magnitudinis catena trahit instigatque in Eumolpon. Sed ille candelabro se ab omni periculo vindicabat.

[95] While this lover's play was being performed, an inmate of the house came in with part of our little dinner, and after looking at us rolling in disarray on the ground he said, "Are you drunk, please, or runaway slaves, or both? Who turned the bed up there, and what do all these sneaking contrivances mean? I declare you meant to run off in the dark into the public street rather than pay for your room. But you shall pay for it. I will teach you that these lodgings do not belong to a poor widow, but to Marcus Mannicius." "What?" shouted Eumolpus, "you dare threaten us." And as he spoke he struck the man in the face with all the force of his outstretched hand. The man hurled a little earthenware pot, which was empty, all the guests having drunk from it, at Eumolpus's head, broke the skin of his forehead in the midst of his clamour, and rushed out of the room. Eumolpus would not brook an insult; he seized a wooden candlestick and followed the lodger out, and avenged his bloody forehead with a rain of blows. All the household ran up, and a crowd of drunken lodgers. I had a chance of punishing Eumolpus, and I shut him out, and so got even with the bully, and of course had the room and my sleep to myself without a rival.

Meanwhile cooks and lodgers be laboured him now that he was locked out, and one thrust a spit full of hissing meat into his eyes, another took a fork from a dresser and struck a fighting attitude. Above all, a blear-eyed old woman with a very dirty linen wrap round her, balancing herself on an uneven pair of clogs, took the lead, brought up a dog of enormous size on a chain, and set him on to Eumolpus. But the candlestick was enough to protect him from all danger.

[xcvi] Videbamus nos omnia per foramen valvae, quod paulo ante ansa ostioli rupta laxaverat, favebamque ego vapulanti. Giton autem non oblitus misericordiae suae reserandum esse ostium succurrendumque periclitanti censebat. Ego durante adhuc iracundia non continui manum, sed caput miserantis stricto acutoque articulo percussi. Et ille quidem flens consedit in lecto. Ego autem alternos opponebam foramini oculos iniuriaque Eumolpi velut quodam cibo me replebam

advocationemque commendabam, cum procurator insulae Bargates a cena excitatus a duobus lexicariis mediam rixam perfertur; nam erat etiam pedibus aeger. Is ut rabiosa barbaraque voce in ebrios fugitivosque diu peroravit, respiciens ad Eumolpon: “O poetarum, inquit, disertissime, tu eras? Et non discedunt ocius nequissimi servi manusque continent a rixa?” < . . >

BARGATES PROCVRATOR AD EVMOLPVM: “Contubernalis mea mihi fastum facit. Ita, si me amas, maledic illam versibus, ut habeat pudorem”.

[96] We saw everything through a hole in the folding doors, which had been made by the handle of the door being broken a short time before; and I was delighted to see him thrashed. But Giton clung to compassion, and said we ought to open the door and go and rescue him from peril. My indignation was still awake; I did not hold my hand, I rapped his compassionate head with my sharp clenched knuckles. He cried and sat down on the bed. I put my eyes to the chink by turns, and gorged myself on the miseries of Eumolpus like a dainty dish, and approved their prolongation. Then Bargates, the man in charge of the lodging-house, was disturbed at his dinner, and two chairmen carried him right into the brawl; for he had gouty feet. In a furious vulgar voice he made a long oration against drunkards and escaped slaves, and then he looked at Eumolpus and said, “What, most learned bard, was it you? Getaway quick, you damned slaves, and keep your hands from quarrelling.” . .

“My mistress despises me. So curse her for me in rhyme, if you love me, and put shame into her.” . .

[xcvii] Dum Eumolpus cum Bargate in secreto loquitur, intrat stabulum praeco cum servo publico aliaque sane modica frequentia; facemque tumosam magis quam lucidam quassans haec proclamavit: “Puer in balneo paulo ante aberravit, annorum circa XVI, crispus, mollis, formosus, nomine Giton. Si quis eum reddere aut commonstrare voluerit, accipiet nummos mille”. Nec longe a praecone Ascyrtos stabat amictus discoloria veste, atque in lance argentea indicium et fidem praeferbat. Imperavi Gitoni ut raptim grabatum subiret annecteretque pedes et manus institis, quibus sponda culcitam ferebat, ac sic ut olim Vlixes pro arietem adhaesisset, extentus infra grabatum scrutantium eluderet manus. Non est moratus Giton imperium, momentoque temporis inseruit vinculo manus et Vlixem astu simillimo vicit. Ego ne suspicioni relinquerem locum, lectulum vestimentis implevi uniusque hominis vestigium ad corporis mei mensuram figuravi.

Interim Ascyrtos ut pererravit omnes cum viatore cellas, venit ad meam, et hoc quidem plenior spem concepit, quo diligentius oppressulatas invenit fores. Publicus vero servus insertans commissuris secures claustrorum firmitatem laxavit. Ego ad genua Ascyrti procubui, et per memoriam amicitiae perque societatem miseriarum petii, ut saltem ostenderet fratrem. Immo ut fidem haberent fictae preces: "Scio te, inquam, Ascyrt, ad occidendum me venisse. Quo enim secures attulisti? Itaque satia iracundiam tuam: praebeo ecce cervicem, funde sanguinem, quem sub praetextu quaestionis petisti". Amolitur Ascyrtos invidiam et se vero nihil aliud quam fugitivum suum dicit quaerere, mortem nec hominis concupisse nec supplicis, utique eius quem post fatalem rixam habuit carissimum.

[97] While Eumolpus was talking privately to Bargates, a crier came into the house with a municipal slave and quite a small crowd of other people, shook a torch which gave out more smoke than light, and made this proclamation: "Lost recently in the public baths, a boy aged about sixteen, hair curly, low habits, of attractive appearance, answers to the name of Giton. A reward of a thousand pieces will be paid to any person willing to bring him back or indicate his whereabouts." Ascyrtos stood close by the crier in clothes of many colours, holding out the reward on a silver dish to prove his honesty. I told Giton to get under the bed at once, and hook his feet and hands into the webbing which held up the mattress on the frame, so that he might evade the grasp of searchers by staying stretched out under the bed, just as Ulysses of old clung on to the ram of the Cyclops. Giton obeyed orders at once, and in a second had slipped his hands into the webbing, and surpassed even Ulysses at his own tricks. I did not want to leave any room for suspicion, so I stuffed the bed with clothes, and arranged them in the shape of a man about my own height sleeping by himself.

Meanwhile Ascyrtos went round all the rooms with a constable, and when he came to mine, his hopes swelled within him at finding the door bolted with especial care. The municipal slave put an axe into the joints, and loosened the bolts from their place. I fell at Ascyrtos's feet, and besought him, by the memory of our friendship and the miseries we had shared, at least to show me my brother. Further to win belief in my sham prayers, I said, "I know you have come to kill me, Ascyrtos. Else why have you brought an axe with you? Well, satisfy your rage. Here is my neck, shed my blood, the real object of your pretended legal search." Ascyrtos threw off his resentment, and declared that he wanted nothing but his own runaway slave, that he did not desire the death of any man or any

suppliant, much less of one whom he loved very dearly now that their deadly dispute was over.

[xcviii] At non servus publicus tam languide agit, sed raptam cauponi harundinem subter lectum mittit, omniaque etiam foramina parietum scrutatur. Subducebat Giton ab ictu corpus, et reducto timidissime spiritu ipsos sciniphes ore tangebatur. <. . .>

Eumolpus autem, quia effractum ostium cellae neminem poterat excludere, irrumpit perturbatus et: “Mille, inquit, nummos inveni; iam enim persequar abeuntem praeconem, et in potestate tua esse Gitonem meritissima proditiōe monstrabo”. Genua ego perseverantis amplector, ne morientes vellet occidere, et: “Merito, inquam, excandesceres si posses proditum ostendere. Nunc inter turbam puer fugit, nec quo abierit suspicari possum. Per fidem, Eumolpe, reduc puerum et vel Ascylo redde”. Dum haec ego iam credenti persuadeo, Giton collectione spiritus plenus ter continuo ita sternutavit, ut grabatum concuteret. Ad quem motum Eumolpus conversus salvere Gitona iubet. Remota etiam culcita videt Vlixem, cui vel esuriens Cyclops potuisset parcere. Mox conversus ad me: “Quid est, inquit, latro? Ne deprehensus quidem ausus es mihi verum dicere. Immo ni deus quidam humanarum rerum arbiter pendenti puero excussisset indicium, elusus circa popinas errarem.”

Giton longe blandior quam ego, primum araneis oleo madentibus vulnus, quod in supercilio factum erat, coartavit. Mox palliolo suo laceratam mutavit vestem, amplexusque iam mitigatum, osculis tanquam fomentis aggressus est et: “In tua, inquit, pater carissime, in tua sumus custodia. Si Gitona tuum amas, incipe velle servare. Vtinam me solum inimicus ignis hauriret aut hibernum invaderet mare. Ego enim omnium scelerum materia, ego causa sum. Si perirem, conveniret inimicis.” <. . .>

[98] But the constable was not so deficient in energy. He took a cane from the inn-keeper, and pushed it under the bed, and poked into everything, even the cracks in the walls. Giton twisted away from the stick, drew in his breath very gently, and pressed his lips close against the bugs in the bedding. . . The broken door of the room could not keep anyone out, and Eumolpus rushed in in a fury, and cried, “I have found a thousand pieces; for I mean to follow the crier as he goes away, and betray you as you richly deserve, and tell him that Giton is in your hands.” He persisted, I fell at his feet, besought him not to kill a dying man, and said, “You might well be excited if you could show him the lost one. As it is, the boy has run

away in the crowd, and I have not the least idea where he has gone. As you love me, Eumolpus, get the boy back, and give him to Ascylos if you like.” I was just inducing him to believe me, when Giton burst with holding his breath, and all at once sneezed three times so that he shook the bed. Eumolpus turned round at the noise, and said “Good day, Giton.” He pulled off the mattress, and saw an Ulysses whom even a hungry Cyclops might have spared. Then he turned on me, “Now, you thief; you did not dare to tell me the truth even when you were caught. In fact, unless the God who controls man’s destiny had wrung a sign from this boy as he hung there, I should now be wandering round the pot-houses like a fool.” . .

Giton was far more at ease than I. He first stanchd a cut which had been made on Eumolpus’s forehead with spider’s webs soaked in oil. He then took off his torn clothes, and in exchange gave him a short cloak of his own, then put his arms round him, for he was now softening, poulticed him with kisses, and said, “Dearest father, we are in your hands, yours entirely. If you love your Giton, make up your mind to save him. I wish the cruel fire might engulf me alone, or the wintry sea assail me. I am the object of all his transgressions, I am the cause. If I were gone, you two might patch up your quarrel.” . .

[xcix] EVMOLPVS: “Ego sic semper et ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem tanquam non redituram consumerem”. < . . >

Profusis ego lacrimis rogo quaesoque, ut mecum quoque redeat in gratiam: neque enim in amantium esse potestate furiosam aemulationem. Daturum tamen operam ne aut dicam aut faciam amplius, quo possit offendi. Tantum omnem scabitudinem animo tanquam bonarum artium magister deleret sine cicatrice.” Incultis asperisque regionibus diutius nives haerent, ast ubi aratro domefacta tellus nitet, dum loqueris, levis pruina dilabitur. Similiter in pectoribus ira considit: feras quidem mentes obsidet, eruditas praelabitur. — Vt scias, inquit Eumolpus, verum esse quod dicis, ecce etiam osculo iram finio. Itaque, quod bene eveniat, expedite sarcinulas et vel sequimini me vel, si mavultis, ducite”. Adhuc loquebatur, cum crepuit ostium impulsus, stetitque in limine barbis horrentibus nauta et: “Moraris, inquit, Eumolpe, tanquam properandum ignores”. Haud mora, omnes consurgimus, et Eumolpus quidem mercennarium suum iam olim dormientem exire cum sarcinis iubet. Ego cum Gitone quicquid erat in alutam compono, et adoratis sideribus intro navigium. < . . >

[99] “At all times and in all places I have lived such a life that I spent each passing day as though that light would never return.”. .

I burst into tears, and begged and prayed him to be friends again with me too: a true lover was incapable of mad jealousy. At the same time I would take care to do nothing more in word or deed by which he could possibly be hurt. Only he must remove all irritation from his mind like a man of true culture and leave no scar. “On the wild rough uplands the snow lies late, but when the earth is beautiful under the mastery of the plough, the light frost passes while you speak. Thus anger dwells in our hearts; it takes root in the savage, and glides over the man of learning.” “There,” said Eumolpus, “you see what you say is true. Behold, I banish my anger with a kiss. So good luck go with us. Get ready your luggage and follow me, or lead the way if you like.” He was still talking, when a knock sounded on the door, and a sailor with a straggly beard stood at the entrance and said, “You hang about, Eumolpus, as if you did not know a Blue Peter by sight.” We all got up in a hurry, and Eumolpus ordered his slave, who had now been asleep for some time, to come out with his baggage. Giton and I put together all we had for a journey; I asked a blessing of the stars, and went aboard.

[c] “Molestum est quod puer hospiti placet. Quid autem? Non commune est, quod natura optimum fecit? Sol omnibus lucet. Luna innumerabilibus comitata sideribus etiam feras ducit ad pabulum. Quid aquis dici formosius potest? In publico tamen manant. Solus ergo amor furtum potius quam praemium erit? Immo vero nolo habere bona, nisi quibus populus inviderit. Vnus, et senex, non erit gravis; etiam cum voluerit aliquid sumere, opus anhelilu prodet”. Haec ut intra fiduciam posui fraudavique animum dissidentem, coepi somnum obruto tunica capite mentiri.

Sed repente quasi destruyente fortuna constantiam meam eiusmodi vox supra constratum puppis congemit: “Ergo me derisit?” Et haec quidem virilis et paene auribus meis familiaris animum palpitantem percussit. Ceterum eadem indignatione mulier lacerata ulterius excanduit et: “Si quis deus manibus meis, inquit, Gitona imponeret, quam bene exulem exciperem.” Vterque nostrum tam inexpectato ictus sono amiserat sanguinem. Ego praecipue quasi somnio quodam turbulento circumactus diu vocem collegi, tremebundisque manibus Eumolpi iam in soporem labentis laciniam duxi, et: “Per fidem, inquam, pater, cuius haec navis est, aut quos vehat, dicere potes?” Inquietatus ille moleste tulit et: “Hoc erat, inquit, quod placuerat tibi, ut super constratum navis occuparemus secretissimum

locum, ne nos patereris requiescere? Quid porro ad rem pertinet, si dixero Licham Tarentinum esse dominum huiusce navigii, qui Tryphaenam exulem Tarentum ferat?”

[100] “I am annoyed because the boy takes a stranger’s fancy. But are not all the finest works of nature common property? The sun shines upon all men. The moon with countless troops of stars in her train leads even the beasts to their food. Can we imagine anything more lovely than water? yet it flows for all the world. Then shall love alone be stolen rather than enjoyed? The truth is that I do not care for possessions unless the common herd are jealous of them. One rival, and he too an old man, will not be troublesome; even if he wants to gain an advantage, his shortness of breath will give him away.” When I had made these points without any confidence, deceiving my protesting spirit, I covered my head in my cloak and pretended to be asleep.

But suddenly, as though fate were in arms against my resolution, a voice on the ship’s deck said with a groan, like this: “So he deceived me, then?” These manly tones were somehow familiar to my ear, and my heart beat fast as they struck me. But then a woman torn by the same indignation broke out yet more vehemently: “Ah, if the gods would deliver Giton into my hands, what a fine welcome I would give the runaway.” The shock of these unexpected sounds drove all the blood out of both of us. I felt as if I were being hunted round in some troubled dream; I was a long while finding my voice, and then pulled Eumolpus’s clothes with a shaking hand, just as he was falling into a deep sleep, and said, “Tell me the truth, father; can you say who owns this ship, or who is on board?” He was annoyed at being disturbed, and replied, “Was this why you chose a quiet corner on deck, on purpose to prevent us from getting any rest? What on earth is the use of my telling you that Lichas of Tarentum is the master of this boat, and is carrying Tryphaena to Tarentum under a sentence of banishment?”

SECTIONS CI TO CX.

[ci] Intremui post hoc fulmen attonitus, iuguloque detecto: “Aliquando, inquam, totum me, Fortuna, vicisti!”. Nam Giton quidem super pectus meum positus diu animam egit. Deinde ut effusus sudor utriusque spiritum revocavit, comprehendi Eumolpi genua et: “Miserere, inquam, morientium et pro consortio studiorum commoda manum; mors venit, quae nisi per te non licet potest esse pro munere”. Inundatus hac Eumolpus invidia iurat per deos deasque se neque scire quid acciderit, nec ullum dolum malum consilio adhibuisse, sed mente simplicissima et vera fide in navigium comites induxisse, quo ipse iam pridem fuerit usurus.” Quae autem hic insidiae sunt, inquit, aut quis nobiscum Hannibal navigat? Lichas Tarentinus, homo verecundissimus et non tantum huius navigii dominus, quod regit, sed fundorum etiam aliquot et familiae negotiantis, onus deferendum ad mercatum conducit. Hic est Cyclops ille et archipirata, cui vecturam debemus; et praeter hunc Tryphaena, omnium feminarum formosissima, quae voluptatis causa huc atque illuc vectatur. — Hi sunt, inquit Giton, quos fugimus “; simulque raptim causas odiorum et instans periculum trepidanti Eumolpo exponit. Confusus ille et consilii egens iubet quemque suam sententiam promere, et: “Fingite, inquit, nos antrum Cyclopis intrasse. Quaerendum est aliquod effugium, nisi naufragium ponimus et omni nos periculo liberamus. — Immo, inquit Giton, persuade gubernatori ut in aliquem portum navem deducat, non sine praemio scilicet, et affirma ei impatientem maris fratrem tuum in ultimis esse. Poteris hanc simulationem et vultus confusione et lacrimis obumbrare, ut misericordia permotus gubernator indulgeat tibi”. Negavit hoc Eumolpus fieri posse, “quia magna, inquit, navigia portibus se curvatis insinuant, nec tam cito fratrem defecisse veri simile erit. Accedit his, quod forsitan Lichas officii causa visere languentem desiderabit. Vides, quam valde nobis expediat ultro dominum ad fugientes accersere. Sed finge navem ab ingenti posse cursu deflecti, et Licham non utique circuiturum aegrorum cubilia: quomodo possumus egredi nave, ut non conspiciamur a cunctis? opertis capitibus, an nudis? Opertis, et quis non dare manum languentibus volet? Nudis, et quid erit aliud quam se ipsos proscribere?”

[101] I was thunderstruck at this blow. I bared my throat, and cried, “Ah, Fate, at last you have smitten me hip and thigh.” For Giton, who was sprawling over me, had already fainted. Then the sweat broke out on us and called us both back to life. I

took Eumolpus by the knees, and cried, “Mercy on us! We are dead men. Help us, I implore you by our fellowship in learning; death is upon us, and we may come to welcome death, unless you prevent us from doing so.”

Eumolpus was overwhelmed by this attack, and swore by gods and goddesses that he did not understand what had happened, and had no sinister intentions in his mind, but had taken us to share the voyage with him in perfect honesty and absolute good faith; he had been meaning to sail himself some time before. “Is there any trap here?” he said, “and who is the Hannibal we have on board? Lichas of Tarentum is a respectable person. He is not only owner and captain of this ship, but has several estates and some slaves in business. He is carrying a cargo consigned to a market. This is the ogre and pirate king to whom we owe our passage; and besides, there is Tryphaena, loveliest of women, who sails from one place to another in search of pleasure.” “But it is these two we are running away from,” said Giton, and poured out the story of our feud, and explained our imminent danger, till Eumolpus shook. He became muddled and helpless, and asked us each to put forward our views. “I would have you imagine that we have entered the ogre’s den,” he said. “We must find some way out, unless we run the ship aground and free ourselves from all danger.” “No,” said Giton, “persuade the helmsman to run the boat into some harbour. Pay him well, of course, and tell him your brother cannot stand the sea, and is at his last gasp. You will be able to hide your deception by the confused look and the tears on your face. You will touch the helmsman’s heart, and he will do you a favour.” Eumolpus declared that this was impossible: “These large boats only steer into landlocked harbours, and it is incredible that our brother should collapse so soon. Besides, Lichas may perhaps ask to see the sick man as a matter of kindness. You realize what a fine turn we should do ourselves by leading the master up to his runaways with our own hands. But supposing the ship could be turned aside from her long passage, and Lichas did not after all go round the patient’s beds; how could we leave the ship without being seen by every one? Cover our heads, or bare them? Cover them, and every one will want to lend his arm to the poor sick man! Bare them, that is nothing more or less than proscribing ourselves.”

[CII] — Quin potius, inquam ego, ad temeritatem confugimus, et per funem lapsi descendimus in scapham, praecisoque vinculo reliqua Fortunae committimus? Nec ego in hoc periculum Eumolpon arcesso. Quid enim attinet innocentem alieno periculo imponere? Contentus sum, si nos descendentes adiuverit casus. —

Non imprudens, inquit, consilium, Eumolpos, si aditum haberet. Quis enim non euntes notabit? Vtique gubernator, qui pervigil nocte siderum quoque motus custodit. Et utcumque imponi vel dormienti posset, si per aliam partem navis fuga quaereretur: nunc per puppim, per ipsa gubernacula delabendum est, a quorum regione funis descendit, qui scaphae custodiam tenet. Praeterea illud miror, Encolpi, tibi non succurrisse, unum nautam stationis perpetuae interdiu noctuque iacere in scapha, nec posse inde custodem nisi aut caede expelli aut praecipitari viribus. Quod an fieri possit, interrogate audaciam vestram. Nam quod ad meum quidem comitatum attinet, nullum recuso periculum, quod salutis spem ostendit. Nam sine causa spiritum tanquam rem vacuum impendere ne vos quidem existimo velle. Videte, numquid hoc placeat: ego vos in duas iam pelles coniciam vinctosque loris inter vestimenta pro sarcinis habebo, apertis scilicet aliquatenus labris, quibus et spiritum recipere possitis et cibum. Conclamabo deinde nocte servos poenam graviolem timentes praecipitasse se in mare. Deinde cum ventum fuerit in portum, sine ulla suspitione pro sarcinis vos efferam. — Ita vero, inquam ego, tanquam solidos alligaturus, quibus non soleat venter iniuriam facere? an tanquam eos qui sternutare non soleamus nec stertere? An quia hoc genus furti semel <Menelao> feliciter cessit? Sed finge una die vinctos posse durare: quid ergo, si diutius aut tranquillitas nos tenuerit aut adversa tempestas? quid facturi sumus? Vestes quoque diutius vinctas ruga consumit, et chartae alligatae mutant figuram. Iuvenes adhuc laboris expertes statuarum ritu patiemur pannos et vincla? <. . .> Adhuc aliquod iter salutis quaerendum est. Inspicite quod ego inveni. Eumolpus tanquam litterarum studiosus utique atramentum habet. Hoc ergo remedio mutemus colores a capillis usque ad ungues. Ita tanquam servi Aethiopes et praesto tibi erimus sine tormentorum iniuria hilares, et permutato colore imponemus inimicis. — Quidni? inquit Giton, etiam circumcide nos, ut Iudaei videamur, et pertunde aures, ut imitemur Arabes, et increta facies, ut suos Gallia cives putet: tanquam hic solus color figuram possit pervertere et non multa una oporteat consentiant ratione, <ut> mendacium constet. Puta infectam medicamine faciem diutius durare posse; finge nec aquae asperginem imposituram aliquam corpori maculam, nec vestem atramento adhaesuram, quod frequenter etiam non arcesso ferrumine infigitur: age, numquid et labra possumus tumore taeterrimo implere numquid et crines calamistro convertere? Numquid et frontes cicatricibus scindere? Numquid et crura in orbem pandere? Numquid et talos ad terram deducere? numquid et barbam peregrina ratione figurare? Color arte compositus inquinat corpus, non mutat. Audite, quid dementi succurrerit: praeligemus vestibus capita et nos in profundum mergamus.

[102] “No,” I said, “I should prefer to take refuge in boldness, slip down a rope into the boat, cut the painter, and leave the rest to luck. I do not invite Eumolpus to share the risk. It is not fair to load an innocent person with another’s troubles. I am satisfied if chance will help us to get down.” “It is a clever plan,” said Eumolpus, if there were any way of starting it. But every one will see you going: especially the helmsman, who watches all night long, and keeps guard even over the motions of the stars. Of course you might elude his unsleeping watchfulness, if you wanted to escape off another part of the ship; but as it is, you want to slip off the stern close to the helm itself, where the rope which holds the boat safe hangs just by. Again, I am surprised that it did not occur to you, Encolpius, that one sailor is always on duty night and day lying in the boat, and you cannot turn this sentry out except by killing him, or throw him out except by force. You must ask your own bold heart whether that can be done. As far as my coming with you goes, I do not shirk any danger which offers a chance of safety. But I suppose that even you do not wish to squander your lives like a vain trifle without any reason. Now see whether you approve of this. I will roll you in two bales, tie you up, and put you among my clothes as luggage, of course leaving the ends a bit open, so that you can get your breath and your food. Then I will raise the cry that my slaves have jumped overboard in the dark, being afraid of some heavier punishment. Then after we have arrived in harbour, I will carry you out like baggage without arousing any suspicion.”

“What,” I cried, “tie us up like wholly solid people whose stomachs never make them unhappy? Like people who never sneeze nor snore? Just because this kind of trick on one occasion turned out a success? But even supposing we could endure one day tied up: what if we were detained longer by a calm or by rough weather? What should we do? Even clothes that are tied up too long get creased and spoilt, and papers in bundles lose their shape. Are we young fellows who never worked in our lives to put up with bondage in dirty cloths as if we were statues? . . . No, we still have to find some way of salvation. Look at what I thought of. Eumolpus, as a man of learning, is sure to have some ink. We will use this medicine to dye ourselves, hair, nails, everything. Then we will stand by you with pleasure like Aethiopian slaves, without undergoing any tortures, and our change of colour will take in our enemies.” “Oh! yes,” said Giton, “and please circumcise us too, so that we look like Jews, and bore our ears to imitate Arabians, and chalk our faces till Gaul takes us for her own sons; as if this colour alone could alter our shapes, when it takes a number of points in unison to make a

good lie. Suppose the stain of dye on the face could last for some time; imagine that never a drop of water could make any mark on our skins, nor our clothes stick to the ink, which often clings to us without the use of any cement: but, tell me, can we make our lips swell to a hideous thickness? Or transform our hair with curling-tongs? Or plough up our foreheads with scars? Or walk bow-legged? Or bend our ankles over to the ground? Or trim our beards in a foreign cut? Artificial colours dirty one's body without altering it. Listen, I have thought of this in desperation. Let us tie our heads in our clothes, and plunge into the deep."

[ciii] — Ne istud dii hominesque patiantur, Eumolpus exclamat, ut vos tam turpi exitu vitam finiatis! Immo potius facite quod iubeo. Mercennarius meus, ut ex novacula comperistis, tonsor est: hic continuo radat utriusque non solum capita, sed etiam supercilia. Sequar ego frontes notans inscriptione sollerti, ut videamini stigmatibus esse puniti. Ita eadem litterae et suspicionem declinabunt quaerentium et vultus umbra supplicii tegent."

Non est dilata fallacia, sed ad latus navigii furtim processimus, capitaque cum superciliis denudanda tonsori praebuimus. Implevit Eumolpus frontes utriusque ingentibus litteris, et notum fugitivorum epigramma per totam faciem liberali manu duxit. Vnus forte ex vectoribus, qui acclinatus lateri navis exonerabat stomachum nausea gravem, notavit sibi ad lunam tonsorem intempestivo inhaerentem ministerio, execratusque omen, quod imitaretur naufragorum ultimum votum, in cubile reiectus est. Nos dissimulata nauseantis devotione ad ordinem tristitiae redimus, silentioque compositi reliquas noctis horas male soporati consumpsimus. < . . . >

[103] "God and man forbid," cried Eumolpus, "that you should make such a vile conclusion of your lives. No, better take my advice. My slave, as you learned by his razor, is a barber. Let him shave the head of each of you this minute, and your eyebrows as well. Then I will come and mark your foreheads with some neat inscription, so that you look like slaves punished by branding. These letters will divert inquisitive people's suspicions, and at the same time conceal your faces with the shadow of punishment." We tried the trick at once, and walked cautiously to the side of the ship, and yielded up our heads and eyebrows to the barber to be shorn. Eumolpus covered both our foreheads with enormous letters, and scrawled the usual mark of runaway slaves all over our faces with a generous hand. But one of the passengers, who was extremely seasick, happened to be leaning over the side of the ship to relieve his stomach, and observed the barber in

the moonlight busy with his ill-timed work. The man cursed this for an omen, because it looked like the last offering of a doomed crew, and then threw himself back into his bunk. We pretended not to hear his puking curses, and went on with the gloomy business, and then lay down in silence and passed the remaining hours of the night in uneasy sleep. . .

[civ] LICHAS: “Videbatur mihi secundum quietem Priapus dicere: Encolpion quod quaeris, scito a me in navem tuam esse perductum”. Exhorruit Tryphaena et: “Putes, inquit, una nos dormisse; nam et mihi simulacrum Neptuni, quod Bais tetrastylo notaveram, videbatur dicere: ‘In nave Lichae Gitona invenies’. — Hinc scies, inquit Eumolpus, Epicurum esse hominem divinum, qui eiusmodi ludibria facetissima ratione condemnat”.

Ceterum Lichas ut Tryphaenae somnium expiavit: “Quis, inquit, prohibet navigium scrutari, ne videamur divinae mentis opera damnare?” Is qui nocte miserorum furtum deprehenderat, Hesus nomine, subito proclamat: “Ergo illi qui sunt, qui nocte ad lunam radebantur pessimo medius fidiis exemplo? Audio enim non licere cuicumque mortalium in nave neque ungues neque capillos deponere, nisi cum pelago ventus irascitur”.

[104] “I thought I heard Priapus say in my dream: ‘I tell you, Encolpius whom you seek has been led by me on board your ship.’ ‘ Tryphaena gave a scream and said, “You would think we had slept together; I dreamed that a picture of Neptune, which I noticed in a gallery at Baiae, said to me: ‘You will find Giton on board Lichas’s ship.’ ‘ “This shows you,” said Eumolpus, “that Epicurus was a superhuman creature; he condemns jokes of this kind in a very witty fashion.”. . However, Lichas first prayed that Tryphaena’s dream might mean no harm, and then said, “There is no objection to searching the ship to show that we do not despise the workings of Providence.” Then the man who had caught us at our wretched tricks the night before, whose name was Hesus, suddenly shouted,”Then who are those fellows who were being shaved in the dark by moonlight? A mighty bad precedent, I swear. I am told that no man alive ought to shed a nail or a hair on board ship, unless winds and waves are raging.”

[cv] Excanduit Lichas hoc sermone turbatus et: “Itane, inquit, capillos aliquis in nave praecidit, et hoc nocte intempesta? Attrahite ocius nocentes in medium, ut sciam quorum capitibus debeat navigium lustrari. — Ego, inquit Eumolpus, hoc iussi. Nec in eodem futuris navigio auspicium mihi feci, sed quia nocentes

horridos longosque habebant capillos, ne viderer de nave carcerem facere, iussi squalorem damnatis auferri; simul ut notae quoque litterarum non adumbratae comarum praesidio totae ad oculos legentium acciderent. Inter cetera apud communem amicam consumpserunt pecuniam meam, a qua illos proxima nocte extraxi mero unguentisque perfusos. Ad summam, adhuc patrimonii mei reliquias olent”.

Itaque ut Tutela navis expiaretur, placuit quadragenas utrique plagas imponi. Nulla ergo fit mora: aggrediuntur nos furentes nautae cum funibus, temptantque vilissimo sanguine Tutelam placare. Et ego quidem tres plagas Spartana nobilitate concuxi. Ceterum Giton semel ictus tam valde exclamavit, ut Tryphaenae aures notissima voce repleret. Non solum era turbata est, sed ancillae etiam omnes familiari sono inductae ad vapulantem decurrunt. Iam Giton mirabili forma exarmaverat nautas coeperatque etiam sine voce saevientes rogare, cum ancillae pariter proclamant: “Giton est, Giton; inhibete crudelissimas manus; Giton est, domina, succurre”. Deflectit aures Tryphaena iam sua sponte credentes raptimque ad puerum devolat.

Lichas, qui me optime noverat, tanquam et ipse vocem audisset, accurrit et nec manus nec faciem meam consideravit, sed continuo ad inguina mea luminibus deflexis movit officiosam manum, et: “Salve, inquit Encolpi”. Miretur nunc aliquis Vlixis nutricem post vicesimum annum cicatricem invenisse originis indicem, cum homo prudentissimus, confusis omnibus corporis orisque lineamentis, ad unicum fugitivi argumentum tam docte pervenerit. Tryphaena lacrimas effudit decepta supplicio — vera enim stigmata credebat captivorum frontibus impressa — sciscitarique summissius coepit quod ergastulum interceptisset errantes, aut cuius iam crudeles manus in hoc supplicium durassent. Meruisse quidem contumeliam aliquam fugitivos, quibus in odium bona sua venissent < . . . >

[105] At this speech Lichas fired up in alarm, and said, “What, has anyone cut his hair on board my ship, and at dead of night too? Quick, bring the villains out here. I want to know who is to be punished to give us a clear voyage.” “Oh,” said Eumolpus, “I gave those orders. I was not doing anything unlucky, considering that I had to share the voyage myself. It was because these ruffians had long, dirty hair. I did not want to turn the ship into a prison, so I ordered the filth to be cleared off the brutes. Besides, I did not want the marks of branding to be screened and covered by their hair. They ought to show at full length for every one to read. Furthermore, they squandered my money on a certain lady friend of

ours; I pulled them away from her the night before, reeking with wine and scent. In fact, they still stink of the shreds of my inheritance.”

So it was decided that forty stripes should be inflicted on each of us to appease the guardian angel of the ship. Not a moment was lost; the angry sailors advanced upon us with ropes-ends, and tried to soften their guardian angel’s heart with our miserable blood. For my part I bore three full blows with Spartan pride. But Giton cried out so lustily the moment he was touched, that his familiar voice filled Tryphaena’s ears. Not only was the lady in a flutter, but all her maids were drawn by the well-known tones, and came running to the victim. Giton’s loveliness had already disarmed the sailors; even without speaking he appealed to his tormentors. Then all the maids screamed out together: “It is Giton, it is; stop beating him, you monsters. Help, ma’am, Giton is here.” Tryphaena had already convinced herself, and inclined her ear to them, and flew on wings to the boy. Lichas, who knew me intimately, ran up as though he had heard my voice too, and did not glance at my hands or face, sed continuo ad inguina mea luminibus deflexis movit officiosam manum, and said, “How are you, Encolpius?” No one need be surprised that Ulysses’s nurse discovered the scar which revealed his identity after twenty years, when a clever man hit upon the one test of a runaway so brilliantly, though every feature of his face and body was disguised. Tryphaena, thinking that the marks on our foreheads were real prisoners’ brands, cried bitterly over our supposed punishment, and began to inquire more gently what prison had stayed us in our wanderings, and what hand had been so ruthless as to inflict such marks upon us. “But, of course,” she said, “runaway slaves who come to hate their own happiness, do deserve some chastisement.”

[cvi] Concitatus iracundia prosiliit Lichas, et: “O te, inquit, feminam simplicem, tanquam vulnera ferro praeparata litteras biberint. Vtinam quidem hac se inscriptione frontis maculassent: haberemus nos extremum solacium. Nunc mimicis artibus petiti sumus et adumbrata inscriptione derisi”. Volebat Tryphaena misereri, quia non totam voluptatem perdiderat, sed Lichas memor adhuc uxoris corruptae contumeliarumque, quas in Herculis porticu acceperat, turbato vehementius vultu proclamat: “Deos immortales rerum humanarum agere curam, puto, intellexisti, o Tryphaena. Nam imprudentes noxios in nostrum induxere navigium, et quid fecissent, admonuerunt pari somniorum consensu. Ita vide ut possit illis ignosci, quos ad poenam ipse deus deduxit. Quod ad me attinet, non sum crudelis, sed vereor ne, quod remisero, patiar.” Tam superstitiosa oratione

Tryphaena mutata negat se interpellare supplicium, immo accedere etiam iustissimae ultioni. Nec se minus grandi vexatam iniuria quam Licham, cuius pudoris dignitas in contione proscripta sit. < . . . >

[106] Lichas leaped forward in a transport of rage and cried, “You silly woman, as if these letters were made by the scars of the branding-iron. I only wish they had defiled their foreheads with this inscription: we should have some consolation left. As it is, we are being assailed by an actor’s tricks, and befooled by a sham inscription.”

Tryphaena besought him to have pity, because she had not lost all her desire for Giton, but the seduction of his wife and the insults offered to him in the Porch of Hercules were still in Lichas’s mind, and he cried out with a look of still more profound agitation, “Tryphaena, I believe you admit that the Gods in Heaven take some trouble about men’s affairs. They brought these sinners on board my boat without their knowledge, and told us what they had done by a coincidence in dreams. Then do consider; how can we possibly pardon people whom a God himself has handed over to us for punishment? I am not a bloodthirsty man, but personally I am afraid that if I let them off anything it will fall on me.” Tryphaena veered round at this appeal to superstition, declined to interfere with the punishment, and declared that she approved of this most proper vengeance. She had been just as gravely wronged as Lichas, considering that her reputation for chastity had been publicly impugned. . .

[cvi] EVMOLPVS: “Me, ut puto, hominem non ignotum elegerunt ad hoc officium legatum, petieruntque ut se reconciliarem aliquando amicissimis. Nisi forte putatis iuvenes casu in has plagas incidisse, cum omnis vector nihil prius quaerat, quam cuius se diligentiae credat. Flectite ergo mentes satisfactione lenitas, et patimini liberos homines ire sine iniuria quo destinant. Saevi quoque implacabilesque domini crudelitatem suam impediunt, si quando paenitentia fugitivos reduxit, et dediticiis hostibus parcimus. Quid ultra petitis aut quid vultis? In conspectu vestro supplices iacent iuvenes ingenui, honesti, et quod utroque potentius est, familiaritate vobis aliquando coniuncti. Si mehercules intervertissent pecuniam vestram, si fidem proditione laessissent, satiari tamen potuissetis hac poena, quam videtis. Servitia ecce in frontibus cernitis et vultus ingenuos voluntaria poenarum lege proscriptos.” Interpellavit deprecationem supplicis Lichas et: “Noli, inquit, causam confundere, sed impone singulis modum. Ac primum omnium, si ultro venerunt, cur nudavere crinibus capita?

Vultum enim qui permutat, fraudem parat, non satisfactionem. Deinde, si gratiam a legato moliebantur, quid ita omnia fecisti, ut quos tuebaris absconderes? Ex quo apparet casu incidisse noxios in plagas, et te artem quaesisse qua nostrae animadversionis impetum eluderet. Nam quod invidiam facis nobis ingenuos honestosque clamando, vide ne deteriore facias confidentia causam. Quid debent laesi facere, ubi rei ad poenam confugiunt. At enim amici fuerunt nostri: eo maiora meruerunt supplicia; nam qui ignotos laedit, latro appellatur, qui amicos, paulo minus quam parricida.” Resolvit Eumolpos tam iniquam declamationem et: “Intellego, inquit, nihil magis obesse iuvenibus miseris, quam quod nocte deposuerunt capillos: hoc argumento incidisse videntur in navem, non venisse. Quod velim tam candide ad aures vestras perveniat, quam simpliciter gestum est. Voluerunt enim, antequam conscenderent, exonerare capita molesto et supervacuo pondere, sed celerior ventus distulit curationis propositum. Nec tamen putaverunt ad rem pertinere, ubi inciperent quod placuerat ut fieret, quia nec omen nec legem navigantium noverant. — Quid, inquit Lichas, attinuit supplices radere? Nisi forte miserabiliores calvi solent esse. Quamquam quid attinet veritatem per interpretem quaerere? Quid dicis tu, latro? Quae salamandra supercilia tua excussit? Cui deo crinem vovisti? Pharmace, responde.”

[107] “I believe I am a man of some reputation, and they have chosen me for this duty, and begged me to make it up between them and their old friends. I suppose you do not imagine that these young men have fallen into the snare by chance, when the first care of every one who goes a voyage is to find a trustworthy person to depend on. So unbend the sternness which has been softened by revenge, and let the men go free without hindrance to their destination. Even a harsh and unforgiving master reins in his cruelty if his runaways are at last led back by penitence, and we all spare an enemy who surrenders. What do you want or wish for more? These free and respectable young men lie prostrate before your eyes, and what is more important, they were once bound to you by close friendship I take my oath that if they had embezzled your money, or hurt you by betraying your confidence, you might still be satisfied with the punishment you have seen inflicted. Look, you see slavery on their foreheads, and their free faces branded under a selfimposed sentence of punishment.” Lichas interrupted this plea for mercy, saying, “Do not go confusing the issue, but let each single point have its place. And first of all, if they came of their own accord, why have they stripped all the hair off their heads? A man who disguises himself wants to play a trick, not to make amends. Again, if they were contriving some act of grace through a

mediator, why did you do everything in your power to hide your protégés away? All this makes it clear that the ruffians fell into the net by accident, and that you hunted for some device to avoid the force of our displeasure. When you try to prejudice us by calling them free and respectable, mind you do not spoil your case by impudence. What should an injured party do, when the guilty run into punishment? Oh! you say, they were once our friends! Then they deserve the harsher treatment. A person who injures a stranger is called a robber, but a man who hurts his friends is practically a parricide.” Eumolpus put an end to this unfair harangue by saying, “I know that nothing is more against the poor young men than their cutting their hair at night. This looks like a proof that they came by chance upon the ship and did not come on purpose. Now I want the plain truth to come to your ears just as simply as it happened. They wanted to relieve their heads of the troublesome and useless weight before they came aboard, but the wind got up and postponed their scheme of treatment. They never thought that it made any difference where they began what they had decided to do; they were quite ignorant of sailors’ omens and sea-law.” “But why should they shave themselves to excite pity?” said Lichas, Unless of course bald people are naturally more pitiable. But what is the use of trying to discover the truth through a third person? Now speak up, you ruffian! Who was the salamander that singed off your eyebrows? What God had the promise of your hair? Answer me, gallows-bird!”

[cviii] Obstupueram ego supplicii metu pavidus, nec qui in re manifestissima dicerem inveniebam, turbatus < . . > et deformis praeter spoliati capitis dedecus superciliorum etiam aequalis cum fronte calvities, ut nihil nec facere deceret nec dicere. Vt vero sponsia uda facies plorantis deterosa est, et liquefactum per totum os atramentum omnia scilicet lineamenta fuliginea nube confudit, in odium se ira convertit. Negat Eumolpus passurum se ut quisquam ingenuos contra fas legemque contaminet, interpellatque saevientium minas non solum voce sed etiam manibus. Aderat interpellanti mercennarius comes et unus alterque infirmissimus vector, solacia magis litis quam virium auxilia. Nec quicquam pro me deprecabar, sed intentans in oculos Tryphaenae manus usum me viribus meis clara liberaque voce clamavi, ni abstineret a Gitone iniuriam mulier damnata et in toto navigio sola verberanda. Accenditur audacia mea iratior Lichas, indignaturque quod ego relictas mea causa tantum pro alio clamo. Nec minus Tryphaena contumelia saevit accensa, totiusque navigii turbam diducit in partes. Hinc mercennarius tonsor ferramenta sua nobis et ipse armatus distribuit, illinc Tryphaenae familia nudas expedit manus, ac ne ancillarum quidem clamor aciem destituit, uno tantum gubernatore relicturum se navis ministerium denuntiante, si non desinat rabies

libidine perditorum collecta. Nihilo minus tamen perseverat dimicantium furor, illis pro ultione, nobis pro vita pugnantibus. Multi ergo utrinque sine morte labuntur, plures cruenti vulneribus referunt veluti ex proelio pedem, nec tamen cuiusquam ira laxatur. Tunc fortissimus Giton ad virilia sua admovit novaculam infestam, minatus se adbscissurum tot miseriarum causam, inhibuitque Tryphaena tam grande facinus non dissimulata missione. Saepius ego cultrum tonsorium super iugulum meum posui, non magis me occisurus quam Giton, quod minabatur, facturus. Audacius tamen ille tragoediam implebat, quia sciebat se illam habere novaculam, qua iam sibi cervicem praeciderat. Stante ergo utraque acie, cum appareret futurum non tralaticium bellum, aegre expugnavit gubernator ut caduceatoris more Tryphaena indutias faceret. Data ergo acceptaque ex more patrio fide, protendit ramum oleae a Tutela navigii raptum, atque in colloquium venire ausa:

“Quis furor, exclamat, pacem convertit in arma?
Quid nostrae meruere manus? Non Troius heros
hac in classe vehit decepti pignus Atridae,
nec Medea furens fraterno sanguine pugnat,
sed contemptus amor vires habet. Ei mihi, fata
hos inter fluctus quis raptis evocat armis?
Cui non est mors una satis? Ne vincite pontum
gurgitibusque feris alios immittite fluctus.”

[108] I was dumb with terror of being punished, and too upset to find a word to say, for the case was only too clear. . . . We were in no position to speak, or do anything, for to say nothing of the disgrace of our shaven heads, our eyebrows were as bald as our pates. But when a wet sponge was wiped down my doleful countenance, and the ink ran over all my face and of course blotted out every feature in a cloud of smut, anger passed into loathing. Eumolpus cried out that he would not allow anyone to disfigure free young men without right or reason, and cut short the angry sailors' threats not only by argument but by force. His slave stood by him in his protest, and one or two of the most feeble passengers, who rather consoled him for having to fight than increased his strength. For my part I shirked nothing. I shook my fist in Tryphaena's face, and declared in a loud open voice that I would use violence to her if she did not leave off hurting Giton, for she was a wicked woman and the only person on the ship who deserved flogging. Lichas's wrath blazed hotter at my daring, and he taunted me with throwing up

my own case and only shouting for somebody else. Tryphaena was equally hot and angry and abusive, and divided the whole ship's company into factions. On our side, the slave barber handed out his blades to us, and kept one for himself, on the other side Tryphaena's slaves were ready with bare fists, and even the cries of women were not unheard on the field. The helmsman alone swore that he would give up minding the ship if this madness, which had been stirred up to suit a pack of scoundrels, did not stop. None the less, the fury of the combatants persisted, the enemy fighting for revenge and we for dear life. Many fell on both sides without fatal results, still more got bloody wounds and retired in the style of a real battle, and still we all raged implacably. Then the gallant Giton turned a razor on himself and threatened to put an end to our troubles by self-mutilation, and Tryphaena averted the horrible disaster by a fair promise of freedom. I lifted a barber's knife to my throat several times, no more meaning to kill myself than Giton meant to do what he threatened. Still he filled the tragic part more recklessly, because he knew that he was holding the very razor with which he had already made a cut on his throat. Both sides were drawn up in battle array, and it was plain that the fight would be no ordinary affair, when the helmsman with difficulty induced Tryphaena to conclude a treaty like a true diplomat. So the usual formal undertakings were exchanged, and she waved an olivebranch which she took from the ship's figure-head, and ventured to come up and talk to us: What madness," she cried, "is turning peace into war? What have our hands done to deserve it? No Trojan hero carries the bride of the cuckold son of Atreus in this fleet, nor does frenzied Medea fight her foe by slaying her brother. But love despised is powerful. Ah! who courts destruction among these waves by drawing the sword? Who does not find a single death enough? Do not strive to outdo the sea and heap fresh waves upon its savage floods."

[cix] Haec ut turbato clamore mulier effudit, haesit paulisper acies, revocataeque ad pacem manus intermisere bellum. Vtitur paenitentiae occasione dux Eumolpos, et castigato ante vehementissime Licha tabulas foederis signat, queis haec formula erat:

"Ex tui animi sententia, ut tu, Tryphaena, neque iniuriam tibi factam a Gitone quereris, neque si quid ante hunc diem factum est, obicies vindicabisve aut ullo alio genere persequendum curabis; ut tu nihil imperabis puero repugnantem, non amplexum, non osculum, non coitum venere constrictum, nisi pro qua re praesentes numeraveris denarios centum. Item, Licha, ex tui animi sententia, ut tu Encolpion nec verbo contumelioso insequeris nec vultu, neque quaeres ubi nocte

dormiat, aut si quaesieris, pro singulis iniuriis numerabis praesentes denarios ducenos.”

In haec verba foederibus compositis arma deponimus, et ne residua in animis etiam post iusiurandum ira remaneret, praeterita aboleri osculis placet. Exhortantibus universis odia detumescunt, epulaeque ad certamen prolatae conciliant hilaritate concordiam. Exsonat ergo cantibus totum navigium, et quia repentina tranquillitas intermiserat cursum, alius exultantes quaerebat fuscina pisces, alius hamis blandientibus convellebat praedam repugnantem. Ecce etiam per antemnam pelagiae consederant volucres, quas textis harundinibus peritus artifex tetigit; illae viscatis inligatae viminibus deferebantur ad manus. Tollebat plumas aura volitantes, pinnasque per maria inanis spuma torquebat.

Iam Lichas redire mecum in gratiam coeperat, iam Tryphaena Gitona extrema parte potionis spargebat, cum Eumolpus et ipse vino solutus dicta voluit in calvos stigmososque iaculari, donec consumpta frigidissima urbanitate rediit ad carmina sua coepitque capillorum elegidarion dicere:

Quod solum formae decus est, cecidere capilli,
vernantesque comas tristis abegit hiemps.

Nunc umbra nudata sua iam tempora maerent,
areaque attritis ridet adusta pilis.

O fallax natura deum: quae prima dedisti
aetati nostrae gaudia, prima rapis.

Infelix, modo crinibus nitebas
Phoebo pulchrior et sorore Phoebi.

At nunc levior aere vel rotundo
horti tubere, quod creavit unda,
ridentes fugis et times puellas.

Vt mortem citius venire credas,
scito iam capitis perisse partem.

[109] The woman poured out these words in a loud excited voice, the fighting died away for a little while, our hands were recalled to the way of peace, and dropped the war. Our leader Eumolpus seized the occasion of their relenting, and after making a warm attack on Lichas, signed the treaty, which ran as follows:”Agreed on your part, Tryphaena, that you will not complain of any wrong done to you by Giton, and if any has been done to you before this date will not bring it up against him or punish him or take steps to follow it up in any other way whatsoever; that you will give the boy no orders which he dislikes, for a hug, a kiss, or a lover’s

close embrace, without paying a hundred pieces for it cash down. Furthermore, it is agreed on your part, Lichas, that you will not pursue Encolpius with insulting words or grimaces, nor inquire where he sleeps at night, or if you do inquire will pay two hundred pieces cash down for every injurious act done to him.” Peace was made on these terms, and we laid down our arms, and for fear any vestige of anger should be left in our minds, even after taking the oath, we decided to wipe out the past with a kiss. There was applause all round, our hatred died down, and a feast which had been brought for the fight cemented our agreement with joviality. Then the whole ship rang with songs; and a sudden calm having stayed us in our course, one man pursued the leaping fish with a spear, another pulled in his struggling prey on alluring hooks. Besides all this, some sea-birds settled on one of the yards, and a clever sportsman took them in with jointed rod of rushes; they were snared by these limed twigs and brought down into our hands. The breeze caught their feathers as they flew, and the light foam lashed their wings as they skimmed the sea.

Lichas was just beginning to be friendly with me again, Tryphaena was just pouring the dregs of a drink over Giton, when Eumolpus, who was unsteady with drink himself, tried to aim some satire at bald persons and branded criminals, and after exhausting his chilly wit, went back to his poetry and began to declaim a little dirge on Hair:

“The hair that is the whole glory of the body is fallen, dull winter has carried away the bright locks of spring. Now the temples are bare of their shade and are downcast, and the wide naked space on my old head shines where the hair is worn away. Ye Gods that love to cheat us; ye rob us first of the first joys ye gave to our youth.

Poor wretch, a moment ago thy hair shone bright and more beautiful than Phœbus and the sister of Phoebus. Now thou art smoother than bronze or the round garden mushroom that is born in rain, and turnest in dread from a girl’s mockery. To teach thee how quickly death shall come, know that a part of thine head hath died already.”

[cx] Plura volebat proferre, credo, et ineptiora praeteritis, cum ancilla Tryphaenae Gitona in partem navis inferiorem ducit, corymbioque dominae pueri adornat caput. Immo supercilia etiam profert de pyxide, sciteque iacturae liniamenta secuta totam illi formam suam reddidit. Agnovit Tryphaena verum Gitona, lacrimisque turbata tunc primum bona fide puero basium dedit. Ego etiam si repositum in pristinum decorem puerum gaudebam, abscondebam tamen

frequentius vultum, intellegebamque me non tralaticia deformitate esse insipitum, quem alloquio dignum ne Lichas quidem crederet. Sed huic tristitiae eadem illa succurrit ancilla, sevocatumque me non minus decoro exornavit capillamento; immo commendatior vultus enituit, quia flavum corymbion erat.

Ceterum Eumolpos, et periclitantium advocatus et praesentis concordiae auctor, ne sileret sine fabulis hilaritas, multa in muliebrem levitatem coepit iactare: quam facile adamarent, quam cito etiam filiorum obliviscerentur, nullamque esse feminam tam pudicam, quae non peregrina libidine usque ad furorem averteretur. Nec se tragoedias veteres curare aut nomina saeculis nota, sed rem sua memoria factam, quam eiturum se esse, si vellemus audire. Conversis igitur omnium in se vultibus auribusque sic orsus est:

[110] He wanted to produce some more lines even more silly than the last, I believe, when Tryphaena's maid took Giton below decks, and ornamented the boy's head with some of her mistress's artificial curls. Further, she also took some eyebrows out of a box, and by cunningly following the lines where he was defaced she restored his proper beauty complete. Tryphaena recognized the true Giton, there was a storm of tears, and she then for the first time gave the boy a kiss with real affection. Of course, I was glad to see him clothed again in his former loveliness, but still I kept hiding my own face continually, for I realized that I was marked with no common ugliness, since not even Lichas considered me fit to speak to. But the same maid came and rescued me from gloom, called me aside, and decked me with equally becoming curls. Indeed, my face shone with a greater glory. My curls were golden . . .

Then Eumolpus, our spokesman in peril and the begetter of our present peace, to save our jollity from falling dumb for want of good stories, began to hurl many taunts at the fickleness of women; how easily they fell in love, how quickly they forgot even their own sons, how no woman was so chaste that she could not be led away into utter madness by a passion for a stranger. He was not thinking of old tragedies or names notorious in history, but of an affair which happened in his lifetime. He would tell it us if we liked to listen. So all eyes and ears were turned upon him, and he began as follows:

SECTIONS CXI TO CXX.

[CXI] “Matrona quaedam Ephesi tam notae erat pudicitiae, ut vicinarum quoque gentium feminas ad spectaculum sui evocaret. Haec ergo cum virum extulisset, non contenta vulgari more funus passis prosequi crinibus aut nudatum pectus in conspectu frequentiae plangere, in conditorium etiam prosecuta est defunctum, positumque in hypogaeo Graeco more corpus custodire ac flere totis noctibus diebusque coepit. Sic adflctantem se ac mortem inedia persequentem non parentes potuerunt abducere, non propinqui; magistratus ultimo repulsi abierunt, complorataque singularis exempli femina ab omnibus quintum iam diem sine alimento trahebat. Adsidebat aegrae fidissima ancilla, simulque et lacrimas commodabat lugenti, et quotienscumque defecerat positum in monumento lumen renovabat. “Una igitur in tota civitate fabula erat: solum illud adfulsisse verum pudicitiae amorisque exemplum omnis ordinis homines confitebantur, cum interim imperator provinciae latrones iussit crucibus affigi secundum illam casulam, in qua recens cadaver matrona deflebat.

“Proxima ergo nocte, cum miles, qui cruces asservabat, ne quis ad sepulturam corpus detraheret, notasset sibi lumen inter monumenta clarius fulgens et gemitum lugentis audisset, vitio gentis humanae concupiit scire quis aut quid faceret. Descendit igitur in conditorium, visaque pulcherrima muliere, primo quasi quodam monstro infernisque imaginibus turbatus substitit; deinde ut et corpus iacentis conspexit et lacrimas consideravit faciemque unguibus sectam, ratus (scilicet id quod erat) desiderium extincti non posse feminam pati, attulit in monumentum cenulam suam, coepitque hortari lugentem ne perseveraret in dolore supervacuo, ac nihil profuturo gemitu pectus diduceret: ‘omnium eundem esse exitum et idem domicilium’ et cetera quibus exulceratae mentes ad sanitatem revocantur.

“At illa ignota consolatione percussa laceravit vehementius pectus, ruptosque crines super corpus iacentis imposuit. Non recessit tamen miles, sed eadem exhortatione temptavit dare mulierculae cibum, donec ancilla, vini odore corrupta, primum ipsa porrexit ad humanitatem invitantis victam manum, deinde resecta potione et cibo expugnare dominae pertinaciam coepit et: ‘Quid proderit, inquit, hoc tibi, si soluta inedia fueris, si te vivam sepelieris, si antequam fata poscant indemnatum spiritum effuderis? Id cinerem aut manes credis sentire sepultos? Vis

tu reviviscere! Vis discusso muliebri errore! Quam diu licuerit, lucis commodis frui! Ipsum te iacentis corpus admonere debet ut vivas.' "Nemo invitus audit, cum cogitur aut cibum sumere aut vivere. Itaque mulier aliquot dierum abstinentia sicca passa est frangi pertinaciam suam, nec minus avide replevit se cibo quam ancilla, quae prior victa est.

[111] There was a married woman in Ephesus of such famous virtue that she drew women even from the neighbouring states to gaze upon her. So when she had buried her husband, the common fashion of following the procession with loose hair, and beating the naked breast in front of the crowd, did not satisfy her. She followed the dead man even to his resting-place, and began to watch and weep night and day over the body, which was laid in an underground vault in the Greek fashion. Neither her parents nor her relations could divert her from thus torturing herself, and courting death by starvation; the officials were at last rebuffed and left her; every one mourned for her as a woman of unique character, and she was now passing her fifth day without food. A devoted maid sat by the failing woman, shed tears in sympathy with her woes, and at the same time filled up the lamp, which was placed in the tomb, whenever it sank. There was but one opinion throughout the city, every class of person admitting this was the one true and brilliant example of chastity and love. At this moment the governor of the province gave orders that some robbers should be crucified near the small building where the lady was bewailing her recent loss. So on the next night, when the soldier who was watching the crosses, to prevent anyone taking down a body for burial, observed a light shining plainly among the tombs, and heard a mourner's groans, a very human weakness made him curious to know who it was and what he was doing. So he went down into the vault, and on seeing a very beautiful woman, at first halted in confusion, as if he had seen a portent or some ghost from the world beneath. But afterwards noticing the dead man lying there, and watching the woman's tears and the marks of her nails on her face, he came to the correct conclusion, that she found her regret for the lost one unendurable. He therefore brought his supper into the tomb, and began to urge the mourner not to persist in useless grief, and break her heart with unprofitable sobs: for all men made the same end and found the same resting-place, and so on with the other platitudes which restore wounded spirits to health. But she took no notice of his sympathy, struck and tore her breast more violently than ever, pulled out her hair, and laid it on the dead body. Still the soldier did not retire, but tried to give the poor woman food with similar encouragements, until the maid, who was no doubt

seduced by the smell of his wine, first gave in herself, and put out her hand at his kindly invitation, and then, refreshed with food and drink, began to assail her mistress's obstinacy, and say, 'What will you gain by all this, if you faint away with hunger, if you bury yourself alive, if you breathe out your undoomed soul before Fate calls for it?' 'Believest thou that the ashes or the spirit of the buried dead can feel thy woe? Will you not begin life afresh? Will you not shake off this womanish failing, and enjoy the blessings of the light so long as you are allowed? Your poor dead husband's body here ought to persuade you to keep alive.' People are always ready to listen when they are urged to take a meal or to keep alive. So the lady, being thirsty after several days' abstinence, allowed her resolution to be broken down, and filled herself with food as greedily as the maid, who had been the first to yield.

[cxii] "Ceterum, scitis quid plerumque soleat temptare humanam satietatem. Quibus blanditiis impetraverat miles ut matrona vellet vivere, iisdem etiam pudicitiam eius aggressus est. Nec deformis aut infacundus iuvenis castae videbatur, conciliante gratiam ancilla ac subinde dicente:

'Placitone etiam pugnabis amori? Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis?'

"Quid diutius moror? Jacuerunt ergo una non tantum illa nocte, qua nuptias fecerunt, sed postero etiam ac tertio die, praeclusis videlicet conditorii foribus, ut quisquis ex notis ignotisque ad monumentum venisset, putasset expirasse super corpus viri pudicissimam uxorem.

"Ceterum, delectatus miles et forma mulieris et secreto, quicquid boni per facultates poterat coemebat et, prima statim nocte, in monumentum ferebat. Itaque unius cruciarii parentes ut viderunt laxatam custodiam, detraxere nocte pendentem supremoque mandaverunt officio. At miles circumscriptus dum desidet, ut postero die vidit unam sine cadavere crucem, veritus supplicium, mulieri quid accidisset exponit: 'nec se expectaturum iudicis sententiam, sed gladio ius dicturum ignaviae suae. Commodaret ergo illa perituro locum, et fatale conditorium familiari ac viro faceret.' Mulier non minus misericors quam pudica: 'Ne istud, inquit, dii sinant, ut eodem tempore duorum mihi carissimorum hominum duo funera spectem. Malo mortuum impendere quam vivum occidere.' Secundum hanc orationem iubet ex arca corpus mariti sui tolli atque illi, quae vacabat, cruci affigi.

"Usus est miles ingenio prudentissimae feminae, posteroque die populus miratus est qua ratione mortuus isset in crucem."

[112] “Well, you know which temptation generally assails a man on a full stomach. The soldier used the same insinuating phrases which had persuaded the lady to consent to live, to conduct an assault upon her virtue. Her modest eye saw in him a young man, handsome and eloquent. The maid begged her to be gracious, and then said, ‘Wilt thou fight love even when love pleases thee? Or dost thou never remember in whose lands thou art resting?’ I need hide the fact no longer. The lady ceased to hold out, and the conquering hero won her over entire. So they passed not only their wedding night together, but the next and a third, of course shutting the door of the vault, so that any friend or stranger who came to the tomb would imagine that this most virtuous lady had breathed her last over her husband’s body. Well, the soldier was delighted with the woman’s beauty, and his stolen pleasure; he bought up all the fine things his means permitted, and carried them to the tomb the moment darkness fell. So the parents of one of the crucified, seeing that the watch was illkept, took their man down in the dark and administered the last rite to him. The soldier was eluded while he was off duty, and next day, seeing one of the crosses without its corpse, he was in terror of punishment, and explained to the lady what had happened. He declared that he would not wait for a court-martial, but would punish his own neglect with a thrust of his sword. So she had better get ready a place for a dying man, and let the gloomy vault enclose both her husband and her lover. The lady’s heart was tender as well as pure. ‘Heaven forbid,’ she replied, ‘that I should look at the same moment on the dead bodies of two men whom I love. No, I would rather make a dead man useful, than send a live man to death.’ After this speech she ordered her husband’s body to be taken out of the coffin and fixed up on the empty cross. The soldier availed himself of this far-seeing woman’s device, and the people wondered the next day by what means the dead man had ascended the cross.”

[CXIII] Risu excepere fabulam nautae, erubescere non mediocriter Tryphaena vultumque suum super cervicem Gitonis amabiliter ponente. At non Lichas risit, sed iratum commovens caput: “Si iustus, inquit, imperator fuisset, debuit patris familiae corpus in monumentum referre, mulierem affigere cruci”. Non dubie redierat in animum Hedyle expilatumque libidiosa migratione navigium. Sed nec foederis verba permittebant meminisse, nec hilaritas, quae occupaverat mentes, dabat iracundiae locum. Ceterum Tryphaena in gremio Gitonis posita modo implebat osculi pectus, interdum concinnabat spoliatum crinibus vultum. Ego maestus et impatiens foederis novi non cibum, non potionem capiebam, sed

obliquis trucibusque oculis utrumque spectabam. Omnia me oscula vulnerabant, omnes blanditiae, quascunque mulier libidinosa fingeat. Nec tamen adhuc sciebam, utrum magis puero irascerer, quod amicam mihi auferret, an amicae, quod puerum corrumperet: utraque inimicissima oculis meis et captivitate praeterita tristiora. Accedebat huc, quod neque Tryphaena me alloquebatur tanquam familiarem et aliquando gratum sibi amatorem, nec Giton me aut tralaticia propinatione dignum iudicabat, aut, quod minimum est, sermone communi vocabat, credo, veritus ne inter initia coeuntis gratiae recentem cicatricem rescinderet. Inundavere pectus lacrimae dolore paratae, gemitusque suspirio tectus animam paene submovit. < . . . >

In partem voluptatis <Lychas> temptabat admitti, nec domini supercilium induebat, sed amici quaerebat obsequium. ANCILLA TRYPHAENAE AD ENCOLPIUM: “Si quid ingenui sanguinis habes, non pluris illam facies, quam scortum. Si vir fueris, non ibis ad spintriam”. < . . . >

Me nihil magis pudebat, quam ne Eumolpus sensisset quidquid illud fuerat, et homo dicacissimus carminibus vindicaret. < . . . >

Iurat verbis Eumolpus conceptissimis. < . . . >

[113] The sailors received this tale with a roar; Tryphaena blushed deeply, and laid her face caressingly on Giton’s neck. But there was no laugh from Lychas; he shook his head angrily and said: “If the governor of the province had been a just man, he should have put the dead husband back in the tomb, and hung the woman on the cross.”

No doubt he was thinking once more of Hedyle and how his ship had been pillaged on her passionate elopement. But the terms of our treaty forbade us to bear grudges, and the joy which had filled our souls left no room for wrath. Tryphaena was now lying in Giton’s lap, covering him with kisses one moment, and sometimes patting his shaven head. I was gloomy and uneasy about our new terms, and did not touch food or drink, but kept shooting angry looks askance at them both. Every kiss was a wound to me, every pleasing wile that the wanton woman conjured up. I was not yet sure whether I was more angry with the boy for taking away my mistress, or with my mistress for leading the boy astray: both of them were hateful to my sight and more depressing than the bondage I had escaped. And besides all this, Tryphaena did not address me like a friend whom she was once pleased to have for a lover, and Giton did not think fit to drink my health in the ordinary way, and would not even so much as include me in general conversation. I suppose he was afraid of reopening a tender scar just as friendly

feeling began to draw it together. My unhappiness moved me till tears overflowed my heart, and the groan I hid with a sigh almost stole my life away. . .

He tried to gain admission to share their joys, not wearing the proud look of a master, but begging him to yield as a friend. . .

“If you have a drop of honest blood in you you will think no more of her than of a common woman. Si vir fueris, non ibis ad spintriam” . .

Nothing troubled me more than the fear that Eumolpus might have got some idea of what was going on, and might employ his powers of speech in attacking me in verse. . .

Eumolpus swore an oath in most formal language. . .

[CXIV] Dum haec taliaque iactamus, inhorruit mare, nubesque undique adductae obruere tenebris diem. Discurrunt nautae ad officia trepidantes, velaque tempestati subducunt. Sed nec certos fluctus ventus impulerat, nec quo destinaret cursum gubernator sciebat. Siciliam modo ventus dabat, saepissime Italici litoris aquilo possessor convertibat huc illuc obnoxiam ratem, et quod omnibus procellis periculosius erat, tam spissae repente tenebrae lucem suppresserant, ut ne proram quidem totam gubernator videret. Itaque pernicies postquam manifesta convaluit, Lichas trepidans ad me supinas porrigit manus et: “Tu, inquit, Encolpi, succurre periclitantibus, et vestem illam divinam sistrumque redde navigio. Per fidem, miserere, quemadmodum quidem soles”.

Et illum quidem vociferantem in mare ventus excussit, repetitumque infesto gurgite procella circumegit atque hausit. Tryphaenam autem prope iam <immersam> fidelissimi rapuerunt servi, scaphaeque impositam cum maxima sarcinarum parte abduxere certissimae morti.

Applicitus cum clamore flevi et: “Hoc, inquam, a diis meruimus, ut nos sola morte coniungerent? Sed non crudelis fortuna concedit. Ecce iam ratem fluctus evertet, ecce iam amplexus amantium iratum dividet mare. Igitur, si vere Encolpion dilexisti, da oscula, dum licet, <et> ultimum hoc gaudium fati properantibus rape”. Haec ut ego dixi, Giton vestem deposuit, meaque tunica contectus exeruit ad osculum caput. Et ne sic cohaerentes malignior fluctus distraheret, utrumque zona circumvenienti praecinxit et: “Si nihil aliud, certe diutius, inquit, iunctos nos mare feret, vel si voluerit misericors ad idem litus expellere, aut praeteriens aliquis tralaticia humanitate lapidabit, aut quod ultimum est iratis tiam fluctibus, imprudens harena componet”. Patior ego vinculum extremum, et veluti lecto funebri aptatus expecto mortem iam non molestam. Peragit interim tempestas mandata fatorum, omnesque reliquias navis expugnat.

Non arbor erat relictā, non gubernacula, non funis aut remus, sed quasi rudis atque infecta materies ibat cum fluctibus. < . . >

Procurrere piscatores parvulis expediti navigiis ad praedam rapiendam. Deinde ut aliquos viderunt, qui suas opes defenderent, mutaverunt crudelitatem in auxilium. < . . >

[114] While we talked over this matter and others, the sea rose, clouds gathered from every quarter, and overwhelmed the day in darkness. The sailors ran to their posts in terror, and furled the sails before the storm. But the wind did not drive the waves in any one direction, and the helmsman was at a loss which way to steer. One moment the wind set towards Sicily, very often the north wind blew off the Italian coast, mastered the ship and twisted her in every direction; and what was more dangerous than any squall, such thick darkness had suddenly blotted out the light that the steersman could not even see the whole prow. Then for a wonder, as the hostile fury of the storm gathered, Lichas trembled and stretched out his hands to me imploringly, and said, "Help us in our peril, Encolpius; let the ship have the goddess's robe again and her holy rattle. Be merciful, I implore you, as your way is."

But even as he shouted the wind blew him into the water, a squall whirled him round and round repeatedly in a fierce whirlpool, and sucked him down. Tryphaena's faithful slaves carried her off almost by force, put her in a boat with most of her luggage, and so rescued her from certain death. . .

I embraced Giton, and wept and cried aloud: "Did we deserve this from the gods, that they should unite us only when they slay? But cruel Fate does not grant us even this. Look! even now the waves will upset the boat; even now the angry sea will sunder a lover's embrace. So if you ever really loved Encolpius, kiss him while you may, and snatch this last joy as Fate swoops down upon you." As I spoke Giton took off his clothes, and I covered him with my shirt as he put up his head to be kissed. And that no envious wave should pull us apart as we clung to each other, he put his belt round us both and tied it tight, saying, "Whatever happens to us, at least we shall be locked together a long while as the sea carries us, and if the sea has pity and will cast us up on the same shore, some one may come by and put stones over us out of ordinary human kindness, or the last work of the waves even in their wrath will be to cover us with the unconscious sand." I let him bind me for the last time, and then waited, like a man dressed for his death-bed, for an end that had lost its bitterness. Meanwhile by Fate's decree the storm rose to its height, and took by violence all that was left of the ship. No

mast, no helm, no rope or oar remained on her. She drifted on the waves like a rough and unshapen lump of wood. . . .

Some fishermen in handy little boats put out to seize their prey. When they saw some men alive and ready to fight for their belongings, they altered their savage plans and came to the rescue. . .

[cxcv] Audimus murmur insolitum et sub diaeta magistri quasi cupientis exire beluae gemitum. Persecuti igitur sonum invenimus Eumolpum sedentem membranaeque ingenti versus ingentem. Mirati ergo quod illi vacaret in vicinia mortis poema facere, extrahimus clamantem, iubemusque bonam habere mentem. At ille interpellatus excanduit et: “Sinite me, inquit, sententiam explere; laborat carmen in fine”. Inicio ego phrenetico manum, iubeoque Gitona accedere et in terram trahere poetam mugientem.

Hoc opere tandem elaborato casam piscatoriam subimus maerentes, cibusque naufragio corruptis utcumque curati tristissimam exegimus noctem. Postero die, cum poneremus consilium, cui nos regioni crederemus, repente video corpus humanum circum actum levi vortice ad litus deferri. Substiti ergo tristis coepique umentibus oculis maris fidem inspicere et: “Hunc forsitan, proclamo, in aliqua parte terrarum secura expectat uxor, forsitan ignarus tempestatis filius, aut patrem utique reliquit aliquem, cui proficiscens osculum dedit. Haec sunt consilia mortalium, haec vota magnarum cogitationum. En homo quemadmodum natat!” Adhuc tanquam ignotum deflebam, cum inviolatum os; fluctus convertit in terram, agnovique terribilem paulo ante et implacabilem Licham pedibus meis paene subiectum. Non tenui igitur diutius lacrimas, immo percussi semel iterumque manibus pectus et: “Vbi nunc est, inquam, iracundia tua, ubi impotentia tua? Nempe piscibus beluisque eitus es, et qui paulo ante iactabas vires imperii tui, de tam magna nave ne tabulam quidem naufragus habes. Ite nunc mortales, et magnis cogitationibus pectora implete. Ite cauti, et opes fraudibus captas per mille annos disponite. Nempe hic proxima luce patrimonii sui rationes inspexit, nempe diem etiam, quo venturus esset in patriam, animo suo fixit. Dii deaeque quam longe a destinatione sua iacet! Sed non sola mortalibus maria hanc fidem praestant. Illum bellantem arma decipiunt, illum diis vota reddentem penatium suorum ruina sepelit. Ille vehiculo lapsus properantem spiritum excussit, cibus avidum strangulavit, abstinentem frugalitas. Si bene calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est. At enim fluctibus obruto non contingit sepultura: tanquam intersit, periturum corpus quae ratio consumat, ignis an fluctus an mora! Quicquid feceris, omnia haec eodem ventura sunt. Ferae tamen

corpus lacerabunt: tanquam melius ignis accipiat! Immo hanc poenam gravissimam credimus, ubi servis irascimur. Quae ergo dementia est, omnia facere, ne quid de nobis relinquat sepultura?” < . . >

Et Licham quidem rogi inimicis collatus manibus adolebat. Eumolpus autem dum epigramma mortuo facit, oculos ad arcessendos sensus longius mittit.

[115] We heard a strange noise, and a groaning like a wild beast, coming from under the master's cabin. So we followed the noise, and found Eumolpus sitting there inscribing verses on a great parchment. We were surprised at his having time to write poetry with death close at hand, and we pulled him out, though he protested, and implored him to be sensible. But he was furious at our interruption, and cried: "Let me complete my design; the poem halts at the close." I laid hands on the maniac, and told Giton to help me to drag the bellowing bard ashore. . .

When this business was at last completed, we came sadly to a fisherman's cottage, refreshed our selves more or less with food spoilt by sea-water, and passed a very miserable night. Next morning, as we were trying to decide into what part of the country we should venture, I suddenly saw a man's body caught in a gentle eddy and carried ashore. I stopped gloomily, and, with moist eyes, began to reflect upon the treachery of the sea. "Maybe," I cried, "there is a wife waiting cheerfully at home for this man in a far-offland, or a son or a father, maybe, who know nothing of this storm; he is sure to have left some one behind whom he kissed before he went. So much for mortal men's plans, and the prayers of high ambition. Look how the man floats." I was still crying over him as a perfect stranger, when a wave turned his face towards the shore without a mark upon it, and I recognized Lichas, but a while ago so fierce and so relentless, now thrown almost under my feet. Then I could restrain my tears no longer; I beat my breast again and again, and cried, "Where is your temper and your hot head now? Behold! you are a prey for fish and savage beasts. An hour ago you boasted the strength of your command, and you have not one plank of your great ship to save you. Now let mortal men fill their hearts with proud imaginations if they will. Let misers lay out the gains they win by fraud for a thousand years. Lo! this man but yesterday looked into the accounts of his family property, and even settled in his own mind the very day when he would come home again. Lord, Lord, how far he lies from his consummation! But it is not the waves of the sea alone that thus keep faith with mortal men. The warrior's weapons fail him; another pays his vows to Heaven, and his own house falls and buries him in the act. Another slips from his coach and dashes out his eager soul: the glutton chokes at dinner, the

sparing man dies of wait. Make a fair reckoning, and you find shipwreck everywhere. You tell me that for those the waters overwhelm there is no burial. As if it mattered how our perishable flesh comes to its end, by fire or water or the lapse of time! Whatever you may do, all these things achieve the same goal. But beasts will tear the body, you say, as though fire would give it a more kindly welcome! When we are angry with our slaves, we consider burning their heaviest punishment. Then what madness to take such trouble to prevent the grave from leaving aught of us behind!” . . .

So Lichas was burned on a pyre built by his enemy’s hands. Eumolpus proceeded to compose an epitaph on the dead man, and looked about in search of some far-fetched ideas. . .

[cxvi] Hoc peracto libenter officio destinatum carpinus iter, ac momento temporis in montem sudantes conscendimus, ex quo haud procul impositum arce sublimi oppidum cernimus. Nec quid esset sciebamus errantes, donec a vilico quodam Crotona esse cognovimus, urbem antiquissimam et aliquando Italiae primam. Cum deinde diligentius exploraremus qui homines inhabitarent nobile solum, quodve genus negotiationis praecipue probarent post attritas bellis frequentibus opes: “O mi, inquit, hospites, si negotiatores estis, mutate propositum aliudque vitae praesidium quaerite. Sin autem urbanioris notae homines sustinetis semper mentiri, recta ad lucrum curritis. In hac enim urbe non litterarum studia celebrantur, non eloquentia locum habet, non frugalitas sanctique mores laudibus ad fructum perveniunt, sed quoscunque homines in hac urbe videritis, scitote in duas partes esse divisos. Nam aut captantur aut captant. In hac urbe nemo liberos tollit, quia quisquis suos heredes habet, non ad cenas, non ad spectacula admittitur, sed omnibus prohibetur commodis, inter ignominiosos latitat. Qui vero nec uxores unquam duxerunt nec proximas necessitudines habent, ad summos honores perveniunt, id est soli militares, soli fortissimi atque etiam innocentes habentur. Adibitis, inquit, oppidum tanquam in pestilentia campos, in quibus nihil aliud est nisi cadavera quae lacerantur, aut corvi qui lacerant.” < . . . >

[116] We gladly performed this last office, and then took up our proposed way, and in a short while came sweating to a mountain top, from which we saw, not far off, a town set on a high peak. We had lost ourselves, and did not know what it was, until we learned from a farm-bailiff that it was Croton, a town of great age, and once the first city in Italy. When we went on to inquire particularly what men

lived on such honoured soil, and what kind of business pleased them best, now that their wealth had been brought low by so many wars, the man replied, “My friends, if you are business men, change your plans and look for some other safe way of life. But if you profess to be men of a superior stamp and thorough-paced liars, you are on the direct road to wealth. In this city the pursuit of learning is not esteemed, eloquence has no place, economy and a pure life do not win their reward in honour: know that the whole of the men you see in this city are divided into two classes. They are either the prey of legacy-hunting or legacy-hunters themselves. In this city no one brings up children, because anyone who has heirs of his own stock is never invited to dinner or the theatre; he is deprived of all advantages, and lies in obscurity among the base-born. But those who have never married, and have no near relations, reach the highest positions; they alone, that is, are considered soldierly, gallant, or even good. “Yes,” he went on, you will go into a town that is like a plague-stricken plain, where there is nothing but carcasses to be devoured, and crows to devour them.” . .

[cxvii] Prudentior Eumolpus convertit ad novitatem rei mentem genusque divitationis sibi non displicere confessus est. Iocari ego senem poetica levitate credebam, cum ille: “Vtinam quidem, <inquit>, sufficeret largior scena, id est vestis humanior, instrumentum lautius, quod praeberet mendacio fidem: non mehercules operam istam differrem, sed continuo vos ad magnas opes ducerem”. Atquin promitto, quicquid exigeret, dummodo placeret vestis, rapinae comes, et quicquid Lycurgi villa grassantibus praebuisset: “nam nummos in praesentem usum deum matrem pro fide sua reddituram. — Quid ergo, inquit Eumolpus, cessamus mimum componere? Facite ergo me dominum, si negotatio placet.” Nemo ausus est artem damnare nihil auferentem. Itaque ut duraret inter omnes tutum mendacium, in verba Eumolpi sacramentum iuravimus: uri, vinciri, verberari ferroque necari, et quicquid aliud Eumolpus iussisset. Tanquam legitimi gladiatores domino corpora animasque religiosissime addicimus. Post peractum sacramentum serviliter ficti dominum consalutamus, elatumque ab Eumolpo filium pariter condiscimus, iuvenem ingentis eloquentiae et spei, ideoque de civitate sua miserrimum senem exisse, ne aut clientes sodalesque filii sui aut sepulcrum quotidie causam lacrimarum cerneret. Accessisse huic tristitiae proximum naufragium, quo amplius vicies sestertium amiserit; nec illum iactura moveri, sed destitutum ministerio non agnoscere dignitatem suam. Praeterea habere in Africa trecenties sestertium fundis nominibusque depositum; nam familiam quidem tam magnam per agros Numidiae esse sparsam, ut possit vel Carthaginem capere. Secundum hanc formulam imperamus Eumolpo, ut

plurimum tussiat, ut sit modo solutioris stomachi cibosque omnes palam damnet; loquatur aurum et argentum fundosque mendaces et perpetuam terrarum sterilitatem; sedeat praeterea quotidie ad rationes tabulasque testamenti omnibus <idibus> renovet. Et ne quid scaenae deesset, quotiescunque aliquem nostrum vocare temptasset, alium pro alio vocaret, ut facile appareret dominum etiam eorum meminisse, qui praesentes non essent.

His ita ordinatis, “quod bene feliciterque eveniret “ precati deos viam ingredimur. Sed neque Giton sub insolito fasce durabat, et mercennarius Corax, detractor ministerii, posita frequentius sarcina male dicebat properantibus, affirmabatque se aut proiecturum sarcinas aut cum onere fugiturum. “Quid vos, inquit? iumentum me putatis esse aut lapidariam navem? Hominis operas locavi, non caballi. Nec minus liber sum quam vos, etiam si pauperem pater me reliquit.” Nec contentus maledictis tollebat subinde altius pedem, et strepitu obsceno simul atque odore viam implebat. Ridebat contumaciam Giton et singulos crepitus eius pari clamore prosequabatur. <. . .>

[117] Eumolpus was more cautious, and directed his attention to the novelty of the case, declaring that this kind of prophecy did not make him uneasy. I thought the old man was joking with the light heart of a poet, but then he said, I only wish I had a more ample background, I mean a more gentlemanly dress, and finer ornaments, to lend colour to my strange tale; I declare I would not put off the business, I would bring you into great wealth in a moment. Anyhow, I promise to do whatever my fellow-robber demands, so long as my clothes are satisfactory, and whatever we may find in Lycurgus’s house when we break in. I am sure that our mother goddess for her honour’s sake will pay up some coin to us for present needs.”. . .”Well then,” said Eumolpus, “Why shouldn’t we make up a farce? Now appoint me your master, if you like the business.” No one dared to grumble at this harmless device. So to keep the lie safe among us all, we took an oath to obey Eumolpus; to endure burning, bondage, flogging, death by the sword, or anything else that Eumolpus ordered. We pledged our bodies and souls to our master most solemnly, like regular gladiators. When the oath was over, we posed like slaves and saluted our master, and learned all together that Eumolpus had lost a son, a young man of great eloquence and promise, and that the poor old man had left his own country for this reason, to escape seeing his son’s dependants and friends, or the tomb which was the source of his daily tears. His grief had been increased by a recent shipwreck, in which he lost over two million sesterces: it was not the loss

that troubled him, but with no servant to wait upon him he could not recognize his own importance. Besides, he had thirty millions invested in Africa in estates and bonds; such a horde of his slaves was scattered over the fields of Numidia that he could positively have sacked Carthage. Under this scheme we ordered Eumolpus to cough frequently, sometimes to be bilious, and to find fault openly with all his food; he must talk of gold and silver and his disappointing farms and the obstinate barrenness of the soil; further, he must sit over his accounts daily, and revise the sheets of his will every month. To make the setting quite complete, he was to use the wrong names whenever he tried to call one of us, so that it would clearly look as though our master had also in his mind some servants who were not present. This was all arranged; we offered a prayer to Heaven for a prosperous and happy issue, and started on our journey. But Giton was not used to a burden and could not bear it, and the slave Corax, a shirker of work, kept putting down his bundle and cursing our hurry, and declaring that he would either throw the baggage away or run off with his load. "You seem to think I am a beast of burden or a ship for carrying stones," he cried. "You paid for the services of a man, not a horse. I am just as free as you are, although my father did leave me a poor man." Not satisfied with curses, he kept lifting his leg up and filling the whole road with a disgusting noise and smell. Giton laughed at his impudence and matched every noise he made. . . .

[CXVIII] EVMOLPVS. "Multos, inquit Eumolpus, o iuvenes, carmen decepit. Nam ut quisque versum pedibus instruxit sensumque teneriorem verborum ambitu intexuit, putavit se continuo in Heliconem venisse. Sic forensibus ministeriis exercitati frequenter ad carminis tranquillitatem tanquam ad portum feliciorem refugerunt, credentes facilius poema extrui posse, quam controversiam sententiolis vibrantibus pictam. Ceterum neque generosior spiritus vanitatem amat, neque concipere aut edere partum mens potest nisi intrenti flumine litterarum inundata. Refugiendum est ab omni verborum, ut ita dicam, vilitate et sumendae voces a plebe summotae, ut fiat odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

Praeterea curandum est, ne sententiae emineant extra corpus orationis expressae, sed intexto vestibus colore niteant. Homerus testis et lyrici, Romanusque Vergilius et Horatii curiosa felicitas. Ceteri enim aut non viderunt viam qua iretur ad carmen, aut visam timuerunt calcare. Ecce belli civilis ingens opus quisquis attigerit nisi plenus litteris, sub onere labetur. Non enim res gestae versibus comprehendendae sunt, quod longe melius historici faciunt, sed per ambages deorumque ministeria et fabulosum sententiarum tormentum praecipitandus est

liber spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat quam religiosae orationis sub testibus fides. Tanquam si placet hic impetus, etiam si nondum recepit ultimam manum:

[118] “Yes, my young friends,” said Eumolpus, “poetry has led many astray. As soon as a man has shaped his verse in feet and woven into it a more delicate meaning with an ingenious circumlocution, he thinks that forthwith he has scaled Helicon. In this fashion people who are tired out with forensic oratory often take refuge in the calm of poetry as in some happier haven, supposing that a poem is easier to construct than a declamation adorned with quivering epigrams. But nobler souls do not love such coxcombry, and the mind cannot conceive or bring forth its fruit unless it is steeped in the vast flood of literature. One must flee away from all diction that is, so to speak, cheap, and choose words divorced from popular use, putting into practice, “I hate the common herd and hold it afar.” Besides, one must take care that the epigrams do not stand out from the body of the speech: they must shine with a brilliancy that is woven into the material. Homer proves this, and the lyric poets, and Roman Virgil, and the studied felicity of Horace. The others either did not see the path that leads to poetry, or saw it and were afraid to walk in it. For instance, anyone who attempts the vast theme of the Civil War will sink under the burden unless he is full of literature. It is not a question of recording -real events in verse; historians can do that far better. The free spirit of genius must plunge headlong into allusions and divine interpositions, and rack itself for epigrams coloured by mythology, so that what results seems rather the prophecies of an inspired seer than the exactitude of a statement made on oath before witnesses: the following effusion will show what I mean, if it take your fancy, though it has not yet received my final touches. . . .

[CXIX] “Orbem iam totum victor Romanus habebat,
qua mare, qua terrae, qua sidus currit utrumque;
nec satiatum erat. Gravidis freta pulsa carinis
iam peragebantur; si quis sinus abditus ultra,
si qua foret tellus, quae fuluum mitteret aurum,
hostis erat, fatisque in tristia bella paratis
quaerebantur opes. Non vulgo nota placebant
gaudia, non usu plebeio trita voluptas.
Aes Ephyreiacum laudabat miles in unda;
quaesitus tellure nitor certaverat ostro;

Hinc Numidae accusant, illinc nova vellera Seres
atque Arabum populus sua despoliaverat arva.
Ecce aliae clades et laesae vulnera pacis.
Quaeritur in silvis auro fera, et ultimus Hammon
Afrorum excutitur, ne desit belua dente
ad mortes pretiosa; fame premit advena classes,
tigris et aurata gradiens vectatur in aula,
ut bibat humanum populo plaudente cruorem.
Heu, pudet effari perituraque prodere fata,
Persarum ritu male pubescentibus annis
surripuere viros, exsectaque viscera ferro
in venerem fregere, atque ut fuga mobilis aevi
circumscripta mora properantes differat annos,
quaerit se natura nec invenit. Omnibus ergo
scorta placent fractique enerui corpore gressus
et laxi crines et tot nova nomina vestis,
quaeque virum quaerunt. Ecce Afris eruta terris
citrea mensa greges servorum ostrumque renidens,
ponitur ac maculis imitatur vilius aurum
quae sensum trahat. Hoc sterile ac male nobile lignum
turba sepulta mero circum venit, omniaque orbis
praemia correptis miles vagus esurit armis.
Ingeniosa gula est. Siculo scarus aequore mersus
ad mensam vivus perducitur, atque Lucrinis
eruta litoribus vendunt conchyliis cenas,
ut renouent per damna famem. Iam Phasidos unda
orbata est avibus, mutoque in litore tantum
solae desertis adspirant frondibus aerae.
Nec minor in Campo furor est, emptique Quirites
ad praedam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt.
Venalis populus, venalis curia patrum:
est favor in pretio. Senibus quoque libera virtus
exciderat, sparsisque opibus conversa potestas
ipsaque maiestas auro corrupta iacebat.
Pellitur a populo victus Cato; tristior ille est,
qui vicit, fascisque pudet rapuisse Catoni.
Namque — hoc dedecoris populo morumque ruina —

non homo pulsus erat, sed in uno victa potestas
Romanumque decus. Quare tam perdita Roma
ipsa sui merces erat et sine vindice praeda.
Praeterea gemino deprensam gurgite plebem
faenoris inluvies ususque exederat aeris.
Nulla est certa domus, nullum sine pignore corpus,
sed veluti tabes tacitis concepta medullis
intra membra furens curis latrantibus errat.
Arma placent miseris, detritaque commoda luxu
vulneribus reparantur. Inops audacia tuta est.
Hoc mersam caeno Romam somnoque iacentem
quae poterant artes sana ratione movere,
ni furor et bellum ferroque excita libido?

[119] “The conquering Roman now held the whole world, sea and land and the course of sun and moon. But he was not satisfied. Now the waters were stirred and troubled by his loaded ships; if there were any hidden bay beyond, or any land that promised a yield of yellow gold, that place was Rome’s enemy, fate stood ready for the sorrows of war, and the quest for wealth went on. There was no happiness in familiar joys, or in pleasures dulled by the common man’s use. The soldier out at sea would praise the bronze of Corinth; bright colours dug from earth rivalled the purple; here the African curses Rome, here the Chinaman plunders his marvellous silks, and the Arabian hordes have stripped their own fields bare.

“Yet again more destruction, and peace hurt and bleeding. The wild beast is searched out in the woods at a great price, and men trouble Hammon deep in Africa to supply the beast whose teeth make him precious for slaying men; strange ravening creatures freight the fleets, and the padding tiger is wheeled in a gilded palace to drink the blood of men while the crowd applauds.

I shrink from speaking plain and betraying our destiny of ruin; boys whose childhood is hardly begun are kidnapped in the Persian way, and the powers the knife has shorn are forced to the service of lust, and in order that the passing of man’s finest age may be hedged round with delay and hold back the hurrying years, Nature seeks for herself, and finds herself not. So all take their pleasure in harlotry, and the halting steps of a feeble body, and in flowing hair and numberless clothes of new names, everything that ensnares mankind.

“Tables of citron-wood are dug out of the soil of Africa and set up, the spots on them resembling gold which is cheaper than they, their polish reflecting hordes of

slaves and purple clothes, to lure the senses. Round this barren and low-born wood there gathers a crowd drowned in drink, and the soldier of fortune gorges the whole spoils of the world while his weapons rust.

“Gluttony is a fine art. The wrasse is brought alive to table in sea-water from Sicily, and the oysters torn from the banks of the Lucrine lake make a dinner famous, in order to renew men’s hunger by their extravagance. All the birds are now gone from the waters of Phasis; the shore is quiet; only the empty air breathes on the lonely boughs.

“The same madness is in public life, the true-born Roman is bought, and changes his vote for plunder and the cry of gain. The people are corrupt, the house of senators is corrupt, their support hangs on a price. The freedom and virtue of the old men had decayed, their power was swayed by largesse, even their dignity was stained by money and trodden in the dust.

“Cato is beaten and driven out by the mob; his conqueror is more unhappy than he, and is ashamed to have torn the rods of office from Cato. For the shame of the nation and the fall of their character lay in this, that here was not only one man’s defeat. In his person the power and glory of Rome was humbled. So Rome in her deep disgrace was herself both price and prize, and despoiled herself without an avenger. Moreover filthy usury and the handling of money had caught the common people in a double whirlpool, and destroyed them. Not a house is safe, not a man but is mortgaged; the madness spreads through their limbs, and trouble bays and hounds them down like some disease sown in the dumb flesh. In despair they turn to violence, and bloodshed restores the good things lost by luxury. A beggar can risk everything in safety. Could the spell of healthful reason stir Rome from the filth where she rolled in heavy sleep, or only madness and war and the lust wakened by the sword?

[cxxx] “Tres tulerat Fortuna duces, quos obruit omnes
armorum strue diversa feralis Enyo.

Crassum Parthus habet, Libyco iacet aequore Magnus,
Iulius ingratam perfudit sanguine Romam,
et quasi non posset tot tellus ferre sepulcra,
divisit cineres. Hos gloria reddit honores.
Est locus exciso penitus demersus hiatu
Parthenopen inter magnaëque Dicarchidos arva,
Cocyti perfusus aqua; nam spiritus, extra

qui furit effusus, funesto spargitur aestu.
Non haec autumnus tellus viret aut alit herbas
caespitem laetus ager, non verno persona cantu
mollia discordi strepitu virgulta locuntur,
sed chaos et nigro squalentia pumice saxa
gaudent ferali circum tumulata cupressu.
Has inter sedes Ditis pater extulit ora
bustorum flammis et cana sparsa favilla,
ac tali volucrem Fortunam voce lacescit:
'Rerum humanarum divinarumque potestas,
Fors, cui nulla placet nimium secunda potestas,
quae nova semper amas et mox possessa relinquis,
ecquid Romano sentis te pondere victam,
nec posse ulterius perituram extollere molem?
Ipsa suas vires odit Romana iuventus
et quas struxit opes, male sustinet. Aspice late
luxuriam spoliis et censum in damna furem.
Aedificant auro sedesque ad sidera mittunt,
expelluntur aquae saxis, mare nascitur arvis,
et permutata rerum statione rebellant.
En etiam mea regna petunt. Perfossa dehiscit
molibus insanis tellus, iam montibus haustis
antra gemunt, et dum vanos lapis invenit usus,
infernus manes caelum sperare fatentur.
Quare age, Fors, muta pacatum in proelia vultum,
Romanosque cie, ac nostris da funera regnis.
Iam pridem nullo perfundimus ora cruore,
nec mea Tisiphone sitientis perluit artus,
ex quo Sullanus bibit ensis et horrida tellus
extulit in lucem nutritas sanguine fruges.'

[120] Fortune brought forth three generals, and the goddess of War and Death buried them all, each beneath a pile of arms. The Parthian has Crassus in keeping, Pompey the Great lies by the Libyan water, Julius stained ungrateful Rome with his blood; and as though the earth could not endure the burden of so many graves, she has separated their ashes. These are the wages paid by fame.

"Between Parthenope and the fields of the great town of Dicarchis there lies a spot plunged deep in a cloven chasm, wet with the water of Cocytus: for the air

that rushes furiously outward is laden with that baleful spray. The ground here is never green in autumn, the field does not prosper or nurture herbage on its turf, the soft thickets never ring nor are loud in springtime with the songs of rival birds, but chaos is there, and gloomy rocks of black pumice-stone lie happy in the gloom of the cypresses that mound them about. From this place the father of Dis lifted his head, lit with funeral flames and flecked with white ashes, and provoked winged Fortune with these words:

“‘Disposer of life in earth and heaven, Chance, always angry against power too firmly seated, everlasting lover of change and quick for saker of thy conquests, dost not thou feel thy spirit crushed under the weight of Rome, and that thou canst not further raise up the mass that is doomed to fall? The youth of Rome contemns its own strength, and groans under the wealth its own hands have heaped up. See, everywhere they squander their spoils, and the mad use of wealth brings their destruction. They have buildings of gold and thrones raised to the stars, they drive out the waters with their piers, the sea springs forth amid the fields: rebellious man turns creation’s order upside down. Aye, they grasp even at my kingdom. The earth is hewn through for their madmen’s foundations and gapes wide, now the mountains are hollowed out until the caves groan, and while men turn precious stones to their empty purposes, the ghosts of hell declare their hopes of winning heaven. Arise, then, Chance, change thy looks of peace to war, harry the Roman, and let my kingdom have the dead. It is long now since my lips were wet with blood, and never has my loved Tisiphone bathed her thirsty limbs since the sword of Sulla drank deep, and the earth stood thick with corn fattened on blood and thrust up to the sun.’

SECTIONS CXXI TO CXXX.

[CXXI] “Haec ubi dicta dedit, dextrae coniungere dextram
conatus, rupto tellurem soluit hiatu.

Tunc Fortuna levi defudit pectore voces:

‘O genitor, cui Cocyti penetralia parent,
si modo vera mihi fas est impune profari,
vota tibi cedent; nec enim minor ira rebellat
pectore in hoc leviorque exurit flamma medullas.

Omnia, quae tribui Romanis arcibus, odi
muneribusque meis irascor. Destruet istas
idem, qui posuit, moles deus. Et mihi cordi
quippe cremare viros et sanguine pascere luxum.
Cerno equidem gemina iam stratos morte Philippos

Thessaliaeque rogos et funera gentis Hiberæ.

Iam fragor armorum trepidantes personat aures,

Et Libyæ cerno tua, Nile, gementia claustra,
Actiacosque sinus et Apollinis arma timentes.

Pande, age, terrarum sitientia regna tuarum
atque animas accerse novas. Vix navita Porthmeus
sufficiet simulacra virum traducere cumba;
classe opus est. Tuque ingenti satiare ruina,
pallida Tisiphone, concisaque vulnera mande:
ad Stygios manes laceratus ducitur orbis.’

[121] “He spoke and ended, and strained to take her hand in his, till he broke and clove the earth asunder. Then Fortune poured forth words from her fickle heart: ‘Father, whom the inmost places of Cocytus obey, thy prayer shall prosper, if at least I may foretell the truth without fear; for the anger that rises in my heart is stern as thine, and the flame that burns deep in my bones as fierce. I hate all the gifts I have made to towering Rome, and am angry at my own blessings. The god that raised up those high palaces shall destroy them too. It will be my delight also to burn the men and feed my lust with blood. Lo, already I see Philippi’s field strewn with the dead of two battles, and the blazing pyres of Thessaly and the

burial of the people of Iberia. Already the crash of arms rings in my trembling ears. And in Libya I see the barriers of the Nile groan, and the people in terror at the gulf of Actium and the army loved by Apollo. Open, then, the thirsty realms of thy dominion, and summon fresh souls. The old sailor, the Ferryman, will scarcely have strength to carry over the ghosts of the men in his boat; a whole fleet is needed. And thou, pale Tisiphone, take thy fill of wide destruction, and tear the bleeding wounds; the whole world is rent in pieces and drawn down to the Stygian shades.'

[cxxxii] "Vixdum finierat, cum fulgure rupta corusco
intremuit nubes elisosque abscidit ignes.

Subsedit pater umbrarum, gremioque reducto,
telluris pavitans fraternos palluit ictus.

Continuo clades hominum venturaque damna
auspiciis patuere deum. Namque ore cruento
deformis Titan vultum caligine textit:
civiles acies iam tum spirare putares.

Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus
et lucem sceleri subduxit. Rupta tonabant
verticibus lapsis montis iuga, nec vaga passim
flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.

Armorum strepitu caelum furit et tuba Martem
sideribus tremefacta ciet, iamque Aetna voratur
ignibus insolitis, et in aethera fulmina mittit.

Ecce inter tumulos atque ossa carentia bustis
umbrarum facies diro stridore minantur.

Fax stellis comitata novis incendia ducit,
sanguineoque recens descendit Iuppiter imbre.

Haec ostenta brevi soluit deus. Exuit omnes
quippe moras Caesar, vindictaeque actus amore
Gallica proiecit, civilia sustulit arma.

"Alpibus aeriis, ubi Graio numine pulsae
descendunt rupes et se patiuntur adiri,
est locus Herculeis aris sacer: hunc nive dura
claudit hiemps canoque ad sidera vertice tollit.
Caelum illinc cecidisse putes: non solis adulti
mansuescit radiis, non verni temporis aura,

sed glacie concreta rigent hiemisque pruinis:
totum ferre potest umeris minitantibus orbem.
Haec ubi calcavit Caesar iuga milite laeto
optavitque locum, summo de vertice montis
Hesperiae campos late prospexit, et ambas
intentans cum voce manus ad sidera dixit:
'Iuppiter omnipotens, et tu, Saturnia tellus,
armis laeta meis olimque onerata triumphis,
testor ad has acies invitum arcessere Martem,
invitas me ferre manus. Sed vulnere cogor,
pulsus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum sanguine tingo,
dnm Gallos iterum Capitolia nostra petentes
Alpibus excludo, vincendo certior exul.
Sanguine Germano sexagintaque triumphis
esse nocens coepi. Quamquam quos gloria terret,
aut qui sunt qui bella vident? Mercedibus emptae
ac viles operae, quorum est mea Roma noverca.
At reor, haud impune, nec hanc sine vindice dextram
vinciet ignavus. Victores ite furentes,
ite mei comites, et causam dicite ferro.
Iamque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una
impendet clades. Reddenda est gratia vobis,
non solus vici. Quare, quia poena tropaeis
imminet, et sordes meruit victoria nostra,
iudice Fortuna cadat alea. Sumite bellum
et temptate manus. Certe mea causa peracta est:
inter tot fortes armatus nescio vinci.'
Haec ubi personuit, de caelo Delphicus ales
omina laeta dedit pepulitque meatibus auras.
Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte sinistra
insolitae voces flamma sonuere sequenti.
Ipse nitor Phoebi vulgato laetior orbe
crevit, et aurato praecinxit fulgure vultus.

[122] "She had scarcely ceased to speak when a cloud shook and was riven by a gleam of lightning, and flashed forth a moment's burst of flame. The father of darkness sank down, closed the chasm in earth's bosom, and grew white with terror at the stroke of his brother. Straightway the slaughter of men and the

destruction to come were made plain by omens from on high. For Titan was disfigured and dabbled in blood, and veiled his face in darkness: thou hadst thought that even then he gazed on civil strife. In another quarter Cynthia darkened her full face, and denied her light to the crime. The mountain-tops slid down and the peaks broke in thunder, the wandering streams were dying, and no more ranged abroad between their familiar banks. The sky is loud with the clash of arms, the trumpet shakes to the stars and rouses the War God, and at once Aetna is the prey of unaccustomed fires, and casts her lightnings high into the air. The faces of the dead are seen visible among the tombs and the unburied bones, gibbering in dreadful menace. A blazing light girt with unknown stars leads the way for the flames of cities, and the sky rains down fresh showers of blood. In a little while God made these portents plain. For now Caesar shook off all his lingering, and, spurred by the passion of revenge, threw down his arms against Gaul and took them up against Rome.

“In the high Alps, where the rocks trodden by a Greek god slope downward and allow men to approach them, there is a place sacred to the altars of Hercules: the winter seals it with frozen snow, and heaves it up on its white top to the sky. It seems as though the sky had fallen away from there: the beams of the full sun do not soften the place, nor the breezes of the springtime, but the soil stands stiff with ice and winter’s frost: its frowning shoulders could support the whole globe. When Caesar with his exultant army trod these heights and chose a place, he looked far over the fields of Hesperia from the high mountaintop, and lifted his voice and both hands to the stars and said: ‘Jupiter, Lord of all, and thou land of Saturn, once proud of my victories and loaded with my triumphs, I call you to witness that I do not willingly summon the War God to these hosts, and that my hand is not raised willingly to strike. But I am driven on by wounds, by banishment from my own city, while I dye the Rhine with blood and cut off the Gauls from the Alps on their second march to our Capitol. Victory makes my exile doubly sure. My rout of the Germans and my sixty triumphs were the beginning of my offences. Yet who is it that fears my fame, who are the men that watch me fight? Base hirelings bought at a price, to whom my native Rome is a stepmother. But I think that no coward shall bind my strong arm unhurt without a blow in return. Come, men, to victory while anger is hot, come, my comrades, and plead our cause with the sword. For we are all summoned under one charge, and the same doom hangs over us all. My thanks are your due, my victory is not mine alone. Wherefore, since punishment threatens our trophies, and disgrace is the meed of conquest, let Chance decide how our lot shall fall. Raise the standard

and prove your strength. My pleading at least is accomplished; armed amid so many warriors I cannot know defeat.’ As he spoke these words aloud, the Delphic bird in the sky gave a happy omen, and beat the air as it flew. And from the left quarter of a gloomy grove strange voices sounded and fire flashed thereafter. Even Phoebus glowed with orb brighter than his wont, and set a burning halo of gold about his face.

[cxxxiii] “Fortior ominibus movit Mavortia signa
Caesar, et insolitos gressu prior occupat ausus.
Prima quidem glacies et cana vincta pruina
non pugnavit humus mitique horrore quievit.
Sed postquam turmae nimbos fregere ligatos
et pavidus quadrupes undarum vincula rupit,
incalvere nives. Mox flumina montibus altis
undabant modo nata, sed haec quoque — iussa putares —
stabant, et vincta fluctus stupuere ruina,
et paulo ante lues iam concidenda iacebat.
Tum vero male fida prius vestigia lusit
decepitque pedes; pariter turmaeque virique
armaque congesta strue deplorata iacebant.
Ecce etiam rigido concussae flamine nubes
exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti
derant, aut tumida confractum grandine caelum.
Ipsae iam nubes ruptae super arma cadebant,
et concreta gelu ponti velut unda ruebat.
Victa erat ingenti tellus nive victaque caeli
sidera, victa suis haerentia flumina ripis:
nondum Caesar erat; sed magnam nixus in hastam
horrida securis frangebat gressibus arva,
qualis Caucasea decurrens arduus arce
Amphitryoniades, aut torvo Iuppiter ore,
cum se verticibus magni demisit Olympi
et periturorum deiecit tela Gigantum.
“Dum Caesar tumidas iratus deprimit arces,
interea volucer molis conterrita pinnis
Fama volat summique petit iuga celsa Palati,
atque hoc Romano tonitru ferit omnia signa:

iam classes fluitare mari totasque per Alpes
fervere Germano perfusas sanguine turmas.
Arma, cruor, caedes, incendia totaque bella
ante oculos volitant. Ergo pulsata tumultu
pectora perque duas scinduntur territa causas.
Huic fuga per terras, illi magis unda probatur,
et patria pontus iam tutior. Est magis arma
qui temptare velit fatisque iubentibus uti.
Quantum quisque timet, tantum fugit. Ocior ipse
hos inter motus populus, miserable visu,
quo mens icta iubet, deserta ducitur urbe.
Gaudet Roma fuga, debellatique Quirites
rumoris sonitu maerentia tecta relinquunt.
Ille manu pavida natos tenet, ille penates
occultat gremio deploratumque relinquit
limen, et absentem votis interficit hostem.
Sunt qui coniugibus maerentia pectora iungant,
grandaevosque patres onerisque ignara iuventus.
Id pro quo metuit, tantum trahit. Omnia secum
hic vehit imprudens praedamque in proelia ducit:
ac velut ex alto cum magnus inhorruit auster
et pulsas evertit aquas, non arma ministris,
non regumen prodest, ligat alter pondera pinus,
alter tuta sinus tranquillaque litora quaerit:
hic dat vela fugae Fortunaque omnia credit.
Quid tam parva queror? Geminio cum consule Magnus
ille tremor Ponti saevique repertor Hydaspis
et piratarum scopulus, modo quem ter ovanem
Iuppiter horruerat, quem tracto gurgite Pontus
et veneratus erat submissa Bosporos unda,
pro pudor! imperii deserto nomine fugit,
ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videret.

[123] “Heartened by these omens, Caesar advanced the standards of war, and marched first to open this strange tale of daring. At first indeed the ice and the ground fettered with white frost did not fight against them, and lay quiet in the kindly cold. But then the regiments broke the close-bound clouds, the trembling horses shattered the frozen bonds of the waters, and the snows melted. Soon new-

born rivers rolled from the mountain heights, but they, too, stood still as if by some command, and the waves stopped short with ruining floods enchained, and the water that ran a moment before now halted, hard enough to cut. But then, treacherous before, it mocked their steps and failed their footing; horses and men and arms together fell heaped in misery and ruin. Lo! too, the clouds were shaken by a strong wind, and let fall their burden, and round the army were gusts of whirlwind and a sky broken by swollen hail. Now the clouds themselves burst and fell on the armed men, and a mass of ice showered upon them like a wave of the sea. Earth was overwhelmed in the deep snow, and the stars of heaven, and the rivers that clung to their banks. But Caesar was not yet overwhelmed; he leaned on his tall spear and crushed the rough ground with fearless tread, like the son of Amphytrion hastening down from a high peak of Caucasus, or the fierce countenance of Jupiter, when he descended from the heights of great Olympus and scattered the arms of the doomed Giants.

“While Caesar treads down the swelling peaks in his wrath, Rumour flies swift in terror with beating wings, and seeks out the lofty top of the tall Palatine. Then she strikes all the images of the gods with her message of Roman thunder: how ships are now sweeping the sea, and the horsemen red with German blood pouring hotly over the range of the Alps. Battle, blood, slaughter, fire, and the whole picture of war flits before their eyes. Their hearts shake in confusion, and are fearfully divided between two counsels. One man chooses flight by land, another trusts rather to the water, and the open sea now safer than his own country. Some prefer to attempt a fight and turn Fate’s decree to account. As deep as a man’s fear is, so far he flies. In the turmoil the people themselves, a woeful sight, are led swiftly out of the deserted city, whither their stricken heart drives them. Rome is glad to flee, her true sons are cowed by war, and at a rumour’s breath leave their houses to mourn. One holds his children with a shaking hand, one hides his household gods in his bosom, and weeping, leaves his door and calls down death on the unseen enemy. Some clasp their wives to them in tears, youths carry their aged sires, and, unused to burdens, take with them only what they dread to lose. The fool drags all his goods after him, and marches laden with booty to the battle: and all now is as when on high the rush of a strong south wind tumbles and drives the waters, and neither rigging nor helm avail the crews, and one girds together the heavy planks of pine, another heads for quiet inlets and a waveless shore: a third sets sail and flees, and trusts all to Chance. But why sorrow for these petty ills? Pompey the Great, who made Pontus tremble and explored fierce Hydraspes, the rock that broke the pirates, who of late, in his third triumph, shook the heart of

Jupiter, to whom the troubled waters of Pontus and the conquered Sea of Bosphorus bowed, flees shamefully with the two consuls and lets his imperial title drop, that fickle Chance might see the back of great Pompey himself turned in flight.

[cxxxiv] “Ergo tanta lues divum quoque numina vidit
consensitque fugae caeli timor. Ecce per orbem
mitis turba deum terras exosa furentes
deserit, atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen.
Pax prima ante alias niveos pulsata lacertos
abscondit galea victum caput, atque relicto
orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.
Huic comes it submissa Fides, et crine soluto
Iustitia, ac maerens lacera Concordia palla.
At contra, sedes Erebi qua rupta dehiscit,
emergit late Ditis chorus, horrida Erinys,
et Bellona minax, facibusque armata Megaera,
Letumque, Insidiaeque, et lurida Mortis imago.
Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis,
sanguineum late tollit caput, oraque mille
vulneribus confossa cruenta casside velat;
haeret detritus laevae Mavortius umbo
innumerabilibus telis gravis, atque flagranti
stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.
Sentit terra deos, mutataque sidera pondus
quaesivere suum; namque omnis regia caeli
in partes diducta ruit. Primumque Dione
Caesaris acta sui ducit, comes additur illi
Pallas, et ingentem quatiens Mavortius hastam.
Magnum cum Phoebo soror et Cyllenia proles
excipit, ac totis similis Tirynthius actis.
Intremuere tubae, ac scisso Discordia crine
extulit ad superos Stygium caput. Huius in ore
concretus sanguis, contusaque lumina flebant,
stabant aerati scabra rubigine dentes,
tabo lingua fluens, obsessa draconibus ora,
atque inter torto laceratam pectore vestem

sanguineam tremula quatiebat lampada dextra.
Haec ut Cocyti tenebras et Tartara liquit,
alta petit gradient iuga nobilis Appennini,
unde omnes terras atque omnia litora posset
aspicere ac toto fluitantes orbe catervas,
atque has erumpit furibundo pectore voces:
‘Sumite nunc gentes accensis mentibus arma,
sumite et in medias immittite lampadas urbes.
Vincetur, quicumque latet; non femina cesset,
non puer aut aevo iam desolata senectus;
ipsa tremat tellus lacerataque tecta rebellent.
Tu legem, Marcelle, tene. Tu concute plebem,
Curio. Tu fortem ne supprime, Lentule, Martem.
Quid porro tu, dive, tuis cunctaris in armis,
non frangis portas, non muris oppida solvis
thesaurosque rapis? Nescis tu, Magne, tueri
Romanas arces? Epidamni moenia quaere,
Thessalicosque sinus humano sanguine tingue.’
“Factum est in terris quicquid Discordia iussit.”

Cum haec Eumolpos ingenti volubilitate verborum effudisset, tandem Crotona intravimus. Vbi quidem parvo deversorio refecti, postero die amplioris fortunae domum quaerentes incidimus in turbam heredipetarum sciscitantium quod genus hominum. aut unde veniremus. Ex praescripto ergo consilii communis exaggerata verborum volubilitate, unde aut qui essemus haud dubie credentibus indicavimus. Qui statim opes suas summo cum certamine in Eumolpium congesserunt. < . . >

[124] “So great a calamity broke the power of the gods also, and dread in heaven swelled the rout. A host of gentle deities throughout the world abandon the frenzied earth in loathing, and turn aside from the doomed army of mankind.

“Peace first of all, with her snow-white arms bruised, hides her vanquished head beneath her helmet, and leaves the world and turns in flight to the inexorable realm of Dis. At her side goes humble Faith and Justice with loosened hair, and Concord weeping with her cloak rent in pieces. But where the hall of Erebus is open and gapes wide, the dreadful company of Dis ranges forth, the grim Fury, and threatening Bellona, Megaera whirling her torches, and Destruction, and Treachery, and the pale presence of Death. And among them Madness, like a steed loosed when the reins snap, flings up her bloody head and shields her face, scarred by a thousand wounds, with a bloodstained helm; her left hand grips her

worn martial shield, heavy with countless spear-points, her right waves a blazing brand and carries fire through the world.

“Earth felt that the gods were there, the stars were shaken, and swung seeking their former poise; for the whole palace of the sky broke and tumbled to ruin, And first Dione champions the deeds of Caesar, and Pallas joins her side, and the child of Mars, who brandishes his tall spear. “The sister of Phoebus and the son of Cyllene and the hero of Tiryns, like to him in all his deeds, receive Pompey the Great.

“The trumpets shook, and Discord with dishevelled hair raised her Stygian head to the upper sky. Blood had dried on her face, tears ran from her bruised eyes, her teeth were mailed with a scurf of rust, her tongue was dripping with foulness and her face beset with snakes, her clothes were torn before her writhen breasts, and she waved a red torch in her quivering hand. When she had left behind the darkness of Cocytus and Tartarus, she strode forward to the high ridges of proud Apennine, to gaze down thence upon all the earth and all its shores, and the armies streaming over the whole globe; then these words were wrung from her angry soul: ‘To arms now, ye peoples, while your spirit is hot, to arms, and set your torches to the heart of cities. He that would hide him shall be lost: let no women halt, nor children, nor the old who are now wasted with age; let the earth herself quake, and the shattered houses join the fight. Thou Marcellus, hold fast the law. Thou, Curio, make the rabble quail. Thou, Lentulus, give brave Mars no check. And thou, divine Caesar, why art thou a laggard with thine arms? Crash down the gates, strip towns of their walls and seize their treasure. So Magnus knows not how to hold the hills of Rome? Let him take the bulwarks of Epidamnus and dye the bays of Thessaly with the blood of men.’ Then all the commands of Discord were fulfilled upon the earth.”

Eumolpus poured out these lines with immense fluency, and at last we came into Croton. There we refreshed ourselves in a little inn, but on the next day we went to look for a house of greater pretensions, and fell in with a crowd of fortune-hunters, who inquired what kind of men we were, and where we had come from. Then, as arranged by our common council, a torrent of ready words burst from us, and they gave easy credence to our account of ourselves and our country. They at once quarrelled fiercely in their eagerness to heap their own riches on Eumolpus.

The fortune-hunters all competed to win Eumolpus’s favour with presents. . . .

[cxxv] Dum haec magno tempore Crotone aguntur <. . .> et Eumolpus felicitate plenus prioris fortunae esset oblitus statum, adeo ut suis iactaret neminem gratiae suae ibi posse resistere impuneque suos, si quid deliquissent in ea urbe, beneficio amicorum laturos. Ceterum ego, etsi quotidie magis magisque superfluentibus bonis saginatum corpus impleveram, putabamque a custodia mei removisse vultum Fortunam, tamen saepius tam consuetudinem meam cogitabam quam causam, et: “Quid, aiebam, si callidus captator exploratorem in Africam miserit mendaciumqueprehenderit nostrum? Quid, si etiam mercennarius praesenti felicitate lassus indicium ad amicos detulerit, totamque fallaciam invidiosa proditione detexerit? Nempe rursus fugiendum erit, et tandem expugnata paupertas nova mendicitate revocanda. Dii deaeque, quam male est extra legem viventibus! quicquid meruerunt, semper expectant”. <. . .>

[125] This went on for a long while in Croton,. . . . Eumolpus was flushed with success, and so far forgot the former state of his fortunes as to boast to his intimates that no one there could cross his good pleasure, and that his own dependants would escape unpunished by the kindness of his friends if they committed any crime in that city. But though I had lined my belly well every day with the ever-growing supply of good things, and believed that Fortune had turned away her face from keeping a watch on me, still I often thought over my old life and my history, and kept saying to myself, Supposing some cunning legacy-hunter sends a spy over to Africa and finds out our lies? Or supposing the servant grows weary of his present luck and gives his friends a hint, or betrays us out of spite, and exposes the whole plot? Of course we shall have to run away again; we must start afresh as beggars, and call back the poverty we have now at last driven out. Ah! gods and goddesses! the outlaw has a hard life; he is always waiting to get what he deserves.”. .

[cxxvi] CHRYSIS ANCILLA CIRCES AD POLYAENVVM: “Quia nosti venerem tuam, superbiam captas vendisque amplexus, non commodas. Quo enim spectant flexae pectine comae, quo facies medicamine attrita et oculorum quoque mollis petulantia; quo incessus arte compositus et ne vestigia quidem pedum extra mensuram aberrantia, nisi quod formam prostituisti ut vendas? Vides me: nec auguria novi nec mathematicorum caelum curare soleo; ex vultibus tamen hominum mores colligo, et cum spatiantem vidi, quid cogites scio. Sive ergo nobis vendas quod peto, mercator paratus est, sive, quod humanius est, commodas, effice ut beneficium debeam. Nam quod servum te et humilem fateris,

accendis desiderium aestuantis. Quaedam enim feminae sordibus calent, nec libidinem concitant, nisi aut servos viderint aut statores altius cinctos. Arena aliquas accendit, aut perfusus pulvere mulio, aut histrio scaenae ostentatione traductus. Ex hac nota domina est mea; usque ab orchestra quattuordecim transilit, et in extrema plebe quaerit quod diligat.”

Itaque oratione blandissima plenus: “Rogo, inquam, numquid illa, quae me amat, tu es?” Multum risit ancilla post tam frigidum schema et: “Nolo, inquit, tibi tam valde placeas. Ego adhuc servo nunquam succubui, nec hoc dii sinant ut amplexus meos in crucem mittam. Viderint matronae, quae flagellorum vestigia osculantur; ego etiam si ancilla sum, nunquam tamen nisi in equestribus sedeo.” Mirari equidem tam discordem libidinem coepi atque inter monstra numerare, quod ancilla haberet matronae superbiam et matrona ancillae humilitatem.

Procedentibus deinde longius iocis rogavi ut in platanona produceret dominam. Placuit puellae consilium. Itaque collegit altius tunicam flexitque se in eum daphnona, qui ambulationi haerebat. Nec diu morata dominam producit e latebris, laterique meo applicat mulierem omnibus simulacris emendatiorem. Nulla vox est quae formam eius possit comprehendere, nam quicquid dixero minus erit. Crines ingenio suo flexi per totos se umeros effuderant, frons minima et quae radices capillorum retro flexerat, supercilia usque ad malarum scripturam currentia et rursus confinio luminum paene permixta, oculi clariores stellis extra lunam fulgentibus, nares paululum inflexae et osculum quale Praxiteles habere Dianam credidit. Iam mentum, iam cervix, iam manus, iam pedum candor intra auri gracile vinculum positus: Parium marmor extinxerat. Itaque tunc primum Dorida vetus amator contempsit. < . . . >

Quid factum est, quod tu proiectis, Iuppiter, armis
inter caelicolas fabula muta taces?

Nunc erat a torva submittere cornua fronte,
nunc pluma canos dissimulare tuos.

Haec vera est Danae. Tempta modo tangere corpus,
iam tua flammifero membra calore fluent.

[126] “Because you know your beauty you are haughty, and do not bestow your embraces, but sell them. What is the object of your nicely combed hair, your face plastered with dyes, and the soft fondness even in your glance, and your walk arranged by art so that never a footstep strays from its place? It means of course that you offer your comeliness freely for sale. Look at me; I know nothing of omens, and I never attend to the astrologer’s sky, but I read character in a man’s

face, and when I see him walk I know his thoughts. So if you will sell us what I want, there is a buyer ready: if you will be more gracious and bestow it upon us, let us be indebted to you for a favour. For when you admit that you are a slave of low degree, you fan the passion of a lady who burns for you. Some women kindle for vile fellows, and cannot rouse any desire unless they have a slave or a servant in short garments in their eye. Some burn for a gladiator, or a muleteer smothered in dust, or an actor disgraced by exhibiting himself on the stage. My mistress is of this class; she skips fourteen rows away from the orchestra, and hunts for a lover among the low people at the back.”

With my ears full of her winning words I then said, “It is not you, I suppose, who love me so?” The girl laughed loudly at such a clumsy turn of speech, and said, “Pray do not be so conceited. I never yielded to a slave yet, and God forbid that I should throw my arms round a gallows-bird. The married women may see to that, and kiss the scars of a flogging; I may be only a lady’s maid, for all that I never sit down in any seats but the knights’.” I began to marvel at their contrary passions, and to count them as portents, the maid having the pride of a married lady, and the married lady the low tastes of a wench.

Then as our jokes proceeded further, I asked the maid to bring her mistress into the grove of planetrees. The plan pleased the girl. So she gathered her skirts up higher, and turned into the laurel grove which grew close to our path. She was not long away before she led the lady out of her hidingplace, and brought her to my side. The woman was more perfect than any artist’s dream. There are no words that can include all her beauty, and whatever I write must fall short of her. Her hair grew in natural waves and flowed all over her shoulders, her forehead was small, and the roots of her hair brushed back from it, her brows ran to the edge of her cheekbones and almost met again close beside her eyes, and those eyes were brighter than stars far from the moon, and her nose had a little curve, and her mouth was the kind that Praxiteles dreamed Diana had. And her chin and her neck, and her hands, and the gleam of her foot under a light band of gold! She had turned the marble of Paros dull. So then at last I put my old passion for Doris to despite. . . .

“What is come to pass, Jupiter, that thou hast cast away thine armour, and now art silent in heaven and become an idle tale? Now were a time for thee to let the horns sprout on thy lowering forehead, or hide thy white hair under a swan’s feathers. This is the true Danae. Dare only to touch her body, and all thy limbs shall be loosened with fiery heat.” . . .

[cxxxviii] Delectata illa risit tam blandum, ut videretur mihi plenum os extra nubem luna proferre. Mox digitis gubernantibus vocem: “Si non fastidis, inquit, feminam ornatam et hoc primum anno virum expertam, concilio tibi, o iuvenis, sororem. Habes tu quidem et fratrem — neque enim me piguit inquirere — sed quid prohibet et sororem adoptare? Eodem gradu venio. Tu tantum dignare et meum osculum, cum libuerit, agnoscere. — Immo, inquam, ego per formam tuam te rogo, ne fastidias hominem peregrinum inter cultores admittere. Invenies religiosum, si te adorari permiseris. Ac ne me iudices ad hoc templum Amoris gratis accedere, dono tibi fratrem meum. — Quid? tu, inquit illa, donas mihi eum, sine quo non potes vivere, ex cuius osculo pendes, quem sic tu amas, quemadmodum ego te volo?” Haec ipsa cum diceret, tanta gratia conciliabat vocem loquentis, tam dulcis sonus pertemptatum mulcebat aera, ut putares inter auras canere Sirenium concordiam. Itaque miranti, et toto mihi caelo clarius nescio quid relucente, libuit deae nomen quaerere. “Ita, inquit, non dixit tibi ancilla mea Circe me vocari? Non sum quidem Solis progenies, nec mea mater, dum placet, labentis mundi cursum detinuit. Habebo tamen quod caelo imputem, si nos fata coniunxerint. Immo iam nescio quid tacitis cogitationibus deus agit. Nec sine causa Polyaenon Circe amat: semper inter haec nomina magna fax surgit. Sume ergo amplexum, si placet. Neque est quod curiosum aliquem extimescas: longe ab hoc loco frater est.” Dixit haec Circe, implicitumque me brachiis mollioribus pluma deduxit in terram vario gramine indutam.

Idaeo quales fudit de vertice flores

Terra parens, cum se concessio iunxit amori

Iuppiter et toto concepit pectore flammam:

emicuere rosae violaeque et molle cyperon,

albaeque de viridi riserunt lilia prato:

talis humus Venerem molles clamavit in herbas

candidiorque dies secreto favit amori.

In hoc gramine pariter compositi mille osculis lusimus quaerentes voluptatem robustam. <. . .>

[127] She was happy, and smiled so sweetly that I thought the full moon had shown me her face from behind a cloud. Then she said, letting the words escape through her fingers, “If you do not despise a rich woman who has known a man first this very year, dear youth, I will give you a new sister. True, you have a brother, too, for I made bold to inquire, but why should you not take to yourself a sister as

well? I will come as the same kind of relation. Deign only to recognize my kiss also when it is your good pleasure.”

“I should rather implore you by your beauty,” I replied, “not to scorn to enrol a stranger among your worshippers. You will find me a true votary, if you allow me to kneel before you. And do not think that I would enter this shrine of Love without an offering; I will give you my own brother.”

“What,” she said, “you give me the one without whom you cannot live, on whose lips you hang, whom you love as I would have you love me?” Even as she spoke grace made her words so attractive, the sweet noise fell so softly upon the listening air, that you seemed to have the harmony of the Sirens ringing in the breeze. So as I marvelled, and all the light of the sky somehow fell brighter upon me, I was moved to ask my goddess her name. “Then my maid did not tell you that I am called Circe?” she said. “I am not the Sun-child indeed, and my mother has never stayed the moving world in its course while she will. But I shall have a debt to pay to Heaven if fate brings you and me together. Surely now, the Gods with their quiet thoughts have some plan in the making. Circe does not love Polyaenus without good reason; when these two names meet, a great fire is always set ablaze. Then take me in your embrace if you like. You need have no fear of any spy; your brother is far away from here.”

Circe was silent, folded me in two arms softer than a bird’s wing, and drew me to the ground on a carpet of coloured flowers.

“Such flowers as Earth, our mother, spread on Ida’s top when Jupiter embraced her and she yielded her love, and all his heart was kindled with fire: roses glowed there, and violets, and the tender flowering rush; and white lilies laughed from the green grass: such a soil summoned Venus to the soft grasses, and the day grew brighter and looked kindly on their hidden pleasure.”

We lay together there among the flowers and exchanged a thousand light kisses, but we looked for sterner play. . . .

[cxxxviii] CIRCE AD POLYAENVN: “Quid est? inquit; numquid te osculum meum offendit? Numquid spiritus ieiunio marcet? Numquid alarum negligens sudor? Puto, si haec non sunt, numquid Gitona times?” Perfusus ego rubore manifesto etiam si quid habueram virium, perdidi, totoque corpore velut laxato:

“Quaeso, inquam, regina, noli suggillare miserias. Veneficio contactus sum”. < . . >

CIRCE: “Dic, Chrysis, sed verum: numquid indecens sum? Numquid incompta? numquid ab aliquo naturali vitio formam meam excaeco? Noli decipere dominam

tuam. Nescio quid peccavimus.” Rapuit deinde tacenti speculum, et postquam omnes vultus temptavit, quos solet inter amantes risus fingere, excussit vexatam solo vestem raptimque aedem Veneris intravit. Ego contra damnatus et quasi quodam visu in horrorem perductus interrogare animum meum coepi, an vera voluptate fraudatus essem.

Nocte soporifera veluti cum somnia ludunt
errantes oculos effossaque protulit aurum
in lucem tellus: versat manus improba furtum
thesaurosque rapit, sudor quoque perluit ora
et mentem timor altus habet, ne forte gravatum
excutiat gremium secreti conscius auri:
mox ubi fugerunt elusam gaudia mentem
veraue forma redit, animus, quod perdidit, optat
atque in praeterita se totus imagine versat. <. . .>

GITON AD ENCOLPION: “Itaque hoc nomine tibi gratias ago, quod me Socratica fide diligis. Non tam intactus Alcibiades in praeceptoris sui lecto iacuit”.

[128] “Tell me,” she cried, “do you find no joy in my lips? Nor in the breath that faints with hunger? Nor in my body wet with heat? If it is none of these, are you afraid of Giton?” I crimsoned with blushes under her eyes, and lost any strength I might have had before, and cried as though there were no whole part in my body, “Dear lady, have mercy, do not mock my grief. Some poison has infected me.”. “Speak to me, Chrysis, tell me true: am I ugly or untidy? Is there some natural blemish that darkens my beauty? Do not deceive your own mistress. I know not how, but I have sinned.” She then snatched a glass from the silent girl, and after trying every look that raises a smile to most lovers’ lips, she shook out the cloak the earth had stained, and hurried into the temple of Venus. But I was lost and horror-stricken as if I had seen a ghost, and began to inquire of my heart whether I was cheated of my true delight.

As when dreams deceive our wandering eyes in the heavy slumber of night, and under the spade the earth yields gold to the light of day: our greedy hands finger the spoil and snatch at the treasure, sweat too runs down our face, and a deep fear grips our heart that maybe some one will shake out our laden bosom, where he knows the gold is hid: soon, when these pleasures flee from the brain they mocked, and the true shape of things comes back, our mind is eager for what is lost, and moves with all its force among the shadows of the past . .

“So in his name I give you thanks for loving me as true as Socrates. Alcibiades never lay so unspotted in his master’s bed.” . .

[CXXIX] ENCOLPIVS AD GITONEM: “Crede mihi, frater, non intellego me virum esse, non sentio. Funerata est illa pars corporis, qua quondam Achilles eram”. < . . .>

Veritus puer ne in secreto deprehensus daret sermonibus locum, proripuit se et in partem aedium interiorem fugit. < . . .>

Cubiculum autem meum Chrysis intravit, codicillosque mihi dominae suae reddidit, in quibus haec erant scripta: “CIRCE POLYAENO SALVTEM. Si libidinosa essem, quereretur decepta; nunc etiam languori tuo gratias ago. In umbra voluptatis diutius lusi. Quid tamen agas quaero, et an tuis pedibus perveneris domum; negant enim medici sine nervis homines ambulare posse. Narrabo tibi, adulescens, paralytin cave. Nunquam ego aegrum tam magno periculo vidi; medius iam peristi. Quod si idem frigus genua manusque temptaverit tuas, licet ad tubicines mittas. Quid ergo est? Etiam si gravem iniuriam accepi, homini tamen misero non invideo medicinam. Si vis sanus esse, Gitonem roga. Recipies, inquam, nervos tuos, si triduo sine fratre dormieris. Nam quod ad me attinet, non timeo ne quis inveniatur cui minus placeam. Nec speculum mihi nec fama mentitur. Vale, si potes.” Vt intellexit Chrysis perlegisse me totum convicium: “Solent, inquit, haec fieri, et praecipue in hac civitate, in qua mulieres etiam lunam deducunt. < . . .> Itaque huius quoque rei cura agetur. Rescribe modo blandius dominae, animumque eius candida humanitate restitue. Verum enim fatendum: ex qua hora iniuriam accepit, apud se non est”. Libenter quidem parui ancillae, verbaque codicillis talia imposui:

[129] “I tell you, brother, I do not realize that I am a man, I do not feel it. That part of my body where I was once an Achilles is dead and buried.” . . .

The boy was afraid that he might give an opening for scandal if he were caught in a quiet place with me, and tore himself away and fled into an inner part of the house. . . .

Chrysis came into my room and gave me a letter from her mistress, who wrote as follows: “Circe greets Polyaeus. If I were a passionate woman, I should feel betrayed and hurt: as it is I can be thankful even for your coldness. I have amused myself too long with the shadow of pleasure. But I should like to know how you are, and whether your feet carried you safely home; the doctors say that people who have lost their sinews cannot walk. I tell you what, young man, you must

beware of paralysis. I have never seen a sick person in such grave danger; I declare you are as good as dead. If the same mortal chill attacks your knees and hands, you may send for the funeral trumpeters. And what about me? Well even if I have been deeply wounded, I do not grudge a poor man a cure. If you want to get well, ask Giton. I think you will recover your sinews if you sleep for three days without your brother. So far as I am concerned, I am not afraid of finding anyone who dislikes me more. My looking-glass and my reputation do not lie. Keep as well as you can.”

When Chrysis saw that I had read through the whole of this complaint, she said: “These things often happen, especially in this town, where the women can even draw down the moon from the sky, and so attention will be paid to this matter also. Only do write back more gently to my mistress, and restore her spirits by your frank kindness. For I must tell you the truth: she has never been herself from the moment you insulted her.”

[cxxx] “POLYAENOS CIRCAE SALVTEM. Fateor me, domina, saepe peccasse; nam et homo sum et adhuc iuvenis. Numquam tamen ante hunc diem usque ad mortem deliqui. Habes confitentem reum: quicquid iusseris, merui. Proditionem feci, hominem occidi, templum violavi: in haec facinora quaere supplicium. Sive occidere placet, ferro meo venio; sive verberibus contenta es, curro nudus ad dominam. Illud unum memento, non me sed instrumenta peccasse. Paratus miles arma non habui. Quis hoc turbaverit nescio. Forsitan animus antecessit corporis moram, forsitan dum omnia concupisco, voluptatem tempore consumpsi. Non invenio quod feci. Paralsin tamen cavere iubes: tanquam iam maior fieri possit, quae abstulit mihi per quod etiam te habere potui. Summa tamen excusationis meae haec est: placebo tibi, si me culpam emendare permiseris.” Dimissa cum eiusmodi pollicitatione Chryside curavi diligentius noxiosissimum corpus, balneoque praeterito modica unctione usus, mox cibis validioribus pastus, id est bulbis cochlearumque sine iure cervicibus, hausi parcius merum. Hinc ante somnum levissima ambulatione compositus sine Gitone cubiculum intravi. Tanta erat placandi cura, ut timerem ne latus meum frater convelleret.

[130] I obeyed the girl with pleasure and wrote on a tablet as follows: “Polyaenus greets Circe. Dear lady, I admit my many failings; for I am human, and still young. But never before this day have I committed deadly sin. The culprit confesses to you; I have deserved whatever you may order. I have been a traitor, I have destroyed a man, and profaned a temple: demand my punishment for these

crimes. If you decide on execution, I will come with my sword; if you let me off with a flogging, I will run naked to my lady. Illud unum memento, non me sed instrumenta peccasse. Paratus miles arma non habui. Who upset me so I know not. Perhaps my will ran on while my body lagged behind, perhaps I wasted all my pleasure in delay by desiring too much. I cannot discover what I did. But you tell me to beware of paralysis: as if the disease could grow worse, which has taken away from me the means of making you my own. But my apology amounts to this — I will do your pleasure if you allow me to mend my fault.” . . .

Chrysis was sent off with this promise, and I paid great attention to my offending body, and after leaving my bath anointed myself in moderation, and then fed on strong foods, onions, I mean, and snails’ heads without sauce, and drank sparingly of wine. I then settled myself with a gentle walk before bed, and went into my room without Giton. I was so anxious to please her that I was afraid my brother might take away my strength.

SECTIONS CXXXI TO CXL.

[CXXXI] Postero die, cum sine offensa corporis animique consurrexissem, in eundem platanona descendi, etiam si locum inauspicatum timebam, coepique inter arbores ducem itineris expectare Chrysidem. Nec diu spatiatus consederam, ubi hesterno die fueram, cum illa intervenit comitem aniculam trahens. Atque ut me consalutavit: “Quid est, inquit, fastose, ecquid bonam mentem habere coepisti?” Illa de sinu licium prolulit varii coloris filis intortum, cervicemque vinxit meam. Mox turbatum sputo pulverem medio sustulit digito, frontemque repugnantis signavit. < . . >

Hoc peracto carmine ter me iussit expuere terque lapillos conicere in sinum, quos ipsa praecantatos purpura involuerat, admotisque manibus temptare coepit inguinum vires. Dicto citius nervi paruerunt imperio, manusque aniculae ingenti motu repleverunt. At illa gaudio exultans: “Vides, inquit, Chrysis mea, vides, quod aliis leporem excitavi?”

Mobilis aestivas platanus diffuderat umbras
et baxis redimita Daphne tremulaeque cupressus
et circum tonsae trepidanti vertice pinus.
Has inter ludebat aquis errantibus amnis
spumeus, et querulo vexabat rore lapillos.
Dignus amore locus: testis silvestris aedon
atque urbana Procne, quae circum gramina fusae
et molles violas cantu sua rura colebant.

< . . > Premebat illa resoluta marmoreis cervicibus aureum torum myrtoque florenti quietum <aera> verberabat. Itaque ut me vidit, paululum erubuit, hesternae scilicet iniuriae memor; deinde ut remotis omnibus secundum invitantem consedi, ramum super oculos meos posuit et quasi pariete interiecto audacior facta: “Quid est, inquit, paralytice? Ecquid hodie totus venisti? — Rogas, inquam ego, potius quam temptas?” Totoque corpore in amplexum eius immissus non praecantatis usque ad satietatem osculis fruor. < . . >

[131] Next day I got up sound in mind and body, and went down to the same grove of planetrees, though I was rather afraid of the unlucky place, and began to wait among the trees for Chrysis to lead me on my way.

After walking up and down a short while, I sat where I had been the day before, and Chrysis came under the trees, bringing an old woman with her. When she had greeted me, she said, "Well, disdainful lover, have you begun to come to your senses?" Then the old woman took a twist of threads of different colours out of her dress, and tied it round my neck. Then she mixed some dust with spittle, and took it on her middle finger, and made a mark on my forehead despite my protest

After this she ordered me in a rhyme to spit three times and throw stones into my bosom three times, after she had said a spell over them and wrapped them in purple, and laid her hands on me and began to try the force of her charm. . . . Dicto citius nervi paruerunt imperio manusque aniculae ingenti motu reple verunt. At illa gaudio exsultans "Vides" inquit "Chrysis mea, vides, quod aliis leporem excitavi?" . . .

The stately plane-tree, and Daphne decked with berries, and the quivering cypresses, and the swaying tops of the shorn pines, cast a summer shade. Among them played the straying waters of a foamy river, lashing the pebbles with its chattering flow. The place was proper to love; so the nightingale of the woods bore witness, and Procne from the town, as they hovered about the grasses and the tender violets, and pursued their stolen loves with a song. . . .

She was stretched out there with her marble neck pressed on a golden bed, brushing her placid face with a spray of myrtle in flower. So when she saw me she blushed a little, of course remembering my rudeness the day before; then, when they had all left us, she asked me to sit by her, and I did; she laid the sprig of myrtle over my eyes, and then growing bolder, as if she had put a wall between us, "Well, poor paralytic," she said, "have you come here to-day a whole man?" "Do not ask me," I replied, "try me." I threw myself eagerly into her arms, and enjoyed her kisses unchecked by any magic until I was tired

[CXXXIII] [ENCOLPIVS DE ENDYMIONE PVERO: Ipsa corporis pulchritudine me ad se vocante trahebat ad venerem. Iam pluribus osculis labra crepitabant, iam implicitae manus omne genus amoris invenerant, iam alligata mutuo ambitu corpora animarum quoque mixturam fecerant.]

Manifestis matrona contumeliis verberata tandem ad ultionem decurrit, vocatque cubicularios et me iubet cato rigari. Nec contenta mulier tam gravi iniuria mea, convocat omnes quasillarias familiaeque sordidissimam partem, ac me conspui iubet. Oppono ego manus oculis meis, nullisque effusis precibus, quia sciebam quid meruissem, verberibus sputisque extra ianuam eiectus sum. Eicitur et

Proselenos, Chrysis vapulat, totaque familia tristis inter se mussat, quaeritque quis dominae hilaritatem confuderit. < . . . > Itaque pensatis vicibus animosior, verberum notas arte contexi, ne aut Eumolpus contumelia mea hilarior fieret aut tristior Giton. Quod solum igitur salvo pudore poterat contingere, languorem simulavi, conditusque lectulo totum ignem furoris in eam converti, quae mihi omnium malorum causa fuerat:

Ter corripui terribilem manu bipennem,
ter languidior coliculi repente thyrsos
ferrum timui, quod trepido male dabat usum.
Nec iam poteram, quod modo conficere libebat;
namque illa metu frigidior rigente bruma
confugerat in viscera mille operta rugis.

Ita non potui supplicio caput aperire,
sed furciferae mortifero timore lusus
ad verba, magis quae poterant nocere, fugi.

Erectus igitur in cubitum hac fere oratione contumacem vexavi: “Quid dicis, inquam, omnium hominum deorumque pudor? Nam ne nominare quidem te inter res serias fas est. Hoc de te merui, ut me in caelo positum ad inferos traheres? ut traduceres annos primo florentes vigore, senectaeque ultimae mihi lassitudinem imponere? Rogo te, mihi apodixin defunctoriam redde.” Haec ut iratus effudi, Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat, nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur quam lentae salices lassove papavera collo. Nec minus ego tam foeda obiurgatione finita paenitentiam agere sermonis mei coepi secretoque rubore perfundi, quod oblitus verecundiae meae cum ea parte corporis verba contulerim, quam ne ad cognitionem quidem admittere severioris notae homines solerent. Mox perfricata diutius fronte: “Quid autem ego, inquam, mali feci, si dolorem meum naturali convicio exoneravi? Aut quid est quod in corpore humano ventri male dicere solemus aut gulae capitique etiam, cum saepius dolet? Quid? Non et Vlixes cum corde litigat suo, et quidam tragici oculos suos tanquam audientes castigant? Podagrici pedibus suis male dicunt, chiragrici manibus, lippi oculis, et qui offenderunt saepe digitos, quicquid doloris habent, in pedes deferunt:

Quid me constricta spectatis fronte Catone,
damnatisque novae simplicitatis opus?
Sermonis puri non tristis gratia ridet,
quodque facit populus, candida lingua refert.
Nam quis concubitus, Veneris quis gaudia nescit?
Quia vetat in tepido membra calere toro?

Ipse pater veri doctus Epicurus in arte
iussit, et hoc vitam dixit habere *telos*.

Nihil est hominum inepta persuasione falsius nec ficta severitate ineptius”.

[132] The loveliness of her body called to me and drew us together. There was the sound of a rain of kisses as our lips met, our hands were clasped and discovered all the ways of love, then our bodies were held and bound by our embrace until even our souls were made as one soul. . . .

My open taunts stung the lady, and at last she ran to avenge herself, and called her chamber grooms, and ordered me to be hoisted for flogging. Not content With this black insult, the woman called up all her low spinsters, and the very dregs of her slaves, and invited them to spit upon me. I put my hands to my eyes and never poured forth any appeal, for I knew my deserts, and was beaten and spat upon and thrown out of doors. Proselenos was thrown out too, Chrysis was flogged, and all the slaves muttered gloomily to themselves, and asked who had upset their mistress’s spirits. . . . So after considering my position I took courage, and carefully hid the marks of the lash for fear Eumolpus should exult or Giton be depressed at my disgrace. | Quod solum igitur salvo pudore poteram, contingere languorem simulavi, conditusque lectulo totum ignem furoris in eam converti, quae mihi omnium malorum causa fuerat:

ter corripui terribilem manu bipennem,
ter languidior coliculi repente thyrsos
ferrum timui, quod trepido male dabat usum.
Nee iam poteram, quod modo conficere libebat;
namque illa metu frigidior rigente bruma
confugerat in viscera mille operta rugis.
Ita non potui supplicio caput aperire,
sed furciferae mortifero timore lusus
ad verba, imagis quae poterant nocere, fugi.

Erectus igitur in cubitum hac fere oratione contumacem vexavi: “*Quid* dicis” inquam “omnium hominum deorumque pudor? Nam ne nominare quidem te inter res serias fas est. Hoc de te merui, ut me in caelo positum ad inferos traheres? | Ut traducers

annos primo florentes vigore senectaeque ultimae mihi lassitudinem imponeres?
Rogo te, mihi apodixin defunctoriam redde.” Haec ut iratus effudi,
|illa solo fixos oculos avera tenebat,
nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur
quam lentae salices lassove papavera collo.

LO

Nec minus ego tam foeda obiurgatione finita paenitentiam agere sermonis mei
coepi secretoque rubore perfundi, quod oblitus verecundiae meae cum ea parte
corporis verba contulerim, quam ne ad cognitionem quidem admittere severioris
notae homines solerent.

Then, after rubbing my forehead for a long while, I said, “But what harm have I
done if I have relieved my sorrow with some free abuse? And then there is the
fact that of our bodily members we often damn our guts, our throats, even our
heads, when they give us much trouble. Did not Ulysses argue with his own heart,
while some tragedians curse their eyes as if they could hear? Gouty people damn
their feet, people with chalk-stones their hands, blear-eyed people their eyes, and
men who have often hurt their toes put down all their ills to their poor feet:

“Why do ye, Cato’s disciples, look at me with wrinkled foreheads, and condemn a
work of fresh simplicity? A cheerful kindness laughs through my pure speech,
and my clean mouth reports whatever the people do. All men born know of
mating and the joys of love; all men are free to let their limbs glow in a warm
bed. Epicurus, the true father of truth, bade wise men be lovers, and said that
therein lay the crown of life.” . . .

There is nothing more insincere than people’s silly convictions, or more silly than
their sham morality. . . .

[cxxxiii] Hac declamatione finita Gitona voco et: “Narra mihi, inquam, frater, sed tua
fide: ea nocte, qua te mihi Ascylos subduxit, usque in iniuriam vigilavit, an
contentus fuit vidua pudicaque nocte?” Tetigit puer oculos suos,
conceptissimisque iuravit verbis sibi ab Ascylo nullam vim factam.

<. . .> positoque in limine genu sic deprecatus sum numen aversum:

Nympharum Bacchique comes, quem pulcra Dione
divitibus silvis numen dedit, inclita paret
cui Lesbos viridisque Thasos, quem Lydus adorat
septifluus, templumque tuis imponit Hypaepis:
huc aedes et Bacchi tutor Dryadumque voluptas,
et timidas admitte preces. Non sanguine tristi

perfusus venio, non templis impius hostis
admovi dextram, sed inops et rebus egenis
attritus facinus non toto corpore feci.

Quisquis peccat inops, minor est reus. Hac prece, quaeso,
exonera mentem culpaeque ignosce minori,
et quandoque mihi fortunae arriserit hora,
non sine honore tuum patiar decus. Ibit ad aras,
Sancte, tuas hircus, pecoris pater; ibit ad aras
corniger et querulae fetus suis, hostia lactens.
Spumabit pateris hornus liquor, et ter ovantem
circa delubrum gressum feret ebria pubes.”

Dum haec ago curaue sollerti deposito meo caveo, intravit delubrum anus
laceratis crinibus nigraue veste deformis, extraue vestibulum me iniecta manu
duxit. <. . .>

[133] When my speech was over, I called Giton, and said, Now tell me, brother, on
your honour. That night when Ascyrtos took you away from me, did he keep
awake until he had wronged you, or was he satisfied with spending the night
decently alone?” The boy touched his eyes and swore a most precise oath that
Ascyrtos had used no force to him. . . .

I kneeled down on the threshold and entreated the favour of the gods in these
lines:

“Comrade of the Nymphs and Bacchus, whom lovely Dione set as god over the
wide forests, whom famous Lesbos and green Thasos obey, whom the Lydian
worships in perpetual celebration, whose temple he has set in his own city of
Hypaepa: come hither, guardian of Bacchus and the Dryads’ delight, and hear my
humble prayer. I come not to thee stained with dark blood, I have not laid hands
on a temple like a wicked enemy, but when I was poor and worn with want I
sinned, yet not with my whole body. There is less guilt in a poor man’s sin. This is
my prayer; take the load from my mind, forgive a light offence; and whenever
fortune’s season smiles upon me, I will not leave thy glory without worship. A
goat shall walk to thine altars, most holy one, a horned goat that is father of the
flock, and the young of a grunting sow, at tender sacrifice. The new wine of the
year shall foam in the bowls, and the young men full of wine shall trace their
joyous steps three times round thy sanctuary.”. . .

As I was doing this and making clever plans to guard my trust, an old woman in ugly black clothes, with her hair down, came into the shrine, laid hands on me, and drew me out through the porch. . . .

[CXXXIV] PROSELENOS ANVS AD ENCOLPIVM: “Quae striges comederunt nervos tuos, aut quod purgamentum nocte calcasti trivio aut cadaver? Nec a puero quidem te vindicasti, sed mollis, debilis, lassus, tanquam caballus in clivo et operam et sudorem perdidisti. Nec contentus ipse peccare, mihi deos iratos excitasti”.

Ac me iterum in cellam sacerdotis nihil recusantem perduxit impulitque super lectum, et harundinem ab ostio rapuit iterumque nihil respondentem mulcavit. Ac nisi primo ictu harundo quassata impetum verberantis minuisset, forsitan etiam brachia mea caputque fregisset. Ingemui ego utique propter mascarpionem, lacrimisque ubertim manantibus obscuratum dextra caput super pulvinum inclinavi. Nec minus illa fletu confusa altera parte lectuli sedit aetatisque longae moram tremulis vocibus coepit accusare, donec intervenit sacerdos: “Quid vos, inquit, in cellam meam tanquam ante recens bustum venistis? Vtique die feriarum, quo etiam lugentes rident.” PROSELENOS AD OENOTHEAN SACERDOTEM PRIAPI: “O, inquit, Oenothea, hunc adolescentem quem vides, malo astro natus est; nam neque puero neque puellae bona sua vendere potest. Nunquam tu hominem tam infelicem vidisti: lorum in aqua, non inguina habet. Ad summam, qualem putas esse, qui de Circes toro sine voluptate surrexit?” His auditis Oenothea inter utrumque consedit, motoque diutius capite: “Istum, inquit, morbum sola sum quae emendare scio. Et ne putetis perplexe agere, rogo ut adolescentulus tuus mecum nocte dormiat, nisi illud tam rigidum reddidero quam cornu:

Quicquid in orbe vides, paret mihi. Florida tellus,
cum volo, spissatis arescit languida sucis,
cum volo, fundit opes, scopulique atque horrida saxa
Niliacas iaculantur aquas. Mihi pontus inertes
submittit fluctus, zephyrique tacentia ponunt
ante meos sua flabra pedes. Mihi flumina parent
Hyrcaanaeque tigres et iussi stare dracones.
Quid leviora loquor? Lunae descendit imago
carminibus deducta meis, trepidusque furens
flectere Phoebus equos revoluta cogitur orbe.
Tantum dicta valent. Taurorum flamma quiescit

virgineis extincta sacris, Phoebeia Circe
carminibus magicis socios mutavit Vlixis,
Proteus esse solet quicquid libet. Hic ego callens
artibus Idaeos frutices in gurgite sistam,
et rursus fluvios in summo vertice ponam.”

[134] “What screech-owl has eaten your nerve away, what foul thing or corpse have you trodden on at a cross-road in the dark? Never even in boyhood could you hold your own, but you were weakly, feeble, tired, and like a cab-horse on a hill you wasted your efforts and your sweat. And not content with failing yourself, you have roused the gods to wrath against me. . .

And she took me unresisting into the priestess’s room again, and pushed me over the bed, and took a cane off the door and beat me again when I remained unresponsive. And if the cane had not broken at the first stroke and lessened the force of the blow, I daresay she would have broken my head and my arm outright. Anyhow I groaned at her dirty tricks, and wept abundantly, and covered my head with my right arm, and leaned against the pillow. She was upset, and cried too, and sat on another piece of the bed, and began to curse the delays of old age in a quavering voice, when the priestess came in.

Why have you come into my room as if you were visiting a fresh-made grave?” she said. “Especially on a holiday, when even mourners smile.” “Ah, Oenothea,” said the woman, “this young man was born under a bad planet; he cannot sell his treasure to boys or girls either. You never beheld such an unlucky creature: he is a piece of wash-leather, not a real man. Just to show you, what do you think of a man who can come away from Circe without a spark of pleasure?” When Oenothea heard this she sat down between us, shook her head for some time, and then said, “I am the only woman alive who knows how to cure that disease. Et ne *me* putetis perplexe agere, rogo ut adulescentulus mecum nocte dormiat. . nisi illud tam rigidum reddidero quam cornu:

“Whatever thou seest in the world is obedient to me. The flowery earth, when I will, faints and withers as its juices dry, and, when I will, pours forth its riches, while rocks and rough crags spurt waters wide as the Nile. The great sea lays its waves lifeless before me, and the winds lower their blasts in silence at my feet. The rivers obey me, and Hyrcanian tigers, and serpents, whom I bid stand still. But I will not tell you of small things; the shape of the moon is drawn down to me by my spells, and Phoebus trembles and must turn his fiery steeds as I compel him back in his course. So great is the power of words. The flaming spirit of bulls

is quenched and calmed by a maiden's rites, and Circe, the child of Phoebus, transfigured Ulysses's crew with magic songs, and Proteus can take what form he will. And I, who am cunning in these arts, can plant the bushes of Mount Ida in the sea, or set rivers back on lofty peaks."

[cxxxv] Inhorruī ego tam fabulosa pollicitatione conterritus, anumque inspicere diligentius coepi.

"Ergo, exclamat Oenothea, imperio parete!" deterrentque curiose manibus inclinavit se in lectulum ac me semel iterumque basiavit. <. . .>

Oenothea mensam veterem posuit in medio altari, quam vivis implevit carbonibus, et camellam etiam vetustate ruptam pice temperata refecit. Tum clavum, qui detrahentem secutus cum camella lignea fuerat, fumoso parieti reddidit. Mox incincta quadrato pallio cucumam ingentem foco apposuit, simulque pannum de carnario detulit furca, in quo faba erat ad usum reposita et sincipitis vetustissima particula mille plagis dolata. Vt soluit ergo licio pannum, partem leguminis super mensam effudit iussitque me diligenter purgare. Servio ego imperio, granaque sordidissimis putaminibus vestita curiosa manu segrego. At illa inertiam meam accusans improba tollit, dentibusque folliculos pariter spoliāt, atque in terram veluti muscarum imagines despuit.

Mirabar equidem paupertatis ingenium singularumque rerum quasdam artes:

Non Indum fulgebat ebur, quod inhaeserat auro,
nec iam calcato radiabat marmore terra
muneribus delusa suis, sed crate saligna
impositum Cereris vacuae nemus et nova terrae
pocula, quae facili vilis rota finxerat actu.
Hinc molli stillae lacus et de caudice lento
vimineae lances maculataque testa Lyaeo.
At paries circa palea satiatus inani
fortuitoque luto clavos numerabat agrestis,
et viridi iunco gracilis pendebat harundo.
Praeterea quae fumoso suspensa tigillo
conservabat opes humilis casa, mitia sorba
inter odoratas pendebat texta coronas
et thymbrae veteres et passis uva racemis:
qualis in Actaea quondam fuit hospita terra,
digna sacris Hecales, quam Musa loquentibus annis
Baccineas veteres mirando tradidit aevo.

[135] I shrank in horror from her promised miracles, and began to look at the old woman more carefully. . . .”Now,” cried Oenothea, “obey my orders!” and she wiped her hands carefully, leaned over the bed, and kissed me once, twice

Oenothea put up an old table in the middle of the altar, and covered it with live coals, and repaired a wine-cup that had cracked from age with warm pitch. Then she drove in once more on the smoky wall a nail which had come away with the wooden winecup when she took it down. Then she put on a square cloak, and laid an enormous cooking-pot on the hearth, and at the same time took off the meat-hooks with a fork a bag which had in it some beans put by for use, and some very mouldy pieces of a brain smashed into a thousand fragments. After unfastening the bag she poured out some of the beans on the table, and told me to shell them carefully. I obeyed orders, and my careful fingers parted the kernels from their dirty covering of shell. But she reproved me for laziness, snatched them up in a hurry, tore off the shells with her teeth in a moment, and spat them on to the ground like the empty husks of flies. . . .

I marvelled at the resources of poverty, and the art displayed in each particular. ‘No Indian ivory set in gold shone here, the earth did not gleam with marble now trodden upon and mocked for the gifts she gave, but the grove of Ceres on her holiday was set round with hurdles of willow twigs and fresh cups of clay shaped by a quick turn of the lowly wheel. There was a vessel for soft honey, and wicker-work plates of pliant bark, and a jar dyed with the blood of Bacchus. And the wall round was covered with light chaff and spattered mud; on it hung rows of rude nails and slim stalks of green rushes. Besides this, the little cottage roofed with smoky beams preserved their goods, the soft service-berries hung entwined in fragrant wreaths, and dried savory and bunches of raisins; such a hostess was here as was once on Athenian soil, worthy of the worship of Hecale, of whom the Muse testified for all ages to adore her, in the years when the poet of Cyrene sang.’

[cxxxvi] Dum illa carnis etiam paululum delibat et dum coaequale natalium suorum sinciput in carnarium furca reponit, fracta est putris sella, quae staturae altitudinem adiecerat, anumque pondere suo deiectam super foculum mittit. Frangitur ergo cervix cucumulae ignemque modo convalescentem restinguit. Vexat cubitum ipsa stipite ardenti faciemque totam excitato cinere pertundit. Consurrexi equidem turbatus anumque non sine meo risu erexi; statimque, ne res aliqua sacrificium moraretur, ad reficiendum ignem in viciniam cucurrit. Itaque

ad casae ostiolum processi cum ecce tres anseres sacri qui, ut puto, medio die solebant ab anu diaria exigere, impetum in me faciunt foedoque ac veluti rabioso stridore circumsistunt trepidantem. Atque alius tunicam meam lacerat, alius vincula calcumentorum resoluit ac trahit; unus etiam, dux ac magister saevitiae, non dubitavit crus meum serrato vexare morsu. Oblitus itaque nugarum, pedem mensulae extorsi coepique pugnacissimum animal armata elidere manu. Nec satiatus defunctorio ictu, morte me anseris vindicavi:

Tales Herculeae Stympthalidas arte coactas
ad coelum fugisse reor, peneque fluentes
Harpyias, cum Phineo maduere veneno
fallaces epulae. Tremuit perterritus aether
planctibus insolitis, confusaque regia coeli < . . >

Iam reliqui revolutam passimque per totum effusam pavementum collegerant fabam, orbatique, ut existimo, duce redierant in templum, cum ego praeda simul atque vindicta gaudens post lectum occisum anserem mitto, vulnusque cruris haud altum aceto diluo. Deinde convicium verens, abeundi formavi consilium, collectoque cultu meo ire extra casam coepi. Necdum liberaveram cellulae limen, cum animadverto Oenotheam cum testo ignis pleno venientem. Reduxi igitur gradum proiectaque veste, tanquam expectarem morantem, in aditu steti. Collocavit illa ignem cassis harundinibus collectum, ingestisque super pluribus lignis excusare coepit moram, quod amica se non dimisisset tribus nisi potionibus e lege siccatis.” Quid porro tu, inquit, me absente fecisti, aut ubi est faba?” Ego, qui putaveram me rem laude etiam dignam fecisse, ordine illi totum proelium eui, et ne diutius tristis esset, iacturae pensionem anserem obtuli. Quem anus ut vidit, tam magnum aequae clamorem sustulit, ut putares iterum anseres limen intrasse. Confusus itaque et novitate facinoris attonitus, quaerebam quid excanduisset, aut quare anseris potius quam mei misereretur.

[136] While she was having a small mouthful of meat as well,. . . and was replacing the brain, which must have been born on her own birthday, on the jack with her fork, the rotten stool which she was using to increase her height broke, and the old woman’s weight sent her down on to the hearth. So the neck of the pot broke and put out the fire, which was just getting up. A glowing brand touched her elbow, and her whole face was covered with the ashes she scattered. I jumped up in confusion and put the old woman straight, not without a laugh. . . . She ran off to her neighbours to see to reviving the fire, to prevent anything keeping the ceremony back. . . . So I went to the door of the house,. . . when all at once three

sacred geese, who I suppose generally demanded their daily food from the old woman at mid-day, made a rush at me, and stood round me while I trembled, cackling horribly like mad things. One tore my clothes, another untied the strings of my sandals and tugged them off; the third, the ringleader and chief of the brutes, lost no time in attacking my leg with his jagged bill. It was no laughing matter: I wrenched off a leg of the table and began to hammer the ferocious creature with this weapon in my hand. One simple blow did not content me. I avenged my honour by the death of the goose.

‘Even so I suppose the birds of Stymphalus fled into the sky when the power of Hercules compelled them, and the Harpies whose reeking wings made the tantalizing food of Phineus run with poison. The air above trembled and shook with unwonted lamentation, and the palace of heaven was in an uproar.’ . .

The remaining geese had now picked up the beans, which were spilt and scattered all over the floor, and having lost their leader had gone back, I think, to the temple. Then I came in, proud of my prize and my victory, threw the dead goose behind the bed, and bathed the wound on my leg, which was not deep, with vinegar. Then, being afraid of a scolding, I made a plan for getting away, put my things together, and started to leave the house. I had not yet got outside the room, when I saw Oenothea coming with a jar full of live coals. So I drew back and threw off my coat, and stood in the entrance as if I were waiting for her return. She made up a fire which she raised out of some broken reeds, and after heaping on a quantity of wood, began to apologize for her delay, saying that her friend would not let her go until the customary three glasses had been emptied. “What did you do while I was away?” she went on, “and where are the beans?” Thinking that I had done something which deserved a word of praise, I described the whole of my fight in detail, and to put an end to her depression I produced the goose as a set-off to her losses. When the old woman saw the bird, she raised such a great shriek that you would have thought that the geese had come back into the room again.

[cxxxvii] At illa complosis manibus: “Scelerate, inquit, etiam loqueris? Nescis quam magnum flagitium admiseris: occidisti Priapi delicias, anserem omnibus matronis acceptissimum. Itaque ne te putes nihil egisse; si magistratus hoc scierint, ibis in crucem. Polluisti sanguine domicilium meum ante hunc diem inviolatum, fecistisque ut me, quisquis voluerit inimicus, sacerdotio pellat.

— Rogo, inquam, noli clamare: ego tibi pro ansere struthocamelum reddam.” Dum haec me stupente in lectulo sedet anserisque fatum complorat, interim

Proselenos cum impensa sacrificii venit, visoque anseris occiso sciscitata causam tristitiae, et ipsa flere vehementius coepit meique misereri, tanquam patrem meum, non publicum anserem, occidissem. Itaque taedio fatigatus: "Rogo, inquam, expiare manus pretio licet? < . . .> si vos provocassem, etiam si homicidium fecissem. Ecce duos aureos pono, unde possitis et deos et anseres emere." Quos ut vidit Oenothea: "Ignosce, inquit, adulescens, sollicita sum tua causa. Amoris est hoc argumentum, non malignitatis. Itaque dabimus operam, ne quis sciat. Tu modo deos roga, ut illi facto tuo ignoscant."

Quisquis habet nummos, secunda naviget aura
fortunamque suo temperet arbitrio.

Vxorem ducat Danaen ipsumque licebit

Acrisium iubeat credere quod Danaen.

Carmina componat, declamet, concrepet omnes
et peragat causas sitque Catone prior.

Iurisconsultus 'parret, non parret' habeto,
atque esto quicquid Servius et Labeo.

Multa loquor: quod vis, nummis praesentibus opta,
et veniet. Clausum possidet arca Iovem.

< . . .> Infra manus meas camellam vini posuit et cum digitos pariter extensos porris apioque lustrasset, avellanas nuces cum precatione mersit in vinum. Et sive in summum redierant, sive subsiderant, ex hoc coniecturam ducebat. Nec me fallebat inanes scilicet ac sine medulla ventosas nuces in summo umore consistere, graves autem et plenas integro fructu ad ima deferri. Recluso pectore extraxit fortissimum iecur et inde mihi futura praedixit. Immo, ne quod vestigium sceleris superesset, totum anserem laceratum veribus confixit, epulasque etiam lautas paulo ante, ut ipsa dicebat, perituro paravit. Volabant inter haec potiones meracae.

[137] I was astonished and shocked to find so strange a crime at my door, and I asked her why she had flared up, and why she should be more sorry for the goose than for me. But she beat her hands together and said, "You villain, you dare to speak. Do you not know what a dreadful sin you have committed? You have killed the darling of Priapus, the goose beloved of all married women. And do not suppose that it is not serious; if any magistrate finds out, on the cross you go. My house was spotless until to-day, and you have defiled it with blood, and you have given any enemy of mine who likes the power to turn me out of my priesthood." .

“Not such a noise, please,” I said; “I will give you an ostrich to replace the goose.” . . .

I was amazed, and the woman sat on the bed and wept over the death of the goose, until Proselenos came in with materials for the sacrifice, and seeing the dead bird, inquired why we were so depressed. When she found out she began to weep loudly, too, and to compassionate me as if I had killed my own father instead of a common goose. I grew tired and disgusted, and said, “Please let me cleanse my hands by paying; it would be another thing if I had insulted you or done a murder. Look, I will put down two gold pieces. You can buy both gods and geese for that.” When Oenothea saw the money, she said, “Forgive me, young man, I am troubled on your account. I am showing my love and not my ill-will. So we will do our best to keep the secret. But pray the gods to pardon what you have done.”

“Whoever has money sails in a fair wind, and directs his fortune at his own pleasure. Let him take Danae to wife, and he can tell Acrisius to believe what he told Danae. Let him write poetry, make speeches, snap his fingers at the world, win his cases and outdo Cato. A lawyer, let him have his ‘Proven’ and his Not proven,’ and be all that Servius and Labeo were. I have said enough: with money about you, wish for what you like and it will come. Your safe has Jupiter shut up in it.” . . .

She stood a jar of wine under my hands, and made me stretch all my fingers out, and rubbed them with leeks and parsley, and threw filberts into the wine with a prayer. She drew her conclusions from them according as they rose to the top or sank. I noticed that the nuts which were empty and had no kernel, but were filled with air, stayed on the surface, while the heavy ones, which were ripe and full, were carried to the bottom. . . .

She cut the goose open, drew out a very fat liver, and foretold the future to me from it. Further, to remove all traces of my crime, she ran the goose right through with a spit, and made quite a fine meal for me, though I had been at death’s door a moment ago, as she told me. . . .

Cups of neat wine went swiftly round with it. . .

[cxxxviii] Profert Oenothea scorteum fascinum, quod ut oleo et minuto pipere atque urticae trito circumdedit semine, paulatim coepit inserere ano meo. Hoc crudelissima anus spargit subinde umore femina mea. Nasturcii sucum cum habrotono miscet, perfusisque inguinibus meis, viridis urticae fascem comprehendit, omniaque infra umbilicum coepit lenta manu caedere. <. . .>

Aniculae quamvis solutae mero ac libidine essent, eandem viam tentant et per aliquot vicos secutae fugientem “Prende furem!” clamant. Evasi tamen omnibus digitis inter praecipitem decursum cruentatis. < . . . >

“Chrysis, quae priorem fortunam tuam oderat, hanc vel cum periculo capitis persequi destinat”. < . . . >

“Quid huic formae aut Ariadne habuit aut Leda simile? Quid contra hanc Helene, quid Venus posset? Ipse Paris, dearum libidinantium iudex, si hanc in comparatione vidisset tam petulantibus oculis, et Helenen huic donasset et deas. Saltem si permetteretur osculum capere, si illud caeleste ac divinum pectus amplecti, forsitan rediret hoc corpus ad vires et resipiscerent partes veneficio, credo, sopitae. Nec me contumeliae lassant: quod verberatus sum, nescio; quod eiectus sum, lusum puto. Modo redire in gratiam liceat”.

[138] Profert Oenothea scorteum fascinum, quod ut oleo et minuto pipere atque urticae trito circumdedit semine, paulatim coepit inserere ano meo. . . .

Hoc crudelissima anus spargit subinde umore femina mea . . .

Nasturcii sucum cum habrotono miscet perfusisque inguinibus meis viridis urticae fascem comprehendit omniaque infraumbilicum coepit lentam manu caedere. . .

Though the poor old things were silly with drink and passion they tried to take the same road, and pursued me through several streets, crying “Stop thief!” But I escaped, with all my toes running blood in my headlong flight . . .

“Chrysis, who despised your lot before, means to follow you now even at peril of her life.” . . .

“Ariadne and Leda had no beauty like hers. Helen and Venus would be nothing beside her. And Paris himself, who decided the quarrel of the goddesses, would have made over Helen and the goddesses too to her, if his eager gaze had seen her to compare with them. If only I were allowed a kiss, or could put my arms round the body that is heaven’s own self; maybe my body would come back to its strength, and the part of me that is drowsed with poison, I believe, might be itself again. No insult turns me back; I forget my floggings, and I think it fine sport to be flung out of doors. Only let her be kind to me again.” . . .

[cxxxix] Torum frequenti tractatione vexavi, amoris mei quasi quandam imaginem < . . . >

Non solum me numen et implacabile fatum
persequitur. Prius Inachia Tiryntius ira
exagitatus onus caeli tulit, ante profanam

Iunonem Pelias sensit, tulit inscius arma
Laomedon, gemini satiavit numinis iram
Telephus, et regnum Neptuni pavit Vlixes.
Me quoque per terras, per cani Nereos aequor
Hellespontiaci sequitur gravis ira Priapi.

<. . .> Quaerere a Gitone meo coepi, num aliquis me quaesisset. “Nemo, inquit, hodie. Sed hesterno die mulier quaedam haud inculta ianuam intravit, cumque diu mecum esset locuta et me accersito sermone lassasset, ultimo coepit dicere, te noxam meruisse daturumque serviles poenas, si laesus in querela perseverasset.”

<. . .>

Nondum querelam finieram, cum Chrysis intervenit amplexuque effusissimo me invasit et: “Teneo te, inquit, qualem speraveram: tu desiderium meum, tu voluptas mea, nunquam finies hunc ignem, nisi sanguine extinxeris.” <. . .>

Vnus ex noviciis <Eumolpi> servulis subito accurrit et mihi dominum iratissimum esse affirmavit, quod biduo iam officio defuissem. Recte ergo me facturum, si excusationem aliquam idoneam praeparassem: vix enim posse fieri, ut rabies irascentis sine verbere consideret. <. . .>

[139] I moved uneasily over the bed again and again, as if I sought for the ghost of my love

‘I am not the only one whom God and an inexorable doom pursues. Before me the son of Tiryns was driven from the Inachian shore and bore the burden of heaven, and Laomedon before me satisfied the ominous wrath of two gods. Pelias felt Juno’s power, Telephus fought in ignorance, and Ulysses was in awe of Neptune’s kingdom. And me too the heavy wrath of Hellespontine Priapus follows over the earth and over the waters of hoary Nereus.’ . . .

I began to inquire of Giton whether anyone had asked for me. “No one to-day,” he said, “but yesterday a rather pretty woman came in at the door, and talked to me for a long while, till I was tired of her forced conversation, and then began to say that you deserved to be hurt and would have the tortures of a slave, if your adversary persisted with his complaint.” . . .

I had not finished grumbling, when Chrysis came in, ran up and warmly embraced me, and said, “Now I have you as I hoped; you are my desire, my pleasure, you will never put out this flame unless you quench it in my blood.” . . .

One of the new slaves suddenly ran up and said that my master was furious with me because I had now been away from work two days. The best thing I could do

would be to get ready some suitable excuse. It was hardly possible that his savage wrath would abate without a flogging for me . . .

[CXL] Matrona inter primas honesta, Philomela nomine, quae multas saepe hereditates officio aetatis extorserat, tum anus et floris extincti, filium filiamque ingerebat orbis senibus, et, per hanc successionem artem suam perseverabat extendere. Ea ergo ad Eumolpum venit et commendare liberos suos eius prudentiae bonitatisque <. . .>credere se et vota sua. Illum esse solum in toto orbe terrarum, qui praeceptis etiam salubribus instruere iuvenes quotidie posset. Ad summam, relinquere se pueros in domo Eumolpi, ut illum loquentem audirent: quae sola posset hereditas iuvenibus dari. Nec aliter fecit ac dixerat, filiamque speciosissimam cum fratre ephebo in cubiculo reliquit, simulavitque se in templum ire ad vota nuncupanda. Eumolpus, qui tam frugi erat ut illi etiam ego puer viderer, non dislulit puellam invitare ad pygesiaca sacra. Sed et podagricum se esse lumborumque solutorum omnibus dixerat, et si non servasset integram simulationem, periclitabatur totam paene tragoediam evertere. Itaque ut constaret mendacio fides, puellam quidem exoravit ut sederet super commendatam bonitatem, Coraci autem imperavit ut lectum, in quo ipse iacebat, subiret positisque in pavimento manibus dominum lumbis suis commoveret. Ille lente parebat imperio, puellaeque artificium pari motu remunerabat. Cum ergo res ad effectum spectaret, clara Eumolpus voce exhortabatur Coraca, ut spissaret officium. Sic inter mercennarium amicamque positus senex veluti oscillatione ludebat. Hoc semel iterumque ingenti risu, etiam suo, Eumolpus fecerat. Itaque ego quoque, ne desidia consuetudinem perderem, dum frater sororis suae automata per clostellum miratur, accessi temptaturus an pateretur iniuriam. Nec se reiciebat a blanditiis doctissimus puer, sed me numen inimicum ibi quoque invenit. <. . .>

“Dii maiores sunt, qui me restituerunt in integrum. Mercurius enim, qui animas ducere et reducere solet, suis beneficiis reddidit mihi quod manus irata praeciderat, ut scias me gratiosorem esse quam Protesilaum aut quemquam alium antiquorum.” Haec locutus sustuli tunicam, Eumolpoque me totum approbavi. At ille primo exhorruit, deinde ut plurimum crederet, utraque manu deorum beneficia tractat. <. . .>

<Eumolpus>: “Socrates, deorum hominumque (Itistow), gloriari solebat, quod nunquam neque in tabernam conspexerat nec ullius turbae frequentioris concilio oculos crediderat. Adeo nihil est commodius quam semper cum sapientia loqui. — Omnia, inquam, ista vera sunt; nec ulli enim celerius homines incidere debent

in malam fortunam, quam qui alienum concupiscunt. Vnde plani autem, unde levatores viverent, nisi aut locellos aut sonantes aere sacellos pro hamis in turbam mitterent? Sicut muta animalia cibo inescantur, sic homines non caperentur nisi spe aliquid morderent.” < . . >

[140] Matrōna inter primas honesta, Philomela nomine, quae multas saepe hereditates officio aetatis extorserat, tum anus et floris extincti, filium filiamque ingerebat orbis senibus, et per hanc successionem artem suam perseverabat extendere. Ea ergo ad Eumolpum venit et commendare liberos suos eius prudentiae bonitatisque . . . credere se et vota sua. Illum esse solum in toto orbe terrarum, qui praeceptis etiam salubribus instruere iuvenes quotidie posset. Ad summam, relinquere se pueros in domo Eumolpi, ut illum loquentem audirent . . . quae sola posset hereditas iuvenibus dari. Nec aliter fecit ac dixerat, filiamque speciosissimam cum fratre ephebo in cubiculo reliquit simulavitque se in templum ire ad vota nuncupanda. Eumolpus, qui tam frugi erat ut illi etiam ego puer viderer, non distulit puellam invitare ad pigiciaca sacra. Sed et podagricum se esse lumborumque solutorum omnibus dixerat, et si non servasset integram simulationem, periclitabatur totam paene tragoediam evertere. Itaque ut constaret mendacio fides, puellam quidem exoravit, ut sederet super commendatam bonitatem, Coraci autem imperavit, ut lectum, in quo ipse iacebat, subiret positisque in pavimento manibus dominum lumbis suis commoveret. Ille lente parebat imperio puellaeque artificium pari motu remunerabat. Cum ergo res ad effectum spectaret, clara Eumolpus voce exhortabatur Coraca, ut spissaret officium. Sic inter mercennarium amicamque positus senex veluti oscillatione ludebat. Hoc semel iterumque ingenti risu, etiam suo, Eumolpus fecerat. Itaque ego quoque, ne desidia consuetudinem perderem, dum frater sororis suae automata per clostellum miratur, accessi temptaturus, an pateretur iniuriam. Nec se reiciebat a blanditiis doctissimus puer, sed me numen inimicum ibi quoque invenit . . .

“Dii maiores sunt, qui me restituerunt in integrum. Mercurius enim, qui animas ducere et reducere solet, suis beneficiis reddidit mihi, quod manus irata praeciderat, ut scias me gratiosorem esse quam Protesilaum aut quemquam alium antiquorum.” Haec locutus sustuli tunicam Eumolpoque me totum approbavi. At ille primo exhorruit, deinde ut plurimum crederet, utraque manu deorum beneficia tractat . . .

“Socrates, the friend of God and man, used to boast that he had never peeped into a shop, or allowed his eyes to rest on any large crowd. So nothing is more blessed than always to converse with wisdom.”

“All that is very true,” I said, “and no one deserves to fall into misery sooner than the covetous. But how would cheats or pickpockets live, if they did not expose little boxes or purses jingling with money, like hooks, to collect a crowd? Just as dumb creatures are snared by food, human beings would not be caught unless they had a nibble of hope.”. . .

SECTION CXLI.

[CXLI] <Encolpus?>: “Ex Africa navis, ut promiseras, cum pecunia tua et familia non venit. Captatores iam exhausti liberalitatem imminuerunt. Itaque aut fallor, aut fortuna communis coepit redire ad paenitentiam suam.” <. . .> <Eumolpus>: “Omnes, qui in testamento meo legata habent, praeter liberos meos hac condicione percipient quae dedi, si corpus meum in partes conciderint et astante populo comederint. Apud quasdam gentes scimus adhuc legem servari, ut a propinquis suis consumantur defuncti, adeo quidem ut obiurgentur aegri frequenter, quod carnem suam faciant peiorem. His admoneo amicos meos, ne recusent quae iubeo, sed quibus animis devoverint spiritum meum, eisdem etiam corpus consumant.” <. . .>

Excaecabat pecuniae ingens fama oculos animosque miserorum. Gorgias paratus erat exsequi.

“De stomachi tui recusatione non habeo quod timeam. Sequetur imperium, si promiseris illi pro unius horae fastidio multorum bonorum pensationem. Operi modo oculos, et finge te non humana viscera, sed centies sestertium comesse. Accedit huc, quod aliqua inveniemus blandimenta, quibus saporem mutemus. Neque enim ulla caro per se placet, sed arte quadam corrumpitur, et stomacho conciliatur averso. Quod si exemplis vis quoque probari consilium, Saguntini oppressi ab Hannibale humanas edere carnes, nec hereditatem expectabant. Petelini idem fecerunt in ultima fame, nec quicquam aliud in hac epulatione captabant, nisi tantum ne esurirent. Cum esset Numantia a Scipione capta, inventae sunt matres, quae liberorum suorum tenerent semesa in sinu corpora.”

CETERA DESUNT.

[141] “The ship from Africa with your money and slaves that you promised does not arrive. The fortunehunters are tired out, and their generosity is shrinking. So that unless I am mistaken, our usual luck is on its way back to punish you.” . . .

“All those who come into money under my will, except my own children, will get what I have left them on one condition, that they cut my body in pieces and eat it up in sight of the crowd.” . . .

“We know that in some countries a law is still observed, that dead people shall be eaten by their relations, and the result is that sick people are often blamed for

spoiling their own flesh. So I warn my friends not to disobey my orders, but to eat my body as heartily as they damned my soul.” . . .

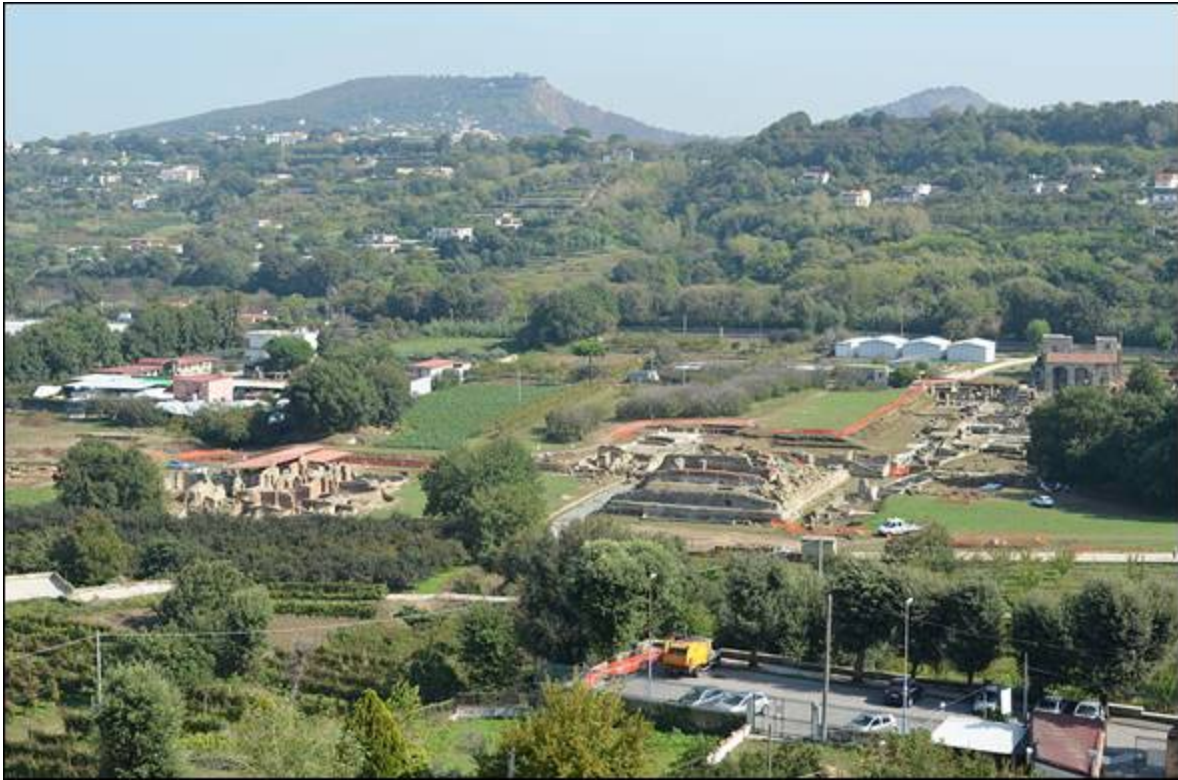
His great reputation for wealth dulled the eyes and brains of the fools. Gorgias was ready to manage the funeral. . . .

“I am not at all afraid of your stomach turning. You will get it under control if you promise to repay it for one unpleasant hour with heaps of good things. Just shut your eyes and dream you are eating up a solid million instead of human flesh. Besides, we shall find some kind of sauce which will take the taste away. No flesh at all is pleasant in itself, it has to be artificially disguised and reconciled to the unwilling digestion. But if you wish the plan to be supported by precedents, the people of Saguntum, when Hannibal besieged them, ate human flesh without any legacy in prospect. The people of Petelia did likewise in the extremities of famine, and gained nothing by the diet, except of course that they were no longer hungry. And when Numantia was stormed by Scipio, some women were found with the half-eaten bodies of their children hidden in their bosoms.” . . .

The Biographies



The acropolis of Cumae, an ancient city of Magna Graecia, on the coast of the Tyrrhenian Sea — Petronius' high position made him an object of envy. Having attracted the jealousy of Tigellinus, the commander of the emperor's guard, he was accused of treason. He was arrested at Cumae in AD 65, but did not wait for a sentence, choosing to take his own life.



The lower city of Cumae seen from the acropolis

INTRODUCTION TO PETRONIUS by Michael Heseltine



THE author of the *Satyricon* is identified by the large majority of scholars with Gaius Petronius, (He is called Titus Petronius by Plutarch (*De Adulatore et Amico*, 27).) the courtier of Nero. There is a long tradition in support of the identification, and the probability that it is correct appears especially strong in the light of Tacitus's account of the character and death of Gaius Petronius in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of the sixteenth book of the *Annals*. Mr. John Jackson has translated the passage as follows:

Petronius deserves a word in retrospect. He was a man who passed his days in sleep, his nights in the ordinary duties and recreations of life: others had achieved greatness by the sweat of their brows — Petronius idled into fame. Unlike most who walk the road to ruin, he was never regarded as either debauchee or wastrel, but rather as the finished artist in extravagance. In both word and action, he displayed a freedom and a sort of self-abandonment which were welcomed as the indiscretions of an unsophisticated nature. Yet, in his proconsulship of Bithynia, and later as consul elect, he showed himself an energetic and capable administrator. Then came the revulsion: his genuine or affected vices won him admittance into the narrow circle of Nero's intimates, and he became the Arbiter of Elegance, whose sanction alone divested pleasure of vulgarity and luxury of grossness.

"His success aroused the jealousy of Tigellinus against a possible rival — a professor of voluptuousness better equipped than himself. Playing on the emperor's lust for cruelty, to -which all other lusts were secondary, he suborned a slave to turn informer, charged Petronius with his friendship for Scaevinus, deprived him of the opportunity of defence, and threw most of his household into prison.

At that time, it happened, the court had migrated to Campania; and Petronius had reached Cumae, when his detention was ordered. He disdained to await the lingering issue of hopes and fears: still, he would not take a brusque farewell of life. An incision was made in his veins: they were bound up under his directions, and opened again, while he conversed with his friends — not on the gravest of themes, nor in the key of the dying hero. He listened to no disquisitions on the

immortality of the soul or the dogmas of philosophy, but to frivolous song and playful verses. Some of his slaves tasted of his bounty, others of the whip. He sat down to dinner, and then drowsed a little; so that death, if compulsory, should at least be natural. Even in his will, he broke through the routine of suicide, and flattered neither Nero nor Tigellinus nor any other of the mighty: instead, he described the emperor's enormities; added a list of his catamites, his women, and his innovations in lasciviousness; then sealed the document, sent it to Nero, and broke his signet-ring to prevent it from being used to endanger others."

The reflection arises at once that, given the *Satyricon*, this kind of book postulates this kind of author. The loose tongue, the levity, and the love of style are common to both. If books betray their writers' characteristics, Gaius Petronius, as seen by Tacitus, had the imagination and experience needed to depict the adventures of Encolpius.

There is a little evidence, still based on the primary assumption, more exact in its bearing. The *Satyricon* contains a detailed criticism of and a poem directed against the style of a writer who must be Lucan. Gaius Petronius was not the man to pass over the poet, epigrammatist, and courtier, in whose epoch and circle he himself shone. He may have deplored Lucan's poetic influence, but he could not neglect it, for Lucan was essentially the singer of his own day. No age was so favourable as that of Nero for the introduction into a supremely scandalous tale of a reasoned and appreciative review of the *Pharsalia*, the outstanding poem of the time.

The criticism of the schools of rhetoric in their effect upon education and language, and the general style of the book in reflective and descriptive passages, point more vaguely to a similar date of composition.

Gaius Petronius found in his work a form which allowed complete expression to the many sides of his active and uncontrolled intellect. Its loose construction is matched by its indifference to any but stylistic reforms; it draws no moral; it is solely and properly occupied in presenting an aspect of things seen by a loiterer at one particular corner of the world. What we possess of it is a fragment, or rather a series of excerpts from the fifteenth and sixteenth books, we know not how representative of the original whole.

Of this the best-known portion, the description of Trimalchio's dinner, was hidden from the modern world until the middle of the seventeenth century, and was first printed in 1664.

It is as difficult to grasp any structural outline in the *Satyricon* as it is in *Tristram Shandy*. Both alternate with flashing rapidity between exhibitions of pedantry, attacks on pedants, and indecency, in which Sterne is the more successful because he is the less obvious.

But Petronius, so far as his plan was not entirely original, was following as model Varro's Menippean satires, and had before him the libel of Seneca on Claudius, the *Apocolocyntosis*. The traditional title of his work, *Satyricon*, is derived from the word *Satura*, a medley, and means that he was free to pass at will from subject to subject, and from prose to verse and back: it is his achievement that the threads of his story, broken as we hold them, yet show something of the colour and variety of life itself. We call his book a novel, and so pay him a compliment which he alone of Roman writers has earned.

Petronius's novel shares with life the quality of moving ceaselessly without knowing why. It differs from most existences in being very seldom dull. An anonymous writer of the eighteenth century, making Observations on the Greek and Roman Classics in a Series of Letters to a Young Nobleman, (Published in London, 1753.) is of the opinion that: "You will in no Writer, my dear Lord, meet with so much true delicacy of thought, in none with purer language." This judgment is meant for the age of Smollett and Fielding; but there is no question of the justice of the later remark: "You will be charmed with the ease, and you will be surprised with the variety of his characters."

These characters are one and all the product of a period in history when the primary aim of the ripest civilization in the world was money-making. It was this aim which drew Trimalchio from his unknown birthplace in Asia Minor to the glitter and luxury and unnatural passion of a South Italian town. He differs from the minor personages who crowd his dining-room only in the enormous success - with which he has plied the arts of prostitution, seduction, flattery and fraud. The persons in whom the action of the novel centres, Encolpius the mouthpiece of the author, Ascyltos, and Giton, are there by the kindness of Agamemnon, a parasite teacher of the rhetoric which ate swiftly into the heart of Latin language and thought. Giton lives by his charms, Ascyltos is hardly more than a foil to Encolpius, a quarrelsome and lecherous butt.

That part of the novel which deals with Trimalchio's dinner introduces a crowd of characters, and gives the most vivid picture extant in classical literature of the life of the small town. The pulsating energy of greed is felt in it everywhere. Men become millionaires with American rapidity, and enjoy that condition as hazardingly in Cumae as in Wall Street. The shoulders of one who wallows in

Trimalchio's cushions are still sore with carrying firewood for sale; another, perhaps the first undertaker who made a fortune out of extravagant funerals, a gourmet and spendthrift, sits there composing lies to baffle his hungry creditors. Trimalchio towers above them by reason of his more stable fortunes and his colossal impudence. He can afford to delegate the conduct of his business, to grow a little negligent, even — for his accounts are six months in arrear — to care for the life of the spirit.

He believes, of course, in astrology; he sings excerpts out of tune from the last musical play, and takes phrases from the lips of the comic star whom Nero delights to honour. He has two libraries (The MS says three, and may be right; he is drunk when he boasts of them.), one of Greek, one of Latin books, and mythology courses through his brain in incorrigible confusion.

His fellow townsmen and guests, whom he insults, do not aspire to these heights. Dama, Seleucus, and Phileros are rich merely in the common coin of everyday talk, in the proverbial wisdom which seems to gather strength and brightness from being constantly exchanged. "A hot drink is as good as an overcoat"—"Flies have their virtues, we are nothing but bubbles"—"An old love pinches like a crab"—"It is easy when everything goes fair and square." In these phrases and their like Latin literature speaks to us for once in the tones we know in England through Justice Shallow or Joseph Poorgrass. Nearly all warm themselves with this fatuous talk of riches and drink and deaths, but one man, Ganymede, a shrewd Asiatic immigrant like Trimalchio himself, blows cold on their sentimentality with his searching talk of bread-prices in Cumae, rising pitilessly through drought and the operation of a ring of bakers in league with officials. He tells us in brilliant phrases of the starving poor, of the decay of religion, of lost pride in using good flour. Then Echion, an old-clothes dealer, overwhelms him -with a flood of suburban chatter about games, and children, and chickens, and the material blessings of education. But Ganymede is the sole character in Petronius's novel who brings to light the reverse side of Trimalchio's splendour. A system of local government which showers honours upon vulgarity, and allows Trimalchio his bath, his improved sanitation, his host of servants, his house with so many doors that no guest may go in and out by the same one, is invariably true to type in leaving poor men to die in the streets. The very existence of poverty becomes dim for Trimalchio, half unreal, so that he can jest at Agamemnon for taking as the theme of a set speech the eternal quarrel of rich and poor.

Between rich and poor in Cumae the one link is commerce in vice. Trimalchio finds Fortunata the chorus-girl standing for sale in the open market, and calls her up to be the partner of his sterile and unmeaning prodigality. She has learnt all the painful lessons of the slums; she will not grace Trimalchio's table until dinner is over, and she has seen the plate safely collected from his guests, and the broken meats apportioned to his slaves; she knows the sting of jealousy, and the solace of intoxication or tears; normally she rules him, as Petruchio ruled Katharine, with loud assertion and tempest of words. The only other woman present at the dinner, Scintilla, the wife of Trimalchio's friend Habinnas, a monumental mason, is more drunken and unseemly, and leaves behind her a less sharp taste of character.

Trimalchio's dinner breaks up with a false alarm of fire, and the infamous heroes of the story give Agamemnon the slip. Trimalchio vanishes, and with his loss the story becomes fragmentary once more, and declines in interest almost as much as in decency. Its attraction lies in the verse and criticism put into the mouth of Eumolpus, a debased poet whom Encolpius meets in a picture gallery. With him the adventures of the trio continue. There is a lodging-house brawl, a voyage where they find themselves in the hands of old enemies, the ship's captain Lichas, whose wife Hedyle they appear to have led astray, and Tryphaena, a peripatetic courtesan who takes the Mediterranean coast for her province, and has some unexplained claim on Giton's affections. They settle these disputes only to be involved in a shipwreck and cast ashore at Croton, where they grow fat on their pretension to be men of fortune, and disappear from sight, Encolpius after a disgraceful series of vain encounters with a woman named Circe, and Eumolpus after a scene where he bequeaths his body to be eaten by his heirs.

Coherence almost fails long before the end: the episode in which Encolpius kills a goose, the sacred bird of Priapus, gives a hint, but no more, that the wrath of Priapus was the thread on which the whole *Satyricon* was strung. But the life of the later portions of the novel lies in the critical and poetical fragments scattered through it. These show Petronius at his best as a lord of language, a great critic, an intelligent enthusiast for the traditions of classical poetry and oratory. The love of style which was stronger in him even than his interest in manners doubly enriches his work. It brings ready to his pen the proverbs with their misleading hints of modernity, (See especially c. 41 to 46, 57 to 59. xiv) the debased syntax and abuse of gender, which fell from common lips daily, but is reproduced here alone in its fullness; and side by side with these mirrored vulgarisms the gravity of the attack on professional rhetoric with which the novel begins, and the weight of the teacher's defence, that the parent will have

education set to a tune of his own calling; Eumolpus's brilliant exposition of the supremacy of the poet's task over that of the rhetorician or historian; the curious, violent, epic fragment by which he upholds his doctrine.

Petronius employed a pause in literary invention and production in assimilating and expressing a view upon the makers of poems, prose, pictures, philosophies, and statues, who preceded him, and thereby deepened his interpretation of contemporary life. His cynicism, his continual backward look at the splendours and severities of earlier art and other morals, are the inevitable outcome of this self-education.

By far the most genuine and pathetic expressions of his weariness are the poems which one is glad to be able to attribute to him. The best of them speak of quiet country and seaside, of love deeper than desire and founded on the durable grace of mind as well as the loveliness of the flesh, of simplicity and escape from Court. He knew the antidote to the fevered life which burnt him up. His book is befouled with obscenity, and, like obscenity itself, is ceasing by degrees to be part of a gentleman's education. But he will always be read as a critic; he tells admirable stories of werewolves and faithless widows; (In c.61 through Niceros, in c. 63 through Trimalchio, and in c.III through Eumolpus (the famous and cosmopolitan tale of the Widow of Ephesus), xvi) he is one of the very few novelists who can distil common talk to their purpose without destroying its flavour. The translator dulls his brilliance, and must leave whole pages in the decent obscurity of Latin: he is fortunate if he adds a few to those who know something of Petronius beyond his name and the worst of his reputation.

The thanks of the editors and the translator are due to Messrs. Weidmann of Berlin, who have generously placed at their disposal a copyright text of the *Satyricon*, the epoch-making work of the late Professor Buecheler.

Mr. H. E. Butler, Professor of Latin in the University of London, is responsible for the selection of critical notes from Buecheler's *editio maior*, the Introduction to and text of the poems, and the Bibliography: the translator is indebted to him and to the editors for invaluable assistance in attempting to meet the difficulties which a rendering of Petronius continues to present.

MICHAEL HESELTINE.

THE TEXT OF PETRONIUS

The sources for the text of Petronius fall into three groups.

(1) — The *codex Leidensis* (Q61) written by Scaliger and the editions of the de Tournes (Tornaesius) 1575 and Pithou (Pithoeus) 1577. These are our authorities

for the fuller collection of excerpts. This source is known as L.

(2) — A number of MSS. of which *codex Bernensis* (357) of the 10th century is typical. This group is our authority for the abridged collection of excerpts and is known collectively as O.

(3) — The *codex Traguriensis* (Paris 7989) of the 15th century, which, save for a very few brief excerpts in L and O, is our sole authority for the *cena Trimalchionis*. This MS. was discovered in 1650 at Trau in Dalmatia. It is known as H.

The text was not put on a scientific basis till the appearance of Buecheler's *Editio maior* in 1862.

In the Apparatus Criticus the source of the most important corrections is stated, and followed by the reading given by Buecheler in his *editio minor* as the probable reading of the archetype or as the oldest reading available. The sources from which the different portions of the text are derived are indicated by the letters in the margin of the text.

SIGLA

L = codex Scaligeranus, and editions of Tornaesius and Pithoeus.

O = MSS. containing abridged excerpts of which cod. Bernensis may be regarded as typical.

H = codex Traguriensis, our sole source for the *Cena Trimalchionis*.

NOTE. A great number of minor corrections and alternative readings are, owing to the demands of space, omitted from the critical notes.

TACITUS' ACCOUNT OF PETRONIUS



From 'The Annals', Translated by John Jackson

^{18 1} Petronius calls for a brief retrospect. He was a man whose day was passed in sleep, his nights in the social duties and amenities of life: others industry may raise to greatness — Petronius had idled into fame. Nor was he regarded, like the common crowd of spendthrifts, as a debauchee and wastrel, but as the finished artist of extravagance. His words and actions had a freedom and a stamp of self-abandonment which rendered them doubly acceptable by an air of native simplicity. Yet as proconsul of Bithynia, and later as consul, he showed himself a man of energy and competent to affairs. Then, lapsing into the habit, or copying the features, of vice, he was adopted into the narrow circle of Nero's intimates as his Arbiter of Elegance; the jaded emperor finding charm and delicacy in nothing save what Petronius had commended. His success awoke the jealousy of Tigellinus against an apparent rival, more expert in the science of pleasure than himself. He addressed himself, therefore, to the sovereign's cruelty, to which all other passions gave pride of place; arraigning Petronius for friendship with Scaevinus, while suborning one of his slaves to turn informer, withholding all opportunity of defence, and placing the greater part of his household under arrest.

^{19 1} In those days, as it chanced, the Caesar had migrated to Campania; and Petronius, after proceeding as far as Cumae, was being there detained in custody. He declined to tolerate further the delays of fear or hope; yet still did not hurry to take his life, but caused his already severed arteries to be bound up to meet his whim, then opened them once more, and began to converse with his friends, in no grave strain and with no view to the fame of a stout-hearted ending. He listened to them as they rehearsed, not discourses upon the immortality of the soul or the doctrines of philosophy, but light songs and frivolous verses. Some of his slaves tasted of his bounty, a few of the lash. He took his place at dinner, and drowsed a little, so that death, if compulsory, should at least resemble nature. Not even in his will did he follow the routine of suicide by flattering Nero or Tigellinus or another of the mighty, but — prefixing the names of the various catamites and

women — detailed the imperial debauches and the novel features of each act of lust, and sent the document under seal to Nero. His signet-ring he broke, lest it should render dangerous service later.

^{20 1} While Nero doubted how the character of his nights was gaining publicity, there suggested itself the name of Silia — the wife of a senator, and therefore a woman of some note, requisitioned by himself for every form of lubricity, and on terms of the closest intimacy with Petronius. She was now driven into exile for failing to observe silence upon what she had seen and undergone. Here the motive was a hatred of his own. But Minucius Thermus, an ex-praetor, he sacrificed to the animosities of Tigellinus. For a freedman of Thermus had brought certain damaging charges against the favourite, which he himself expiated by the pains of torture, his patron by an unmerited death.



Cumae — where Petronius committed suicide